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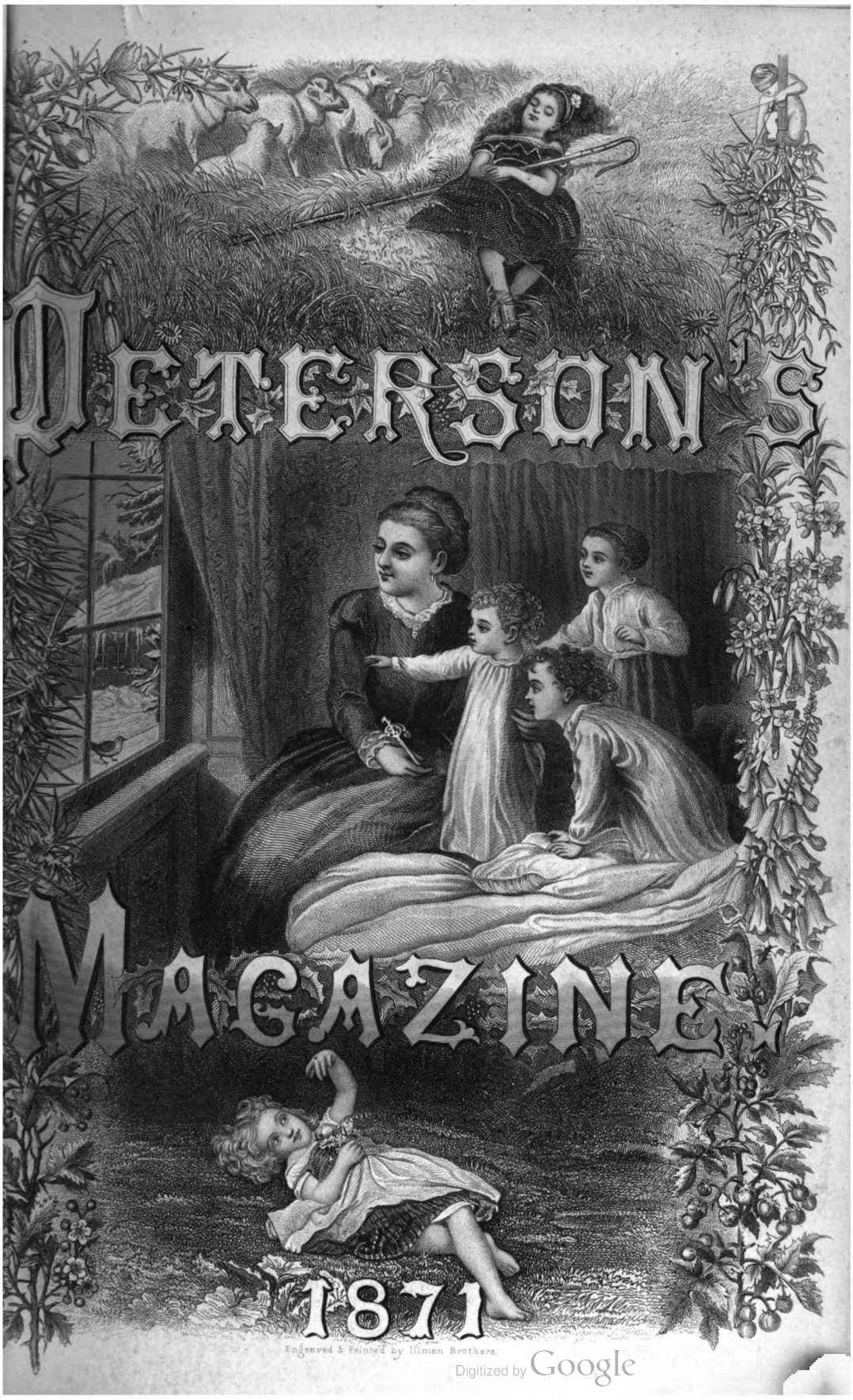

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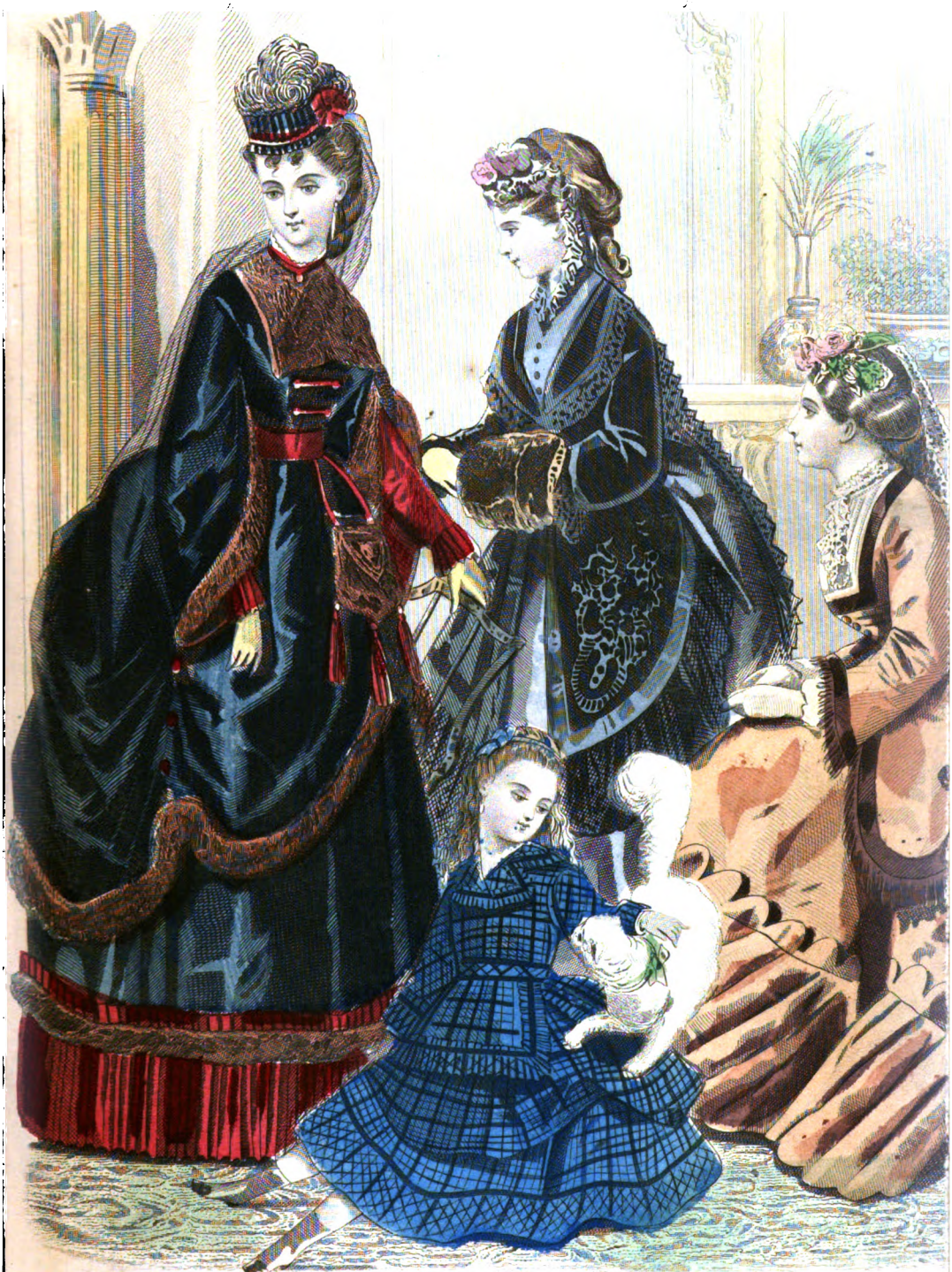

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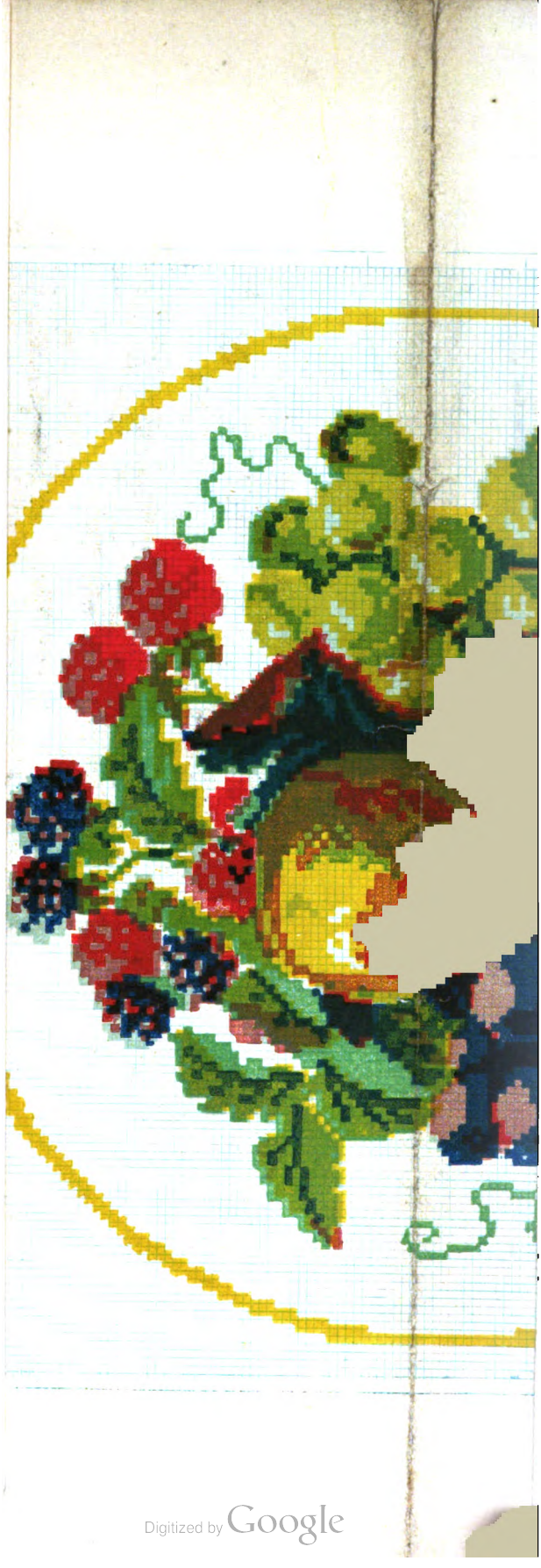

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PIN CUSHION. CHAIR SEAT. BORDERS, &c. &c.

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Fashions for April, colored.
Claribel.
Fashions for May, colored.
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AUNT HEPZIBAH'S PARROT. [*See the Story.*

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY. DRESS-CAP PANNIER.

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EVENING-DRESS. COLLAR AND SLEEVE.

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EVENING-DRESS. CHEMISETTE AND SLEEVE.

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GRAY REPS COSTUME—FRONT AND BACK. WHITE CLOTH BASQUE. BLACK SILK BASQUE.

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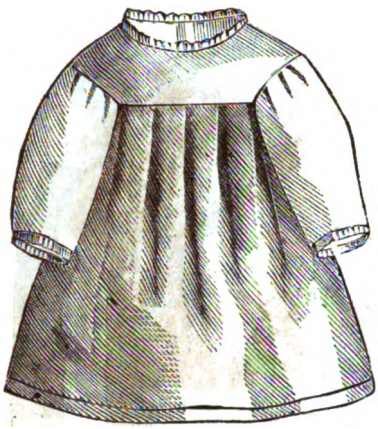

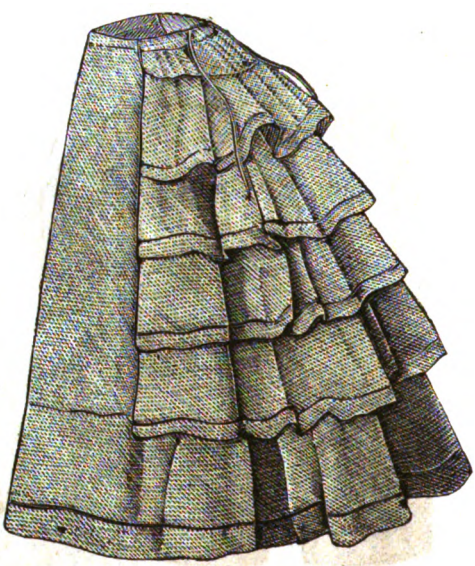

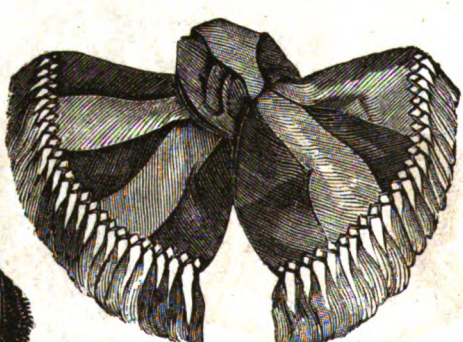

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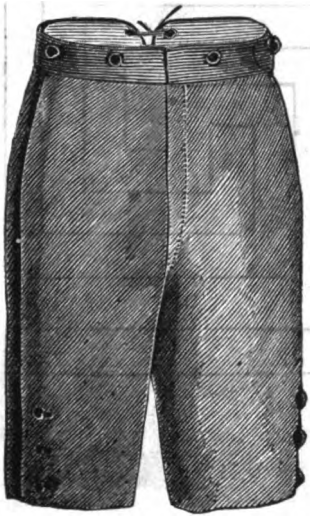

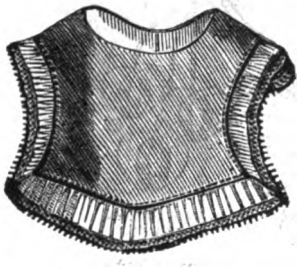

SUIT FOR BOY OF SEVEN. FLANNEL SKIRT FOR CHILD. BIBS FOR INFANTS.

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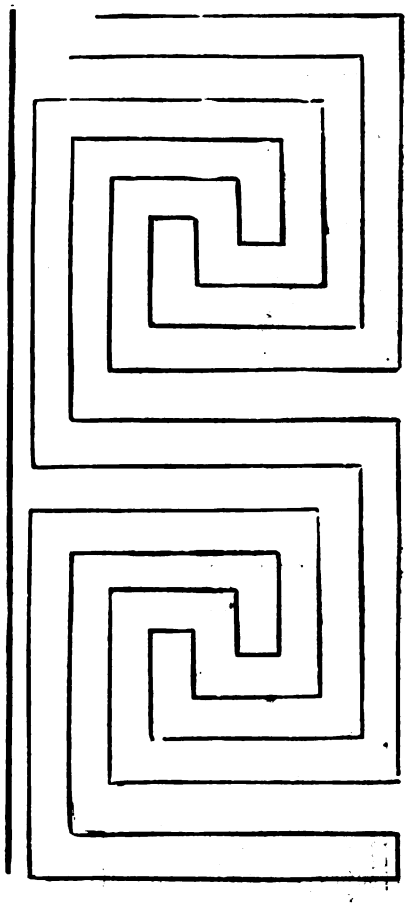

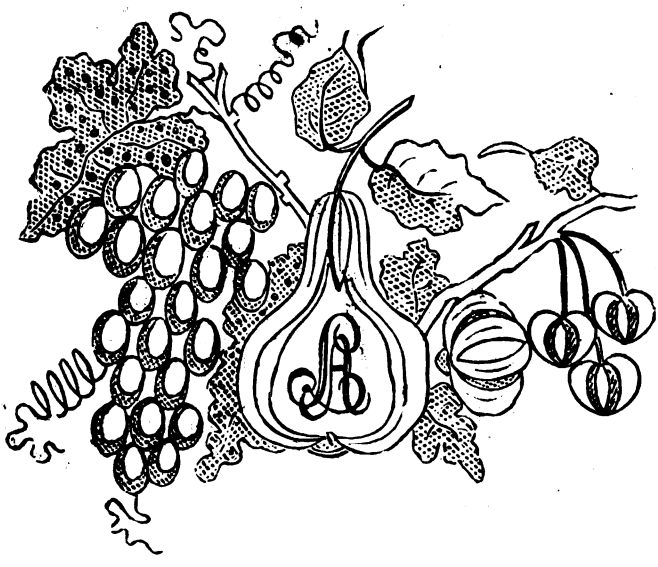

EDGING IN EMBROIDERY. BRAIDING PATTERN. HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.

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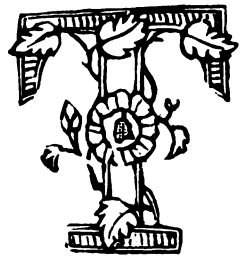
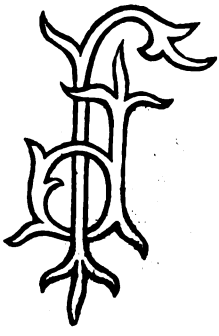
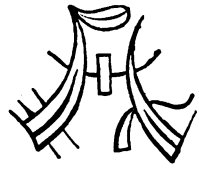
Rosa Berthe

Eva







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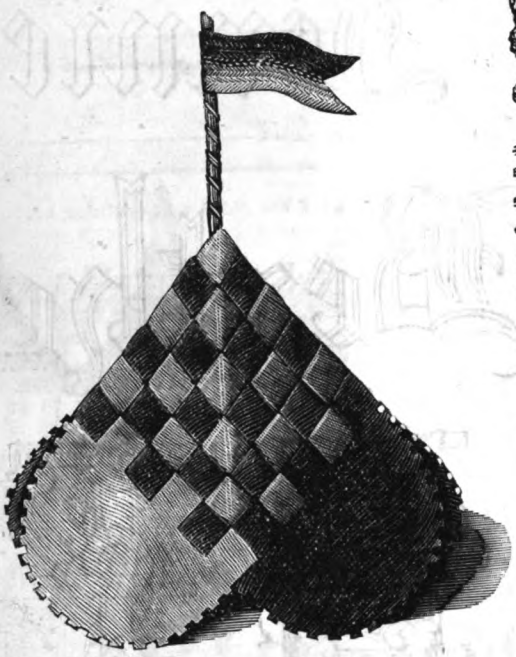

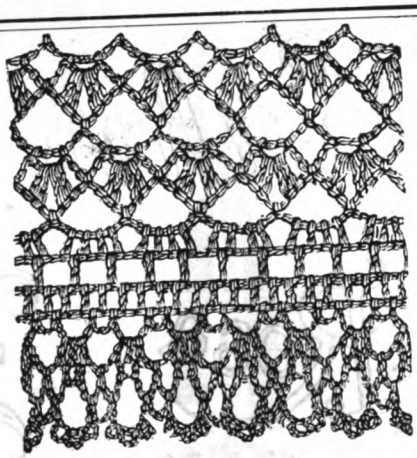

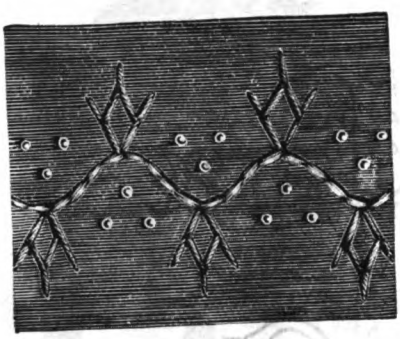

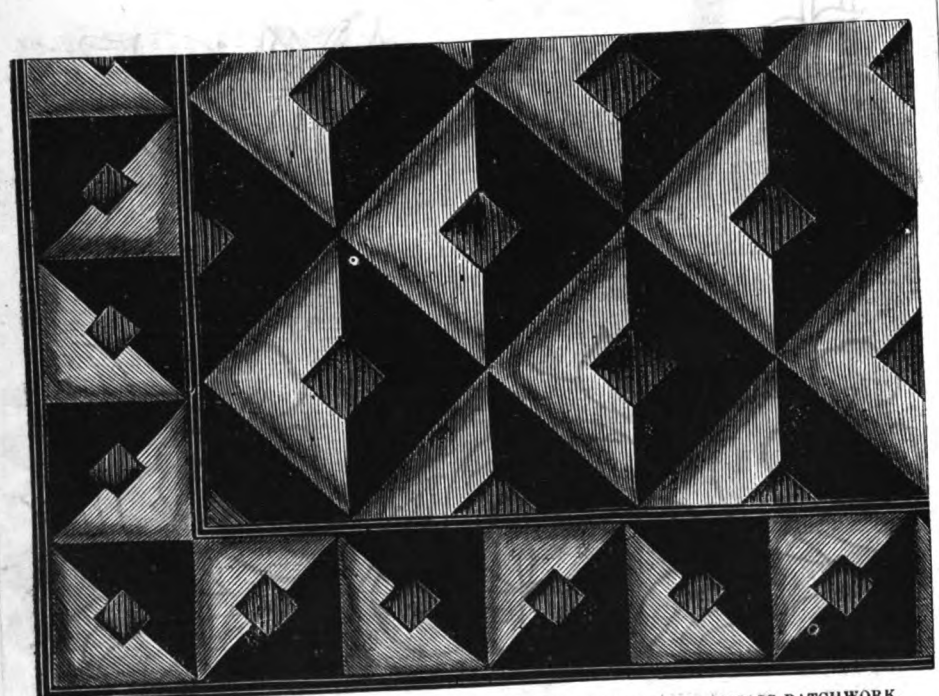

TENT PEN-WIPER. CROCHET EDGING. BORDER IN SILK AND BEADS. MOSAIC PATCHWORK.

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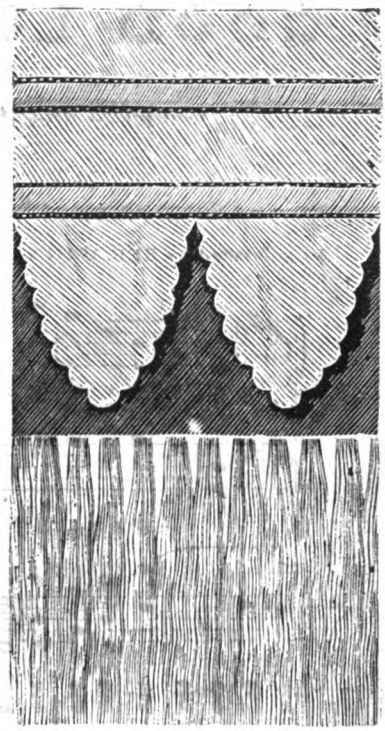

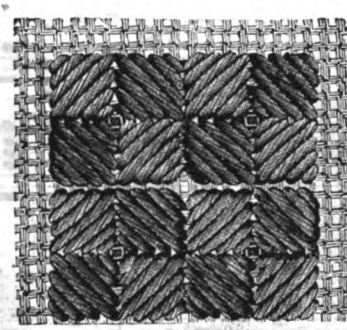

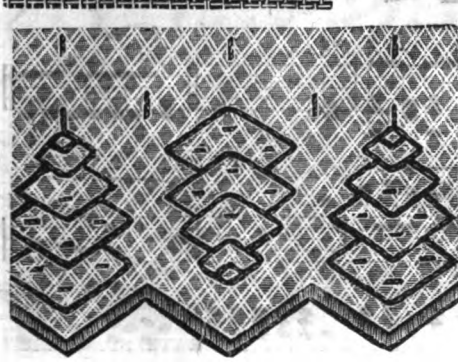

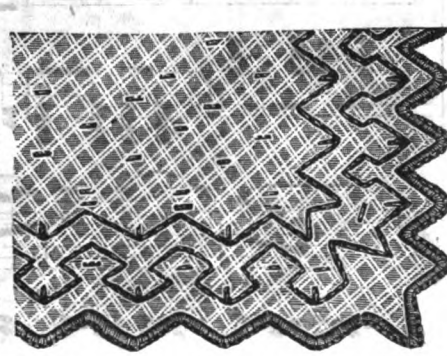

PIN-CUSHION. DRESS TRIMMING. NEW DESIGNS IN TAPESTRY WORK. EMBROIDERIES ON PIQUE.

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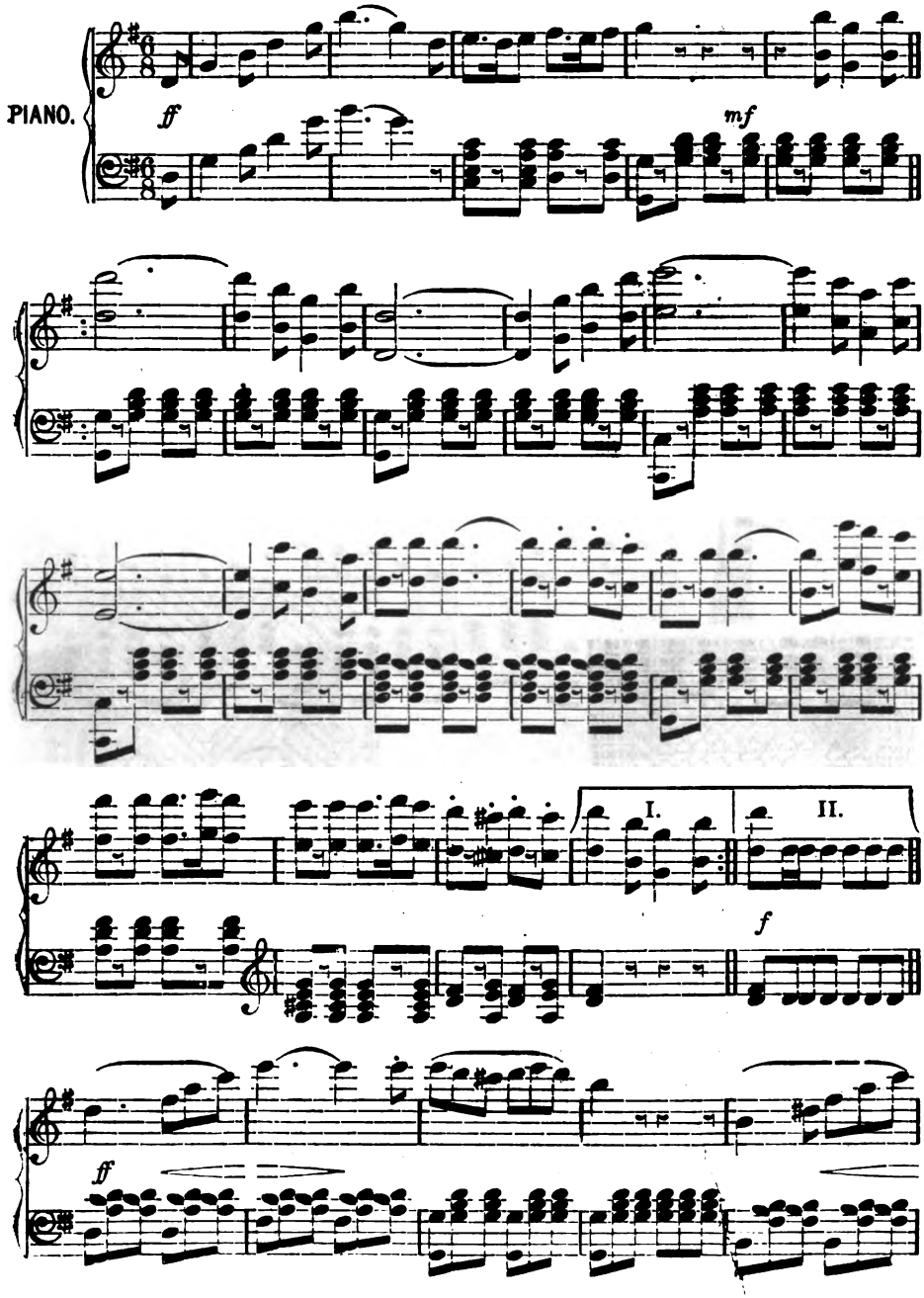
GOOD LUCK MARCH.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

BY CARL FAUST.

As published by SEP. WINNER, & SON, 1003 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.



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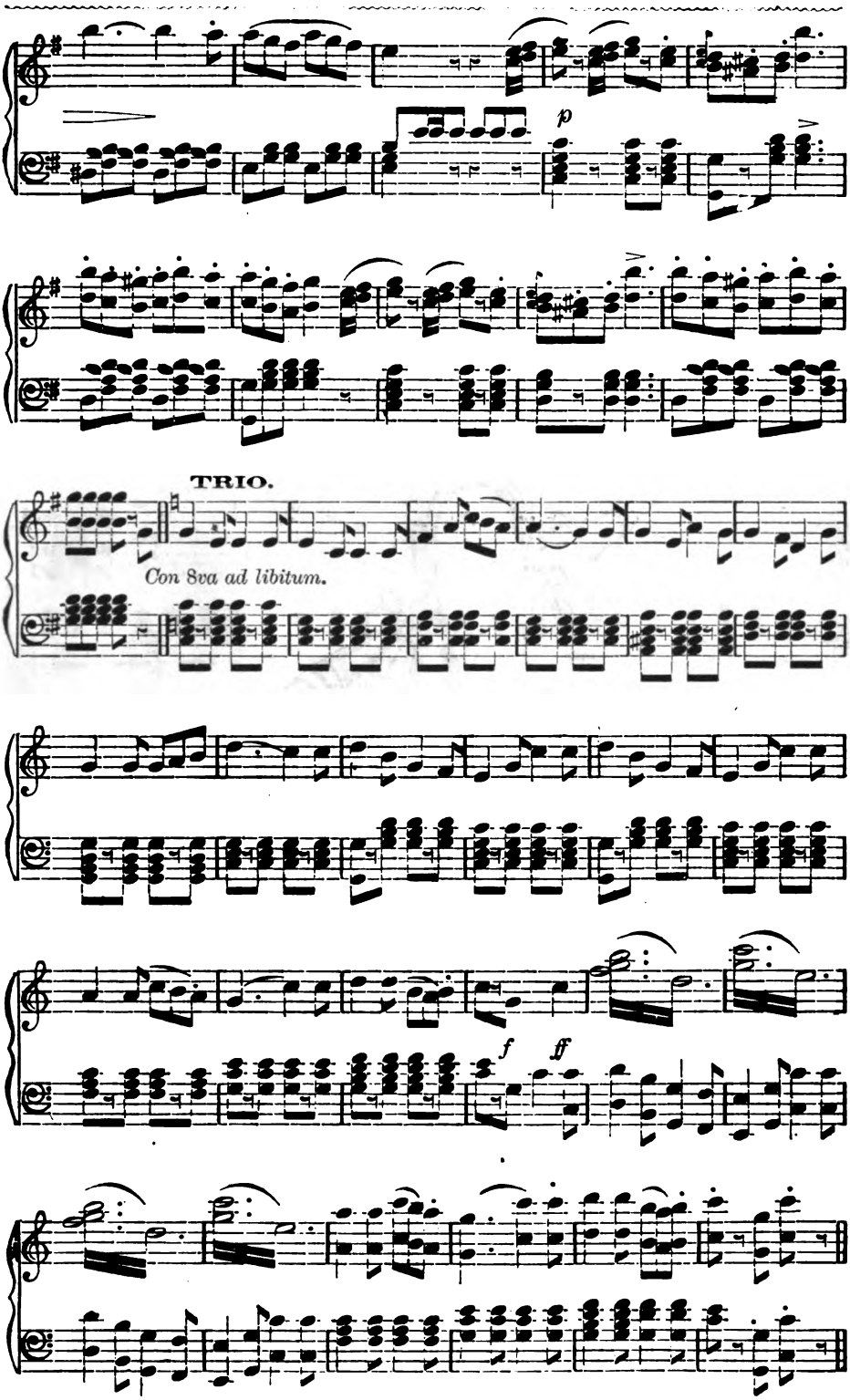

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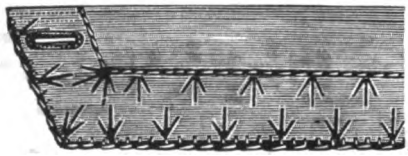

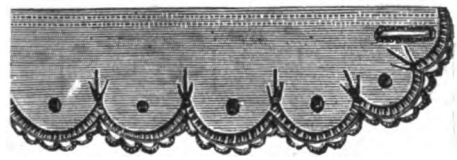

STAND-UP COLLARS. NEW STYLE FOR HOUSE-DRESS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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HOW FRED FOUND A WIFE.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

FRED BADGER was considered, in common parlance, a "catch." Wealthy, high-toned, a rising lawyer, everybody courted him. He had passed his twenty-eighth year in the vain hope of finding some paragon who would enchain his senses, and prove to be his ideal. In the search after this yet undiscovered perfection, he had become weary. At last, one early summer day, he found himself at Maplewood, a beautiful village among the hills. He was delighted with its surroundings, and resolved to remain for a day or two at the little Inn.

To his amazement he found fruit for breakfast, though it was still June. "'Tis like living in Paris," he said, to himself, sipping his coffee. "These strawberries are the best I ever ate," he remarked, to the landlady. "Do they grow in your garden?"

"Oh, no! these are some that Miss. Stainely raised. We've a young lady here who has a fine garden, and we buy of her, because we always get the best," said the hostess. "Her father died last year; he was a clergyman, and left nothing but the house and garden. Miss Stainely supports her mother and herself."

"Miss Stainely must be quite a genius," said Fred, taking up his paper.

"Indeed, she is! her garden is a sight to be seen. They send for miles around for her fruits and flowers."

"An old maid, I presume," muttered Fred.

"No, indeed; as fresh and blooming a young lady, and as well-mannered as you could wish to see. Everybody loves Miss Stainely."

Fred smiled to himself, and soon forgot Miss Stainely. But some hours after, when out for a walk, he saw a little brown cottage that arrested his attention by its picturesqueness. There was a vine-covered porch, with the Wisteria climbing up all the corners, and there were great double roses, full of sweet odors, blushing beside the pretty entrance.

Just then a little boy came out of the gate with a basket of strawberries.

"Pray, my lad," said Fred, "who lives here?"

"Miss Stainely, sir," was the answer.

Fred glanced again at the strawberries. They looked doubly beautiful now that he knew a young lady, and one said to be pretty, had picked them. He wondered if her fingers were fair. Then he laughed to himself at the folly of such an idea.

Suddenly a voice sounded so near that it startled him.

"Please bring me my pruning-shears, Janey; this vine needs attention," it said.

"Heavens! is she strong enough to wield them?" thought Fred, with a sort of horror.

"Ah! the poor little things! how I hate to cut them! But they must go," said the voice. And Fred noticed how caressing and tender, how soft, low, and womanly the voice was. "And here's my darling little Concord," the voice went on, "putting out such tiny, moist buds! I gave it up a week ago, and came near cutting it down; how glad I am I spared it."

By this time Fred was in an agony to see the lips from which proceeded such sweet sounds. At that moment a gentle-faced, elderly woman appeared at the back door, and said,

"Rose, dear, the sun is getting too hot."

"Yes, mother," was the reply; and a slight, girlish figure, the face completely shaded by a large garden-hat, came blithely forward, sprang up the steps, and vanished.

"Rose! What a pretty name!" mused Fred, more interested than he had ever found himself before. "And such a little creature. I had fancied her large and masculine in face and figure. Pshaw! what a fool I am! What is the girl to me?"

True, what was she to him? It was very strange that her voice haunted him so. A little

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country-girl who sold vegetables—he would not think of her again.

But the next day, almost before he knew it, he found himself sauntering toward the brown cottage. As he came near, there was a sound of music; a piano-forte, well played; the "Wedding March," his favorite! He stopped, thunderstruck. What did it mean? Could the hands that dug and weeded elicit such harmonious chords?

Presently the music ceased.

"She must go out and pull radishes," laughed Fred, nervously to himself.

Then a bright thought struck him. She sold berries, seedlings, slips. Why not sell some to him? He would, at least, ask her.

You see, Fred was a bold fellow, and no "faint-hearted" coward. In a moment he was ushered into a room, which, at first glance, he took for a habitation of the fairies. Hanging-baskets, rustic frames, vines trained over every window; a little grotto of moss and shell-work in one corner; bookcases, tastefully ornamented; the piano, with one of the most beautiful covers he had ever seen in his life; the carpet like a bed of ferns; the chairs and tables quaint in their fashioning.

Miss Rose Stainely came in. She was neither blonde nor brunette. She had charming large, gray eyes, under straight lashes; and lips just large enough and sweet enough to match the voice Fred had heard. The man's brain was in a whirl. Never had he been less self-possessed.

But in a moment he came to his senses. Fred had that rarest of all gifts, personal magnetism; his smile was sweetness itself; and his brown eyes were full of expression. He was famous for his tact. With a low bow, he stated his errand.

Rose, at first, was shy. She seemed to suspect the truth, and withdrew within herself. But Fred, who really knew a great deal about flowers, soon beguiled her into a conversation about them. Before long, Rose was all enthusiasm. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks brightened, as she talked of her favorite roses. By-and-by, Fred happened to mention a friend of his, in New York, who was very fond of flowers. "It is for her I wish these specimens," he said. "Mrs. Stanton, though a fashionable lady, is really an enthusiast about roses. Her love for them is not a sham, as with so many others; she really means what she says."

Rose caught her breath, and drew a step nearer, for she and Fred had been standing all this time.

"Mrs. Stanton, did you say?" she cried, with new animation. "Mrs. John Stanton?"

Fred nodded assent.

"Oh! how glad I am!" she continued. "The Stantons were such old friends of father. Mother! Mother!" and she ran impulsively to the door, and called Mrs. Stainely, "here is a gentleman who knows the Stantons." Then, seeing the eyes of Fred fixed on her, in undisguised admiration, she blushed rosy red.

Mrs. Stainely came in, and Fred formally introduced himself. The three were at home together from that moment. They talked of the Stantons first, then of flowers, and then of music. Fred begged for the "Wedding March," and then played himself (his touch was exquisite) a "Cradle Song."

What happy, happy days followed! Soon, Fred became a privileged guest. Rose grew more lovely, in his eyes, every day. A fairy, with her bright, brown curls, and yet a lady, too, Rose was as sweetly and innocently herself as if there had never been prudes or coquettes in the world.

It was a long wooing, nevertheless, for Rose was too wise to give her heart until she was sure her suitor was worthy of it. I am afraid Fred's wealth, at first, was against him. But love works wonders.

There is not a happier wife, now, in all New York, than Rose, nor a more distinguished leader of society. In summer, she and Fred go back to Maplewood; and Rose is as fond of flowers and fruits as ever. But she is fondest by far of Fred.

SONNET.

BY A. H. HILL.

You say that now there is enough of song,
  Enough of music floating on the earth,
  So bounteous is the store, so rare the worth
Of those full notes that through the ages long
From poets' graves into our memory throng,
  As fresh as in the hour that gave them birth;
  And surely, God be thanked, there is no dearth
Of strains that melt or make the spirit strong.
Yet, though the night hang all her stars on high,
  No less the glow-worm lights her slender ray,
  Nor less the linnet on his covert spray
Pipes, though a thousand songsters mount the sky:
  So must full hearts have utterance, and in rhyme
  Breathe out their music to the end of time.

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MISS HEPZIBAH'S PARROT.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

LETTY EARLE was an orphan. First, her mother died. Then her father, after waiting a year, had married again, and died, soon after, insolvent. The second wife had property of her own, but she was a handsome woman yet, capable of burying a third husband, and did not choose to be burdened with the charge of a penniless and pretty girl, nor had the pair known each other long enough to have even a respectable mutual regard.

So Mrs. Earle wrote privately to Miss Honeywood, who lived in England, but who was the nearest blood relation of Letty's. By return of mail there came a foreign epistle to Letty, in a very crabbed hand, pleasantly ignoring Mrs. Earle in a way which made that lady's blood boil.

"I have learned that you are alone," wrote Miss Hepzibah; "you are my sole living relative, though you know nothing about me, except by name. I saw your mother once, and liked her; perhaps I shall like you. At all events, I am the proper person for you to live with, as I am your father's second cousin. You want to earn your living, I am told. Very well—you shall. I'll give you fifty pounds a year for reading to me, humoring me, and petting my parrot. Come at once. Enclosed you will find a draft to pay your passage. While I write, it comes over me that I may be fond of you: so come without delay, and consider me what I really mean to be,

"Your affectionate aunt,

"HEPZIBAH HONEYWOOD."

Letty bade her step-mother a decent farewell, and sailed for Great Britain. But she did not go in a steamer. Her father had been a ship-owner; and the captain of a fast clipper, which Mr. Earle had once owned, learning of her proposed voyage, asked her to go with him, under care of his wife. The offer was too kind to be refused. The weather was heavenly, as weather in June ought to be; Letty as well and hungry as if sailing on a pond; the captain's wife, a dear old soul; few passengers, all agreeable, and one of them something more—at least to Letty.

His name was Stanley Goodrich; he was twenty-three, handsome, enthusiastic, and gifted; bound for Rome to make fame and fortune as a sculptor. Naturally, on shipboard, he could not pursue his labors; he was not sea-sick, had a great deal of leisure time on his hands, and Letty being about the prettiest creature he had ever set eyes on, he proceeded to fall over head and ears in love with her, as he ought.

The voyage was expected to take nineteen days. They met with some sort of accident—I shall not try to tell what, being no sailor, nor would you understand if I explained—and exactly thirty-five days, seven hours and fifteen minutes elapsed before they landed at the Liverpool docks. You will admit that this was a sufficient interval for two young people to get very deep into the most delicious romance ever a poet devised.

Miss Hepzibah was an old maid, and lived in a quiet cathedral town, in a gloomy house, on an eminently respectable street—and there the captain's wife deposited my heroine. Stanley Goodrich went on to London; it would never do for him to present himself before the spinster until Letty had time to prepare her a little.

Altogether, it was a rather depressed young woman who stood on the steps of Miss Honeywood's dingy old house, with her trunks about her, and rang the bell. The captain's wife was eager to visit a sick relative, who lived in the town, and only waited to see Letty disappear inside the vestibule before she drove off.

A telegram from Liverpool had apprised Miss Hepzibah of her niece's safe arrival, that she might not be taken by surprise. A puffy, old man, in livery, admitted Letty; a tidy, cheerful maid smiled a welcome, and conducted her up stairs into the drawing-room, Letty feeling sadly nervous at the prospect of the meeting before her.

As she crossed the threshold, a shrill voice saluted her with these remarkable words,

"Hurray for England! No cold meat for me—I'm not poor relations! Thunder and Mars! Now I lay me down to sleep—one, two, three—pop! Hurray!"

That could hardly be Miss Hepzibah's welcome, odd as Letty was prepared to find her.

"It's only the parrot, Miss," explained the maid. "Please to sit down, and I'll tell misses."

"Waterloo! No humbug!" screamed the

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parrot. "I'll swear in a minute. Oh, my back!"

"Stop your noise!" ordered the maid. "You're wickeder than ever to-day."

"Hurray for our side!" retorted the parrot.

The maid went out, and Letty sat rather drearily staring at the bird, who perched himself on one foot and regarded her with an evil eye half shut.

"More softly—speak low, girls must remember that," croaked the parrot; and Letty could not help feeling it was a sentence taught him for her special benefit. "Got a secret?" he screamed, so abruptly that Letty started and turned red. "Ha! ha!" laughed the bird, ending in a shrill scream, so fiendish that her blood suddenly ran cold.

"So you've come—that's right," said another voice. "You wasted money on the telegraph—all wrong."

Letty turned and saw a portly, round-faced old lady, with a mingled expression of fretfulness and humor in her countenance.

"I'm glad to see you," pursued aunt Hepzibah. "Kiss me once; don't muss my collar."

Letty obeyed timidly, and the parrot called,

"No humbug! Mind your eye."

"There's wisdom," said aunt Hepzibah, approvingly. "My dear, kissing is humbug."

"Shiver my——" began the parrot.

"Take care, sir! Remember the quill!" cried aunt Hepzibah, warningly, and explained to Letty. "He was given me by a naval officer, and sometimes, to this day, he will use bad words, then he gets beaten—eh, Poll?"

"Oh, my back!" grumbled the parrot.

After a brief conversation between the newly-met relatives, conducted in short, terse sentences on Miss Hepzibah's side, which reminded Letty of the bird's style of conversation, Letty was shown to her room, told to come back in exactly twenty minutes, and was dismissed with a few words, which gave her the first pleasant sensation.

"You look like your mother," said aunt Hepzibah. "I was fond of her, only she would go off to America instead of living with me."

Letty found her boxes awaiting her in the pretty, excruciatingly neat chamber, to which she was shown by the maid, and was careful not to transgress on the time Miss Hepzibah had set.

"That's right," said the spinster, when she appeared; "I like punctuality."

Letty had been rather spoiled all her life, and though she meant to be dutiful, she wanted it understood that she had ideas of her own.

"I shall try to please you," she said; "but I am impatient and quick, and in a good many things used to judging for myself."

"Girls!" screeched the parrot.

"You're an American," observed Miss Hepzibah, quietly, as if that explained everything. "Sit down. Will you pour the tea? Little girl, I mean to like you, but let's begin straight. We are strangers; I am going to pay you liberally, so you will have no feeling of dependence. But you're my relation—I'm the oldest and wisest; you must listen to me and trust my judgment."

"That's the ticket!" observed the parrot, sleepily.

"Will you be quiet?" cried Miss Hepzibah, wrathfully.

"No," said the parrot; "no! Never! Hurray! Shiver my——"

"If you don't stop I'll quill you," threatened Miss Hepzibah; and the bird went to sleep grumbling.

"Solomon wasn't wiser," observed Miss Hepzibah, "and in point of morals, not to be compared! Where was I?"

She jogged her memory, and a long talk ensued, varied by frequent interruptions from the parrot. Letty distinctly understood what her life was to be. Breakfast with Miss Hepzibah—an hour's reading aloud—stitching—early dinner—more reading—a nap—a walk or drive with Miss Hepzibah—tea; on Tuesday evenings a whist-party; on Thursday night a similar festivity at a friend's house. The prospect was not inviting, especially as Miss Hepzibah cheerfully assured her there were only two girls in her whole circle of acquaintance, and not a man under fifty.

Letty was not in the least a deceitful girl—she had too much moral courage for that; but it was difficult to break to Miss Hepzibah the precious secret of her life. It was not only that the spinter was opposed to marriage, but Letty knew that even the most favorably disposed old maid would be shocked at learning she had absolutely engaged herself to a man whom she had only known thirty-five days and some odd hours, lifetime as it appeared to the girl when she looked back over those blessed weeks.

In the meantime she must write to Stanley, as she had promised; besides, he would come down to the place as soon as he had dispatched his business in London; he would insist on seeing her—here was a dilemma in the very outset.

Letty's new existence began, and before the

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week was over had settled so completely into its dull routine, that long, weary years seemed to have passed since the house-door shut out the sight of the sea-captain's wife, severing her from the last person connected with the soft memories of that charmed voyage.

At last one struggle Letty made—go out daily by herself for a brisk walk she must and would; and Miss Hepzibah, noticing that she was growing pale and thin, gave in rather ungraciously, in spite of a warning from the parrot, who listened attentively to the conversation, and suddenly called out,

"Mischief! Mischief! These girls!"

Letty began to believe the bird a feathered demon, and absolutely to hate him; but she gained her point.

The kindly Fate, which watches over young lovers, sent her out for her first solitary ramble at exactly the right instant—she met Stanley Goodrich just arrived and hurrying toward the house. There are in existence the records of so many conversations, under similar circumstances, that I forbear to quote the long talk which took place on this occasion.

It was finally decided by Stanley that he should take the painful business out of Letty's hands, and himself try to bring Miss Hepzibah to a recognition of their plans.

"We ask so little," Stanley said; "the privilege of corresponding during the year I am in Italy—if I could only claim you at once, my darling! She can learn everything about me from my relatives in London. Just leave me to arrange—she can't be a bit of granite, you know."

Letty's hopes were by no means buoyant. She thought the avowal might end in her aunt's casting her off completely, as Miss Hepzibah had done once before where a young woman she had befriended was concerned. Marriage, for the present, was out of the question; the most enthusiastic affection must have something to live on; and a loving pair cannot exist under an umbrella, even in dear, delightful Italy. Of course, Stanley was to win fame and money in a shorter space of time than any man ever did outside a sensation novel; but even one of such heroes requires a couple of years, and during that time Letty must remain with her aunt, for she was neither a genius, or strong-minded; unfitted by her luxurious life to be a governess, and not likely to develop suddenly a voice so wonderful (as girls in books do) that she would turn out the most remarkable opera-singer in Europe before two months were gone.

The next morning Letty, really and honestly, lay in bed with a nervous headache, and Miss Hepzibah and the parrot had the drawing-room to themselves.

Up came the trim maid with Stanley Goodrich's card,

"The young gentleman wants to see Miss Letitia, ma'am"—for the pretty diminutive of the name was forbidden in that house.

"The young gentleman wants to see Miss Letitia?" repeated Miss Hepzibah, irately, glaring first at the pasteboard, then at the maid, while the parrot shrieked appositely,

"Oh, my eyes!"

"Yes'm," said Tippet, with a curtsey.

"Go down and tell him Miss Letitia doesn't know any young gentleman," said Miss Hepzibah. "It's like his impudence!"

"Like his impudence!" echoed the parrot. "Oh, my back!" for his mistress raised the quill ominously.

"No," said she, on second thoughts, "show him up. I'll see him——"

"What a go!" interrupted the parrot.

Miss Hepzibah relieved her feelings by bestowing the long-threatened castigation on the bird, and being out of his cage at the time, he flew down and dexterously nipped her ankle in return; then placidly allowed himself to be shut up in his gilded prison, after informing her that she was "a son of a sea-cook." By the time she secured the bird, Stanley Goodrich was shown in, and with her temper and her ankle both inflamed, Miss Hepzibah turned on him like a dragon.

"You're Mr. Stanley Goodrich?" said she.

"I am, madam," and he looked so handsome that the retreating Tippet wondered her mistress could have the heart to glower at him in that fashion.

"And I'm Miss Hepzibah Honeywood," continued the spinster; and I don't know any reason why you and I should meet."

"We're in for it!" croaked the parrot.

"Permit me to explain," Stanley began; but she cut him short without ceremony.

"Are you an American?" she asked.

"I am, madam," once more.

"Then you write for the newspapers?" pursued she. "All Americans write for the newspapers, and, let me tell you, I don't wish to serve as a topic, if I am an Englishwoman and an old maid."

"That's the ticket—in the Bay of Biscay, O!" chanted the demoniac parrot.

"I can plead guiltless of the charge," Stanley said, laughing; and his laugh was very pleasant to hear, but it did not soften Miss

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Hepzibah's grimness a bit. "I have the pleasure of knowing your niece, Miss Earle, and I called to see her."

"And you see me instead," returned Miss Hepzibah, looking as obstinate as a Hindoo idol.

"Bite her neck," suggested the parrot, and Stanley longed to do it, but kept charmingly respectful.

He went on to explain that being a friend of Letty's, he had ventured to call to inquire after her health.

"I have the pleasure of informing you that her health is good," said Miss Hepzibah. "She still has headaches—the remains of that horrid American climate; she's got one this morning, and is in bed."

Poor Stanley was so alarmed that he forgot his assumed composure, and began to talk so fast that in three minutes the sharp old maid understood the whole of his secret, and flew out at him so violently, that in order to keep her from worrying the entire truth out of Letty and causing her to suffer, he told her plainly that he loved her niece, and was there to ask her good offices. He gave her a straightforward account of himself—his English relatives—his prospects—his intended journey to Rome, and she heard him through.

"Now I'll speak," said she. "You want my countenance, do you? My niece is under a business contract to me for two years, during that time you'll not see her, nor write a letter that shall ever reach her—at the end, she may choose between you and me! Love and no dinner with you, or a good home with me, and twenty thousand pounds at my death."

"Hepzibah Honeywood, spinster!" shouted the parrot. "Oh, my!"

Stanley expostulated—pleaded—upbraided! Miss Hepzibah made short work with him, and bowed him out of the room, and the parrot called derisively,

"English oak forever; down with Yankee Doodle!"

That day not a word was said to Letty. The next morning Miss Hepzibah made a short summary of the case.

"You're under contract to me for two years," she said; "any communication with that young man violates it. I'll take care you don't; after that, choose for yourself."

The very same night, when Letty went to bed, she found a little note from her lover hidden under the toilet-cushion, and Tippet looked so preternaturally innocent and correct, that Letty dared not even look her thanks.

A week went by; more notes from Stanley—hints at a change; but she was too sick at heart to have any power to hope. The dreary round continued; the lonely walks were forbidden; and finally, Letty felt that it would be better to go back to America and starve, rather than endure it. Only she knew it would not be right; Miss Hepzibah might be unjust, but she was her sole relative, and it was her duty to obey the spinster, since Providence had pointed out only this mode of life.

Miss Hepzibah was perfectly kind in every other respect, but Letty could not forgive her; and the parrot grew into an object of such detestation, that she often felt his horrible sarcasms and mocking laughter would drive her to desperation.

Never one syllable of confidence passed between herself and Tippet. Indeed, the girl avoided her, and was rather sulky than otherwise in the performance of her duties; yet the little notes several times mysteriously appeared at bed-time under the toilet-cushion, and made the one gleam of sunshine about the poor girl. Two years of such a life—it made Letty turn sick and faint to think of it! Everything connected with her new home was distasteful; the quiet; the horrible oppression of living by rule; the monotonous drives; the wearisome card-parties; and, worse than all, the parrot! And if Stanley should have to wait for success, how could she let him burden himself with a wife? She was not afraid for her own sake; but to stand in his way—hamper his genius—make his life a round of oppressive care, the bare idea was unendurable!

In the meantime Fate and her lover were waiting their chance—I am afraid aided by that hypocrite Tippet, although Tippet was unusually serious, and went to church so frequently that her fellow-servants were edified by her gush of goodness, and felt themselves very miserable objects in the presence of such rectitude and patience.

For two days the parrot had been surprisingly serious and taciturn. His wisdom was so unbounded that it is quite probable he had a warning of what was in store—of the temptation about to be thrown in his path, and to which he would yield, even as the wise man yielded in his day.

At least, the guilty Tippet, furtively watching him as she dusted the drawing-room, was inclined to believe so, and each time he opened his hooked beak, trembled lest he should expose the whole plot.

It was a Wednesday morning, as common-

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place and gray a one as even England can produce, and Miss Hepzibah, with no premonition of the blow that awaited her, sat at work in the drawing-room alone, Letty having been permitted to go up stairs to write to some friend in America. Miss Hepzibah wanted the windows open, and the parrot being in a rebellious mood, and refusing to allow her to chain him to the chair-back, was ignominiously fastened in his cage. He never said a word; he uttered one portentous shriek, as if that insult had settled his mind completely, and never vouchsafed his mistress so much as a glance.

Suddenly the spinster remembered that she had forgotten something in her chamber, and with an affectionate farewell to her pet, she went up stairs to get it.

It has grown almost into a proverb that the most terrible misfortunes overtake us unawares. Miss Hepzibah's experience went to swell the general torrent of credence. She had scarcely reached her room, when an unusual noise in the street aroused her. She crossed the room and looked out of the window, uttered one moan of anguish, and fled down stairs, calling wildly to Letty, as she rushed dramatically past that young lady's door.

By the time Letty, nearly frightened out of her senses with the fear that her aunt must have a fit, or the house be on fire, reached the drawing-room, Miss Hepzibah had roused the man-servant, the cook, the scullery-maid; all was confusion and terror. But one glance at the empty cage, to which the cook was pointing with a Ristori-like gesture; one fleeting look out of the window, over whose sill Miss Hepzibah leaned, insanely haranguing the little crowd gathered, revealed the horrible truth. Poll's cage was empty; and Poll himself was perched on the top of a street-lamp, indulging the watchers with a remarkable exhibition of his varied powers of declamation.

Just then Tippet came rushing down from the upper regions, where she had, as far as was known, spent the whole morning, occupied with some task her mistress had set her, and Tippet was pale as a ghost, and trembling from head to foot, nipping the footman with her thumb and finger severely, as she called,

"What is it? Oh! have the Fenians come? There's such a crowd before the house!"

When several voices informed Tippet what had happened, she burst into a flood of hysterical tears, which so softened Miss Hepzibah's heart toward her, that even in that moment of anguish she secretly vowed Tippet should have the increase of wages she had long desired, as a reward for her fondness for Polly.

And now, the scene in-doors and out was a very funny one, if there had been any hardened spirit daring enough to be amused in the presence of Miss Hepzibah's sufferings. Tippet weeping loudly; cook calling for somebody to take her "affidavy" that she had not left her Plutonian retreat below stairs; the scullery-maid, minus her stockings, absorbed in the opportunity offered of examining the splendors of the drawing-room; Miss Hepzibah and her niece peering out of the flower-screened window with eager and distressed faces; Miss Hepzibah holding her glass to her eyes, and shouting contradictory orders to her servants within and the crowd without, which was gathering as rapidly as a crowd will when there is something to stare at, and nothing to be done.

A ragged boy, of the street-sweeping persuasion, appeared under the window, and offered to climb up the lamp-post for a sufficient reward.

"Go out, James," cried Miss Hepzibah, "offer him five shillings—ten! Go up yourself—go up, every one of you! Oh, my bird! my darling! Tippet, stop your noise, or I'll box your ears! It's somebody's fault—somebody let him out. Let me only find who!"

There was such menace in her voice that the scullery-maid and cook, both innocent, fled incontinently to their heated retirement below stairs. But Tippet stood her ground, and cried,

"Whoever it was ought to be gobbletined!" for Tippet had lately been reading about the Reign of Terror, and was prepared to talk French to any extent.

James wheezed out-doors, and having driven a sharp bargain, the street-sweeper deposited his broom against the lamp-post, and began "shinning" up it; while Poll, with every evil memory of his early life fully roused, looked down and swore at the boy, as roundly as if he had been a post-captain.

Everybody began to shout directions at the ragged boy, who repaid them for their trouble with the sort of eloquence which might have been expected; and Miss Hepzibah, lost to all the proprieties which had hitherto ruled her life, reviled everybody and everything indiscriminately.

There was a dandy young man, with a youthful female on his arm, she aiming her parasol upward, apparently with the intention of stabbing the boy in some convenient portion of his anatomy as he came down. There was a

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little shoe-black, armed with the implements of his trade, furious that he had not reached the ground in time to have done his enemy, the sweeper, out of the job, and threatening to break every bone in his carcass when he touched earth again. There was a big man, with side-whiskers and slouched hat, who said there was a way to induce Poll to descend; but when asked what it was, by the dandy, only shook his head, and answered mysteriously, "Never you mind, sir." There was a girl, with a basket, forgetful of her errand—two or three cab-drivers choking up the street with their vehicles—James near the house, panting and breathless—everybody pointing, gesticulating, the small boy climbing up deftly, and Poll talking louder than the whole crowd.

The parrot waited with the composure of a great mind, fully aware of its own resources, until the bare-legged boy had reached a stout stick that set out from the post; the boy had only to grasp that, swing himself up by one hand, and with the other grasp the bird.

"How do you do?" How's your mother?" demanded Poll, in a voice of the utmost interest, looking down to watch his next move with a wary eye. "Old Hep," added Poll, blinking at his mistress. The crowd laughed, and Miss Hepzibah wept. "Old Hep!" called Polly; "Hurray for British hearts and British oak! Oh, these girls! Bless the baby! Oh, my back!"

The ragged boy swung himself up by the stick.

"We see it!" cried Poll. "Thunder and Mars! Here's a go!" and, as if animated by the word, away she flew in great haste down the street.

A shriek of woe from Miss Hepzibah; a shout from the crowd; a volley of oaths from the baffled boy; a cry of triumph from the boot-black at his enemy's discomfiture; then Miss Hepzibah was out in the street, her cap-strings flying—but Poll was gone.

In another moment the throng became so interested in a fierce combat between the two boys that the bird was forgotten; the be-whiskered man and the dandy, animated by the ruling passion of British nature, began to bet on the opponents; Miss Hepzibah nearly throttled James in her frenzied despair; Tippet moaned loudly in the hall, and Letty, on the step, vainly besought her aunt to calm herself, and come in-doors.

Let me draw a veil over the scene—sorrow is a sacred thing. Poor Miss Hepzibah!

The day passed, but no tidings were received of the wandering bird. Placards, offering a large reward, were posted about the town; an advertisement was prepared for the next day's paper; scores of people were hired to scour the streets in all directions, but in vain. Evening came—Poll, the treasured, was not restored.

Miss Hepzibah spent a sleepless night. She appreciated Tippet as she had never done, for Tippet was the only human being who showed real grief. Tippet wept all day, and by the time the hour for retiring arrived, was so swollen about the eyes that she looked as if she had recently escaped from a wasp's nest.

The next morning dawned; Miss Hepzibah appeared in deep black, so awful in her grief that the whole household avoided her as much as was possible. The forenoon dragged by—dinner came; was untasted by Miss Hepzibah, while Tippet, as the hours went on, grew nearly frantic with despair.

Suddenly there was a ring at the bell, and James brought a note into the drawing-room, where the inconsolable spinster sat with her niece. Miss Hepzibah read it, uttered a shriek of joy, and called for her bonnet and shawl. She ordered Tippet to accompany her; James was bidden to summon a cab; she answered none of her niece's questions; she was gone, followed by Tippet, and on the floor lay the letter, which had dropped from her pocket.

Letty picked it up and read these lines:

"DEAR MADAM,

"I am very happy to be able to bring you a great pleasure. I have found your bird. I should bring it to your house, but your express commands were that I must never cross your threshold. I dare not trust her to the hands of a servant, so I must ask you to call at the Crown Hotel, and receive Polly—what a marvel the bird is!—from the hands of

"Your humble servant,

"STANLEY GOODRICH."

When Miss Hepzibah and Tippet reached the hotel, they found the young gentleman at the entrance. He led Miss Hepzibah up into a private parlor, and there, in a new cage, was Polly, chattering, whistling, and eating an apple as unconcerned as if he had caused his mistress no suffering and dismay.

"My bird! my bird!" cried Miss Hepzibah, and actually sobbed; then she hugged Stanley in her delight.

The two had a long talk, Tippet discreetly leaning out of the window. Miss Hepzibah discovered that Stanley's English relations were

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old friends of hers, and presently they grew so confidential that he told her all his plans and aspirations; and she rushed into a great fondness for him, and was absolutely the first to bring the subject round to her niece.

Stanley did not tell her of the engagement. He only talked of his love, and of his hope that Miss Hepzibah would have sanctioned his addressing the young lady.

"My," cried the old maid at last, with genuine female inconsistency, flying into a romantic desire to be mixed up in a love affair, "if the girl refuses, she's an idiot, and I'll cut her off with a shilling."

She made Stanley go home with her; she established him in the drawing-room; she kissed Poll, then went in search of her niece, and told her, with delightful British arrogance (perfectly unconscious though, of the fact) that a fit husband for her had been found, and she was to come down stairs and look at him.

The result of the matter was, that the young pair became engaged at her express command. There was no talk of marriage, but Stanley was to have the privilege of writing as often as he pleased, and Letty should be equally free; and at the end of the year, Stanley was to come back to England, to be a visitor for a month at Miss Hepzibah's house.

When the lovers parted, they had so much to hope and look forward to, that they could not be very wretched.

It was not in Miss Hepzibah's nature to do things by halves. She grew almost as fond of Letty as she was of Polly, and doted on Stanley to that extent that, to hear her talk, one might have thought he was her lover instead of her niece's.

In the middle of winter she fancied herself unwell, and made her doctor recommend Italy. Off she set, taking Letty, and Tippet, and James; and before the following May she married her niece to the young artist, and gave her a portion of five thousand pounds; and Tippet, as she was dressing the young lady for the bridal, betrayed the secret she had kept so long.

"Ho, Miss Letty!" sobbed she, "hif I 'ad throttled that beast of a bird, as many a time I meant, we'd never 'ave seen this joyful day! Sacrifize has met with its reward; and though there's scars on my calves I'll carry to my dying day, I'll never hold spite against Polly; and 'ere's mountains of good wishes from yours respectfully, Sally Tippet."

ONCE MORE!

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY

Only once more, my darling! Just once more!
I take thy hand, snow-white it lies in mine,
Restful and calm as e'er it was before,
With not the faintest tremor giving sign
Of inward conflict. Heart and soul at rest,
And not a care to rankle in thy breast.

Only once more! and then I go my way!
I cannot move thee with my wild appeal;
I cannot chain thy fancies if they stray,
Nor bind thy thoughts with bars of triple steel;
For though my heart should break for love of thee,
I cannot force thy love, for love is free.

But now, once more! and for the last, last time,
Within the sunshine of thy face I stand,
Tried and condemned, my love my only crime;
(Ah! it is well thus to withdraw thy hand!)
And though my guilt be proven, plain and clear,
I don't repent me of it! Do you hear?

How was it? Once I thought you loved me well;
An odd mistake it was, I grant you that;
And yet you looked it, maybe, who shall tell
If in your eyes a lurking mischief sat?
If in your heart no little place I own,
The acting, surely, was superbly done!

You looked it, looked the love it only feigned;
And to my heart the acted lie was sweet.
Alas! too soon the blessed vision waned;
The looks and tones that drew me to your feet
Were kind no longer, but grew cold and strange,
And o'er your lightest word there fell a change.

Oh! you are cruel, thus to lead us all
To one bright mount of vision, shining clear,
Whereon no sooner do our footsteps fall
Than all the glow and brightness disappear;
The light withdraws, and we are left below,
And what avails that we have loved you so?

Cruel and heartless! Bitter words are those.
Who said them in thy presence? Sure, not I.
Could I reproach thee; I who can but choose
To worship blindly, hopeless that one sigh,
One word, however low and soft my speech,
The portals of thy heart will ever reach.

Why linger thus, fearing to lose thee quite
Out of the broken circle of my days?
Dreading to see thee vanish from my sight,
Down the dim vista of untrodden ways.
Oh! wherefore linger? Love and hope are gone!
Why should their haunting memories live on?

But now, no more! It is the last sad strain;
I turn me from thy presence, knowing well
That words are idle, and betwixt us twain
A silence, as of death, must henceforth dwell!
No more! no more! the echoes, far and faint,
Alone send back an answer to my plaint.

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PRINCE CHARMING COMES TO TOWN.

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

"GIRLS, girls, I've found out the secret," cried Kate Dearborne, bursting into the dressing-room, where her two elder sisters were preparing for the ball. "Prince Charming has come to town."

"Prince Charming!" said Clara, the eldest. "What *do* you mean?"

"Don't be a fool!" snapped Lena, the second sister. "*Who* do you mean?"

"Who? Why, Clare King, to be sure!"

There were exclamations all around.

"How well mamma has kept the secret," said Clara, at last. "Won't the town be electrified? Let me see, it has been three years since the Kings went abroad. Clare is the only son, and will be immensely rich: then think of their position; they're one of our few historical families! Girls, ma means Clare King for one of us."

It was Easter Tuesday, and the first ball, therefore, after Lent. All Murray Hill, and even Stuyvesant Square itself, had been talking of the ball for a month, and now this reappearance of Clare King, so adroitly timed, was sure to cap the climax. To do mamma Dearborne justice, she was as skillful a general, in matters of fashion, as Von Moltke is in war, or as Napoleon the first was. If some people did turn up their noses at her, and hint of the time when she kept a milliner's shop, and when Mr. Dearborne was a clerk in a store, the world of New York at large knew that her husband was now worth millions, and so society acknowledged her influence, and obeyed her behests.

"But," said Lena, after awhile, "how did mamma happen to get hold of the Kings first? You haven't told us that."

"Oh! papa is an old business friend of Mr. King's, and when he heard they had arrived by the steamer, he hurried to the Clarendon, and secured them before anybody else knew they were in town. They're so fatigued, too, that they haven't been out even for a drive; and their first appearance in New York, really their very first appearance, will be at our ball to-night. I got it all out of papa just now. He'd promised mamma not to tell before, so as to surprise us as well as the rest of the town."

"Mamma might have told us sooner," said Lena, who had a temper of her own. "One could have had a more becoming dress in that case."

Now Lena Dearborne was the handsomest of the three, but nevertheless, she, was one of those whose beauty is greatly aided by dress; and on this occasion her dress, in her own opinion at least, was something of a failure. She had been out of humor ever since the dress came home, and the news she had just heard did not tend to make her more amiable.

But neither of her sisters paid any attention to her remark.

"I should like to hear what Teresa Amesford will say of Prince Charming," said Kate, laughing.

"Kate, you are an unmitigated fool!" burst forth Lena, in a rage. "Your fancy for that stuck-up piece of ice is inexplicable, unless you hope to catch a few crumbs, in the way of her cast-off beaux."

Kate reddened, for she knew she was not beautiful, but she had too much sense to reply.

Lena Dearborne and Teresa Amesford were not very good friends. Lena's habit of snubbing her sisters publicly, had caused Teresa occasionally to favor the young lady with one of her quiet sarcasms, which Lena neither forgot, nor forgave. She had to be a little cautious about showing her spite, however, for Teresa was an acknowledged belle of several years standing, and could assert herself remarkably well when occasion demanded it. Kate had become quite a favorite with her, and Mrs. Dearborne smiled benignly upon the intimacy; for she had gained a corner in Miss Amesford's visiting lists by the most assiduous efforts, and was charmed beyond measure to speak of "that *dear* Teresa, who was so fond of her little Kate."

"Do hold your tongue, Lena," said Clara, in the faint drawl that she knew always exasperated her sister. "Teresa is well enough, if you only let her alone."

"I don't doubt she'll be setting traps for Clare King," said Lena, quite ignoring the fact that she contemplated the same thing. "A woman of her age—ridiculous!"

"She's only a year older than Clara," said Kate, warmly; "and, to the best of my recollec-

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tion, that makes her twenty-four, which is certainly not yet Methuselah. It's time for our dresses, girls; we shall never be ready at this rate."

But Kate's tormentor was by no means disposed to let her off; and Lena marched into her room at least six times while Coralie was dressing her, on each invasion saying something more hateful than the last, until Kate felt as if she had been flayed alive, and fervently prayed that some unlucky man would be pleased to carry off her amiable sister.

Miss Amesford was a little late that evening, and found the dressing-rooms crowded. One of the prettiest of the bevy of girls caught her immediately.

"Oh, Teresa! just think of it! What *do* you suppose this ball is given for?"

"The public good," said she, laughing, as she emerged from her wraps, and dazzled them with her toilet.

"I'm actually torn with envy; where do you get your taste?" exclaimed the other, forgetting her news in her admiration of the French marvel of a dress.

"Precisely where you do," said Teresa, "at Virfolet's, of course. Well, Louie, you were about to electrify me with something?"

"Of course I was; the Kings are home."

"Indeed! And how does Clare King look?"

"Haven't had even a sly peep; but I hope for that bliss to-night. I say, Teresa, if you are introduced—you're sure to be, you are always lucky—be angelic and let me have him for a few minutes."

Miss Amesford smiled. Louie Rossitur was one of her pets, and she hadn't an ungenerous thread in her nature; certainly not where men were concerned.

"Flatterer! Yes, of course. Now, Louie, if you don't stop fussing with that ravishing yellow hair, and come down with me, Isabeau's coiffure will be totally destroyed."

Miss Amesford's obedient papa was waiting for her in the hall, so she insisted upon Louie's taking his arm, and sailed into the drawing-room behind them, being one of the rare women who could do such a thing gracefully, and without self-consciousness. Kate saw their entrance, and before Teresa's usual adorers could surround her, she carried her friend off into a recess behind the satin draperies.

"Well, my kitten, you look pleased—about what?" asked Teresa.

"He really is a Prince Charming," said Kate, "and I'm going to introduce him to you as soon as I can get him away from Lena. There, I am a stupid thing, I am talking about Clare King. Teresa, he's a perfect hero; the last exploit he achieved was the rescue of two drowning men from the steamer, on the way over. And he's perilously handsome, and young, and rich; it is borne in upon my mind that my time has come to make a goose of myself!"

"Take breath," said Teresa, unable to help laughing. "Why, kitten, you're as good as a fairy-tale."

"Inspired by Titania herself," said a gallant voice at her elbow; and Kate disappeared with a sly grimace, as Russell Wayne shook hands with Miss Amesford.

"You never saw a dusky queen of the fairies, did you? A species of Brownie would be more like me, Mr. Wayne; you must wait until Alma comes home for a Titania."

"As I never have met Mr. Amesford's ward, I shall cling to my own idea of the fairy queen," said he. "Have you seen the new lion?"

"No; tell me confidentially, is he a bore? I'll be secret as the grave."

Some more men had discovered Miss Amesford by this time, and came up just then: and Wayne did not reply until she turned to him again, and asked if he knew Mr. King.

"He is an old friend, and a very dear one. I won't praise him, for you are just perverse enough to pick flaws, if I do."

"Don't dare pretend that you ever suffered at my hands! After this, however, I shall not spare you."

He made a gesture of mock fright.

"Pardon, great queen!" he said. "In token of my penitence, I'll bring the new vassal to your shrine immediately."

"Don't! I have premonitory symptoms of being suffocated with so much perfection. I think Mr. King must be the rehabilitation of the old story—what Kate calls him—a genuine 'Prince Charming!'"

Everybody laughed, and echoed "Prince Charming!" Suddenly they stopped short, and looked foolish, for there was Kate Dearborne on somebody's arm, and introducing "Mr. King" to Miss Amesford. So, with the audacious tact that was her own peculiar charm, she said, instantly,

"Speak of an angel, Mr. King—only I did not call you anything so pretty as an angel; I couldn't get beyond a fairy prince."

"And an enchanted one at that," said the gentleman, with equal quickness. "I must

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have been under a spell, or I should never have stayed away from New York so long. Miss Dearborne encouraged me to hope for a waltz—may I have this one?"

Teresa's brilliant eyes flashed with merriment, as she floated off down the room to the slow movement of the Sophia waltzes. Somebody to really cross swords with was a refreshing novelty; and she began to wonder what he looked like. He gratified her curiosity, for, after taking a single turn, he offered her his arm. The Dearborne Mansion was a superbly arranged succession of rooms, and when they strolled into the octagon parlor, which was furnished with mirrors in each panel, Teresa had a grand opportunity for taking notes, and improved it accordingly.

Clare King was not more than twenty-five, a trifle over six feet in height, with a figure broad and muscular in proportion, and a magnificent arm, that one of our American sculptors in Rome had asked permission to model. His hair was a very dark-brown, guiltless of even a wave, and worn carelessly off the broad, white forehead; his eyebrows were darker than his hair, but not heavy; and the eyes beneath were glorious hazel, with that look in them which you never see in eyes of any other shade—a far-away glance, that, at times, grows indescribably mournful and sweet. The sort of look that our grandmothers tell us belongs to those who "die young," which, by-the-way, is utterly nonsensical to us nineteenth-century folk. I have told you what sort of eyes Clare had, and now I arrive at his nose, which, I am thankful to state, was *not* Grecian, nor even straight. If you know a man with a Grecian nose, you may set him down as gentlemanly, amiable, and good-natured, but don't expect a particle of genius, wit, or brilliancy; if you do, oh! won't you be woefully disappointed. It's a mystery to me how the old Greek poets ever managed to write as they did, with such noses; and I don't believe that Homer was afflicted with one. Now Clare had a Roman nose of the purest sort—a delicate, beautifully chiseled nose, and, under it, a soft, silky mustache, that was not tortured into all sorts of absurdities, but looked as if it were his property by the law of fitness. Then he had a clear, though dark skin, with a great deal of color, which was one of his peculiar beauties, because not in the least effeminate; for no one ever dreamed of wishing he had an unearthly pallor, like Manfred, or Lara, or any of Byron's heroes. Add to this a determined, yet flexible mouth, and a chin with a deep dimple in it, and I have done my best at giving you a portrait of the veritable Prince Charming. Certainly, Teresa Amesford found no fault in that face or form, and she was a woman who was severely critical in beauty, especially of the masculine gender.

"So you think I am a 'suffocating piece of perfection'—wasn't that it?" said Clare, as they found a cozy sofa just large enough for two.

Teresa looked up with one of her archly-wicked smiles.

"I haven't the least intention of apologizing," said she.

"I never expected that you would," retorted he, with calm impudence.

She stared at him for half a second, and then burst out laughing.

"Pray," said she, "in what capital of Europe did you learn such coolness?"

"I beg your pardon—it's pure nature! Besides, I have only been abroad since the war closed."

"Were you in our army?" she questioned, with animation.

"Yes; though I was hardly more than a boy then. My regiment saw some of the hottest work of the war; twice we lost our colonel, and the third is maimed for life."

"What was your regiment?"

"The —— regulars. You must have heard of it and its colonel, Vere Audley, 'the bravest of the brave.'"

She was looking up at his face very earnestly. Suddenly her great eyes dilated with pain and horror; she gave a half-smothered gasp, and dropped back against the soft cushions.

"Are you ill?" cried Clare, in genuine alarm.

"I am a perfect martyr to neuralgic headaches," said she, with very white lips, but burying her face in her bouquet to hide them. "Do forgive me! it's such wretched taste to be melodramatic. And after the war?"

He saw that she would be displeased at his taking further notice, so he sat down again; and it was not until long after that he connected Miss Amesford's look of misery with the name of Col. Vere Audley.

"After? Unlimited praise and petting, that made one feel like a fool, when you reflect how many heroes there are who sink into nameless graves; plenty of fun in London, Paris, and Vienna, wherever my respected father happened to be."

"Are you not glad to be here once more?"

"Of course; to a native New-Yorker there

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is nothing, after all, like New York. But do you generally keep up balls after Lent, especially in such regal style as this?"

"But seldom. Don't you know that you are the hero of this particular one?"

His look of surprise was comic enough.

"I shall be borne to the ground with the weight of my gratitude."

"I hope you really do appreciate it," she said, pointedly; for, whatever her own private opinions were, Teresa never permitted any fun to be made of the Dearbornes in her presence. She was too thoroughbred for that vulgarity.

"You didn't take me seriously, surely? My father was very much gratified at Mr. Dearborne's prompt kindness, and we must contrive some way of returning it If not before, at least when we go to Loch Arden. By-the-way, I think Miss Dearborne said that your country-seat was near ours."

"Very possibly. Papa bought the old Fleury place, and we go there for June."

"We shall be near neighbors," he said, very warmly, for the undefinable power which we call fascination, and which Teresa possessed to a rare degree, had its effect on him. "Here comes somebody—young Dearborne, isn't it? Aren't you going to finish our waltz?"

"I'm afraid not now," said she. "Mr. Dearborne, I congratulate you upon the tenacity of your memory—since yesterday!"

"Now don't!" said the young man, a weak, but good-natured one. "I always throw myself on your mercy; I don't dare have a war of words with you. Mr. King, if I deprive you of Miss Amesford, won't you let me find some one to supply this—this—vacuum?"

"You're getting horribly entangled already," said the "vacuum," laughing. "I want to present Mr. King to Miss Rossitur, but as I cannot very well reach her in that crowd, you may do it for me."

"The second dance is mine, then," said Clare, as he left her to go and talk to Louie, thereby rendering Miss Louie happy in the attainment of her wishes.

Teresa found the ball much as usual after that, except her next chat with Clare. They were falling rapidly into something like real friendliness; and she took a genuine liking to the handsome face and whole-souled manner, that contrasted so strongly with her ordinary acquaintance. She danced the German with Russell Wayne, and Clare King led it with Lena Dearborne, an attention which caused that young person's mamma to beam with satisfaction.

By five o'clock the girls, who had honored Mrs. Dearborne with their presence, were rolling home in their softly-cushioned carriages; those who had enjoyed plenty of partners, and been introduced to Prince Charming, declaring that "it was such a lovely, lovely ball!" while their less fortunate sisters found all sorts of flaws in the whole affair, in revenge for their being wall-flowers, and were even unfair enough to wind up their comments with that most fatal of all epithets, "*parvenue!*"

Clare King was a thoroughly fascinating fellow; but I think that, apart from that faculty of adapting himself to everybody, he would have been courted, and flattered, and run after by enterprising girls and their wise mammas. Vanity Fair showed its pleasantest side for him, and the fabled rose-leaves might almost have become realities in the conquering hero's path. He managed the Dearbornes with infinite tact. Kate, I think, was his favorite; but he balanced his attentions very cleverly, and even Lena's bad temper could not cavil at her sister's share. He fell into the habit of going a great deal to the Amesfords, and Teresa said, openly, that she liked him; and as there had not yet begun to be any gossip about the two, I think we must give them each credit for tact. So April ran swiftly along into May, and three weeks of that uncertain month had also slipped past, when, one morning, Clare bethought himself that he must go up to Thirty-Eighth street, and inform Teresa of a plan that his father had promulgated. On his way up town he remembered an appointment with Russell Wayne, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and finding himself a few minutes before the hour, he strolled up stairs into the parlors, and down the halls. There were not many people stirring, it being just lunch-time; but he amused himself with watching those few for awhile, until growing impatient, at last, he went into the little writing-room to scribble a line on his card for Wayne. There were two persons sitting there, who started slightly as Clare entered, but immediately resumed their conversation. Sitting with his back turned to them, his ear caught a few sentences, at first vaguely, then more connectedly.

"I tell you that I have no time to lose," said the male voice. "How soon can you promise to throw her in my way?"

"Hush!" said the lady, more quietly. "You will never gain your end in that imperious manner. That sort of thing won't go down with the little one, much less with the lady Teresa."

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"How fond you are of her," said the other, with a sneer. "Come, we won't quarrel. I hold too many secrets of yours, eh?"

Then followed some words too low for Clare to catch. As he just then happened to be thinking of another Teresa, the similarity of names rather excited his curiosity, so he opened his card-case, and took out a fresh card, and presently he heard the lady's voice rise from its careful pitch again.

"I think it may be managed, if you are careful, and follow my suggestions. Don't come until I have been there a few days, and have time to write you how the land lies. Remember, she is but a child, and a romantic one. You ought surely to accomplish it in my three weeks stay at Earnscliffe. And for secrets, perhaps you wouldn't like to have me send to Quebec to ask the particulars of a certain little affair—you remember, don't you?" and a harsh, rasping laugh finished the sentence as Clare rose.

Being by that time quite confident that the speaker must refer to Amesford's country-house, he turned, and gave the pair a keen glance as he took up his hat. The lady's back was toward him, and, beside that, she wore a heavy lace veil; but the face of her companion was photographed on his memory instantly. A handsome, low-browed, fair face, with heavy, blonde mustache, and gleaming white teeth; a face that, with its present sneering expression, was hardly pleasing to look upon. And Clare's stare being returned with interest, my hero said to himself, as he walked up the avenue, "We shall know each other next time. Where have I seen that fellow before?"

Miss Amesford was at home, the French servant said, suavely. Would monsieur go into the little parlor and await her? So Clare disposed of his hat, and followed Henri. Opening off the parlor where he sat was a music-room, a perfect gem in its way, although, from some singular whim, Teresa would never sit there with him; nor, indeed, had she ever touched the ivory keys of the grand piano in his hearing. He was, therefore, surprised to hear the liquid notes of a voice through the half-open door—and such a voice! clear, pure, and flexible, now rising, now falling into exquisite pathos in Gounod's lovely "Ave Maria." He was a passionate lover of music, and this voice struck him as being strangely familiar, so he stepped quietly to the door, intending to playfully reproach Teresa for so long denying him the pleasure of hearing it.

The room was a very beautiful one, as I have said, lighted from above, there being no windows, except the one of stained glass, that served as a skylight, and over that hung a sort of Venetian blind, moved by a complicated machinery, by which you could regulate the light as required, and around which ran the gas-jets for evening use. The apartment was not more than half-lighted at that moment, but one little ray of spring sunshine stole through the rose-colored glass, and shone aslant the hair of the singer. She was a young girl of, perhaps, eighteen or nineteen, with a slender, graceful figure, and swan-like throat. Her hair was the genuine golden-brown of painters, almost yellow at the curling ends; and her startled eyes, as she turned them suddenly upon Clare, were deep, unmistakable violet, and shy as the modest flowers themselves. She half-moved from the instrument, and a wild-rose color sprang to her face that heightened her peculiar, soft beauty.

"St. Cecelia herself!" said the low, mischievous voice of Teresa at his elbow. "How could you have the conscience to spoil that song? Alma, don't run away; Mr. King wishes to be introduced to you. Miss Maxwell," she said, addressing Clare, "is a ward of my father's, and only returned last night from a short trip abroad."

A perfect little hand, white and tapering, with rose-tipped fingers, rested for half a second in Clare's at this introduction, and then he recovered his disturbed senses.

"I thought I had suddenly found myself in Langham's hotel," said he. "Did you not sing that very song there, three months ago?"

"I may have done so," was the answer. "I was there, and I do remember singing one day."

"And you left that very evening?" said he, with an eagerness that made Teresa smile. He did not think it necessary to add how hard he had tried to ascertain the unseen singer's name, or that her voice had haunted him ever since. "As Miss Amesford says, I am shocked at my own interruption. Won't you sing it again?"

"No," said she, smiling, but with a sort of arch shyness that was very pretty to see. "You shall have something else;" and she sang him a dear old Scotch ballad, that drove Lorely, and the Rhine, and all the German fancies out of his head, with its border dash and rhythm, and its suggestions of the Lochs, and the blue Scottish heather.

"Perverse thing," said Teresa; "the charm is broken now."

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"No, it's not," said she. "I've only taken Mr. King back to dear Scotland."

"What elan claims you?" said Clare. "You must have something besides your name to be able to give the spirit and accent to that song."

"Don't, I implore you!" cried Teresa, in pretended dismay. "If you start that child upon the clan Maxwell, I'll not be able to get in a word, and I want to find out what brought you here to-day."

"How can you?" said he, piteously. "I want a flight into the realms of music and poesy, and you bring me ruthlessly down."

"Tell me! I see news written legibly on your countenance."

"What a tell-tale face I must have. You are a clever Yankee. We have decided to go to Loch Arden next week, and whom do you think my father has invited to be our first guests?"

"The Dearbornes," said she, quickly. "Who besides?"

"Wayne, and a few of the set here, together with two Boston friends of mine. As a friend, tell me, will Miss Rossitur go if we ask her?"

"As a friend," retorted she, mockingly, "I am confident that Louie will be most happy. But I meant to ask her myself; you are stealing away my visitors."

"Then you are going to Earnscliffe? And you, Miss Maxwell?"

"I? Oh! of course. Teresa could not go without me."

"Very true, pet," said Teresa. "But our party will be a very quiet one, Mr. King; only Alma and (since you insist upon depriving me of Louie) Miss Fortbrasse."

"Who?" said he, the odd name striking him.

A droll smile shot over Teresa's face.

"You don't know her; you have something yet to live for! She is invited on Alma's account."

Alma shook her pretty head.

"She is—she is. Miss Fortbrasse," said Teresa, "is a character! You look puzzled, and I don't wonder at it. When Alma was at the 'tender age' of sixteen, she was sent to a private and select boarding-school, of which Miss Fortbrasse was the head and chief. I rescued her about a year ago, but the infatuated girl retains a remembrance of past favors, and pleaded for a visit from the charming Fortbrasse this summer. I yielded gracefully, I hope; and shall support the infliction with fortitude, provided the weather is not too warm."

"She was kind to me," said Alma; "and yet—I don't know. You are right about one thing, Teresa—she *is* common."

"I am satisfied!" said Teresa. "We'll bury the hatchet, my dear. And now, Mr. King, what are you going to do to inaugurate your reappearance at Loch Arden?"

"I am open to suggestions," said he, laughing. "I confess I did think of private theatricals, or tableaux."

"Capital? We'll make you stage-manager."

"Pray, do not," said he, deprecatingly. "Of all thankless offices——"

"Mrs. Dearborne, and the Misses Dearborne," announced Henri, throwing open the door of the parlor.

Clare inwardly voted them a bore; but he followed the ladies out of the music-room, and was as courteous, as usual, with the natural hypocrisy of human nature.

Mrs. Dearborne fastened upon him instantly, crying,

"Oh, Mr. King! I am so glad to have run across you. We have just been honored by a call from your father, and he has extended the hospitality of Loch Arden to us all."

"I hope you were not cruel enough to decline," said he.

"No, indeed; the girls are delighted. We came over, dear Miss Amesford, to ascertain when you are going? Mr. King wants us for next week, and I thought, perhaps, that would hasten you."

"Thank you," said Teresa; "we always go the first of June, Mrs. Dearborne. Kitten, we were just talking of tableaux as you came in."

"How particularly jolly!" burst forth Kate, unheeding her mamma's frown. "Alma, you dear little thing, it's good to have you at home again."

Kate meant it, but her sisters were so gushing that Teresa's eyes twinkled with fun, and Clare saw it.

"It's getting to be so warm that one fairly longs to be away," resumed Mrs. Dearborne, fanning herself languidly. "Most of our set are gone, or just starting; the Drummonds are almost the only ones left. And, by-the-way, I heard a story—we have just called there—about—you remember him, Miss Amesford, that fascinating, unprincipled Vere Audley?"

If Teresa shivered in her chair, no one saw it, except Alma, who sat nearest her. She answered carelessly,

"Remember him? Certainly. And pray, what new sin have you added to the catalogue?"

"The unpardonable one of poverty," said

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Kate, roused for once into something like sarcasm.

"Kate!" said her mamma, severely, "I don't know where you get your ideas. Poor Col. Audley! no one pities him more than I do."

"For heaven's sake, madam!" burst forth generous Clare, unable to hold his peace longer, "what is this dreadful story?"

"Is he a friend of yours?" demanded Mrs. Dearborne, inwardly regretting that she had been tempted into retailing a bit of gossip, if the sinner happened to be some one that Clare was interested in. "Why, you know that after the war, and his father's death, he went abroad, and they say he was horridly fast, and ran through with a great part of his fortune. However, the recent defalcation of the cashier of the Fortunes bank of Quebec has swept away the remaining portion: and I am told, from reliable authority, that Col. Audley is penniless."

"Let us hope, with all deference, that your authority is like that of the 'intelligent contraband' of historic fame," said Clare, with suave irony. "It's a pity to spoil a story with facts—but they are stubborn things. I see that you are not aware that most of Vere's 'fortune' was consumed by the debts his father left behind him, which Vere paid to the last sixpence; and so far from leading a wild life, when I saw him last in Europe, he was teaching at a German University, by way of adding to a rather cramped income. I declare it's abominable!" cried Clare, waxing hotter. "Look at his war record! I should like to know a more splendid one, or see an empty coat-sleeve that was more honored in the corps than Audley's."

"Why, really!" said Mrs. Dearborne, confusedly, "your testimony will go a great way, Mr. King. Can I repeat it?"

"Certainly," said Clare, with a quiet curl of his upper-lip.

"And I—I would be happy to renew my acquaintance with your friend," said poor Mrs. Dearborne, utterly vanquished by the shade of contempt in Clare's voice. "Do, pray, set down my prejudice to ignorance."

"You don't mean that Vere is in New York?" said Clare, hastily, as Mrs. Dearborne drew her laces about her portly form, and rose.

"I thought I said so," said the bewildered dame.

"No, mamma," put in Lena, petulantly, "Mrs. Drummond said that Col. Audley was in Boston. Are you going to take the first train, Mr. King?"

"Very possibly," said Clare, recovering his good temper, and feeling as if he had wasted too much powder upon the Dearbornes. "You are all laughing at my warmth, no doubt; but I must always defend a friend."

"I never thought of laughing," said Alma's low, indignant voice, as the ladies were taking leave of each other. "You have made yourself another friend to-day—Teresa will never forget it."

Suddenly back into Clare's memory came a connecting link.

"Then it was Miss Amesford!" he said to Alma. "I don't know much of that story, but we will have a chance to talk it over at Loch Arden. Don't forget to have a Scotch song to welcome me there."

He turned and said good-morning to Teresa, put the Dearbornes into their carriage, and walked off, carrying with him the shy, admiring glance of Alma's violet eyes.

Clare was so excessively busy that he did not see either Teresa or Alma again before leaving town, though he thought of the latter a good deal oftener than he would have been willing to acknowledge. And he found time to dispatch a letter to Audley, (having procured his address at the club,) insisting upon his right to help him pecuniarily, and begging him to join them at Loch Arden. And, not wishing to travel with the entire party, he took the night boat, and arrived at Loch Arden twelve hours in advance.

It was such a lovely spot; though the place had fallen out of repair somewhat in the absence of the Kings. There was not such exquisite smoothness of lawn as at Earnscliffe, but, perhaps, it was atoned for by the thickets of roses that stretched away down to the very shores of the lake. The house was a great rambling one, just fitted for a crowd of guests, and Clare found the rooms and servants quite to his satisfaction. After dinner he took a segar, and walked off in the direction of Earnscliffe, thinking there would be time for a call before he must drive over to Bowdin to meet the evening boat. As he strolled along, he pondered curiously upon Audley's misfortunes, and tried to recall a story, well-nigh forgotten, of Vere's unhappy attachment to some woman; and then he remembered Teresa's strange, frightened look, when he passingly mentioned Vere's name at the Dearbornes' ball. So thinking, he reached the lowest part of the Earnscliffe grounds, and went through the little gate that separated the two places. He had not taken a dozen steps through the wood, when he caught a glimpse of a white dress, and heard a strange, low noise, that made him start.

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In the path, just in front of him, stood Alma, motionless, her face rigid and white as marble, her lovely eyes distended with terror; and not five feet from her, its bright eyes holding her gaze with fatal fascination, its red, forked-tongue darting from side to side, coiled for its deadly spring, lay a venomous rattlesnake.

With a swift bound Clare caught the slight form in his arms, and sprang sideways behind a pine-tree as the angry reptile was in the very act of darting forward. Encountering no resistance, the snake was carried by its own impetus a few feet beyond them, and before it could recover itself and spring again, Clare's heavy walking-stick descended upon it with fatal precision. But a rattlesnake takes a great deal of killing, and Clare dealt it several furious blows before he satisfied himself that it was really dead, and then he turned back to Alma.

"Thank heaven, you are not hurt!" said he, taking her icy little hand, and then, as she reeled dizzily, he threw his arm around the slender figure. "Dearest Miss Maxwell, don't be so terrified—it's over now."

His soft voice broke the horrible spell, and with the helpless, appealing gesture of a frightened child, she leaned her head against his broad shoulder, and burst into a passion of tears.

Clare's heart gave one tremendous throb; he had an insane desire to say tender words, to kiss and fondle the little bird that had flown so confidingly to his breast for shelter; but he was too proudly honorable to take such advantage of her helplessness. He had whispered courtly nothings into the ears of titled beauties at the Austrian court, left gallant kisses on the taper fingers of a dozen lovely Frenchwomen, and looked tender things from those dangerously handsome eyes of his into the long, dusky orbs of as many more fair Italians; but for all that, he was a Sir Philip Sidney of our day, and carried in his own knightly heart as pure a reverence for womanhood as ever did that hero of Queen Bess. But the mysterious something that we call love, which, with some natures, is the growth of years, with others of moments, sprang into life for Clare, as that lovely head rested against him, and the little white hands clung to his.

At last she looked up at him.

"I can't thank you—I don't know how," said she, brokenly; "but you know I can never, never forget it." And then her senses came back to her, and she stood upright, with such a torrent of blushes, poor little thing, that a red peony would have been pale beside her cheeks.

"It wasn't such a wonderful effort of strength to knock that reptile in the head," said he, lightly, not appearing to notice her embarrassment, as he offered his arm. "How did you happen to run against his snakeship?"

"I was trying to throw pebbles into the lake," said she; "it's a ridiculous distance for a woman to attempt, and I must have hit the snake accidentally. I don't know; I heard that dreadful noise," and she shivered again, "and then I could not move, or scream—such a strange, deadly feeling."

"Don't think about it. Do you remember your promise? I was just going over to Earnscliffe to claim that Scotch ballad."

The light was returning to her face, and the tremor leaving her voice.

"I haven't forgotten," said she, with the shy smile that Clare had been dreaming about, "but I thought your guests had come."

"I stole half an hour before going for them. How this place has altered," said he, as they came in sight of the house, with its velvet lawns and stately elms. He was anxious to lead her thoughts away from the late encounter; gratitude was not the look he wished to call up into her eyes.

"It is lovely—and there is Teresa."

A scarlet and white figure flitted across the piazza, and Alma dropped his arm, and ran forward to meet it.

"Oh, Teresa, darling! thank him for me! It was so horrible! And I thought I should die there, all alone. So brave! so kind!"

She panted out the incoherent words, and as Teresa, in much bewilderment, turned to Clare for an explanation, Alma hid her face in both hands, and ran hastily into the house.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

REST.

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

Oh, rest!—can earth inherit
That sweet, unbroken rest,
That calms the troubled spirit
And heals the wounded breast?

We weary of Life's sorrow,
And long to be at home;
And sigh o'er each to-morrow—
When will the summons come?

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POLLY.

BY MRS. R. HARDING DAVIS, AUTHOR OF "MARGRET HOWTH."

CHAPTER I.

"LET us go down the by-road, Pratt."

"Just as you please, Polly."

"Everybody that meets us looks as if they knew we were going to be married to-morrow, and were on our way to look at the house."

"Do they? I wasn't thinking about them. Take my arm, little girl."

Polly put the tips of her fingers on his arm, but though they were in the shady lane, where the locust trees nearly met overhead, and the grass was green, and as soft as a mole's back, and though they had walked there every night this summer, and had some sweet, silly remembrance for every old tree, or mossy stone, she walked stiff and silent behind him, her thoughts evidently far-off. She seemed to have forgotten all about the lane, and their love as well. Polly thought a good deal lately of what people said, Pratt remembered, with a vague feeling of annoyance. But he forgot it in a moment. Little jealousies or trifles of any sort did not often trouble his careless, large, sweet nature. He had not looked forward, either, to this day for months to let anything worry him in it now. He took her hand in his, bending down to look under her sun-bonnet.

"I'm right anxious, Polly, to know what you'll think about the house. I think it was a prudent thing for us to do. Johns—the builder, you know? Well, he advised me to wait awhile. 'In a year or two,' he says, 'you'll be a boss carpenter, and then's your time to buy houses and marry a wife.' These old fellow's are always for dragging back."

"I've no doubt Mr. Johns gave you very good advice," dryly.

"Polly!"

"I never made our marriage a question of dollars and cents. It is you who are doing that."

But Pratt was the worst fellow in the world with whom to pick a quarrel, or make a scene. The astonished, hurt look was gone from his face in an instant, and he walked on in silence, only guiding her more tenderly. She was a bit nervous, that was all, and no wonder, slaving on that sewing-machine.

"You won't be tired out this way, Polly, when I have you?" he said, gently as her mother might. "Well, I was going to tell you about the house. I kept one thing for a surprise till to-day." (The surprise was not going off as successfully as he had expected, somehow, but he would not see that.) "I couldn't buy it out and out, you know, but I've got a lease on it for five years. What do you think of that? It'll go hard, but I'll make it the sort of home we want in that time, and then it will be ours."

She made no reply. He repeated,

"*Ours.* You don't seem to understand, Polly."

"Oh, yes, I do!" rousing herself. "I'm very glad, Pratt."

"I thought you weren't listening. Well, don't walk so fast; don't look at the house till I tell you," speaking thick in his hurry and eagerness. "I went to work the very evening I got the lease. We're off work in the shop by six, you know, so that gave me nigh onto two hours of daylight. That's what made me late comin' to you some evenin's, hey? I used to go back, too, and do inside jobs after I'd left you. Sometimes, I'd get that occupied workin' and thinkin' how it was all for us, that the mornin' 'd catch me. But it's done, now." He clapped his hand over her eyes until he had led her round the turning of the lane, and then took it off. "Look at that! Trig as a trivet! New wood and paint inside and out, and it cost nigh onto nothin'!"

"It's very nice, Pratt. It's very nice, indeed."

To some people the little, cheap house, back among the currant-bushes and hollyhocks, might have seemed a poor object for Pratt's triumph. What Polly thought was hard to tell. She looked at it calmly. If there were any shrewd contempt latent in her violet eyes, stupid, good-humored Pratt was the last one to see it.

"The best of it is, that I saved all the money for furnishin'. We counted on some of it goin' for whitewashing, and the like. But I've done that all myself. I was determined you should fill the house with pretty things. You shall have everything you like."

"For a hundred and fifty dollars!" she said. But no sooner were the words spoken than she

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caught his arm, her face scarlet with shame, the tears rushing to her eyes. "Oh, Pratt! how good you are to me! To think of your working at this wretched little house, while I—— Poor fellow! Poor fellow!" She sat down on a log and hid her face in her hands.

Pratt looked down in utter consternation, touched her bent head, began to chew the ends of his red cravat violently. "Tut! tut! Now, Polly, Polly—what in the world? Well, just cry it out, then. You women hev heaps of trouble that we don't understand, and whenever you hev, why just you cry it out." He walked away, and came back once or twice. "I won't be jealous or suspicious, don't be afeared, nor think you rue—you couldn't rue, you know. You love me," stopping short and looking down at her steadily.

Her sobs suddenly ceased, but she held her face still covered by her hands for a few moments. When she looked up it was beaming with smiles, and her beautiful eyes sparkling inside their dark lashes.

"Of course, I love you, you foolish fellow. What a dreadful way you have of hinting at rueing, as if matters had reached a life and death pass between us. Come now and show me the house. I was just a bit nervous, nothing but that." She clasped her hands over his arm, nestling more closely to him, looking up in his face, and chattering and laughing so incessantly that Pratt's heart was in a tumult of surprise and delight, as they went slowly across the potatoe-field to the house. She never had dropped her strange, sweet shyness before, never had shown him so fully how she loved him. Yet he could not forget, dull as he was, that she was bitter with discontent a minute ago.

"I know the house *is* a poor place, after all," he said, anxiously. "But I want you just to look at it as home, as I do. It's the first either of us ever had, that's what I think of," lowering his voice. "I don't suppose two people ever growed up with less friends than you and me. We come up like two weeds, with neither plantin' nor waterin'."

"Oh, you forget! There was a difference between us." She could not keep the angry twang out of her voice now, though she smiled as sweetly, and her soft eyes were as brilliant as before. "You were an orphan, to be sure, Pratt, but your folks are among the best stock in the country; and I—well, God knows who I am! My mother died a beggar in the almshouse. Everybody knows that, at least."

Pratt laughed. "When we were hired at Squire Farndyce's together, there did not appear to be such a difference between us, Polly. What ails ye to-day? Ye're as bitter as hoarhound." He opened the little gate. "I often think it was curous we hed the chances we've hed, bein' only farm hands. I've got my trade, and you——" He hesitated, suddenly remembering that he was on dangerous ground. "Well, you had that year with the Levistons, and it made another girl of you, Polly, after all."

"Yes, it made another girl of me." She was standing behind him in the little porch, while he unlocked the door. Something in her tone made him turn and look at her; but her bright face reassured him.

"That's the only time," he said, cheerily, tapping off his words with the key on his palm, "that I gave you up, Polly Warner. When we was that little even, I'd begun to think of this day. I've been ploddin' away at two or three notions all my life, and one of them was that you belonged to me. I'll never forget the morning I heard some city folks, going to the asylum out of curiosity, had seen you and carried you off. I did not wonder, seeing your pretty face, they picked you out of all the others. It was jest a whim, though, I reckon; that Mrs. Leviston was full of whims, they say."

"It was not quite a whim. She thought I looked like her daughter, who was dead, and she meant me to take her place." Pratt turned again to the door, but Polly went on deliberately. Some secret train of thought seemed to lend a force and weight to the subject, which it had not for him. "She adopted me legally: there were papers drawn between her and the managers; she changed my name to her daughter's—Laura Leviston. That was what they called me in that year, Laura Leviston," repeating the name as one does a chance bar of music, which brings up some old memory.

Pratt threw open the creaking door, rubbing his finger along the paint to see if it had dried thoroughly. "I tell you now, Polly, that's good poplar. It's been seasoning these three years; I got it from Johns. Laura, eh? And then she got tired of you in a year, and sent you back. That's what I can't understand, Pussy, how anybody could get tired of you."

"I don't think she was tired." Polly had sunk down on the bench outside, and was looking dreamily over the meadows, without a glance at poplar or paint, though the door was Pratt's master-piece, which was the reason he lingered by it so long, in hopes that she would notice it.

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"She wasn't tired of me. She was very fond of me. I did the best I could. I studied hard. But she was going to her brother, who was ill in France. She meant to come back in a month or two, but she was prevented. She never meant to give me up; she wanted to make a lady of me."

"Is she dead?" which question was prompted by sheer politeness in Pratt, who was very tired of the subject. What did these old affairs matter when life was beginning all fresh and new for them to-day?

"No. She's not dead."

"Well, dead or not, it's lucky she never came back. We wouldn't have been together to-day, Polly. Shall we go up stairs first, or into the kitchen?"

"Into the kitchen; there's where I'm to live." Then catching his eye, she added, smiling, "I'm going to be such a busy little wife, Pratt."

Pratt went before her, nothing doubting. All the eagerness and expectation of these months of preparation, flashed and throbbed now into reality for the poor fellow. Pratt was known in the village as one of the steadiest and most reliable men in it, a trifle quiet and dull, perhaps, but with plenty of downright hard sense. Nobody knew the man as he really was but Polly, or as she might have done, if her soft violet eyes had been a whit keener. To her alone he talked his heart out, showed that it was as full of fun and tenderness as a boy's. It is oftenest reticent, sensible men, like Pratt Ogilby, who put their lives into a woman's shallow hand to do with what she will.

He led her about through the kitchen and chamber, the sitting-room, and spring-house. There was not a nook or a corner in which he had not framed her, as he worked, and fancied how, at this first visit, she would blush and smile, and glance shyly at him from under her curly lashes. She was lovelier than ever before, and full of bright coquettish ways. She praised all he had done fluently and unstintingly. But she was self-possessed as any fine lady, pleasantly bent on making herself charming; she did not blush, not even when he kissed her. This was not the little girl, who, for two years, had been saving his earnings for him, counting eagerly how far they would go to buy all they wanted; who used to walk with him in the evenings, glancing anxiously in at the shops and china stores.

Fight against it as he would, Pratt was chilled. But he was more tender than before. Polly had the dyspepsia, or headache, or "nerves"—some of those mysterious feminine ailments, yet new to him. He must begin to make allowances for them. When they came into the little, vacant hall, he saw how pale she was. "In a week this will be our home, little wife," he said, heartily, holding open the door for her to go out. But she stopped, coming close to him, and looking him steadily in the face; then she put her arms about his neck.

"Yes, it will," she said. "There's nothing on God's earth I wouldn't give up for you, Pratt."

CHAPTER II.

It was only a letter, open on the sewing-machine, yet Polly sat before it paralyzed, looking at it as though it were something alive. The thick, satiny paper, with the far-off scent of violets hanging about it, the few words traced on it in a free, bold hand, had converted the little room, with its plain bed and bare floor, into something miserably mean. Not the room only! But her whole life, her home with Pratt, all his hopes and plans; how paltry it all was, and pitiable! She took the letter up and read it again. She had done little else but read it for the last two days. Of course, she would not go! She would sacrifice herself to her love for Pratt. But it could do no harm to look at all she was giving up. She read aloud the few words of endearment. "My child." "My Laura." "I am childless, if you will not come to me." The hot, vain blood quickened in Polly's veins. It was no whimsical, fashionable lady who thus singled her out, and called her, but an old woman: and one, Polly was shrewd enough to know, of a most rare and fine type among women. She had been a child when she had known her, but a child's instincts are quick, and leave deep traces; and Madam Leviston, with her white hair, her keen, commanding eye, and her low, sweet voice, had left in Polly's memory an impression of grandeur and purity, unshared by any other of the coarse world of men and women.

She reigned an absolute queen, too, among people to whom Polly was but as a servant of servants. She was alone, without an heir; there were beautiful, high-bred girls who would have been glad to become her favorites.

"And yet she chose me!" thought Polly Warner. "There must certainly be something in me like herself, and different from other women."

She did not put the thought into precise

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words, but her head was tossed, and her cheek burned. This was a different appreciation from Pratt's, who would coolly sentence her to work in a kitchen for the rest of her life.

"Laura!" She repeated the name again and again. It was a pass-word that opened a new life to her. She put both hands over her eyes, to shut out the whitewashed wall, the little chicken-yard outside, and, worst of all, the glittering plate of the machine, with its eternal tick, tick, over which she had been stooping now for years. She saw instead, green, sunny slopes dotted with forest-trees, exquisite gardens, stately-towered walls, that to poor Polly's small experience seemed those of a palace. "And I was the little mistress there! *I* was Laura!"

There was nothing to forgive in Madam Leviston's desertion of her; that was quite clear to Polly, though the confused explanation of the letter might not have made it so clear to anybody else. She did not perceive that it was by accident only that she had met the great lady again, who had been visiting in the neighborhood for some weeks without, apparently, any remembrance of her old protege, or desire to find her until she saw her in the village church, and had been affected, as before, by the curious likeness to her lost daughter. Madam Leviston had the faculty of giving to even her written words some of the force and magnetism of her personal presence. Strong men and women of culture acknowledged her power. No wonder, then, that the ignorant little country-girl thrilled and warmed under her words as she had never done even for her lover.

The letter was answered. When Pratt brought her home that morning, after looking at the house, she had nerved herself finally to write. She was going to be married to-morrow, she told Madam Leviston. "Her husband would be a poor man, and she would be poor. She supposed that would be better. Riches were not for such as she. But she would always think of her benefactress with gratitude. All her life, and in her humble, wretched little home, she would pray for her night and morning, and thank God for allowing her to have known a woman so great and good." When she had thus poured out her soul, she dipped the pen in the ink to sign the letter—Polly. For one minute honest nature triumphed. What were these people in reality to her, who made her the subject of their caprice? They were not of her kin nor kind. She was only Polly Warner. It was the name by which Pratt had known her—the name he would give his wife.

But for once, for the last time, let her dream her delicious dream. She wrote "Laura," and then she sent her letter.

When it was gone, when she had fairly made the sacrifice, she felt she had a right to approve herself. She sat all day in the hot glare of her little chamber, the untouched work yet on the bed. Her wedding-dress of white muslin was all ready, but there were the pillow-slips yet to hem, for they were going to housekeeping immediately. How mean and paltry was all this preparation! She turned her back on them, and with the letter clasped to her bosom, and the perfume of violets filling the air, she sat lost in her passionate dream.

Madam Leviston, meanwhile, discussed the letter of Polly with her friend and confidant, Col. Archer.

"There is something very pathetic to me in the child's wail over her lost chance in life, and very heroic in her refusal," she said, with a half sad, half amused smile. "Read it, colonel, and tell me how it impresses you."

The colonel obeyed. "There is no use in frankness upon this matter with you, madam. This unfortunate likeness to Laura blinds your judgment of this girl now, precisely as it did five years ago. Now these emotional influences don't weigh a feather's weight with me, in subjects of practical bearing."

"But the letter—the letter?"

"It is an essentially vulgar letter to me; it is full of the vulgarity, not of education, but of nature. All that this Laura, as she calls herself——"

"I call her so," under her breath. "When I give her that name I feel for the moment as though my Laura was not dead."

"I understand. But because of a mere trick of nature in features and eyes, you are going to take this girl to your heart who is sure to bitterly disappoint you. I was going to say that the only question which your offer suggested to her, as is evident from her letter, was riches or poverty. Your love or you count for nothing."

"Yet she chooses poverty. Even by your own showing there is a capacity for heroic self-sacrifice in her."

"There are not many women who are both base and bold enough to break off their marriage on the wedding-day, and acknowledge they did it for money."

Madam Leviston laughed, idly tearing bits from Polly's letter.

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"You never liked my little girl, colonel. She writes a delicate, well-bred hand, eh? What a dainty Ariel she was! The only really violet eyes I ever saw. Did you ask in the village what manner of man it was she is to marry?"

"A carpenter or blacksmith; that was all I heard."

"Tut, tut!" the color rising in her withered cheeks. "In a few years she will be a slatternly, worn-out woman, with half a dozen children dragging about a kitchen after her. And so like Laura that—— Why they might have been twin sisters!"

Col. Archer shrugged his shoulders, and made no answer.

"It cannot—it shall not be!" she said, decisively. "The child's heart is broken. I see that in her letter. She is giving me up to keep her promise to this boor. I have the right to interfere, and I will do it. Did you not know that there was an agreement drawn up between me and the Managers of the Asylum," answering the colonel's surprised look, "constituting me her guardian until she was twenty-one?"

"They may suggest that you have not observed your agreement, with any great amount of zeal, for the last five years."

"People, in a country village like this, are not apt to make nice distinctions in the law," smiling. "At any rate, I shall forbid the bans to-morrow."

There was s short silence. "Pardon me! but are you going to make this Miss Warner your heir?"

"By no means!" promptly. "My will is already made. I simply intend to lift her to the rank for which I think she is fitted; educate her, present her in society, and when she marries, I will give her a suitable dowry. Why?"

"Nothing," dryly. "Only I would mention to-morrow that she was not to be your heir."

"It would make no difference with her. You are cruelly unjust, colonel," rising to go out.

"Perhaps so," preparing to light a segar. "But about the young carpenter—the husband? I fancy he will interfere with your plan to some purpose. A very resolute fellow, I understand."

Madam Leviston's eyebrows contracted. "He can be bought off, I presume. As for claim, he has none; I am the girl's rightful protector."

"It is a little rough on the carpenter, I think," lazily. "By-the-way, remember, the village has small-pox, or some of those plagues, in the lower end. If you will bring the girl, don't bring that as a complement."

Madam Leviston vouchsafed no answer. She would bear anything from Col. Archer, who had been her husband's friend. The two old people usually went together on their journeys or visits, quarreled, advised, played cribbage, bickered, or talked sentiment, unceasingly. They were now, with two or three others of Madam Leviston's usual suite, visiting Mrs. Alston, whose country-seat lay just outside of the village. The old lady met Mrs. Alston in the hall.

"We must leave you in a few days, Elizabeth, positively," she said. "I have just recovered an old protege of mine, and I will not be content until I see her in my own home. A perfect gem of human nature, but in the rough, my dear—of course, in the rough. But I feel like a lapidary, when he first takes up the uncut stone. I am in haste to begin to work on it."

"What a generous, fine old creature she is!" thought Mrs. Alston, regarding the old lady's flushed cheeks and eager eyes, as Madam Leviston went down the hall.

CHAPTER III.

Pratt stood by the window watching the town clock, which was on the stroke of nine. He had been up twice to see Polly that morning, but she had refused to come down. "Tell him," she said to Mrs. Hart, with whom she boarded, "that I will be ready at nine. But let me be alone until then."

"The child's poorly," Mrs. Hart added, severely, on her own account; "it's narves. A woman's married but once in her life, and she can't go through it as onconcerned as if it was the buyin' of a dress."

Pratt went off, feeling cowed and rebuked.

It was to be the quietest of weddings. At nine they were to walk down to the parsonage, where the little pastor, Mr. Hovey, would marry them. Then they would get into Joe Barker's hack at the door, which ran twice a week up to town, and take their two days' holiday, in which time the money was to be laid out. The money for home! Pratt turned over the new, crisp bills again and again. How long they had been saving it, penny by penny! How much it would bring! All the solid furniture, that would last their lives; and the pretty little trifles beside, that would make home homelike for his darling. "I'll add to it every

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year," he thought, anxiously. "Polly likes things pretty about her."

It was to be a quiet wedding. Yet there was none which the village took closer to heart, or rejoiced in more. Everybody was concerned about Pratt's marriage. He was such a hearty good fellow! He had done some odd job, or bit of kindness for everybody. The ladies at the squire's sent him word they had a package of napkins for his wife; and Jones, the storekeeper, gave him a hint not to invest anything in a carpet. "Your boss 'll see to that. See that ingrain? Real Scotch. How'd that look on a certain house, eh?" Poole, the cabinet-maker, had called him in that morning to look at a set of chairs, stained so that no human being could tell them from walnut. "I don't say who they're for," with a wink, "but I don't forget odd lifts you've give me, Ogleby." Poole's wife (who was so famous for her canned plums) had told him that some of the old ladies like herself wanted to send a jar or two of their own putting-up for him to try, as soon as his pantry-shelves were ready; and everybody knew what her "jar or two" meant. Even the "jours" in the shop had clubbed, and bought him a new set of tools; and the boys from the school hung round the door, watching him as anxiously as if he had been a brother of their own. When his black leather-bag of clothes was packed, there was a fight as to who should take it down for him.

"Now I never did anything for them little chaps but play an odd game of marbles with them. It's curious what a little thing 'll make people friendly," he said, to himself.

All the pleasure and good-will that ever had been in Pratt's life, seemed to have come back distilled into a warm cordial that was held to his lips to-day. The day itself even was unusually clear and bright: a warm, south wind blowing over the freshly-mowed meadows, and rustling the apple-trees about their little house yonder.

"Will be home there in a week," Pratt whispered to himself, as he put on his hat and went down the street. His heart beat so fiercely, and his eyes were so dim, that he could not see people nodding and smiling as he passed.

The clock struck nine. Since he was a boy he had been waiting for this hour. He opened the door of Mrs. Hart's little boarding-house, and went in, not seeing that Judge Alston's carriage and horses stood in the street. The parlor-door was open; there were several people in the room, but he saw only Polly, who came to him half-way, and stopped. She had on her traveling-dress. There was a strange look in her eyes, as if death had been at work with her. In all his life he never forgot that first glance on her face. It seemed to him he never had seen it before. Every trifle, even the pink moss-buds, he remembered afterward, nestling in her hair.

"This is my husband. This is Pratt," she said.

"Why, Polly! What ails you, child?" putting out his hands to her.

But she drew back from him quickly.

"Ah! This is the gentleman?" said a strange voice. "Mr. ——? I really have not heard your name, sir. Pardon me."

"Ogleby, madam," bowing. At the sight of the fine, thin face, and silvery hair, Pratt bowed again, smiling. The eyes were keen, and this was something in womanhood which he had never seen before. But Madam Leviston, for her part, looked no deeper than the shining, ill-fitting suit of Sunday black; the glaring cravat which he had put on to please Polly; the hair combed down on each side of his red face. Yet, with all, there was something about the young man which made her determine that it would not do to offer him money.

"I am this young lady's guardian," she said. "I am Mrs. Leviston."

"Polly's?" said Pratt, heartily. "You used to take a good deal of interest, I know, in my little girl. She was talking of you only yesterday; she'll be mighty glad to see you agen on her weddin'-day. Hey, Polly?"

But the smile left his face when he turned to Polly. She had stepped behind a table, and was scanning him with keen, shrewd intelligence in her eyes. The momentary tenderness at sight of him was over; this was a stranger that looked at him, and weighed him. Some glimmer of the truth broke on him. She was choosing her fate. Now or never she would know what manner of man she was to marry.

"You mistake, Mr. Ogleby," said Madam Leviston. "Miss Warner is legally my ward. She cannot marry without my permission."

"You have not filled your terms of the contract; it is null and void. But you mean something more. What is it?"

"I mean that she shall not marry you."

Pratt laughed.

For some inexplicable reason the fine lady had suffered a strange change in both her feelings and her plans since the carpenter came in. She was anxious to show him that she had

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not only power but reason on her side, and she was not sure that she could show it to herself. "Not marry you, at least, until she has convinced herself that another kind of life is not best for her."

"And that other kind of life?" looking not at her, but Polly.

"That of my daughter. I offer her such ease and indulgence as I am able to command for myself. She shall have a thorough education, and be well dowered when she marries. As for my right to interfere in her future——"

"You have no right," roughly. "Only," his eyes not leaving Polly's face, "only what she gives you—Polly?"

But the girl turned sharply away, looking out of the window.

"There will be no difficulty there," said Madam Leviston, blandly. "She is not fitted to be a poor man's wife. She feels that herself. She has told me so. If you had not entered, when you did, she would have consented to go with me."

"You believe what you say, no doubt; but it is not true. She loves me."

Madam Leviston did not answer. There was a heavy silence in the room. The horses pawed without, and the wheel grated against the curbstone. A tall man, who had been leaning against the mantle, pulling his gray mustache and watching Pratt, now spoke. There was a friendly, almost confidential sympathy in his tone, as he said, addressing Pratt, "I'm afraid you deceive yourself, Ogleby. Let the girl decide."

Pratt forced a feeble smile; his eyes never left the stiff, immovable figure in the window. "Why, sir, this is my wedding-day! I've been workin' for this since I was ten year old! And this woman comes here to tell me that Polly—that my wife——" He took a sudden stride forward and wrenched the girl round. "For God's sake, speak! Put an end to this."

Polly began to whimper. She loved Pratt very dearly; she loved almost anything dearly that came closest to her at the time. But fairyland had opened its doors to her! Within, were bewildering ease and splendors, herself moving as a princess. Outside, waited Joe Barker's dingy hack, with Pratt's black bag strapped on behind. Beyond that, a life in a kitchen.

What Pratt saw in her face no one knew. He stood a moment still, and then drew slowly back from her, the color gone from his ruddy face, his voice unnaturally quiet and low.

"It may be so as that I'm mistaken," he said. "This woman has no claim on you, Polly. She threw you off once, like a cast shoe, and she'll do it agen. That's not the pint. But if you can turn your back on me, on our weddin'-day, for the sake of money, why then it's better I knew it at once. You know what I've tried to be to you," he added, after a pause. "It doesn't need to put that into words now."

But Polly whimpered on in silence.

"I tell you, Ogleby," broke out Col. Archer, "the girl is not worth——"

"Silence! Curse you! What right have you to come between her and me? She is *my* wife! God knows whether I've mistaken her or not. It is the hour we set for our wedding, Polly," passing his hand once or twice over his dry lips. Then he held out both arms to her. "My darling, will you come?"

Mrs. Leviston had been watching Pratt closely, her mobile face changing curiously in its expression. "Of course, Laura," she said, hastily, "my offer stands as it was. I will do what I can for you. But you must judge yourself what is best for you, and for this man."

Polly turned her back on Pratt. She could not give her answer to him. "I'm sure you'll be a mother to me, ma'am, and so I'll—I'll go to you. I hope nobody will worry about me long. I don't suppose I'm worth it."

Pratt stood quite still for a minute, looking on the floor: then he turned and went out of the door without a word. Polly began to cry out loud, and wring her hands.

"You have decided to go with me, have you not? What is the matter with you?" She stroked Polly's hair. But the touch of the gloved hand was formal, and her manner was colder than it had ever been before.

"Nothing is the matter," tossing her head. "It does not cost him anything to say good-by. It shall not trouble me."

Was this nothing but a shallow, pert country girl, after all? With Laura's own tender eyes? What if she had made a mistake in this matter of life and death?

"I see nothing to detain us further," said Col. Archer. "You appear to have finished your morning's work?"

"Yes, I suppose so," with a long breath. "Are you coming, Polly—Laura, I mean? Really, colonel," as they followed the girl out, "that young fellow appears to have very fine material in him. I hope it may turn out well."

"It's lucky enough for the girl, if you give her all the finery she expects. As for Ogleby, he's had a happy riddance, in my opinion."

"Come, child," a little sharply, "are you

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going without bidding this good woman good-by? The best friend you have had? Tut! tut!"

CHAPTER IV.

The interminable dinner was over. Polly, with a red face and aching head, had jammed herself into a corner of the drawing-room, with a book of what she called "photos." Was this ease, and indulgence, and fairy-land? She was conscious of her arms and legs, and her very eyes. What to do with them, how to use them in a well-bred way—would she ever know? When she had been stooping over the machine, or sauntering with Pratt in the evenings, she had had no thoughts of herself, except to know that her eyes were an odd, beautiful color, and her cheeks tender, like the peach-blossom. They blazed red now. She was weighted down with her lilac silk, too. She could not manage the train without a kick; and at dinner, when she tucked up her lace sleeves for fear of soiling them, she saw the footmen wink to each other and laugh. The servants all watched her, she was sure of that. There was Joe Poole, whose shirts she had made in April, was sneering at her behind her chair, because she could not use her finger-bowls. Mrs. Leviston had hired Joe, too, and he would go with them. If Pratt saw him laugh at her! But what was she to Pratt now? Nothing—nothing!

It was not these trifles alone. But these people all lived in a world of which she knew nothing. She listened to them talking at dinner as if it were in Greek. What did she know of pictures, or operas, or Ostend manifestoes? When Col. Archer kindly spoke to her, as he did oftener than any one else, she stammered and said, "I seen and I done," of which she thought she had cured herself long ago.

She had overheard a conversation, that day, between Mrs. Alston and the colonel. "The girl certainly has poor Laura Leviston's eyes," said the lady. "But that is all. I would dismiss a chambermaid who was so pert and under-bred"

"Yet she seemed graceful and picturesque in her plain dress and straw hat, as we saw her in church."

"Wild flowers look odiously vulgar out of their own ground. Poor Mrs. Leviston! She is tired of her whim already."

Polly could not tell if she were tired of it, or not. The old lady treated her with grave, distant kindness. She had bought her clothes as scrupulously as if she were fulfilling the terms of a bargain.

"You will be placed at school as soon as we return," she said.

"Why, I am eighteen. And I was always uncommon slow at books!" cried Polly, in dismay.

"I did not know you were so old," she said, quietly.

Polly sat neglected in the corner, with her hands over her eyes, staring at the book of photographs. For the first time in her life she was utterly alone: and she knew that it was a loneliness for life.

"They are not of my kin, nor kind," she thought, looking through her fingers at the quiet, bright figures moving easily through the rooms. "I am like a beggar among them." What was fairy-land, if in it she was always to be an intruder and despised?

Her brain throbbed with a sharp physical pressure, there was a heavy pain in her back and limbs. If she were ill, it would only make her a more vexatious annoyance to them than she was already. She dared not acknowledge it. She remembered now how, since she had been a child, Pratt had watched her almost like a mother. When she had the typhoid-fever, last summer, it was Pratt who paid her board and doctor's bill; and when she grew better, used to carry her in his arms every evening into the boat, and go drifting up and down the creek until she was tired. There never had been a time, that she could remember, when he was not ready and near her with his strong arm and grave, tender ways, lover, father, mother, all in one. She was beneath their servants to these people; she had been all in all to him—his darling—his wife.

But he was gone, never to come again. She knew now what he was to her: now, when her eyes were opened to see how wretched was the life she had chosen in her temporary madness.

She pressed her hands to her hot head; the pain and fever grew intense; she thought she must be dying; she would never see him again. "Oh, God! I loved him so!" she muttered.

She wakened by finding them all about her.

"Where are you going, Laura?"

"To—to Pratt, I think," and staggered, and fell. They caught her; but she heard them drawing back in fright, after they had laid her down.

"How hot she is!"

And then Joe Poole, who was in the room, came up. "The small-pox, ma'am, was raging down in the street where she lived, and this looks terribly like it."

"Oh, my children! my children!" cried Mrs.

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Alston; and Polly knew that, for the moment, she was left alone.

CHAPTER V.

Polly, of course, was sent to an hospital. What else could be done? Mrs. Leviston spared no expense in providing her with nurses and comforts; but she went on her way home. What else could she do? The attack was a severe one, likely to disfigure the girl for life, but she was in no absolute danger. At the end of a couple of months, however, Mrs. Leviston returned.

"There is no danger of infection?" she asked the matron. "Send her in then." She was determined to fulfill her engagement to the letter. When the door opened, she hurried to catch the hands of the little woman who entered. It was a stranger, she saw, not poor, vain Polly, still less the likeness of her lost Laura; but she was prepared for that.

"My dear," she said, "my dear," and then looking into the poor, plain little face, the tears came and choked her. "I've come to take you home now, Polly. We will begin all over again."

There was a new steadiness in the soft eyes, which at least were still unaltered. "You have been very kind to me, madam. But it was a mistake. I saw that before. I will not make it again."

"Do you mean that you will not go back?"

"I will stay with my own people. I am going back to my work next week. I will be as happy there as—as I can ever be again," said Polly.

Mrs. Leviston certainly experienced a sense of relief, but she did her duty, she argued and pleaded, as though her own happiness was really at stake. But Polly was firm. "I've had time to think it over, while I lay so near to death," she said, "and I'll go back to my work. I was a better woman there. It was the thoughts of money that tempted me."

Mrs. Leviston was gone at last, and the poor little girl turned to go out of the room, pausing by the door. It was a gray, windy day, the dead leaves blown along the ground. The beginning of a gray, bleak life, she thought, shivering. And so long—so long to the end!

"Polly!" The voice was close beside her.

She put out her hands. She was still weak and ill; the day turned dark about her. Some one had her in his arms holding her close and warm.

"Do not look at me," she cried, feebly. Oh, Pratt! never look at me again."

"Why, bless my soul, Polly, I've been with you every day. Ask the matron. When you came to yourself, I left you, because—because I had no share in you, you see. But I was outside there just now, waiting to come in, and I heard you make your choice."

She looked at him. "You cannot——"

"What, Polly? Do you think a woman's whim, or a bit of sickness, teches a man's love?"

He stooped over her.

"The house is waiting there, ready to be a home for us yet. It's bin a good many years, as I've looked forard to it. My darling, will you come?"

ADRIFT.

BY ANNIE NUGENT.

I drift with the tide; it beareth me
On, on, I know not where;
To what far port, to what dim sea,
I neither know nor care.

What future fates before me lie
Are hidden from my sight;
I only drift, no power have I
To steer my bark aright.

Through awful gloom of starless nights;
Through days of fiercest glare;
Through peaceful scenes, through fearful sights,
I drift I know not where.

Past whirr and rush of fact'ry flume,
Past hamlets set in green,
Past smiling fields of fruit and bloom,
With home-roofs thick between.

Past teeming towns, whose churches' spires
Gleam faintly on my sight;
Past mountains pouring forth their fires,
I drift night after night.

Past peaceful grave-yards I drift by,
And see before my eyes
The quiet sleepers straightly lie,
With faces toward the skies.

Past many a mansion, rising grand
Beside the flowing stream;
Past people standing on the strand,
Like spectres in a dream.

On, on, I hear a low sea-moan,
My drifting will be past;
With face upturned, still as a stone,
I near the sea at last.

Midst dash of spray, and roar of sea,
I hasten to my fate;
I would return. Ah! woe is me!
Too late! too late! too late!

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PHILIP

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

Dec. 24th, 1869.

To-morrow is Christmas-day! and in the evening we are to have a famous family gathering; all the relatives, far and near, are coming, including mother's brother from beyond seas.

To think of father's marrying such a young wife! But she tries to make home *home* to us: and she has a sweet face and ways! I have only been back from school two days, and father was so quiet concerning his marriage that I had no time to become prejudiced: but she is too young; brother Bob, I can see, thinks her perfection. I fear I shall not; but I mean to be kind to her. I can see papa follows her with his eyes wherever she goes; papa is young, too—only thirty-eight; his wife is a year my senior, and I am just eighteen.

There was something said at table to-night about my *debut* at a grand party after New-Year's. I do not care much for parties, they are heartless and tiresome; but I suppose I shall be obliged to submit.

Papa and his new wife have gone to church to-night; I must stay in with this cold.

Hark! some one has come; it may be uncle Dana; no, that is not his voice or step.

26th.

The new-comer was a young gentleman, younger than papa, and I supposed was some one who had called on business of importance, as he said he would await Dr. Hamilton's return.

The gentleman was very courteous to me, but he talked very little. Soon papa and his wife came home. My astonishment knew no limit, when the gentleman coolly arose and clasped my step-mother fondly in his arms. She turned to papa with a smile and a blush,

"Griswold," she said, "you will welcome brother Philip, will you not?"

Soon we were all seated. The evening passed rapidly. After I went to my room, I could not sleep. Nearly all night I was tossing about. Toward morning I sank into a heavy sleep. I awoke from a horrible dream to see mother standing by me.

"Are you ill, Emie, dear?" she inquired. "I heard you sobbing, and rapped at your door to inquire if you were sick."

I looked at her. She surely had slept no more than I. I rose and dressed, feeling strangely jaded and sore. I think the excitement of the closing school examination, and the long, hard ride in the rain, is the cause.

About eleven our friends arrived; not as many as we had expected, only uncle Hamilton and his daughters, Grace and Sara, and cousin Mart, and aunt Kate Chester's family. Grace is grace itself, and so well-bred, and skilled in the world's tactics, that I am a novice beside her. The Christmas dinner passed off pleasantly, much like other family dinners, which I am too indolent to-night to describe. Our friends will stay with us until after my party, which I dread more and more every day. I shall be nowhere beside Grace. I told mamma so to-day. How her face flushed and softened when I called her "mamma" for the first time! I love her already very much. She replied that if I would be my own natural self, the contrast would not fail to be noticeable. So she thinks Grace affected.

I saw that Mr. Dennett (brother Philip) watched Grace at table admiringly. I must have appeared rude and vulgar, for cousin Mart kept me in a paroxysm of laughter all through dinner. I could see Grace look at us with lady-like horror; and finally, she rebuked Mart for being so rude, when I was as much in fault as he, and she knew it, and meant the cut for me. I did not speak again, though Mart whispered, "Not to mind her, for she dared not laugh, for fear the paint on her cheeks would crack and cleave off." I saw mamma dart a surprised look at brother Philip, and his mouth looked a trifle suspicious at the corners. I *was* rude to laugh so, but it does seem almost like an impertinence to be snubbed by a visitor at one's own house.

Grace sang bits of operas in the evening, and brother Philip turned the music for her, watching her all the while; he is an enthusiast in music, mamma says.

Mamma came to my room a moment after I had gone to bed, and bathed my head, which has pained me severely all day. Her hands are so soft and cool, and her ways so gentle! I could not refrain from throwing my arms about her neck and kissing her.

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Aunt Kate said to-day that she guessed Griswold's honey-moon would last always; and she told Grace, in the little parlor off my room, which I have given up to them during their visit, that she, Grace, had completely captivated Mr. Dennett, and all that remained was to rivet the chain.

Grace's reply was characteristic of her. She said, "I shall not yield him up to that chit of an Emie, I assure you; and papa says I must marry money, for he is much embarrassed, you know, and I should die if I were deprived of the luxuries to which I have been accustomed. Bob may cultivate Emie, if he wishes; she has money; and it would be a good match for him in a year or two."

There was more to the same purpose, which I could not help hearing.

A Week Later.

We have been so very busy, preparing for the party, and getting through with it, that I have had no time for my journal. Mr. Dennett was wherever there was work to be done: in the kitchen with mamma, executing orders, writing invitations, or helping Grace arrange the rooms. Grace displayed a natural talent for arranging things to the best advantage, as was shown in her toilet for the evening. As I came down I heard Mr. Dennett say to her, "Miss Grace, how is it possible for you to make yourself so charming in so short a time?" She laughed a well-bred, self-satisfied laugh. I do not know why I should care, or why I blushed so furiously, when, a little later, aunt Kate and Grace passed in the hall, and I overheard Grace saying, "She need not try any more of her innocent airs, the prize is mine." Aunt replied, "She has been playing the part of hermit, staying in her room, and eating no breakfasts; I dare say she relishes a plate of toast and cold chicken, when her new mother is fool enough to send it up to her." Turning, I met brother Philip's smile. I went immediately to my room, and when mamma came in soon, sent, I more than half-suspected, by Mr. Dennett, I told her all about it, and how angry I was with Grace for another reason. That evening Mr. Dennet had sent me in some flowers from the conservatory, and I was just going to put them in my hair, when Grace came in. She noticed the white camellia, and exclaiming, "Oh, what a superb flower! Would you mind my wearing it?" placed it among her own glossy braids; then, half-laughing, she turned to go, saying she would return it in the morning.

Mamma's remark seemed prophetic. "It will all be right by-and-by." She says Mr. Dennett will go on Monday. I have hardly conversed with him fifteen minutes since that first evening. I fancy mamma looks weary, and as if something troubled her, and a remark Mart made to-day confirmed my suspicions. He said he hoped Grace would, for once, be so taken up with her flirting as to forget to make trouble between uncle Gris and aunt Helen. Nevertheless, I heard Grace tell mamma sundry things in praise of my own mother, that I knew she had no reason for saying. "How kind aunt Fan always was to every one," said she. "No one can fill an own mother's place to the children, they feel the difference," chimed in aunt Kate. Mamma gathered up the ruffles she was crimping, and left the room. I heard papa, so I waited, before following her. Aunt Kate continued, "I hope she is kind to you, Emelie, but, of course, step-mothers are always selfish. If she ever has children of her own, you will appreciate what I say." I confess to a jealous twinge as she said this; but I resented the insult to mamma by saying, "She is too good to me, and I am sure she would continue to love me, even if little ones of her own were given her." "Ah, well, we shall see!" growled aunt Kate.

The next time I met mamma she noticed my red eyes, and said, "You and I will see smoother waters soon, I trust."

But about the party! Grace wore white silk, and was superb. Mamma was a trifle paler than usual, I thought, but very beautiful, as she moved among her guests with the ease and quiet that become her so well. I looked well, too, I found, when I was dressed, despite my grief and anger. I saw Mr. Dennett missed his flowers, for, as I entered, he looked keenly in my face, but turned to Grace for relief, I thought. She smiled, and with an arch look said, "You see I am willing to wear this beautiful flower, if Emie is not."

I was incensed at her boldness, and determined upon a piece of fine acting, for one evening at least. I did not cease dancing and talking the entire evening. Admirers were plenty, and I must have been witty and brilliant, for they were absorbed and interested. Grace could not call them from me, though she tried. I missed Mr. Dennett after supper, and have not seen him since. He left before I rose this morning. Grace talks of leaving, now he has gone.

Mart and I are excellent friends. I like him, he is so original. We are a great deal together.

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March.

The past weeks have been a blank. I suppose our visitors left, but I did not know of it: I have been down with brain-fever. Mamma says it was three weeks before I knew her, and she and papa watched me all the time. Bob shared the night watching with mamma when papa was called away.

I sit here in my room now, day after day, for the spring rains and thaws have set in, and there is no getting out of-doors.

5th.

Mamma asked me to-day if I would see brother Philip. I supposed him far away. I had just received a letter from cousin Mart. Grace is as gay as ever, he says.

I have such pleasant remembrances of papa, and all the rest hovering over and around me during my illness; and the low-toned voices calling me happy home-names, and once or twice of papa's voice in prayer; but it's all very indistinct.

I have sweet feelings of happiness, of late; I cannot account for it. I am so glad and thankful that God spared my life. My home is so pleasant to me.

8th.

Mother has not lost the sad look out of her eyes yet. I had a long talk with papa to-day, and told him what aunt Kate and Grace had said. Then he told me how they had said to him that mamma was in love with a handsome young man, her cousin, before she married him, and that she only loved papa's money.

I told Bob, and he related Mart's version of the story. He said there was not one grain of truth in it, for Will Arner was engaged before mamma was, and she knew it. It was just like Grace, to make up such a story. You should have seen papa when I told him about it. He asked, "Where is your mother, Emie?" and rushed out before I could tell him.

He met mamma in the hall, pushed Bob one side as he was talking with her. "I want to see you, Helen," said he. They were gone a long while, and when mamma came to my room again, a quiet, restful smile had taken the place of the sad, worn look.

12th.

Bob has brought me a letter from Mart, and says he is afraid Mr. Dennett will marry Grace. I do not see why they all persist in making that remark to me, as if I can help it. Brother Philip comes to my room every day since I can sit up, and I am getting to feel very restless if he does not come after my morning and afternoon rests, and again in the evenings. Mamma said to-day, "Philip came back the day you were taken ill." It seems now as if I recollect that he was often in the room. I supposed it was delirium before. And I know, when I first awoke to consciousness, papa and mamma were bending over me; but Philip's arm was under my pillow, supporting my head; and when papa said, "She will live!" there was a sob and an, "I thank thee!" from some one, but it was not papa. I could not confess it, even to this honest journal before, but I do not see, if he is to marry Grace, why he should weep over me, nor watch me as he does, days when he is reading and talking to me, up here in my snuggery.

Evening.

Mart's letter was a surprise. Would I be his little wife? What an idea! It makes me almost dislike him. It was such a strange letter, too, for wild, fun-loving, cousin Mart. So full of condensed passion, and a thrilling earnestness! If he had been here, and *told* me all that he wrote, I must have yielded. He says at last that he must have his answer immediately, it's life or death to him. Poor boy! it cannot be life—it would be marrying my brother, almost.

Mr. Dennett came in before I had finished answering Mart's letter.

"Am I to congratulate you, Emie?" he asked, looking at me sharply

"No," was all the answer I could give, as I went on with my writing.

He strode up to the table, seized the letter I was just signing, saying, "I must see, it is my right——"

"You shall not see," I replied, savagely, catching at the paper beyond my reach.

"Emie, darling," and his voice was scarcely audible, "listen to me," he said, and he came and stood before me. "Every day, as you lay upon your sick bed, I prayed God, hour after hour, for your life. Your cousin Grace told me you were betrothed to Mart; but I could not have you die. You did not know that it was I who sat, almost every hour, and watched you. Dr. Hamilton said you would never recover. I would not believe it. When the others despaired, I trusted; when the life was all gone from your veins, I bared my own arm, that fresh, living blood might be infused into yours. See! here, and here, and here; the wounds are not yet healed. It was then I made a vow, that if God spared you, I would yield you up cheerfully, joyfully even, without one murmur or tear, and count it all blessed, and wait patiently my own release. But I am not strong enough to

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do it. At least I cannot surrender you without first telling you all this. Oh! if you could only have loved me! It was my right, too. Say, darling—must I give you up?"

He paused in his passionate appeal. I could not meet his eyes. But I whispered, faintly,

"You may read the letter."

"What!" he cried. "Can I have been mistaken? Was Grace wrong? You do not love Mart, after all?"

He clasped me in his arms, speaking eagerly, rapidly. I trembled, and could not answer; but I did not struggle to escape.

"Thank God!" he cried. "Oh! thank God! Look up, my love, my wife!"

I glanced, timidly, up.

"Say one word, only one, 'yes!'

"Yes."

"Say 'yes, Philip, my'——"

"My husband."

IN THE CHURCH-YARD.

BY MRS. E. A. LOUDEN

Under the moonlight, still and drear,
Silent and cold they lie;
With white hands crossed, each one alike,
Each face turned to the sky;
And the tall grass bends as the dew falls round,
And the white rose sways with never a sound.

The wind goes whispering through the pines
In a long, deep, shivering breath;
Deeper the shadows seem to fall,
As it chants its song of death;
The white stones stand, their faces bare,
Like spirits wan, in a haunted air.

The breath of the lily, heavy with sweet,
Steals out with its perfume rare;
The whippowill's song from the distant wood,
Strikes sharp on the midnight air;
A night-bird swooping along the sky,
Gives out its sad, complaining cry.

Some night the moonlight, still and pale,
Another grave will shade,
Two hands at rest, their labor done,
Feet crossed, their journey made.
Year upon year I shall lie in the gloom,
Alone in the hush of the silent tomb.

And Summer will come with its golden bloom,
The June days sweet and long.
Berries glow red through covers of green,
The robin be glad with its song;
Autumn steals on with its ripened grain,
The sound of the sickle be heard again.

God's love can span the river of death,
His hand reach over the tide;
What is the grave, with its dreaded hush,
To those on the other side?
The glory of Heaven, its pearly street,
The song of the ransomed, long and sweet.

Oh! silent night! Oh! moonlight pale!
Oh! spirit-haunted air!
What is there in the grave to dread,
Since Jesus has lain there?
Only the burdens lie under the sod—
The soul is forever with glory and God.

THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

Oh! soft wind-voices, through the pine-boughs straying,
Swinging the plumy branches to and fro;
Who shall declare the words that ye are saying,
Or follow where ye go?

Ye murmur—and the full-blown blossoms quiver,
While seeds of life are wafted through the air;
Ye mutter—and the foam-pearls strew the river,
And tall reeds tremble there.

Great is the Hand that scatters blessings seed-like,
Whose germs are carried by His Spirit's wings;
Blest is the pliant soul that bendeth reed-like
Before its whisperings.

Oh! give us grace to hear its mystic sighing,
To catch the music of its lightest tone;
And let the echo in our hearts replying,
Thy Spirit-message own.

Grant us Thy power, oh, Lord! to shape and fashion
The deed that springs from the imparted thought;
Oh! give us words to speak our poet-passion,
And tell what Thou hast wrought!

Oh! bend the stubborn knees in meek devotion;
Oh! bow the haughty souls in humble prayer;
And let Thy rushing wind of pure emotion
Clear all the tainted air.

Not unto us, oh, God! shall praise be given;
To Thee be glory for Thy gift divine;
With sin and wrath Thy Spirit's might hath striven,
And all the work is Thine,

The one pure feeling through our darkness drifting,
White-winged and beautiful as some stray dove—
The sudden prayer our heavy hearts uplifting
With all the strength of love—

The kind word uttered to the feeble-hearted;
The bold word spoken that Thy light may shine—
These are the promptings by Thy breath imparted,
And all the praise is Thine.

Oh! soft wind-voices, through the pine-boughs straying,
We cannot trace the airy paths ye go;
Oh! Breath of God! our human spirits swaying,
Thy way we cannot know!

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"IN SPITE OF THEMSELVES."

BY MISS F. HODGSON. AUTHOR OF "KATHLEEN'S LOVE-STORY."

Miss Anne Manners drew her scissors from the collection of housewifely instruments which hung at her severe-looking girdle, and cut her thread with a little snap which was a thought vindictive.

"If you cared for women, John," she said, "I should think it necessary to warn you; but as you don't care for women, I merely tell you as a piece of information. She is a fascinating, handsome, unscrupulous flirt. That is all I have to say."

John Manners was a bachelor, whose only sister kept house for him. His residence was one of the most beautiful within thirty miles of Boston, and that is saying a great deal. He had just returned from a year in Europe, and Anne was speaking of a distant cousin, whom he found visiting his sister.

He smiled the quiet smile, which was peculiar to him, as he threw his paper aside and made himself a little more comfortable on his luxurious lounge.

"All!" he repeated, in a voice as quiet and peculiar, in spite of its faint amusement, as the smile had been. "Isn't it quite enough, Anne? Women are proverbially severe upon women, and perhaps——"

Miss Anne interrupted him with another snap of her scissors.

"Severe! Don't talk nonsense," oratorically. "That girl is twenty years old, and she is forty as regards artfulness this minute. Three days showed me how to see through her airs and graces. She can't make eyes at me, you know; I know better. Didn't she begin with young Bellasye, and turn his ridiculous head upside down with her flowers and nonsense, and didn't that unfortunate simpleton propose to her within a fortnight? Severe, indeed!"

John laughed outright. His sister's irate description of her guest amused him. He had heard of Cecil Dare, before he returned home, and as it happened he was not unprepared to meet her; but the gentleman who had described her dangerous proclivities had described them with a masculine remembrance of her beauty, and had ended with something like admiration even for this modern Enchantress in his tone.

"You had better take care of yourself," had been his laughing farewell. "Miss Dare does not pay visits to her thirty-second cousin for nothing."

But, "forewarned forearmed," John had thought. Yet he felt a faint interest in this dangerous young person. As Miss Anne had said, he did not care for women generally, for he was thirty, well-looking, well-to-do, and still fancy free; but his natural gravity had been aroused into something of a pleasure in the anticipation of seeing, hearing, and talking to her.

"Where is Miss Dare now?" he asked. "I have seen no sign of her as yet, except 'Cupidon!'" Cupidon, be it known, was a tiny toy terrier, with no eyes to speak of to be seen under his shaggy, white hair, and was Miss Dare's private property.

"She went out this afternoon," said Miss Anne. "To do her justice, she thought, I suppose, that you and I would rather spend our first few hours alone together. She said she was going to the Dacres to see Laura and Josie. Those Dacre girls are perfectly infatuated over her, and Fred came from Harvard last week, so she took the pony-carriage after dinner and drove over."

John made no reply, but listlessly began to pull Cupidon's blue ribbon collar, though scarcely thinking of her mistress. Like all men he had an ideal, and his ideal was not a Cecil Dare. Perhaps he had a fancy for a soft-eyed, sweet-faced little girl, whom he might meet some future day. Certainly, he never dreamed of this fair, proud girl as his fate, and certainly on his first meeting with her the thought was further from his mind than ever.

He was still lying upon the couch, with Cupidon on a cushion at his feet, when he heard the sound of wheels rolling up the carriage-drive, and the ring of a refined, musical voice. A moment after the little pony-carriage stopped at the door, and somebody got out. This was Miss Dare, John Manners decided, as he listened, and she was talking gayly with some one who had evidently accompanied her, and whose first speech confirmed his belief that it was Frederick Dacre.

"You won't let me come in, of course," he was saying, "after that solemn promise that I

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should perform Laura's behests. But may I not be allowed to call to-morrow?"

"Certainly," said the clear, *insouciant* voice. "Any time you like. Don't forget to tell Laura how miserably I kept my promise. Wait a minute—here is a flower for you. The last rose of summer, or the last but one. *Au revoir.*"

And turning his head to the window, John saw a handsome, stylish, young fellow pass down the gravel walk, fastening a creamy pink rose in his coat.

He did not see Miss Dare, of course, for the parlor-door was nearly closed, but he heard her light feet in the hall, and caught a glimpse of a fluttering dress as she ran up the stair-case.

In spite of Miss Manners' remark upon her brother's non-susceptibility, it must be confessed that she felt no little fear of her young relative's fascinations. An ordinarily pretty or charming girl she could have trusted, but not one like this—this young lady was not an ordinary girl in any sense of the term; accordingly, I am convinced, you will agree with me that it was rather trying to be called away at that most critical of times, the first interview, by a troublesome rheumatic pensioner. But so it was, Betty Flanegan, "was taken powerful bad," so said the messenger, "and wants to see yez badly."

Miss Anne put on her bonnet with a decided air. Severe as she was, she was never behindhand in rendering assistance to those who needed it. She sent an apologetic message up stairs to Miss Dare before she went out; and that young lady, with a calm daring which no other person on earth would have displayed, replied through the servant girl that, "There was no need of apology. She would go down stairs as soon as she was dressed, and pour out Mr. Manners' tea for him."

And so she did. Twenty minutes after his sister left the house, John Manners, who was reading in his easy-chair, heard Miss Dare's bedroom door open, and the light, decided feet coming down the stair-case, with the soft sweep of a train in their wake. He stood up with his book in his hand, looking very courtly and imposing when she entered, and he had just time to see her fully in the brilliant light of the chandelier before she spoke. She was a tall, supple girl, with an air of cool ease expressing itself in her gracefulness, and he had a quick conception of a wonderfully fair face, with wonderfully artistic coloring, bronze eyes, bronze hair, and a trailing dress of soft gray stuff, which swept the carpet.

She looked at him calmly for a moment, and then extended a hand like a bit of sculptured marble.

"It is hardly necessary I should announce myself, I suppose, Mr. Manners," she said, with perfect ease; "but in case it should be, I will tell you I am Cecil Dare, and I have come to pour out your tea for you."

John Manners was disarmed. If there had been a suspicion of elaborateness in her dress, or a touch of ceremony in her manner, he would have felt that he needed to stand on guard; but what could have been more elegant in its simplicity than the soft, gray robe, what more natural than her graceful self-possession? She came to the hearth when he had made his grave, pleasant reply, and she certainly looked more at home than he did, as she pulled the bell as a summons to the servants to bring in the tea.

"I am sorry cousin Anne was called away," she said, when she took her seat at the head of the table. "That terrible Mrs. Flanegan is the bugbear of her existence. She has had every ailment that I ever heard of during the last month, and now she is beginning with rheumatism again. Do you take cream, Mr. Manners?"

There was not a touch of affectation or embarrassment in her manner, as she paused with the silver cream-jug poised in her hand, and her bronze eyes raised to ask the question. Miss Anne herself could not have spoken in a more matter-of-fact style; but one thing is certain, namely, that Miss Anne would not have made the commonplace speech so effective. As was to be expected, John Manners made the natural mistake of trying to reconcile report with the evidence of his senses. This girl in her quiet dress an unscrupulous admiration seeker! this girl, who poured out his tea for him, with as indifferent a face as if he had been fifty instead of thirty! He looked at her proud, reticent, red-lipped mouth, and then at the bronze eyes, and his strong admiration for her beauty made him so unwise as to feel inclined to set report at defiance.

"You have been with Anne several weeks, I believe," he said, at hazard, feeling it necessary to say something.

"A month," raising her beautiful, indolent eyes carelessly. "Cousin Anne was kind enough to offer me an asylum until my affairs were settled. I have not the remotest idea what affairs are meant; but on the death of my guardian, his lawyer gave me to understand that something needed 'settling.' I suppose he meant money."

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He scarcely knew why it was, but before the meal was ended he had begun to feel that she set his admiration aside as if it was something which was no novelty, and that there was something more than indifference in her careless grace. If this air had been more decided, he would have almost fancied that she did not like him, and that she wished him to understand it; but as it was, he could only wonder if her coldness merely existed in his imagination, or if it was something real: and he ended by observing her more closely, and by feeling a thought more interested.

She drew Miss Anne's favorite chair to the fire when they rose from the table, and took a seat in it, holding a dainty inlaid hand-screen between her wood-rose tinted cheek and the blaze, letting her soft, dark eyes rest upon him with quiet interest as she listened to what he said, and occasionally answered in her clear, refined voice.

When Miss Anne returned from her errand of mercy Cecil was sitting there still, the folds of her soft, gray robe sweeping the gay-hued hearth-rug, and Cupidon, the favored, curled up on her lap, blinking his black dots of eyes luxuriously under his shaggy, terrier eyebrows. She did not move when Miss Anne entered, except to glance over her shoulder with a gay, easy welcome, which made that lady catch her breath.

"Ah, cousin Anne!" she said, "back at last! I was afraid your patient would keep you all night."

"Were you?" said Miss Anne, gravely, as she untied her bonnet-strings. "You have had tea, I suppose?"

"Certainly," was the quiet reply. "We had it soon after you went away. Mr. Manners and I."

"Just as I suspected," thought the far-seeing spinster. "You couldn't let him alone."

But, really, Miss Dare looked very harmless and sufficiently charming as she sat in the glow of the fire. The brilliant light of the chandelier brought out the wood-rose tinting wonderfully, and lighted up the rich, sparkling ring on the fair, smooth hand which caressed Cupidon. Altogether, circumstances were making a picture of her, and John sat opposite, forgetting the book he held in his hand, and looking at her. But his sister's arrival put an end to his vague enjoyment, for Cecil rose almost directly.

"I have some letters to write," she said; "so you must excuse me for to-night. Good-evening, Mr. Manners." And the supple, gray-robed figure passed out of the room in as matter-of-fact manner as it had entered.

Miss Anne took the seat her guest had vacated with an air of grim resolution.

"Well," she said, as if she was prepared for any amount of weakness which could be displayed. "Well, what do you think of her?"

"She is a very beautiful girl," said her brother, slowly. "Quite a remarkably beautiful girl."

"Of course she is," snapped Miss Anne. "I know that."

The handsome face in the seat opposite to her colored slightly.

"She is very graceful and lady-like," said the gentleman, gravely.

"Very," was the curt reply. "No young lady more so. John," with sudden energy, "are you going to follow Fred Dare?"

John opened his fine, dark eyes.

"My dear Anne," he said, "what a very extraordinary question."

"Not at all," proclaimed Miss Anne. "If you knew Cecil Dare as well as I do, you would say it was a very ordinary question. Will you be kind enough to answer it?"

"Certainly," was the reply, as the gentleman shut his book and laid it on the table. "My answer is, No!"

"Very well, then," said Miss Anne, concisely. "Don't say she is beautiful and graceful—don't even think it! It will be by far the safest plan." And taking up her bonnet and shawl, she departed in state.

In default of having nothing else to do, John Manners turned to his book again; but, as he opened it, he glanced with something of interest at the chair on which the gray-robed figure had been seated.

"I hope Anne does not show her prejudice," he said. "It seems prejudice to me." And being an honorable, unsuspecting gentleman, he believed what he was saying.

He did not see much of the young lady until the following evening. In the morning she made her appearance at breakfast, with a late white rose in her bronze puffs, and a little sleepy softness in her eyes, which was very becoming; but the faint touch of indifference which John Manners had noticed the night before was more decided; and, breakfast over, she went back to her room to finish her letters.

But in the evening, as John was laying aside the book he had been reading, there came a rustle of silk in the corridor, some one tapped lightly at the door, and in answer to his, "Walk in," Cecil Dare opened it, and stood upon

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the threshold, with a book in her hand. Her dress was gray again, but it was gray silk, and a wonder of a train rustled in its wake; the wood-rose color was brighter than ever, and there were some artistic puffs of scarlet velvet in her hair.

"Do I disturb you?" she asked, quietly. "I will not come in if I do. I only wished to return a book I had borrowed from your shelves."

"Pray come in. I am only reading."

She entered at once, stopping a moment with perfect coolness to replace the borrowed book, and then took the chair he offered her.

His first sensation on seeing her had been something of surprise, but certainly it sunk into insignificance before his amazement at her first speech.

"And so cousin Anne has warned you?" she said, after a minute's silence, lifting her cool, superb eyes.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered, "but I really do not understand you." But he had never been more certain of anything in his life than that he did understand her, and she was perfectly aware of it.

She went on as coolly as ever, scarcely noticing what he had said, and toying with the heavy gold bracelet on her round, white wrist.

"I went into the breakfast-room last night to look for a letter I had left there, and I heard her talking to you—the door was half open. Perhaps she was right," arching her brows. "People have said it so often, that I really begin to believe I must be a dangerous person."

"I am very sorry——" he began, stiffly.

She interrupted him.

"Oh, no! Pray don't! There is no need of your feeling annoyed. I am used to it, you know. Besides, it is probable it is quite true. I have no doubt cousin Anne was right. I merely thought I would tell you my presumption had not extended to you. That is all."

To say that John Manners was astonished would be to say very little. If there had been a shade of wounded pride in her face, he could have understood her, but there was not; if she had seemed hurt, or embarrassed, he would have known how to reply to her, but she did not; and when she clasped her bracelet again, with her steady, white hand, and looked up at him, he could only flush, and feel that he was looking rather ridiculous.

He was beginning to try to say something, he scarcely knew what, when she stopped him again.

"Oh!" she said, with a certain nonchalant candor, "I only thought it best to be frank. We shall be the better friends for it, and cousin Anne will be more comfortable." She was woman enough, in spite of her indifference, to fire off this quiet shot. "Cousin Anne is not very fond of me. Perhaps we don't understand each other, or perhaps," an odd little smile crept in here, "we understand each other too well."

She did not remain long after this, only long enough to set the subject utterly aside, and sit talking for a few minutes in her perfectly musical voice. Then she rose, and taking up the book she had brought from the shelves and laid it on the table, went out of the room, leaving John to his new train of thought.

From that time Miss Anne had little to complain of, at least so far as her chief care was concerned. She could not prevent Miss Dare making a picture of herself in trailing soft, tinted dresses and delicate laces; she could not prevent her dropping into her perfect attitudes, and caressing Cupidon with that wonder of a supple-jointed white hand; but she was very much consoled when she found that nothing of this was directed at John. But there was another thing she could not do, which was to shut John's eyes. From his first sense of annoyance had grown a constant desire to watch this girl, who was such a novelty to him. She had piqued and astonished him into wishing to know more of her, and so he was betrayed into an interest which would have been dangerous to any man. She never avoided him; indeed, it seemed as though her indifference was too complete to allow of such a thing; but if he had been sixty years old, her manner could not have been more utterly devoid of any womanly coquetry. The quick faculty she had for brightening and lighting up brilliantly for other people, and which was her chief charm, never showed itself to him.

Among the many people who liked and admired her, there was one person for whom she seemed to care more than for the rest, and that person was Laura Dacre. With a school-girl's enthusiastic love of beauty, Laura had adored Cecil from the first, and in observing the girl's affectionate fashion of making her idol the confidante of her fancies, John Manners had noticed that Cecil had a wonderfully tender way of treating her. It was something affectionate and girlish of itself, and in someway it pleased him. She would dress as Laura wished her, arrange her hair as Laura liked it best, wear the very gloves that Laura proposed, but at the same time the girl's faith and reliance in her were unbounded.

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Now, he was not a sentimental man, this John of ours; he had never been a susceptible one; he had cared little for women; he was a man of wealth and leisure, and loved science, if he loved anything, and hence it was that so much of his time was spent in his library; and yet, before a month had passed, he found that he had been mistaken in his fancied security, and that this fair guest of his sister's, who cared less for him than she did for her terrier, and showed him far less favor, had touched him to the core of his man's heart. He scarcely knew how she had touched him, he only knew that he was touched in spite of himself. No effort of hers had done it, no trifling grace of manner had ever been assumed for him, and yet he was as completely entangled as any of the men she smiled upon, and softened her subtle voice to.

Perhaps dashing Fred Dacre was the true cause of the awakening, for, being a gay, susceptible young fellow, he stood the first on the list of Cecil's admirers; and as it was a cherished scheme of Laura's that her brother should be successful, it came about that when there were cream-colored notes to be carried, or bouquets to be sent, Fred usually cantered up the road on his handsome brown horse, and played messenger. Fred, indeed, was only one of the many who followed her, and praised her; but it seemed as though she favored him more than the rest.

This was hard for John Manners. The contrast between the face that met Fred Dacre and the face that met him, was too great for a man's pride to bear, and as he was but a man, after all, his pride stung him to rebellion.

It was after one of Fred Dacre's numerous visits that this occurred. There was going to be a ball at the Dacres, to celebrate Frederick's coming of age, and as Laura was deeply interested in the decorations, of course she relied upon Cecil for assistance; and so the brown horse had cantered to the Manners' with a note full of eager questions. But the visit was ended at last, and the slim, cream-tinted envelope, which contained the answer, was being carried back in close proximity to Frederick's heart, otherwise in his vest pocket; and Miss Dare came back to her evergreens with the shadow of a smile on her red-lipped mouth, brought there, perhaps, by her admirer's adieu.

She looked very girlish and charming with the soft, scarlet shawl trailing from her graceful shoulders over her gray robe, and contrasting so artistically with her heavy bronze hair and wood-rose tinted skin; but when she bent over Cupidon, who lay curled up on the lounge, and began to touch him with her careless white hand, that shadow of a smile still on her lips, John, who had been pacing the room restlessly, turned upon her as if she had done him an injury.

"Do you know you are very cruel to me?" he said, abruptly, in a voice that was strangely excited and unsteady for so grave and self-possessed a gentleman. "Do you know you are making me wretched?"

She actually did not raise her eyes, and the careless white hand caressed Cupidon as steadily as ever; but if John had been near enough he might have seen a suspicion of startled deepening in the wood-rose tint.

"No," she said, coolly. That was all."

He came to her side, and looked down at her with a sudden passion in his face.

"You understand me," he said. "You must understand me! This is too hard to bear!"

She did not raise her eyes yet, and how utterly careless her lovely face was!

"This!" she echoed. "What?"

"I say you must understand me," he repeated, passionately. "Indifferent as you are, you cannot but see that I am wretched—that you make me wretched—that I love you in spite of your indifference—in spite of myself."

She looked up then, and the shadow of a smile changed into the shadow of something which might have been triumph. Was it triumph? He had not time to decide, for she looked down again the next moment, and the white hand touched her favorite's neck with a pretty gesture, which stung him bitterly in its contrast to her silence.

"What have I done to deserve your contempt?" he said. "If this is womanly pique, it is ungenerous; if I have wronged you in any word or deed, give me the chance to redeem myself in your eyes."

"There is nothing to redeem," she said. "I was frank with you at the first, and I thought we understood each other."

He flushed scarlet with a man's hot indignation at her coldness. If he could have moved her to the faintest shadow of an emotion at his words he could have borne it better; but as it was, he could only lose control over himself, and speak as another man would have spoken with something of galled pride and something of pain.

She listened to him quietly enough until he had finished, and then she rose with as unmoved a face as she had ever worn in her life.

"I cannot pretend I do not understand you," she said, scarcely glancing at him. "I do

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understand you. If you love me as you say you do, you love me in the face of reason. I have given you no encouragement, and I spoke honestly to you the first day we met. I determined I would not be to blame, and I have *not* been to blame. If I have wronged *you* by any word or deed which deceived you, tell me of it and give *me* the chance to redeem myself."

She raised her face and looked at him as she said this, and then he understood her, for the shadow of triumph was a shadow no longer, it was triumph itself—a triumph ungenerous enough, heaven knows: but, alas! for poor human nature! natural enough, too, and his recognition of it stung him to the quick.

The sting of her cool immobility made him as steady as she was herself. It roused his pride. He took one step nearer to her, and met her gaze steadily for a moment.

"Do I understand *you?*" he asked of her.

She merely bent her head.

"Thank you," he said, concisely. "I have been very foolish, it appears, but I am still a man, and man enough to bear even this, I think." And then he turned on his heel and walked out of the room.

They drifted a little further apart after this, and though her host's manner did not change in its stately courtesy, it is possible that Miss Dare grew a little restless. Perhaps the consciousness that her triumph had not been so complete, after all, and was not a very noble one, troubled her slightly; for, to Miss Anne's surprise, she began to speak of returning to New York, and inquired more frequently and anxiously about the business letters which came now and then from her lawyer, and which were to announce the final "settling" of her affairs. But all things must reach a climax, all love stories, more especially; and so in this case the story reached its climax, and it was one of these unpretending legal letters which gave it the final turn.

It was handed to her one morning, as she was drawing on her gloves, preparatory to driving over to the Dacres with Frederick, who was waiting for her. With a slight apology she opened and read it.

"I am to return to New York next week, cousin Anne," she said, when she had finished and refolded the letter, and then, inconsistently enough with her former anxiety, she drew a little sigh—a very faint sigh it was, and quite an unconscious one, but still sigh enough to draw one pair of dark eyes upon her. This pair of dark eyes belonged to John Manners, who was sitting near reading. Encountering them, Cecil flushed sudden scarlet, and bent over her glove-button with a faint expression of irritation.

"I have had a very pleasant visit," she said, not quite steadily, "and I have a great deal to thank you for, cousin Anne. Still, I cannot help feeling relieved that all this business has come to an end."

She looked up from the glove-button, when she had finished speaking, and met the dark eyes with her usual quiet air of indifferent questioning, and then she turned to Fred Dacre again.

But the dashing Frederick was not in such a gay mood as usual. He had something to say to Miss Dare this morning, and this sudden announcement had made it more necessary than ever that he should say it. Accordingly, when he found himself alone with her, he plunged into the subject with astonishing eloquence. If he had cared less for her he might have seen that, in spite of her smiles and her even voice, she was not quite ready to listen to him; but full of his fear of losing her, full of his hopes of being successful, he thought of nothing but of what he had been longing to say for weeks, and he spoke out boldly, like a susceptible, honest young fellow, as he was.

Cecil was rather pale as she listened to poor Fred, and even when she answered him, her color did not rise again.

It was a very quiet answer which she gave him, and worded with a tenderer regard for his warmth and honesty than many women would have had the graceful power to show: but it was a bitter pill for all that.

"I do not love you," she said, in the end, with a touch of impetuousness. "I wish I did. But let us be friend's for Laura's sake."

He did not ask her to try to love him, he was quick enough to know better than that, and generous enough not to force upon her the sharpness of his disappointment; but, for all that, he did not wear the brightest of faces when he assisted her from the carriage.

But he bore it like a man.

"It's all over, Laura," he said to his favorite confidante, the first time they were alone for a moment. "I have asked her to be my wife, and she said no; and though I don't pretend to be a particularly penetrating fellow, I think I may thank John Manners for it."

"Ah, Fred!" exclaimed Laura. "The idea! She hates him: at least, she doesn't like him."

"Did she tell you she hated him?" asked Fred, quietly.

"Well—no," hesitated Laura. "But she never speaks of him when she can avoid it;

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and, besides, Fred, you know she—she wouldn't suit him."

"Wouldn't she?" said Fred, dryly. "Perhaps not; but at the same time, perhaps, that is a matter of opinion."

Poor affectionate Laura! The news that her air-castles had fallen to the dust was a terrible disappointment to her, and she reproached Cecil most pathetically.

"Oh, Cecil!" she broke out, as they sat alone together, later in the evening. "Oh, Cecil! Why didn't you say yes to Fred? Do you love any one else?"

"No," said Cecil, sharply. "Of course not. You dear, silly child, what nonsense!"

But the next moment the rose-red faded white, swept away by the swift throb of the stung pride, which showed her so plainly that she had not spoken the truth, and that, in spite of herself, she had turned coward.

When the fact of Fred Dacre's rejection reached Miss Anne, she was more oratorical than ever.

"Of course!" she proclaimed, with a sort of grim satisfaction, "nothing more than I expected. It is just like her."

As for John Manners, he only looked at the fair, proud face a thought more keenly than usual, and learning nothing from it, turned to his books again with a regretful sigh. Not his ideal, certainly, this haughty girl, and yet he had loved her very dearly.

So it went on from day to day with a terrible sense of humiliation in Cecil Dare, and a growing impatience of herself, which it needed all the haughty intolerance, that was her greatest fault, to subdue. She had been bitter enough through this very intolerance against people who had criticised her before; but she had been terribly bitter against John Manners, and through this very intolerance she grew as utterly wretched as it is possible for a girl of twenty to be. If she could have borne her enemy down with her calm eyes, and her calmer smiles, she might have felt even so small a victory some aggrandizement—but it was a drawn battle. John Manners never forgot himself for an instant. He kept to the library a little more closely, and, perhaps, grave shadows settled upon his face: still I think it possible that he might have lived a hundred years, and made no other sign in her presence. He was not a sentimental lover, he was a man with a strong will, and Cecil Dare had trampled upon his pride; so it was that when they had spent their last quiet evening in the comfortable parlor, and she rose to retire, he took her proffered hand with a calm face.

"Our last night," she said, raising her superb eyes with a half smile. "Good-night, Mr. Manners, and pleasant dreams."

But when she descended the next morning in her dainty traveling-dress, her easy composure was gone. It was not so easy to brave matters out when it came to the last moment; and when John Manners bade her good-by before returning to his study, she turned a shade paler, and faltered a little.

"Thank you!" she said, in brief reply to his courteous wishes for her safe journey. And then she turned to the window and stood there until the door had closed behind him.

She stood there very quietly when he was gone, drawing one glove on, the wood-rose color fluttering on her cheeks, a curious, desperate steadiness in her eyes. She was standing there when at last Miss Anne entered, and she turned to that lady, fastening a button at her wrist.

"I have lost one of my gloves, I think," she said, "Have you seen it, cousin Anne?"

"Gracious!" exclaimed Miss Manners. "I met John in the hall with a glove in his hand. I suppose he picked it up somewhere. Men are so careless. I will go and get it."

"No," said Cecil, quickly, "I won't trouble you; let me go." And before Miss Anne had time to speak, she was gone.

It was the last touch of weakness in her heart, and she could not restrain it. She wanted to see him once again, only for a moment—she was coward enough for that.

The library was very quiet when she opened the door. There was a bright fire burning in the grate, and a luxurious arm chair was drawn up to it, but John Manners had not seated himself. He was standing upon the hearth-rug, resting an arm on the mantlepiece, and looking sadly down at something he held in his hand. The preoccupied expression of his face, and the tender pain that showed itself, made Cecil hesitate one moment. What was he pondering over? What was it that had the power to touch him so unwontedly?

It was a glove—a little glove of gray kid, with tassels of silk, and buttons of pearl; it was the glove she had come to find; and even as she paused, he raised it to his lips, and kissed it softly, as he might have kissed something he had loved and lost.

But for that kiss, her pride might have held her to her old resolve, but the tender sadness in his eyes, and the tender, sad caress, touched

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her to the quick. It had been hard enough to go away silent before, but it was harder now—it was so hard now that it was impossible, and the next moment she was standing before him, conquered wholly, and with great, sudden tears in her eyes.

"I came in quietly, and you did not hear me," she explained, impetuously. "I came for my glove, and I saw you kiss it. Did you kiss it because, after all, you are still generous enough to care for me? Only answer yes or no."

He looked into her proud, brimming eyes. He saw the truth there.

"Yes," he said.

The tears that had been in her eyes fell upon her cheeks, and slipped away like the tears of a child.

"I have no right to expect your pardon," she began, with a certain proud humility, and then, under the latent power of his kindling eyes, she looked up at him, flushing to her forehead, and then broke down, and held out both delicate hands, with a little hesitating gesture, touched with her all-ruling pride.

Only one instant and he had drawn them against his breast, and so drawn her nearer and nearer.

"You have no need to ask it," he said, bending over her. "You have only need to answer me one question. This little glove, must I keep it, or restore it to its owner?"

"You must keep it," she whispered, and then was drawn close in his strong, imperious, folding arms.

She did not go back to New York that day, you may be sure—she did not go back at all to stay, and Laura did not lose her friend.

"But the idea, Cecil," said the frank little simpleton, when one day, a few months after, she was hanging over Mrs. John Manners' chair, for the better purpose of petting her. "I always thought you didn't like Mr. Manners. I never dreamed you would marry him, of all people in the world."

Mrs. John raised her lovely, eyes from the embroidery she held in her fair hands, and looked across at her husband with a very charming flush, and an equally charming little laugh.

"Neither did I, my dear," she said, to Laura. "I married him in spite of myself."

"THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE."

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

An orphan child—her mother was dead—
She moaned as she turned on her restless bed.

In biting cold, and with weary feet,
For weeks she had walked the hungry street;
For weeks she had walked, in frost and storm,
With hardly a rag to her shivering form;
And many a time, in the lonely night,
She had stopped and looked in the windows bright,
Where happy children, in garments gay,
Danced and laughed in their gleesome play.
And, oh! how she longed for a single word
Of the mother-love that she thought she heard;
For she still remembered, through choking tears,
The beautiful mother, of by-gone years.

But now, for long, long nights she had lain,
The fever of famine in blood and brain.
The storm without blew sharp and shrill,
And the snow was deep on the window-sill.
From side to side her poor head tost,
And she moaned and moaned of the loved and lost.
There was no one there her pillow to set,
There was none her parching lips to wet,
In all the world there was none her friend.
And the night wore on—would it ever end?

The night wore on, and the morning broke;
The storm was over; the sufferer woke.
She woke to a realm of warmth and light,
To a glory that dazzled, it was so bright.
And happy children, in garments fair,
Smilingly bade her a welcome there;
And asked her, with kisses, to join their play-
She looked, and lo! she was dressed as they.
And they led her down, through shade and sheen,
By meadows fair, and by pastures green,
Where the living fountains of waters rise,
And bloom the lilies of Paradise.

The birds they sang; she had never heard,
She had never dreamed of such song of bird.
Oh! the fragrant flowers, the brilliant skies,
They filled her soul with an awed surprise.
And the far-off city, with walls of light,
That shone and shone on its jasper height.
And the bands of angels, walking free,
On the distant battlements fair to see.
The martyrs, known by the palms they hold;
And the harpers harping with harps of gold.
The pearly gates—as she stood there, dazed
By the blaze of glory on which she gazed,
She heard a voice; and it broke the spell;
'Twas the long-lost mother she knew so well.

Never before had that loved one dear,
Half so beautiful seemed as here.
The radiant robe, and the wondrous grace,
The light in the eye, and the smile on the face,
The outstretched arms, and the glad cry, "Come!
At last, my darling, at last at home."

And hand in hand, with happy feet,
Together they went up the golden street.

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THE REIGNING BELLE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER I.

AROUND her were such glowing colors, in masses, or floating airily through the room, that a face less richly tinted would have seemed pale by contrast. Behind her was a pile of India shawls, in which the rays of a gorgeous sunset seemed to have mellowed down in one soft, glowing heap. By her side was a morning-dress of Oriental cashmere, with vivid palm-leaves running far up the skirt, which trailed down from the wire skeleton that supported it, and swept the floor like the plumage of a peacock.

In fact, this vast show-room was one panorama of bright, beautiful things; and most beautiful of all was the young girl, with her rich complexion, just verging on the brunette, and her large, blue-gray eyes, that looked out from their long, sweeping lashes like shadowed waters where the rushes grow thickly. Her hair, too, was lustrous and abundant, neither black, auburn, nor brown, but with a gleam of each as the light chanced to fall on it.

The face, we have so imperfectly described, was turned toward a flight of stairs that led from the more general warerooms below, and across it flew a shadow of pride or pain, as a party of ladies, accompanied by one gentleman, came up the stairs, and loitered along the show-room, where she was standing. One of the clerks went forward to meet the party, and turning, walked by the side of the younger lady, who came on somewhat in advance of the rest, politely attentive to business.

"Shawls, did you say?"

"Yes," answered the young lady, smiling blandly in the face of the clerk, whose soft, amber beard stirred almost imperceptibly with an answering smile. "I scarcely know yet what we do want; but mamma has a perfect passion for shawls, and I dare say will add another to the variety she has stored away in her cedar-closet, where even the moths are forbidden to touch them Oh, mamma! here is something lovely!"

The elder lady came forward, and, taking out her gold-mounted eye-glass, examined the shawl which had struck her daughter's attention. It was, indeed, a fabric of wonderful beauty, soft, firm, and wrought in with a splendor of harmonious colors, which the most perfect taste alone could appreciate. But the lady who examined this exquisite workmanship understood all its value, and, after making herself mistress of its perfections, quietly inquired the price.

The sum named would have bought a pretty homestead for some poor family in the country. The lady seemed in no way surprised by the amount, but took the shawl from its stand, while the young man beckoned the girl, who had withdrawn a little way off, to try it on.

This young creature came forward, not blushing under the astonished eyes turned upon her, but rather growing pale with a keen feeling of humiliation, and submitted her queenly person to be enveloped in the rich folds of the shawl. When she felt all those strange eyes upon her the color came back to her face, while her downcast lashes swept her glowing cheeks, and her lips began to quiver, as if a burst of tears were struggling upward.

"Mother," said the young gentleman, in a low voice, "the counter would be a better place."

"No, no!" broke in a small, pert-voiced young person, whom the elder lady addressed as Miss Spicer, who was one of the party, touching the shoulder over which the shawl was draped with her parasol. "Nothing like a live person to carry off a thing like this. Please move forward and let us see how it falls upon the train. Superb, isn't it?"

Eva Laurence lifted her eyelids with a sudden flash, and stepped back from the insolent touch of that parasol, with a gesture at once haughty and graceful. Then, remembering what was expected of her, she moved across the floor, displaying her shawl in every fold as it swept from her shoulders, down the long, black train of her dress. All other eyes were fixed upon the garment, but young Lambert saw that her bosom heaved, and the hands folded over the shawl trembled. He was turning away, touched by this evidence of painful embarrassment, when Miss Spicer darted for-

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ward, seized upon Eva's train, and spread it out upon the floor, exclaiming,

"There now, that's something like. Isn't it superb?"

"It is, indeed!" answered Mrs. Lambert, surveying the tall, well-formed girl with her glasses. "What do you think, Ivan?"

"What do I think, mother? Why, that the young lady will be tired to death before you have made up your mind. Permit me——"

Here young Lambert lifted the shawl gently from Eva's shoulders, and laid it on the counter. Eva drew a deep breath and moved off to a window, resentful and hurt, she could scarcely tell why—for had she not come to that place for the very purpose that wounded her so? Did she not receive extra compensation because her stately figure carried off those costly garments to such advantage? What rights had she that this patrician party had invaded?

Still the girl's cheek burned, and her shoulders felt heavy, as if a burden more oppressive than twenty shawls bore them down.

While Mrs. Lambert was completing the purchase of her shawl, the young man moved quietly about the room, carrying his cane in one well-gloved hand, with which he manifested a little impatience, as most men do when forced into a shopping excursion with members of their own family; but, with all his restlessness, he kept Eva Laurence well in view, wondering in his heart who she was, and how she came to be in that strange position.

Miss Spicer, too, had her curiosity. Troubled with no sensitive hesitation, she watched the girl in a bold, staring way, now and then turning a quizzical look on young Lambert, which brought the color to his face.

"Stylish, ha!" she whispered, taking the young man's cane from his hand. "Stop here often after this, I dare say—I would!"

"You would do a great many strange things—in fact, you are always doing them. If you have bent my cane sufficiently, perhaps you will return it."

Miss Spicer gave up the cane, which, being a flexible, gold-mounted affair, she was twisting back and forth in her hands.

Eva Laurence saw all this, though her drooping eyes seemed fixed on the floor, and the proud heart burned within her; for now and then Miss Spicer glanced across the piles of merchandise to where she stood, taking no pains to conceal that she was an object of curiosity, if not of conversation.

"There now, don't look so savage, my friend," said that lady, "and you shall see what a chance I will give you for a second survey."

Before young Lambert could answer, the reckless creature had called another clerk to her side.

"This velvet cloak," she said, "I should like to see it tried on. Please, call the young woman."

The clerk stepped over to Eva Laurence, and spoke to her. She looked up quickly, bent her head, and came across the room, almost smiling the contempt she felt for that rude girl, who only seemed the more plebeian for smothering her coarseness in purple and fine linen. Without a word she invested herself in the velvet garment, and with its rich, deep laces settling around her, stood out in the midst of the open space to be examined, looking gravely and quietly on the group that gathered around her. Then the ladies fell to examining the cloak by detail; handling its glossy folds, criticising the pattern of the lace, and exclaiming at the perfect fit; while Spicer turned the shrinking girl around, and jerked the cloak in and out of place, as if that proud, sensitive creature were a mere lay-figure, with a wooden soul.

"There now, Mr. Lambert, tell me if this is not perfect?"

Miss Spicer turned as she spoke; but the gentleman, for whom all this display had been gotten up, was at the other end of the room, looking diligently out of the window.

"Mr. Lambert! Mr. Lambert! Come; we want your opinion," cried Miss Spicer, so loudly that every one in the room could hear.

"I beg your pardon," answered the young man, blushing with angry annoyance; "gentlemen are no judges of such things."

Miss Spicer walked toward him, grasping her parasol as if it had been a spear, with which she meant to pierce him through.

"Now, this is too bad, after all the pains I have taken! Come along, do."

Lambert turned from the window and followed his tormentor. He did not even glance at Eva Laurence.

"Mother, I have an engagement; pray, excuse me."

"An engagement—gone! The idea!"

With this exclamation, Miss Spicer turned from the girl she had tortured, and the cloak she did not want, with a gesture of the hand, meant to indicate that she had done with the whole affair, and became all at once impatient to leave the establishment.

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Mrs. Lambert, who had concluded her purchase, and Miss Lambert, who had been an amused spectator of her friend's defeat, were now ready to go; and Eva saw them depart with a feeling of resentful humiliation, which brought a hot-red to her cheeks, and mingled fire and tears to her eyes.

"You find it hard," said a voice at her elbow. "We all rebel at first; but time and patience do wonders."

The person who spoke was a slight, dark-eyed man, about thirty-five or forty years of age, whose low, kind voice fell gently on her disturbed senses.

"Yes, it is hard," answered Eva; and the tears that had been gathering in her eyes flashed over the vivid red of her cheeks, and melted there like dew upon a peach. "I did not expect this—I thought that ladies alone would claim my services."

"You forget," said her fellow clerk, "that money does not always fall to the wise or the refined."

"But a person like that, coarse, unfeeling, and insolent—what right has she to money, while I have nothing?"

"Ah! there is the old story, restless rebellion against things as they are and must be. The law gives her a fortune which some one else has earned—it is the chance of her birth; but nature withheld from her many things far more precious than wealth, which she has lavished on—on others, perhaps."

Eva blushed, and a smile quivered over her lips. This half-suppressed compliment soothed her wounded pride a little, but she soon broke into impatience again.

"Is there no way in which a poor girl can get her living without meeting these bitter insults?" she exclaimed.

The man shook his head.

"Do intelligence, refinement, noble aspirations, go for nothing when joined with honest labor?"

"Yes, child, as they enhance the nature of that labor."

"And labor is slavery," murmured the girl, looking toward the broad window, against which the sunshine was breaking in bright waves of silver. "That girl is her own mistress—can go where she will—say what she pleases—wound others, if she likes, without rebuke or compunction."

"Would you call *that* a privilege?" questioned the man, who listened with a grave smile.

"No, no! I could not do it. Knowing how keenly a poor girl can feel, no amount of prosperity could ever induce me to wound one as—as that girl has hurt me. If I were rich——"

"Well, if you were rich? What then?"

"I would think of others, use my wealth to make others prosperous. No girl with a soul should be shut up in a great room like this, to show off garments for happier women to wear."

"Yet it is only a little time since you were so glad to come here."

Eva's face changed like a flash of lightning, and she reached forth her hand.

"You think me impatient, and so I am; ungrateful—but that I am not. I was glad to come here—*so* glad! The sweetest hour of my life will be that in which I carry home my first week's wages, and see those poor, dear faces brighten with a sight of the money. How can I be so unreasonable? Forgive me!"

CHAPTER II.

Up town, where vacant lots can still be found, stood a small wooden building, scarcely more than a shantie in dimensions, but perfectly finished, so far as it went, and neat in all its appointments as any palace. Two small rooms on the first floor, and a like number of sleeping chambers, with their ceilings in the roof, took up the entire length and breadth of the building. The little space of ground, not occupied by the building, was given up to turf and brightened with flowers, which climbed the fences and ran up the little portico, as leaves cluster around a bird's-nest in the spring. Indeed, that little spot of earth was lovely in the cool of the day, when thousands of purple and pink morning-glories shook the dew from their delicate bells, and masses of scarlet beans, cypress-vines, and sweet-scented clematis, kept bright and beautiful, week in and week out, so long as the season lasted. The house itself contained little of value. Curtains of cheap muslin, white as snow, through which you could see a thousand delicate shadows from the flowers outside, shaded the windows. In the front room was a pretty chintz couch, home-made, with dainty cushions, and an easy-chair to match, the workmanship of some strong, deft hand in the first construction, and finished up by the taste, still more perfect, of a woman, to whom the æsthetic influence was second nature.

Two or three really fine engravings were on the walls, and in one corner stood a straight-legged, old piano, with an embroidered stool.

Two persons sat in this room, at nightfall, on

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the day Eva Laurence made her little outburst of pride in that fashionable establishment down town. One was a tall, spare woman, near mid-age, originally from New England, as you might detect from a certain peculiarity of speech, and the constant occupation which she found for her hands, even while seated in that roomy easy-chair. The other was a young girl, seemingly about fourteen at a first glance; but on a second look, you saw traces of thought and of pain on that noble face, which took your judgment in a few years. The girl was, in fact, about the age of Eva Laurence, and people called the two girls sisters, though nothing could be more unlike the rich coloring and perfect figure of Eva than the pale delicacy and wonderful expression of this girl on the couch.

"Mother!"

How sweet and low that voice was! This one incomparable word seemed rippling off into music, it was so full of tenderness.

"Well, Ruth, what is it? Shall I move the cushions?"

"No, mother; but you seem thoughtful. Has anything gone wrong that I do not know of?"

"Wrong? No! It is only the one old trouble!"

"The house?"

"Yes. I am afraid, Ruth, that we shall have to give it up. The mortgage will be due in another month——"

"But Eva thought——"

"Yes, dear, I know. If she had only got her situation a little earlier, there might have been some chance; but the lot is growing more valuable all the time, and Mr. Clopp is a grasping man."

Ruth Laurence clasped her hands, and turned her eyes upon the wall.

"Oh! how helpless I am!" she said, with a thrill of pathetic pain in her voice. "If we could both work now."

"But that is impossible. Besides, what would the house be without you—a cage without its bird?"

That moment a brave, young voice came singing up to the front-door of that tiny house, and a bright face leaned through the open window, under which Ruth was lying, and shook some ripe leaves from the vines upon her. "All right—both here," he cried, swinging a package of books down from his shoulder, and coming through the little hall. "I've got along famously, mother: not a demerit. But what makes you look so sober?"

The lad who came into that humble parlor, was as handsome and bright a little fellow as you will see in a mile's ride through the city; his large, gray eyes were full of eager expectation.

"Well, mother," he said, "has Eva come home yet? She promised us a famous supper when those people paid her, and I'm on hand for it if ever a little chap was. Not here yet? Now that's what I call rough! Isn't it, sister Ruth?"

"She will be home soon," answered sister Ruth, returning the boy's kiss with a gentle sigh.

"How cold your lips are!" exclaimed the boy, and a look of tender trouble came into his eyes. "Is it because you are hungry, sister Ruth? If it is, I'll—I'll go and sell my school-books, and play hockey after it, to get you something to eat."

"But the books are not yours, dear," answered the sweet, sad voice from the couch; "they belong to the city."

The boy stood still a moment, while the slow color mounted to his face.

"I know that," he answered, almost crying; "but just then they seemed to be mine, dear old friends, ready to go anywhere for my good. Anyway, if I was a fairy now, every one of them should turn into semething good to eat; bread for me, and pound-cake for mother, and—and——"

"Beef-steak for us all!" said the mother, joining in the conversation.

The boy drew in his breath and smacked his lips, as if the very idea of a warm beef-steak were a delicious morsel to be tasted and lingered over.

"Oh, that! but then one must not be extravagant. Who knows! Eva may come back with a whole pocket full of rocks!" the boy broke forth, after a moment of dull despondency. "Come, mother, cheer up, something good is going to happen. I feel it in my bones."

Mrs. Laurence arose feebly from her chair, took the boy's head between her hands and kissed him, passionately, half a dozen times, as if she thought each kiss could be coined into food for his hungry lips.

"Are you so very——"

"Not a bit of it," cried the lad, shaking his head free, and making a dive at his books, that the poor mother might not see his hard struggle to keep from crying. "Hungry, oh, no! Didn't one of the big boys give me half his lunch? That's a roundabout whopper, I know," he muttered to himself; "but them eyes, I

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couldn't stand 'em, and she been sick so long. Capital lunch it was, too: corned beef sandwiches and pickles—famous! So just think of yourself, mother, not me. But here comes Eva. Hurra!"

Sure enough, that moment Eva Laurence came through the little gate, sad, weary, and despondent, moving through the dusky flowers like a spirit of night. She entered the little sitting-room, and going directly up to her mother, kissed her in silence. Then she sat down on an edge of the couch, and looked tenderly down upon her invalid sister, and whispered to her,

"Have you had nothing? Has no raven or dove from heaven come to feed you, my poor darling?"

Ruth shook her head, and tried to smile.

"It is mother who needs it most," she said. "She is not used to being ill, poor darling, and did without so long herself before she would own that we were getting short. Have you brought nothing for her?"

Eva shook her head, and whispered, "I did ask. Don't think me a coward, Ruth, but they will not break their rules, down there, for any one."

"What can we do?" cried the sick girl, clasping her hands. "I can wait, but mother and poor Jim? Then you will break down."

"No," answered Eva, almost bitterly. "Mr Harald has insisted on sharing his lunch with me every day—that is the worst of it. I am kept strong and rosy, while you and mother, who need wholesome things much more, are left here to suffer. You don't know, Ruthy, dear, how I have longed for an opportunity to hide some of his nice things away, and bring them home; but he always eats with me, and I have no courage to speak. So I feast like a princess, and feel guilty as a thief."

"But you need strength so much more than we do," answered Ruth, clasping her pale hands over Eva's neck, and kissing her beautiful face. "It would break my heart to see you growing pale and thin like the rest of us."

Eva sprang to her feet, stung with unreasonable contrition for having tasted the food she could not share with those she loved.

"What can I do? Is there nothing left? If we could only bridge over the next two days—but how?"

"Just you hold on," said little Jim, pitching his pile of books into the next room, and shutting the door upon them with a bang, as if nothing less than a great effort could free him from temptation. "Just you hold on. This is a free country, and every American has a right to have something to eat; yes, and be President of the United States, if the whole people want him to—to say nothing of women who haven't got their inalienable rights to be men just yet, but are hungry and thirsty just the same. Give me a chance!"

Out of the house James Laurence went, putting on his thread-bare cap as he ran. The women he left looked at each other, and almost smiled, his enthusiasm was so contagious.

"Where can he have gone, what is the boy thinking of," said Eva, untieing her shabby little bonnet, and sitting down in helpless expectation. Ruth looked up, smiling. She had great faith in little Jim, and, spite of all the sweet patience which made her character so lovely, thought, with keen physical longing, of the good which might possibly come out of his sudden resolution.

"We never know what thought our blessed Lord may give to a child," she said; "besides, it does seem impossible that, in a country like this, God's innocent creatures can be left to starve. I think Jim will come back at least with a loaf of bread; the man who refused us may trust him. Let us wait and see."

This sweet prophecy fell so tranquilly on the sweet, summer air that, spite of themselves, these women began to hope.

CHAPTER III.

Little James Laurence gave himself no time for cowardly thoughts, but ran bravely toward a grocery store, where the family provisions had been bought in better times, but where all credit for their present necessities had been curtly refused. The proprietor, fortunately, had gone out, and his wife stood behind the counter, serving a customer. She was a stout, matronly body, with kind, light-blue eyes, and a pleasant smile, which was turned with more than usual kindness on the boy as he came in. Something in that young face, in the large, eager eyes, and restless mouth, struck her with a vague idea of commiseration. When her customer went out, carrying a brown paper parcel, she folded her plump, round arms on the counter, and leaning over them in a luxuriously cozy position, accosted the boy.

"Well, Jimmy, what shall we put up for you? One never sees any of your folks lately. Seem to have took their trade somewhere else?"

James went close up to the counter, and fixed his great, hungry eyes on her face: the light from a swinging lamp overhead fell upon his

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face, and the kind woman read something there that made her heart ache.

"Why, Jimmy, my dear boy, what is it? No trouble, I hope, beyond the great loss?"

Had the woman been cold or angry, that brave boy would have faced both without a tear; but now, sudden moisture sparkled in his eyes, and he winked his long, black lashes over and over again to break it up while he was speaking.

"We haven't traded here lately, Mrs. Smith, because we had no money, and your husband got tired of trusting."

"Who told you so?"

"He did."

"Then he—— Well, he's one of the best fellows that ever lived. Does it all for the sake of me and the children—you must understand that, youngster. He's generous as the day, is my husband. Now what is it you want just now?"

"Mrs. Smith, we haven't had anything to eat in our house these three days."

The boy's voice broke as he said this, and tears fell from the eyes he lifted to that woman's face, whose kindness he could only see through a mist.

"Not had anything to eat in three days, and I here! Oh, Jimmy Laurence! what were you all thinking about? It's too bad, there!"

Mrs. Smith drew a plump arm across her eyes as she spoke, then seizing the lad by both hands, she fell to kissing him over the counter, then gave him a box on the ear, and pushed him away.

"Why didn't you come to me? Why didn't your mother just step over and tell *me* about it? Business is business, but this—— I've no patience with you."

"But we did not know. He said——"

"*He* said. He can say anything he likes when there's no woman by with a will of her own. Now come round here this very minute and tell what you want."

"Oh, Mrs. Smith, you are so good! I didn't mean to beg for things, or run in debt more than we have; but we must have something to eat, or—or more of us will be down sick; but I mean to work for it—that is what I come for. There is a load of coal coming in the morning. I want to bring it in for you."

"You, Jimmy! You bring in coal, poor, slender, pale-faced darling!"

Little Jim flushed all over at this insinuation against his manliness, and rolling up the sleeve of his jacket, exposed a delicate, white arm, with the little hand clenched, and blue veins thus forced to notice on the wrist.

"See, Mrs. Smith," he said, "there's muscle for a boy; lean, but tough—just feel it."

Mrs. Smith did span the delicate wrist with her thumb and finger, feeling the quick pulse stir fully to the touch, and turned away her face to keep the boy from seeing how close she was to tears—an unusual thing with her.

"Yes, I see; not much flesh to spare."

"No; some fellows have lots, you know—but that don't make 'em powerful. Mrs. Smith, just look at the boys that ride circus horses, and jump through hoops, how lean they keep 'em. Just let me feed up a little, and I shall be in prime working order."

"Well," answered the woman, laughing away the tears that had actually begun to float in her blue eyes, "we will feed you up and try."

"That's splendid," cried the boy, pulling down his jacket-sleeve, which was far too short, and woefully threadbare. "Then I was thinking of another thing. Saturday nights you are so busy, and have lots of things to carry home—couldn't I do some of that just as well as the bigger boys? You don't know how spry I am. Now a basket like that is nothing to me."

Here the noble little fellow lifted down a basket of groceries that stood on the counter, ready to be carried home, and carried it, staggering and breathless, across the floor, where he gave way and fell across it, utterly insensible.

Good Mrs Smith ran around the counter and lifted the poor little fellow in her arms. Then she sat down on a candle-box, and pressing that pale head to her bosom, began to pat him on the back, rub his hands, and push the hair off from his forehead with quick, motherly tenderness, which flamed up to generous rage when her husband came in with his fresh, prosperous look, and asked her what she was about, and what boy she was hugging.

"Come and look for yourself, John Smith, and if you are not quite a heathen and Sandwich Island hottentot, ask God to forgive your cruelty. Look at that face; look at these limp, little hands; just go to the door and look down street toward the house, where all those morning-glories only cover up starvation. You brought it on, Smith; you refused them credit when they hadn't another place to go to, and the poor things are just starved out—starved out! Do you hear me, John Smith? And one of 'em, for anything I know, dead in your wife's arms—just an awful judgment against

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you if he is—poor, sweet, innocent darling, as wanted only to work for a morsel of bread. He work? John Smith, I hate you!"

"Come, come, old woman. Isn't this going it a little rough?" said the grocer, quite bewildered, and taken aback by this assault from the most genial and kind creature in the world. "What has got into your head, and who is that in your arms?"

"Who? Don't ask me. It's little Jimmy Laurence, the son of that splendid policeman, who was shot down in the street by a highway burglar; one of the steadiest customers you had when we wanted custom bad enough, mercy knows. He's just starved out, and you've done it, telling them you couldn't trust any longer; but I'll pay you off. They shall have everything they want, if it's half the store. I'll send for carts, and have the whole stock moved into their kitchen. How can you look me in the face, John Smith? Bring me some water, brandy, peppermint, hartshorn. Can't you step about? Or do you want to kill him over again? There!"

John Smith had done his best to obey these confused demands. He brought water, and held it in a great stone pitcher, while Mrs. Smith thrust her hand to the bottom and sprinkled little Jimmy's face; but this failed to bring a sign of life back. So he put down the pitcher, and brought a little tin measure, half-full of brandy, from some secret corner back in the store, which his better half snatched from him and held to those pale lips. Some drops trickled through the teeth that had fallen slightly apart, and, after a little, the boy began to stir. Then the good woman burst into tears that came in a torrent, deluging all the full-blown roses in her cheeks, and shaking her bosom with sobs.

"There," she cried, holding the lad out on her lap as he struggled to life again; "take him, heft him, make sure what a shadow he is; then down upon your knees, John Smith, and thank God that you're not quite a murderer! Your meanness will be the death of me yet. Now I warn you. Me and the children, your duty to take care of us? John Smith, John Smith, now don't get me out of patience."

"Well, then, what if I say that I am sorry—right down sorry?"

"In that case, John Smith——"

"That I will let them have anything they want, without charging, till better times come round," continued the grocer, soaking a cracker in brandy, and feeding it in fragments to the boy.

"John—John Smith, I always did say——"

"And what we haven't got, I'll go right out and buy with our own money—sausages, beefsteak, mutton-chops. Will that pacify you, Mary Jane?"

So the two set to work in earnest, while little James looked on, somewhat faint still, and pleasantly bewildered, with a strong taste of brandy in his mouth, and a warmth in his whole system that he had not felt for months.

"Don't take too much of that, Jimmy dear," said Mrs. Smith, looking up from the basket she was packing. "Dried-beef, crackers, tea, bread; just stuff in a codfish, Smith, edgeways down this side, and fill up the chinks with apples—them red ones are the best. As I was saying, Jimmy, one cracker can soak up no end of moisture, and your cheeks are getting red. Now, Smith, run out, and hurry back with the other things."

Smith went out, and his wife, in her rich benevolence, began to fill innumerable paper-bags with dried prunes, raisins, loaf-sugar, and other little dainties, which, in her eager haste to pack up substantials, had escaped her mind till then; these she pressed down into the basket, and stuffed into her own pockets, which were quite full when her husband returned with three or four paper parcels in his hand, looking more radiant than any man who had bribed his wife's forgiveness with a diamond bracelet could have done.

"Now, wife, you are ready?"

"Stop a minute. John Smith, you are an angel, coat, boots, and all; but I've thought of something. Any fire in your kitchen, Jimmy, dear?"

"No, ma'am. We haven't had any use for a fire lately!"

"Exactly. No wood, no coal?"

James shook his head. Mrs. Smith opened a side door, and called to some one in the upper rooms, in which her family dwelt.

"Kate! Kate Gorman!"

"Well, marum, what's to the fore now?"

"Come down stairs, Kate—but no matter. Is there a good fire in the range?"

"Never a better!"

"Then take this, and this; broil the steak, fry the sausages, slice up the cold potatoes left after dinner, and fry them; then heat some tin pans, and put them in."

"Thin I'm not to set the table, marum?"

"No. Make a strong pot of coffee, and one of tea, bring 'em hot; pickles, mustard; and don't forget some of them strawberry preserves, too."

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"But what am I to do with the same, Mistress Smith?"

"Bring them all over to the little, white house, with the morning-glories, open the gate softly, and come round to the back-door. Step down here, Kate, and I will tell you."

Kate stepped down, and in the darkness of the stair-case received very particular instructions, which she obeyed implicitly.

Then Mrs. Smith returned to the store, took up the heavy basket, and called James.

"Run on first now," she said, "and keep them all busy about something; take half a dozen apples, and give them each one; then step back and let me into the kitchen. It is sure to be ready and neat as wax. I've got matches here; then keep them all busy, and be a little boisterous till I get things ship-shape."

Little James obeyed; and a few moments after burst in upon the mournful silence into which his mother and sisters had fallen, with eyes bright as stars, and a heap of red apples in his arms.

"Didn't I tell you?" he cried out, pouring the apples into Eva's lap. "One, two, three, four, five. One a piece, and another to spare. Here, mother, the biggest for you, plump and rosy as Mrs. Smith's cheek, and smelling luscious. There, Ruthy, darling, I'll get a knife and peel yours."

With this the artful little rogue ran into the kitchen, unbolted the door, and, seizing on a knife, was back again in an instant.

"No, no, James, dear! We must not waste good things like that," said Ruth, holding out her slender hand for the fruit which she regarded with longing eyes. "Put away your knife—I am in a hurry for my apple."

James sprang to her couch, held the apple to her mouth, and laughed aloud as her white teeth sunk into its crimson side.

"Eva, why don't you pitch into yours?" he said. "Just watch Ruth, then see how mother is going it."

"I do not need it. These two will keep over."

"Oh, yes! Keep over, of course. Well, just as you like. But I say, let to-morrow take care of itself. 'Hi diddle diddle, the cat's in the fiddle, the cow——' No, that's all nonsense; the animal couldn't do it, but I could. There, now, what do people have foot-stools lying about loose for. One step more, and the only gentleman of this family would have been full length at your feet. Mother!"

The boy sprung to his mother, and kneeling before her, took down the hand she had lifted to her face, and kissed it tenderly.

"Oh, mother! I thought nothing could make you cry."

"I am growing childish, James; sickness weakens one so," answered the woman, who was usually firm as iron. "Besides, it is gratitude that brings tears easy."

"Yes," said Ruth, thoughtfully; "for rain, there must be some warmth; the cold, bitter days only bring down hail."

"Tell us," said the mother, wiping her eyes, "where did you get these?"

"From Mrs Smith, mother. Isn't she splendid?"

"But you did not ask her again?"

"Yes, I did; not for them, but to let me work for something to keep us alive; so these apples were handy, you see, and I'm going lots of errands—never you fear!"

"How they set one craving for more," said the old lady, who had the great hunger of a past fever on her, which was maddening—and she eyed the two apples in Eva's lap ravenously.

Eva reached forth one of the apples, but James put it back, shaking his head playfully at the mother's greed.

"Not healthy to eat too much at once. Wait a little, and then——"

That instant the door leading into the kitchen was flung open, and the delicious scent of hot beef-steak, and steaming coffee filled the little parlor. Eva and Mrs. Laurence started up, and cried out in their joyful amazement, for there, lighted by two lamps, was a table, well spread with all their scarcely-used dishes, on which was a repast such as they had not tasted for months.

"Take your place, mother—the armed-chair for you. Pour out the coffee, Eva, while I roll Ruthy up to the table. Want help? Well, yes, you may lend a hand this once, for a cracker or so, soaked in bitterness, don't make giants of boys all at once. There, Miss Ruthy, what do you think of that?"

Miss Ruthy, the moment her chair was drawn close to the table, folded her hands on the white cloth, and bowing her face upon it, thanked God as he is seldom thanked at any meal. Then the bowed heads were lifted, and this little household, so downcast an hour before, came out into the sunshine of this marvelous plenty; and those sad faces grew bright with smiles of thankfulness, while two eager faces peeped in through the morning-glories at the window, enjoying it all, as if the grocer's wife and her servant had been good fairies.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, a pretty in-door dress. It can be made of any warm material that falls soft and gracefully: perhaps the best is one of

the many of wool and silk. A first skirt is ornamented with a deep gathered flounce, headed with five strips of the same material. The second forms a tunic, draped at the back, under a sash-bow; it is bordered with a plain strip. The plain, high bodice is ornamented with braces; it is buttoned in front.

Our next illustration, this month, is a walking costume of woolen serge. We give it for its simplicity of make and graceful drapery. It will take fifteen yards of woolen serge, double fold, which can be bought at from seventy-five cents to a dollar and a quarter a yard. The under-skirt or petticoat is made with the front breadth gored—a gore on either side, two full widths in the back, simply bound with alpaca braid on the edge. The over-skirt is cut precisely like the under one, save length and width, and also simply bound with the braid. On the side gores sew rings or eyes six inches apart (beginning six inches from the bottom) all the way up the side seams,

through the eyes pass a tape to draw the skirt up. Then two tapes, tying together at the back, will keep the upper-skirt in position:

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add three tapes to the back widths about one-third of the length from the bottom of the skirt, with corresponding ones on the waist-band, to form the puff at the back. The bodice has a rounded-off basque, back and front. Surplice at the throat, turned back with black velvet or silk, and worn over a linen plaited chemisette. Belt and butterfly bow at the back, only short ends. Coat-sleeves, trimmed to match the bodice. If preferred, the upper-skirt may be scalloped or pointed, and then bound either with the braid, or with the material, cut on the bias.

We give, next, a party-dress, very stylish, yet comparatively economical. The dress is made of very thin, white muslin: but French muslin is the best. This can be bought at from one to two dollars a yard, and as it is two yards wide, it is really not more expensive than a good Swiss muslin. Or two old muslin dresses can be made into a new one. The skirt has no train, but lies on the floor a few inches. The front of the dress is slightly gored; the side width a good deal more gored, and the back not at all, being left full enough to gather and fall gracefully. The skirt must be three yards and a quarter around the bottom; the flounce must be straight, *not* bias, and measure four yards and a quarter around, and thirteen inches deep when hemmed. Above the deep flounce is put a plain piece, about three inches deep, which has strips of narrow, green satin ribbon run lengthwise at short distances apart. Above this is another flounce, about five inches in depth, headed by a second plain piece, striped with the green ribbon. This finishes the under-skirt. The tunic, or upper-skirt, must reach from the waist to the top of the upper-ruffle on the under-skirt in front when finished. It should be three yards and a half around at the bottom before the flounce is put on; this flounce is slightly fulled, being only four yards in length and five inches deep, and is striped with the green satin ribbon: it is put on with an inch-deep heading. The skirt is cut with a slight slope at the back, making it shorter than it is in front, and is finished with a large green bow at the waist. The body is cut with a point in front, and the neck is square, both back and front. A narrow trimming, like that on the upper-skirt, finishes the neck of this exceedingly chaste costume. The short sleeves are trimmed with a plain hemmed ruffle an inch wide.

In the front of the number we give a dress-cap for a lady. To make this cap, cut out of black net a circular piece the size of a small saucer, and make on that a large rosette of black silk, and black or colored ribbon. The lace fall at the back is a half square of dotted black net, edged round with black lace, with the point end to fall over the hair, and the bias side plaited up to one of the rosettes, allowing it to come almost two-thirds of the way round: the ends of the ribbon are tied under the hair. This is pretty, stylish, and not expensive. Oftentimes old material may be made up after a stylish model, and the effect is wonderful.

We give, also, in the front of the number, a pannier, or rather pannier-tunic, for a Miss of twelve years. It can easily be cut from the engraving, and may either be trimmed with plaited ruffles, or with gimp and fringe, made of black or colored silk; it is a very pretty addition to the white pique dresses of a little Miss: and some of mamma's old dress skirts can thus be made of use.

We give, next, a walking-dress for a little

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girl, say about ten years old. It is to be made of any solid-colored poplin, or merino, and trimmed with black velvet. This dress is cut in the Polonaise style, open in front, and is designed for an over-dress or pelisse. Line it with red flannel throughout: bind all round the bottom with black velvet ribbon one inch wide, also up the front gores. Plain velvet ribbon may be substituted for the pointed trimming given in the figure Three fireman's

capes, cut away in front, the under one lined with the flannel, all trimmed to match the skirt: or one cape only may be used, putting on three rows of trimming to simulate three capes. This latter we consider preferable, not being so bulky. Fasten with black velvet buttons, and belt in at the waist. Six yards of poplin, or five yards of merino, will be required. Good merinoes can be bought for a dollar and ten cents per yard: poplins from seventy-five to one dollar and fifty cents per yard.

We also give; in the front of the number, a jacket, waistcoat, and trousers, for a boy about seven years old. This suit is made of dark-gray tweed, bound with black braid, and fastened with black bone buttons. The trousers reach to the knee, and are ornamented with braid and buttons. We also give, on the same page, a night petticoat for a child from four to six months old. It is made of flannel, and is so cut that it can be tied on without being put over the child's head. We also give, still on the same page, two bibs for infants. They are made of fine white pique, and are trimmed with white muslin frills edged with lace. They both fasten at the back.

Also, in the front of the number, and on the page opposite to the one last described, a nursery pinafore for a child from two to three years old. It is made of brown holland, with a frill of the same around the sleeves and throat. Next to it is a pinafore for a child of three. This is very nice for keeping white frocks clean, and being smart in itself, generally has the effect of an ordinary pinafore. It is made of white pique, and is trimmed with scarlet and white braid, and is edged with narrow embroidery. It fastens on the shoulders with straps.

In addition we give a dress pinafore, for a girl from two to three years old. This pretty affair is made of white muslin, and is trimmed with lace. This pinafore fastens at the back with small buttons. On the same page we give a crinoline to wear under a white petticoat. It may be made plain in front, with ruffles at the back to throw out the skirt. Coarse Swiss muslin, or any material that will retain the starch, should be used. We also give, still on the same page, an in-door jacket, which may be made of black cashmere, trimmed with black lace, and lined with black Florence silk. Finally, and still on the same page, we give a sash-bow, which should be made in two colors, and trimmed with knotted fringe.

We give, next, a warm jacket of heavy gray cloth; it is straight at the back, and only slit up a little way to make the necessary spring for the usual puffed skirt. The front, which is not close-fitting, has a black velvet vest inserted; this is trimmed with pretty gray mother-of-pearl buttons, and has pockets; the vest is apparently (but not really) attached to the jacket by large, gray buttons. The sleeve is the close coat-sleeve with a deep cuff made of velvet and the gray cloth. Black velvet collar, made square, and edged with the cloth. A stylish, yet not expensive, affair.

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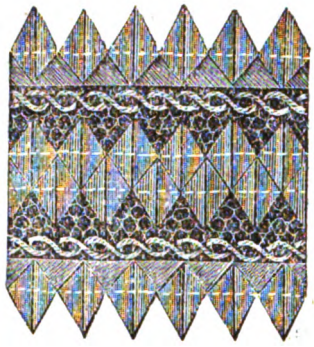
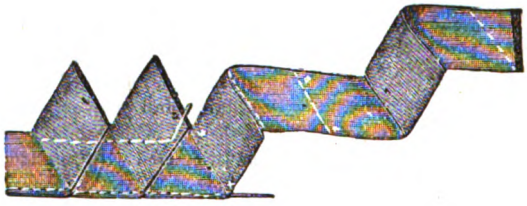
NET AND TAPE TRIMMING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



EMBROIDERED net is the foundation for this design, to which is added a trimming of tape, made according to the diagram given below, which, it will be seen, is worked from left to right. The first fold is from right to left, *; the second making a fold of half the diamond from left to right. Next make a perfect diamond at the back, next a half fold from left to right at the back. Next form the little half between the two diamonds at the bottom, now the perfect diamond at the front from right to left. Repeat from *. This is quite a simple pattern if carefully followed, and will look exceedingly well in ribbon for trimming the heads of flounces, etc.



NEW STYLE WINTER CASAQUE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

IN the front of the number, we give front and back views of this Casaque, which is the latest and prettiest thing of its kind out for this winter. This Casaque may be made either of the same material as the dress with which it is to be worn, or of velvet. We give, here, a diagram from which to cut it out. It consists of four pieces, viz:

No. 1. ONE FRONT.
No. 2. ONE SIDE-PIECE.
No. 3. HALF OF SLEEVE.
No. 4. HALF OF BACK.

Care must be taken in joining the pieces to make the various notches at the edges of the different pieces correspond with each other. One notch shows the joining of the shoulder-seam; two notches, that of the back and side-piece, and three, that under the arms. One pricked line on the front shows where the corner turns back to form a *revers*, and two pricked lines show the plait or dart. The under part of the sleeve is marked on the upper portion, which is given; and a small *revers* at the back of the sleeve is likewise marked in a similar manner with a pricked line. The *basque* of the back is laid on to the center of the waist with a box-plait. It is looped up at each side of the front. It may be trimmed either with lace, gimp, fringe, or fur.

In order to get a fit, take an old newspaper, and out of it cut your pattern, by enlarging the diagrams to the proper size, for which purpose the length and width in inches are marked on each of our four pieces. It is hardly necessary, however, to have these lengths and widths. No two women are of exactly the

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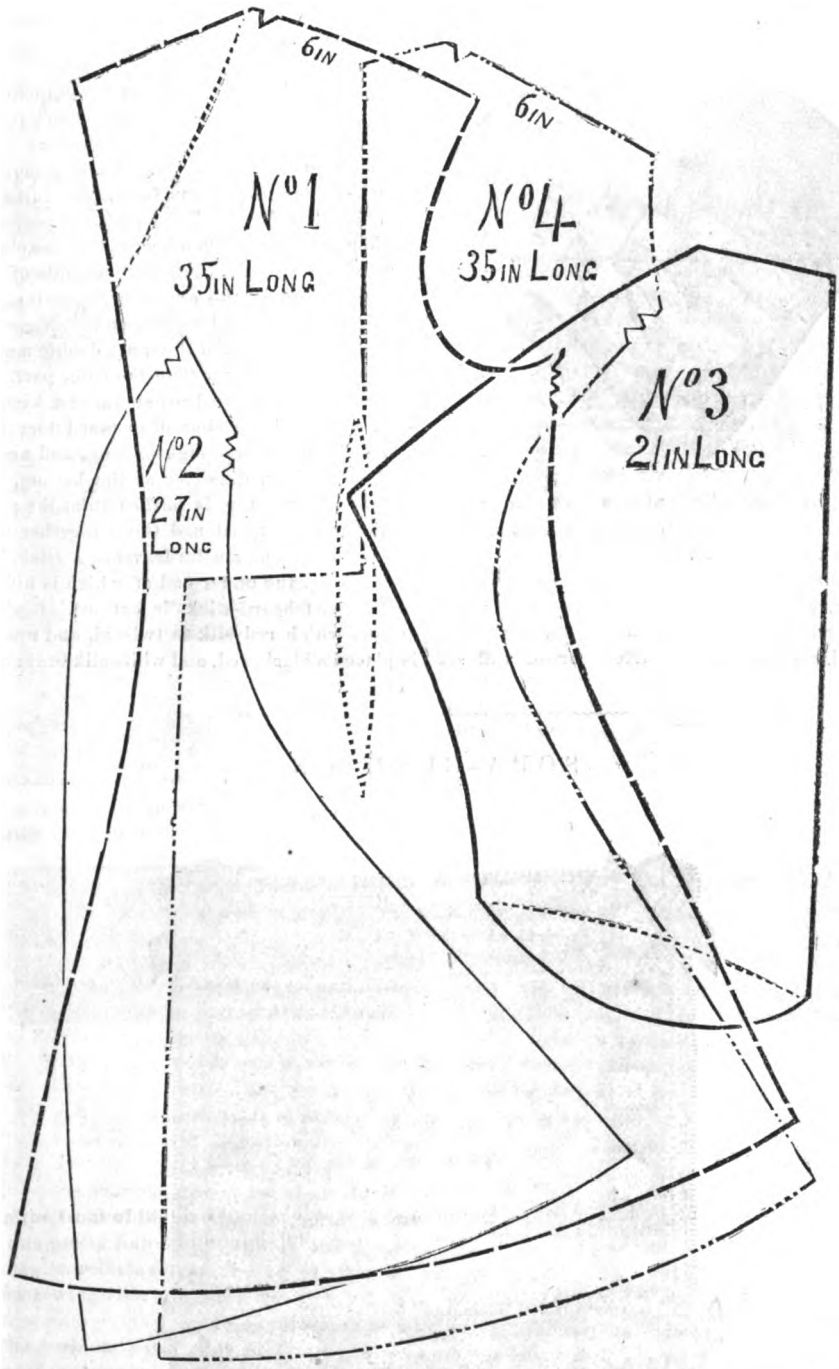

same size. Still, the lengths and breadths may assist you, especially if new beginners, in getting your diagrams enlarged. When the several pieces are thus cut out of the newspaper, fit the patterns carefully to the person who is to wear the Casaque. In this way you will avoid all mistakes, and when you cut into the stuff, will waste nothing.

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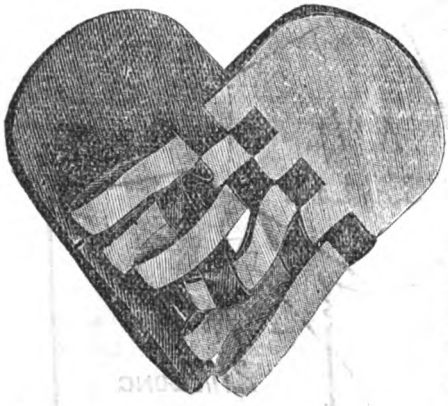
TENT PEN-WIPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



In the front of the number, we give an engraving of a pretty little affair when finished. The outer covering consists of two equal parts of different-colored leather, plaited into each other, as represented in the design. Fold a red and black strip of leather, each measuring one inch and three-quarters broad and six inches long, in the middle, to three inches in length. From the folded side make five straight cuts one inch and five-eighths, so that there are six equal narrow strips. These somewhat rounded ends may be cut in corners, in round or pointed scallops. Then plait the prepared leather parts into each other, so that the closed side of one strip incloses the open side of the other, as seen in the annexed engraving, beginning from the under plain ends. When the plaiting is finished, cut the inner double muslin leaves a little smaller than the outer part. In order to support the leather walls, a kind of stick of rolled pasteboard, gummed together, two inches and three-eighths long, and nearly half an inch in diameter at the bottom, and tapering at the top, is pushed in at the point of the tent, and fastened there together with the points of the muslin leaves. A stick, two inches long, the under end of which is hidden in the pasteboard-stick, is cut out of wood, around which red silk is twisted, and upon it is placed a black, red, and white silk braid flag.

SOFA-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

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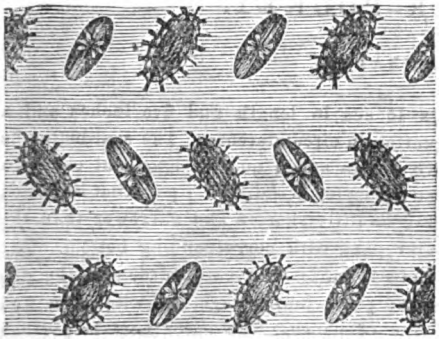
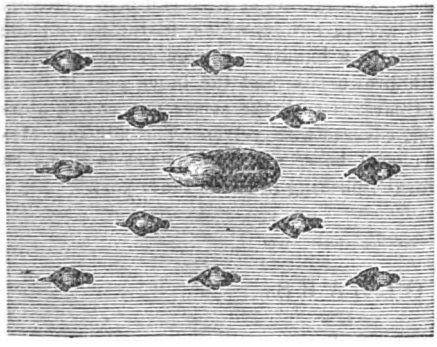
We give here a design for a Sofa-Cushion, with engravings of its various parts. Flannel,

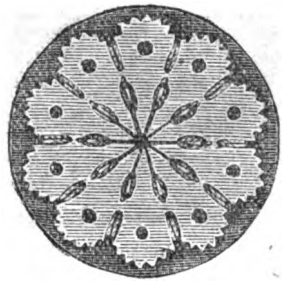


either white or colored, is the ground-work of this pretty cushion. The star pattern, shown

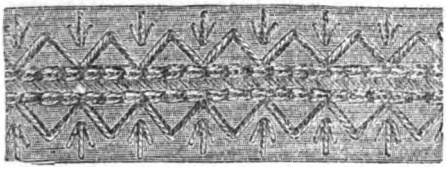


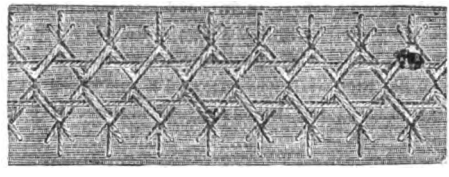
in the border, is an applique of flannel, contrasting in color with the ground-work.

The second and third engravings give two different embroidery patterns for the center of the cushion, of which either may be chosen. Number two is a shell pattern. Lilac shells on a white ground look very pretty with a green, yellow, and red button-holed edge, and single colored stars, with a dark cross in the middle. Number three is a flame pattern. Edged with scarlet stitch, the black flame dots, shaded with white, stand out very effectively on a pearl-gray foundation. The round engraving (given



here) represents the star pattern, full size, for the border. The fifth and sixth engravings, which we add below, give a still further choice of borders. Several different cushions, all pretty, may be made by combining these patterns differently. We should add that the sides of the cover are made separately, and tied at the corners with bows of ribbon. Either Andalusian wool or purse-silk may be used for the embroidery of this cushion.





CHINESE PIN-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for this pretty New-Year's gift. The materials are white velvet, or cashmere, scarlet velvet, purse sewing-silk, and gold cord, cord and tassels.

The cushion is formed of twelve little cushions of a triangular shape, joined together. These consist of two pieces of plain scarlet velvet, and one embroidered part on white cashmere or velvet. The colors may be selected according to taste. The little pieces are so arranged that the narrow sides of the scarlet pieces cut to the diagram meet, and the rounding parts join the embroidered section. The little cushions may be stuffed with bran or wool, and when the twelve are made they are joined at the points, and the cushion is finished with the cord and tassels. It will be necessary to allow equal turnings for the scarlet and embroidered sections.

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VELVET WORK-POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The materials for this pretty affair are velvet and sarcenet, gold and silk cord. It is a work-pocket, it will be seen, ornamented with tatting. It consists of two parts, one fitting exactly into the other. The outer part measures six inches in length and five inches and a quarter in circumference. The oval bottom is two inches and a quarter long and one inch and a quarter broad. That part that is pushed in is a little shorter and narrower than the outer part, with corresponding bottom. The whole is made with cardboard, and the different parts joined together with gum and strips of paper. The outer part is covered with brown silk velvet, and ornamented with loose stitches and tatting worked with gold cord. The middle of each end is ornamented with a gold button, which, in the inner part, serves as a handle. The outer part is lined with brown silk, and the inner part is lined and covered with the same; one end is, however, covered with velvet. The silk-cord tassels must be so arranged as not to interfere with the pushing in of the inner part.

STAND-UP COLLARS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in front of number, two Stand-up Collars. The first is in cord-stitch and point Russe. On the folded side the double strip of linen is worked in white button-hole stitch over a thick, black silk thread, and a fine black silk is wound round in the usual manner like a cord.

The little edge upon the foundation consists of large, white back stitches, worked over with black cross stitches. The loose stitches are likewise black.

The other collar is in button-hole stitch scallops and lace-stitch edge. This is worked with red Turkish cotton.

MOSAIC PATCHWORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, a very effective pattern in Mosaic Patchwork. We give both the center and border, it will be seen. The darker triangles are of velvet: the lighter ones of satin, or silk; and the little squares in the center are of embroidery.

DRESS TRIMMING

In the front of the number, we give an engraving of this pretty trimming for a dress. The scallops are of pinked silk, with stitched rouleaux running across. Under the scallops is a row of ribbon-velvet, and beneath this hangs a plain silk fringe.

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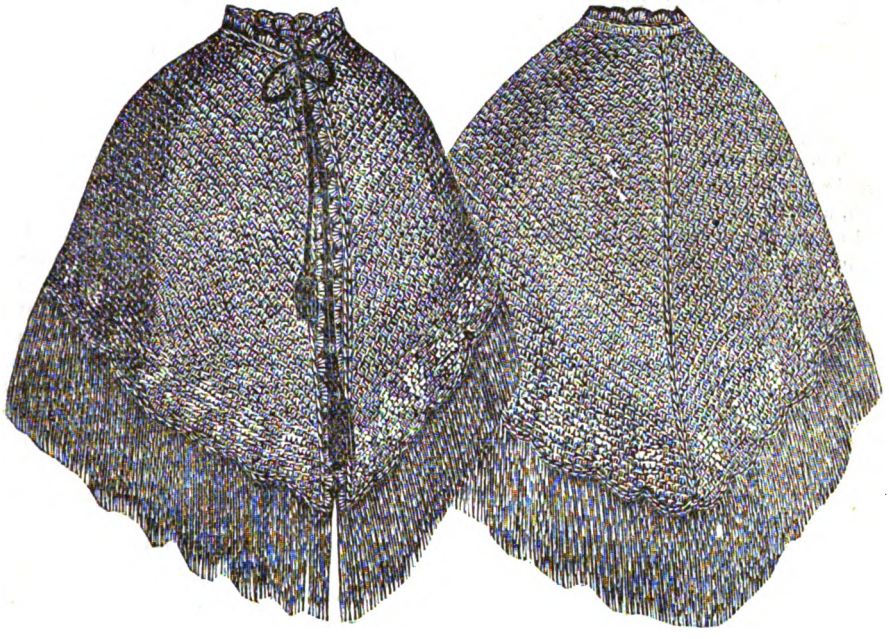
CROCHET SHAWL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Gray and white speckled wool, brown fleecy, black fleecy, white fleecy.

This shawl is worked with 8-thread fleecy in *crochet a tricoter:* the ground is worked with brown wool; the lighter patterns of the vandyked border at the edge, as well as the fringe, are worked with gray and white speckled wool. Begin the shawl at the lower edge of the back on a foundation chain of 5 stitches with gray wool. Miss the last stitch and work the 1st double row. 1 stitch on the remaining 4th stitch of the foundation chain. The 2nd double row counts 7 stitches, increasing 1 stitch on each side of the middle stitch in the cross chain of 1 stitch of the 2nd row of the double row. The increasing always takes place in the same manner. 3rd double row: 3 stitches with gray wool, the 3rd one is increased, then take up the brown wool and work 5 stitches, the 2nd and 4th of which are increased, then again 3 stitches with gray wool, the 1st of which is increased. The wool with which you do not work is carried on the wrong side, always working over the same in the 1st row of every double row. In the 2nd row of every double row the gray stitch must, of course, be cast off with gray wool, and the brown stitch with brown wool. 4th double row: 3 gray stitches, 11 brown stitches, 3 gray stitches; the 3rd, 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, and 15th stitches are increased. 5th double row: 3 gray, 2 brown, 2 gray, 8 brown, 2 gray, 2 brown, 3 gray stitches. The 3rd, 8th, 11th, 13th, 20th stitches are increased. 6th double row: 3 gray, 2 brown, 2 gray, 11 brown, 2 gray, 2 brown, 3 gray stitches. The 12th, 14th, 16th stitches are increased. 7th double row: 3 gray, 7 brown, 2 gray, 3 brown, 2 gray, 7 brown, 3 gray. In this row increase only on both sides of the middle stitch, and in the 2nd row of this double row work together as one stitch the 2 outer gray stitches at the beginning and at the end of the row. In the next row take up only one stitch in the 2 stitches worked together. Henceforth the border, on each side of the ground, must be worked with separate skeins of wool, as the ground between the patterns

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gets wider. 8th double row: 3 gray stitches, (the 3rd advances by one stitch,) 4 brown, 6 gray, 3 brown, 6 gray, 4 brown, 3 gray stitches. The 12th, 14th, 16th, and 18th stitches are increased. The 2 outer gray stitches on each side are worked together as one stitch. 9th double row: 14 gray, 1 brown, 14 gray stitches. The 14th and 16th stitches are increased. 10th double row: 1 slip stitch on the 5th stitch next to the selvedge stitch. The first scallop of the border is formed in this manner. Then work 2 gray, 2 brown, 6 gray, 1 brown, (this brown stitch must come on the 1st brown stitch of the preceding double row,) 6 gray, 2 brown, 3 gray stitches. The last 6 stitches of the preceding double row remain unnoticed. The 8th, 10th, 12th, and 15th stitches are increased. At the end of the 2nd row of this double row work 5 chain, miss the last and work the 11th double row: 13 gray stitches on the 4th chain, and the following 9 stitches of the preceding double row, 7 brown stitches, (the 3rd and 5th of the same are increased,) 14 gray stitches, the last 5 are made anew by throwing the wool forward as for a button-hole stitch, then work a chain-stitch out of the loop, and keep the last loop on the needle. 12th double row: 3 gray, 4 brown, 6 gray, 13 brown, 6 gray, 4 brown, 3 gray stitches. The 3rd, 19th, 21st, and 37th stitches are increased. 13th double row: 3 gray, 7 brown, 2 gray, 21 brown, 2 gray, 7 brown, 3 gray stitches. The 3rd, 18th, 22nd, 24th, 28th, and 43rd stitches are increased. 14th double row: 3 gray, 2 brown, 2 gray, 33 brown, 2 gray, 2 brown, 3 gray stitches. In this double row increase only on both sides of the middle stitch. 15th double row: Like the 14th, only work 35 brown stitches instead of 33. 16th double row: 3 gray, 7 brown, 2 gray, 29 brown, 2 gray, 7 brown, 3 gray stitches. The 18th, 26th, 28th, 36th stitches are increased. The 2 gray stitches at the beginning and end of the row are again worked together as one stitch. 17th double row: Like the 8th double row, without the brown ground, which always increases, of course, by 2 stitches in the center. 18th double row: Like the 9th. 19th double row: Like the 10th double row, the 11th, 22nd, 24th, and 35th stitches are increased. The first increasing must take place immediately after the last gray stitch of the border on the right-hand half of the work; the 4th increasing before the 1st gray stitch of the border on the left-hand half. These 2 increasings after and before the border are repeated in every 3rd double row, so that the border forms a straight line at the upper edge. It is easy to continue the border from the above description. Work 52 double rows more, always increasing the ground in the middle. You have then got to the cutting out of the neck. The increasing at the lower edge must cease now. Then begin to work the right-hand front part of the shawl, work 38 double rows; in the first 8 of these work together the outer stitches of that side which is next to the cutting out of the neck, in the 2nd row of every double row. This increasing is repeated at the same place in the 11th, 15th, 19th, 23rd, 27th, and 31st double rows. In the 2nd row of the 33rd double row decrease above the border in the same proportion as you increased before, by casting off together as 1 stitch those 2 stitches which lie on the line with which the border finishes off. This decreasing is repeated in the same direction in every 3rd double row to the end of the front part. From the cutting-out of the neck downward, the front edge must be slanted off by decreasing 1 stitch in the 2nd row of the next 49 double rows on the requisite side. The stitch for the stripe of the border must alone remain now. Without interrupting the pattern of the border, point off the front part by decreasings. When the left-hand front part has been finished in the same manner, work 1 row of double stitch all round the shawl with gray wool, always inserting the needle into the selvedge stitch, then 1 row of double stitch on the stitch of the cutting-out of the neck only; these stitches must be worked over a long chain-stitch cord of brown wool taken double; the shawl fastens with this cord. Then work the following narrow vandyked border on the front edges and on the stitches round the neck. 1st row: With black and white wool; alternately 4 double on the next 4 stitches, 3 chain, missing 1 stitch under them. 2nd row: Gray wool; on every chain-stitch scallop 1 long double, 1 treble, 3 long treble, 1 treble, 1 long double. The 4 double stitches between the chain-stitch scallops must be missed. 3rd row: Black and white wool; always between the 2 treble stitches of the scallops of the preceding row work 1 double; between the 2 double stitches on each side of the middle double treble, 1 chain. Lastly, knot in skeins of fringe on to the lower edge of the shawl, by fastening a thread of gray wool 12 inches long, plaited in half its length into each double stitch of the edge, as can be seen in illustration.

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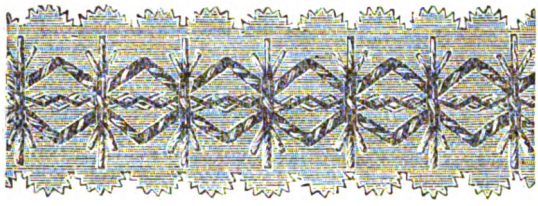
BORDER IN BRAID AND EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

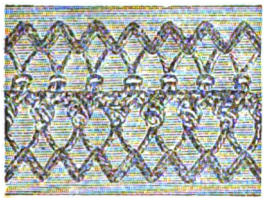


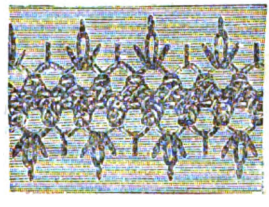
This is a very pretty Border in braid and point Russe embroidery, and is a trimming particularly suitable for a house-jacket, or sacque. If enlarged, it will make a very effective finish for a table-cover, if the table-cover is made of plain cloth. This border should be of some brilliant contrasting color. The diamond pattern is formed by laying on braid, over which the ornamental stitches are worked with purse-silk of the contrasting color.

The edges of the foundation are pinked.

BORDERS FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

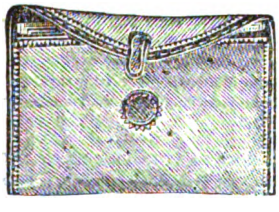




We give here two charming patterns for Borders for children's dresses. The middle, gimp-like part of these trimmings is made by knitting with two steel pins about No. 14, (bell gauge,) with purse-silk. Cast on two stitches, put the thread round the needle as for purling, and purl two together. Every row is the same. When enough of this is knitted, tack it upon the border to be ornamented, and work the remaining parts of the borders with silks of a contrasting color, according to the engravings.

POCKET FOR NEEDLEWORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



These little Pockets are very convenient for keeping small pieces of work clean. Any pieces of silk, lined, and ornamented at the edges with a piece of braid, or a small pattern in embroidery, will make a neat little pocket.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" AHEAD OF ALL!—We call attention to the Prospectus for 1871, to be found on the third page of the cover of this number. It is now conceded everywhere that "Peterson" *gives more, for the money*, than any lady's book, and is, therefore, *the Magazine, above all others, for the sex.* Periodicals, similar in character and quality, charge three or four dollars a year, where we charge only two. Our club rates are equally low. Our enormous edition, for many years exceeding that of any monthly in the world, has enabled us to offer "Peterson" at these rates, for we have found by experience that a small profit on a large circulation is more remunerative than a large profit on a small one.

The fashion department is admitted, by all conversant with such matters, to excel that of any cotemporary. Our fashions, by special arrangement, come to us, *in advance of all other magazines.* Others of the lady's books continually publish fashions as new which we have published months before. *Our patterns, too, are always the most stylish and beautiful.* We ask a comparison, in this matter, with other magazines. To dress with taste, yet economically, is what ladies learn from "Peterson." Our monthly articles, "Every-Day Dresses," etc., are invaluable in this respect. No other magazine gives these articles.

More attention than ever will be paid, in 1871, to the literary department. The original stories in "Peterson" have been conceded to be, for years, superior to those to be found in other lady's magazines. The best of our contributors write exclusively for us. We *pay more for literary matter than all the rest* of the lady's magazines together. We believe we have made "Peterson" the best of its kind; and we are determined to keep it so, no matter at what cost.

Our colored patterns in Berlin work are a specialty of "Peterson." No other magazine gives these, *through the year*, in every number, as we do. Our patterns in embroidery, braiding, crochet, knitting, etc., etc., are worth two dollars a year alone. Every lady can save five times that sum by taking "Peterson," and using the suggestions and patterns in the Work-Table.

Now is the time to get up clubs. The inducements for 1871, in the way of premiums, are very great. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson" if its claims are fairly presented. A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not injure your own copy. *Do not lose a moment!*

LIVE FOR SOMETHING nobler than the mere pleasure of the moment. That which gives us most satisfaction, in the retrospect, is some good deed that we have done. The higher our aims, the more our characters improve; and we must either advance, or retrograde: nobody can stand still. If we think only of ourselves, we finally cease even to be happy; the truest felicity is in making sacrifices for those we love.

THE BERLIN PATTERN, in this number, is another of those beautiful designs for the Work-Table, for which this Magazine has become famous. Other lady's books give one or two patterns, at the beginning of the year, and then omit them: "Peterson" publishes a colored pattern every month, and is the only American periodical that does.

A LADY WRITES:—"We cannot do without your Magazine. We have taken it for six years, and all agree that it is getting better and better every year. Enclosed I send twelve dollars for a club of eight."

SHALL WE MARRY?—We often hear this question asked by young men. "Girls are said to be so extravagant, now-a-days," they cry. We answer, marry by all means: it is the surest road to happiness, and even to a competency. Girls, as a class, are not extravagant. Women are more adaptable than men; can live on less money; are better managers; and are always ready to make sacrifices for those they love. Young men rarely save anything till they marry, or at least till they are engaged. They require an object in life to induce them to practice the self-denial necessary to true thrift. Then there is no happiness so near perfection as that of wedded life, at least when love, and esteem, and good character, are made the basis of it. Poor, poor bachelors! They may be rich in this world's goods, but they are rich in nothing else, and are poorer than the poorest man who has a loving wife and children, and a home of his own.

WHATEVER BEAUTIFIES a home, adds, in the long run, to happiness, because it refines and elevates. It is an error to suppose that only those things are useful which are practical and material. There must be food for the imagination as well as for the body. As flowers perish if shut out from light and air, so the heart and intellect wilt and die out, if deprived of proper sustenance. The home in which there are no books, or pictures, is a failure after all; it is in such homes that the best souls perish, and perish, so to speak, of famine.

A CHOICE OF PREMIUMS.—If either of our old premium engravings is preferred, by persons getting up clubs for 1871, it will be sent, if requested, instead of the "Washington at Trenton." The engravings are, "Our Father Who Art In Heaven," "The Star of Bethlehem," "Washington Parting from His Generals," "Bunyan in Jail," and "Bunyan on Trial." This is a choice which no other magazine offers. If you get clubs enough you can earn all the engravings.

OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVING for 1871 is universally admired. "It is framed and hung up in my parlor, in the most conspicuous place," writes a lady. "It is a most beautiful specimen of a steel engraving," says the Cardington (Ohio) Republican, "representing the Father of our Country at the head of his troops on his magnificent charger. It is worth a year's subscription to frame."

IN REMITTING for "Peterson's Magazine," a post-office order or draft, payable to the order of Charles J. Peterson, is preferable to bank-notes, since, should the post-office order or draft be stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender. When neither a post-office order nor draft can be procured, send "greenbacks," at our risk. But in this case, if possible, *register your letter.*

SUBSCRIBERS in the same club will be sent to different post-offices, if desired. Additions to clubs may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club.

SAVE A DOLLAR by subscribing for "Peterson." You get here, for two dollars, what you pay three, or four dollars for, elsewhere.

A HUSBAND WRITES:—"My wife says she cannot keep house without your Magazine, so I enclose two dollars for the year 1871."

WE WILL SEND, for 1871, as we did for 1870, three copies of "Peterson," for $4.50, if no premium is asked.

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OUR NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING, "Washington at the Battle of Trenton," ought to be in every household in the land. It was engraved expressly for us, at an enormous cost, from an original picture, painted by the celebrated artist, E. L. Henry: and few incidents of American history have been illustrated with so much truth and spirit. *Any one getting up a club for Peterson will be entitled to a copy of this patriotic engraving gratis.* Or for large clubs, an extra copy of the Magazine *in addition to the engraving* will be sent. But see our offers in the Prospectus! Moreover, single subscribers, who will remit $2.50 instead of $2.00, shall receive both a copy of the Magazine for 1871 and a copy of the engraving. Or club subscribers, by sending $1.00 extra each, can secure the "Washington at Trenton." To persons, not subscribers, the price is $2.00. The engraving is really a five dollar one, or such as would be sold, in print-shops, for that price.

A LIST OF PAPER PATTERNS for women's and children's dresses, and the prices for which they can be purchased, post-paid, will be sent to any subscriber for "Peterson's Magazine," who will remit a three cent postage stamp. We had intended printing such a list in this number, but as probably only a few of our subscribers would care to avail themselves of it, we do not wish to take up room that can be used to the general benefit. Address JANE WEAVER, to our care.

"I HAVE TAKEN 'Peterson's Magazine' since 1860," writes a lady, "and find it getting better every year."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Warden. and Barchester Towers. By Anthony Trollope. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Years ago, we asked, in these pages, why no American publisher had reprinted these novels? They were written in Trollope's younger and fresher days. He has never surpassed them, except in the "Last Chronicle of Barset," and has rarely even equaled them. We are particularly glad to see them issued together, in a single volume, for "Barchester Towers" is a sequel to "The Warden," and the two stories are, therefore, really one. As pictures of life in English cathedral towns, a life that has nothing like it in this country, they are unrivaled. This is a cheap edition.

Wonderful Balloon Ascents. From the French of F. Marian. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.*—Another of that popular series, the "Illustrated Library of Wonders," of which we have so often spoken, and in terms of such high praise. All the books of the series are models of condensation, accuracy, and clearness of style. Numerous illustrations adorn the volume.

Little Mary and the Fairy. By Harriet B. M'Keever. 1 *vol., small* 4 *to. Philada; Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.*—A book for very young children. It is written principally in rhyme, and is illustrated with colored engravings. Miss M'Keever has written several popular things of this kind, notably, "The Pigeon's Wedding," which came out last year.

Miss Leslie's New Cookery-Book. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The firm of T. B. Peterson & Brothers is famous for its Cookery-Books, of which they have the largest list, we believe, in America. This is one of the best, and is a new edition of a work prepared by the late Miss Leslie, and which has always had great popularity.

The Vivian Romance. By Mortimer Collins. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is an English romance of the extremely sensational school. It is full of improbabilities, but is also full of incident, and it is written with a fair amount of ability. Part of the scenes occur in Westmoreland, England; and these parts are full of local color.

Which Was the Heroine? A Novel. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A reprint of a late English novel. It is by a comparatively new writer.

Our Seven Churches. By Thomas K. Beecher. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.*—This is a plea in favor of greater charity among different denominations toward each other. In all the various sects the author sees proofs of true Christian feeling.

Willson's New Speller and Analyzer. By Marcius Willson. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers*—An excellent little book. It is adapted for elementary instruction in the spelling, pronunciation, formation, derivation, and uses of words.

Puck's Nightly Pranks. From the German of Ludwig Bund. By Charles T. Brooks. 1 *vol., small* 4 *to. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—A charming little book in every respect. It is charmingly translated, charmingly printed, and charmingly illustrated with silhoutte designs by Paul Konesoka.

Wonders of Acoustics. From the French of Rodolphe Radau. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.*—The phenomena of sound were never more lucidly set forth than in this little volume, which is another of that valuable series, the "Illustrated Library of Wonders."

The Social Stage. By George M. Baker. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A book that will be much sought after, for it contains original dramas, comedies, and entertainments for home recreation, schools, and public exhibitions.

Piano and Musical Matter. By G. de la Motte. 1 *vol., small* 4 *to. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A work of very unusual merit. It not only meets the wants of beginners, but is suitable for advanced players also.

Christian Heart-Songs. By John Rundell. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.*—This is a collection of solos, quartettes, and choruses of all metres, together with a selection of chants and set pieces. Some of the music is difficult.

Crumbs Swept Up. By T. De Witt Talmage. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: Evans, Stoddart & Co.*—A collection of short, racy essays, on a great variety of subjects. The author is one of the popular divines of the day.

Juno on a Journey. By Jacob Abbott. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: Dodd & Mead.*—A capital story for the young. It forms the third volume of the "Juno Stories," and is printed, bound, and illustrated with unusual taste.

Nelly's Dark Days. By the author of "Jessica's First Prayer." 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: Dodd & Mead.*—A very suitable little book for a Christmas or New Year's gift to a child. The story is prettily told.

Why And How. By Russell H. Cornwell. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This is an answer to the question, "Why Do the Chinese Emigrate?" The book is full of sketches of travel and descriptions of social customs.

Ten Times One is Ten: the Possible Reformation. By Col. Frederic Ingham. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—A story, and a very curious one, but quite well told, and with an excellent moral. Its oddity alone will win it readers.

Geoffry the Lollard. By Francis Eastwood. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: Dodd & Mead.*—A semi-religious novel, intended to describe the Lollards, who played so prominent a part in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It is well written.

In Duty Bound. By the author of "A Brave Life." 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A reprint of a recent English novel. The story is illustrated.

Daffy Down Dilly and Her Friends. 1 *vol.*, 24 *mo. Boston: Loring.*—A very nice story for a young child. The volume is illustrated.

Hubert. By Jacob Abbott. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: Dodd & Mead.*—A charming story for juveniles. It is the fourth volume of that popular series, the "Juno Stories."

Letters Everywhere. By Theophile Schuler. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A volume of stories and rhymes for children, with twenty-eight illustrations.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST.—The newspapers unite, with one voice, in saying that "Peterson's Magazine" gives *more for the money than any in the world.* It has, they declare, "the best stories, the best engravings, the best colored steel fashion-plates, the best receipts for cookery, etc., etc." We could quote hundreds of notices in confirmation of this, if we had space. We make room for three or four, however, as samples, for the benefit of our new subscribers. The Boston Banner of Light says, for example, "The last number is brimful of original stories and poetry, with any quantity of engravings, fashion-plates, patterns in embroidery, and the like, and is, on the whole, the cheapest of the lady's books now published." The Dover (N. H.) Enquirer says:—"*This is the cheapest of the lady's books*, and the number before us is running over with original stories and poetry, to say nothing of engravings, fashion-plates, patterns in embroidery, etc." The Rochester (N. Y.) Press says:—"Each successive year *it gives evidence of great improvement*, and yet there is no increase of price." Says the Coburg (West Canada) Sentinel:—"The *literary contributions are the best* to be found in any of the magazines." The Nashville (Ill.) People's Press says:—"*Surpasses all other magazines of its class.*" Says the Gettysburg (Pa.) Star:—"Its mammoth colored fashion-plates are always the latest and prettiest."

A MOST DELIGHTFUL DESSERT may be found in the new article of food, SEA-MOSS FARINE, which can be purchased for twenty-five cents a package, that will produce sixteen quarts of most excellent blanc-mange, or a proportionate quantity of custards, light puddings, farina, creams, sauces, gruels, Charlotte Russe, etc. This seems almost incredible; but it is vouched for by ladies of the highest respectability, who append their names to their statements. The Company state at least fifty delicious dishes can be made from the Sea-Moss Farine, and give in their circular the receipts for many of them. We consider Mr. Rand's discovery a highly important one for the millions, and, indeed, for all classes of society, in these stringent times.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.—*This is a book of Elegant Poems.* By John W. Watson. Price $1.25. It will be sent free of postage. The New York Times says:—"These Poems possess more than ephemeral interest. They display a lively and pleasant fancy, many of the qualities of true pathos and genuine, hearty sympathy with the joys and sorrows of humanity." TURNER & Co., Publishers, 808 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

FOR TWO DOLLARS either of the premium engravings of "Peterson's Magazine" will be sent, post-paid. Or the whole six will be sent for six dollars. Address, PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, No. 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

SEND FOR A CATALOGUE of T. B. Peterson & Brothers' publications. That firm prints the largest number of readable novels, and for lower prices, than any other in the United States. Catalogues, with prices, mailed free.

WHY BORROW "PETERSON," when it can be had for $2.00, or for even less if taken in a club?

ROSES AND ROSE-GARDENS.

WHERE AND HOW TO GROW ROSES.—If you would have beautiful roses, you must love roses for themselves; you must also know how to make them grow.

We have seen rose-gardens (so called) in which the finest kinds of rose-bushes have hardly a place in them. Why? Because they are pruned so closely that they make nothing but wood. Or a single standard is grassed up to the very brier, except where a circular space is left for "just a few bedding-out things," leeches that drain the life-blood of the rose. Or you see lanky standards, all legs and no head; the only sign of health and vigor being the abundant growth of the Manetti-stock, which has smothered years ago, the small body committed to its care, but is still supposed to be the child itself and is carefully pruned, year after year, in expectation of a glow of beauty. Or a Charles Lefebvre is placed under the drip and shadow of a huge tree, whose boughs and roots below effectually keep all nourishment from it.

Now to grow roses does not require much money, it only requires knowledge; hence these mistakes are unpardonable. You may lay the foundation of a rose-garden for a few dollars, and then, by budding from your own trees, and by an annual selection of a few additional and valuable varieties, you may, in two or three seasons, possess a beautiful Rosarium. Or, if you cannot afford this, you may get your own briers, and beg a few buds from a friend or neighbor.

The first thing is to select a suitable place for your rose-garden. It must neither be too windy, nor too sheltered; but it must have both of sunshine and of shade. The center must be clear and open; around it the protecting screen; arrange it that a large proportion of your trees may have the sunshine on them from its rise to the meridian, and after that time be in shadow and in repose. To effect this, the garden must extend from north to south rather than from east to west—the form being oblong or semicircular. The western wall or fence should be high, from eight to ten feet; the northern tall and dense, but not necessarily so high as the western; the eastern such as will keep out cold, cutting winds, but not one ray of sunshine—say five feet. To the south the Rosary may be open; but even here, so hurtful is a rough wind which occasionally blows from this quarter, that we would prefer a mound, or bank of rhododendrons.

Of what material should we make these boundary, protecting fences? This is a question of time and of outlay. Walls are built at once, and are soon beautifully covered with Noisette and other climbing roses; but evergreen hedges of yew, holly, our American arborvitæ, privet, and hornbeam, are an admirable contrast to the glowing colors of the rose, and introduce the air, subdued and softened, like respirators, into the Rosarium. But why not hedges of the rose itself? Might we not have hedges of the common brier, and bud them with our choicest varieties? Might we not make hedges of the Ayrshire, Sempervirens, Boursault and Sweetbrier Rose?

These directions apply equally to a small as to a large rose-garden. Even if you have but a single plant, they apply to it. The great secret of success is—expose to the morning sun, protect from cutting wind. Give the best place in your garden to the flower which deserves it most. In the smallest plot, you may make, if you do not find, such a site as we have described. You *will* make it if you are in earnest. We have seen old boards, old staves, old sacking, torn old tarpaulins—yes, once an old black serge petticoat—set up by the poor to protect the rose; and there we have ever seen her smiling upon love, however mean its offering, and rewarding its untiring service.

Having laid out your garden, the next thing is to select your roses. We give a list here of the varieties which will most likely repay your care. Let them be planted in the best place and in the best soil available, avoiding drip and roots. Let them be manured in the winter and mulched in the spring. Let them be well watered below and *well syringed above.* Let grubs and aphides be removed, and sulphur applied as soon as mildew shows itself.

For Walls.—Gloire de Dijon, the Ayrshire, Sempervirens, and Boursault Roses.

Of Summer Roses.—The Common Moss, the Common Provence or Cabbage; La Ville de Bruxelles and Madame Hardy, Damasks; Boula de Nanteuil and Kean, Gallicas; Brennus and Blairii, two Hybrid Chinas; Charles Lawson, and Paul Perras, Hybrid Bourbons.

Of Autumnal Roses.—Augustie Mie, Comte de Nanteuil, General Jacqueminot, Jean Goujon, Jules Margottin, La

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Reine, La Ville de St. Denis, Leopold I., Madame Boll, Madame Boutin, Madame Clemence Joigneaux, Madame Victor Verdier, Marechal Vaillant, Marie Beauman, Madame Charles Wood, Pierre Notting, Senateur Vaisse, Souvenir de la Reine d'Angleterre, Hybrid Perpetuals; Armosa, Queen, and Souvenir de la Malmaison, Bourbons; Aimee Vibert and Grandiflora, Noisettes; Mrs. Bosanquet and Cramoisie Superieure Chinas; and Climbing Devoniensis, Gloire de Dijon, and Souvenir d'un Ami, Teas.

In our next paper, we shall enter on the discussion of soils, manures, etc., etc. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

CATARRH is only a common cold, in which the mucous membrane of the nose and throat become affected, accompanied with fever. The patient experiences headache, the pain being confined to the brow, and there is generally lassitude and stiffness of the limb. It ordinarily runs a course of about ten days, and seldom requires treatment beyond lying in bed and indulging in broths and warm diluent drinks. There are cases, however, of a more urgent nature, and in which a more active treatment is indicated. It sometimes happens that there is great hoarseness, and an excessive discharge of a thin acrid fluid from the nose, requiring the patient to use a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs a day; or the attendant fever may be so considerable as to alarm the patient, producing great anxiety and watchfulness. When this is the case, the sooner free perspiration is induced the better; and one of the most effective means of bringing about this result is to give the patient a pint of cold water, requesting him at the same time to cover himself with two or three blankets. Another very excellent means of producing determination to the surface of the body is the old-fashioned remedy—wine-whey, with the addition of half a teaspoonful of sal-volatile. If the patient be kept in a warm bed, this will soon induce a profuse perspiration. When accompanied with troublesome cough, take oxymel of squills, one ounce; sweet spirits of nitre, two drachms; lemon-juice, a quarter of an ounce; chlorodyne, half a drachm; to six ounces of water. Two tablespoonfuls to be taken every four hours; and when the patient's rest is much disturbed, let a dose of the mixture be taken the last thing at night. If the nose should be sore, the application of glycerine, or cold cream, will afford relief; or, perhaps, the patient might have greater faith in the use of warm tallow. Should there be a sense of rawness in the throat, barley-water and linseed tea will form the most grateful drinks, and a gargle or electuary of honey and raspberry-vinegar may be used. The diet of the patient should be simple and spare.

CHILBLAINS.—To prevent chilblains the best plan is to take as much active exercise as possible, and avoid tight wristbands, garters, and everything that prevents the proper circulation of the blood. The most frequent cause of chilblains is the warming of numbed hands and feet at the fire. This habit should be carefully avoided. Encourage children to use the skipping-rope during cold weather—this is a capital preventive, together with regularly washing and rubbing the feet. To cure chilblains, soak the feet every night in water as hot as it can be borne. Lemon-juice rubbed on the inflamed part is said to stop the itching. A sliced onion, dipped in salt, has the same effect, but is apt to make the feet tender. When the chilblains are broken, a little warm vinegar and tincture of myrrh is an excellent thing to bathe the wound, and keep it clean.

CHRISTMAS GAMES.

CHARACTERS.—In this game two of the players are sent out of the room, and the rest decide on two characters in history or everyday life which have in some way, however remote, a connection with each other, such as Napoleon and Wellington, the Siamese twins, David Copperfield and Nicholas Nickleby, and Grant and Sherman, etc., etc. When the two absent players return, they are privileged to ask any question they like of any of the rest, and by this means try to gain some information as to the peculiarities, appearance, etc., of the characters chosen, and so guess who they are. The skill in this game is the adroit way in which the questions are put and parried. If instead of choosing characters in history or fiction, two friends or two of the party are chosen, a great deal of fun may be occasioned by the inappropriateness of the questions and answers given. This is amusing enough, provided it is always good-natured.

Our category would not be complete if we omitted that capital game—*Why? When? and Where?* Something is selected—a book, a word with various meanings, sometimes a person even—and the questioner has to ascertain what that something or somebody is, by the simple questions, Why do you like it? When do you like it? and Where do you like it? In the hands of clever players—apt at repartee—the merriment occasioned by this game, when the subject is well chosen, is almost endless. From our recent experiences, however, we are inclined to think it requires a somewhat intimate acquaintance with a variety of slang terms; many words having a slang meaning elicited in the answers, of which, we fancy, more than half the ladies were until then ignorant.

Bouts Remes seem to gain favor every day, and furnish a plentiful opening for a good display of wit and talent, too. Provided with pencils and paper, the players sit round a table. A word is then given which must be made to rhyme with another, in an original verse composed on some subject, which is also given. After a sufficient time is allowed to accomplish this the papers are rolled up and thrown in a heap in the middle of the table, where they are all mixed together, each player drawing one, and in turn reading it, so that no one reads his own contribution. Some *jeu d'esprit* of this kind gave rise to that clever couplet—

When Dido found Æneas didn't come,
She wept in silence and was Dido dumb (di do dum.)

Here the subject given was "grief," and the words which were to rhyme were the Latin endings, "di, do, dum"—no easy task in less able hands.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS.

Shin of Beef-Soup.—Break a shin of beef into three or four pieces. Put it into a pot, pour on it four gallons of cold water, and simmer it for four or five hours. When any water is wanted to fill up the pot, add only enough, calculating to make a gallon and a half of soup; throw in a teaspoonful of salt. When this has simmered about two hours, grate five or six raw turnips, the same of raw potatoes, and three carrots; cut up the half of a cabbage very finely; put this into the pot; stir and skim it well while simmering, and be careful to remove all the fat, as no grease should float on the surface. The little, red, garden pepper is the best seasoning, but, being strong, must be carefully used, as a very little piece will season a large pot of soup. Before dishing, take all the meat and bones from out of the soup, and the meat will, if nicely seasoned, make a good forcemeat for stuffing.

Receipt for French Gumbo.—Cut up one large fowl; season it with salt and pepper; dredge it well with flour; have ready a soup-kettle; put in a tablespoonful of butter, one of lard, a handful of chopped onion. Fry the fowl then to a good brown; add to this four quarts of boiling water; cover close; let it simmer two or three hours; then put in fifty oysters, with their liquor, a little thyme and parsley; just

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before serving, stir in a tablespoonful of the filee powder; season high with Cayenne pepper. Turkey and beef-steak make also a very good gumbo. The filee or felee is what gives a mucilaginous character and excellence to the soup. The powder consists of nothing more than the leaves of the sassafras cured in the shade, and then pounded and sifted; therefore any family in the country can always have it in their house.

POULTRY AND MEATS.

Mutton-Stew.—Cut the cold mutton into not very thin slices; trim off all the sinew, gristle, and skin; put into the stew nothing but that which is to be eaten; lay the prepared pieces into a sauce-pan, and put the scraps into a jar, which should always be kept as a reservoir for scraps, to be converted into soups, broths, or gravies. If you have no mutton or beef-gravy, make some from these scraps, by putting them into a sauce-pan and pouring over them a pint of boiling water; then add a bundle of sweet basil and celery-heads tied together, a little salt, and a few whole pepper-corns. Cover it up, and stew it for half an hour, and then pour it over the prepared slices of mutton; let the meat slowly warm in this gravy. Just before dishing, take out the meat, cover it and keep it warm; then dredge some flour into the gravy to thicken it; simmer it five minutes, and serve very hot. This is a nice dish.

A Beef-Hash.—If you have any pieces of cold ham, lay them in the stew-pan, with any scraps of bones or meats from the jar for such things; tie up a few sprigs of sweet basil and parsley, a few pepper-corns, and a little salt. Pour on all these a pint and a half of boiling water; let this simmer for half an hour, and strain through a sieve. Rub together a large spoonful of butter and one of flour; stir this into the gravy, and a large tablespoonful of mushroom catchup. Then have ready the beef nicely hashed, but not so small as the veal, and put into the gravy. Let this simmer for ten minutes, just to warm the meat. Serve very hot, and garnish it with hot, well-boiled slices of carrots.

Poultry-Croquettes.—Melt a bit of butter in a stew-pan; put into it chopped parsley and mushrooms, two spoonfuls of flour, salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Fry it, and pour in stock and a little cream. This sauce ought to have the consistence of thick milk. Cut up any poultry, which has been cooked the day before, into dice. Put them into the sauce and let it get cold. Form it into balls, and cover them with bread-crumbs. Wash these in eggs which have been beaten up, and roll them in bread-crumbs a second time. Fry them to a good color, and serve with a garnish of fried parsley. Croquettes of veal or rabbit may be prepared in the same way.

Veal-Hash.—Take the bones of cold meats—roast or boiled—dredge them with flour, and put them into a sauce-pan, with a pint and a half of hot water or cold broth; cut up a peeled onion, slice a lemon thinly, a little salt, a few small blades of mace and a few whole pepper-corns; stew it for half an hour; then strain this through a sieve, and rub a large spoonful of butter and one of flour well together; hash up the veal rather finely, and stir into this hot gravy. Let it stew for a quarter of an hour very slowly. Serve hot, and garnish with sprigs of parsley.

Stewed-Beef.—Make a rich gravy, as above, and take any nice piece of cold beef which may be left—corned-beef is very nice. Stuff it with a cooked onion, finely chopped, and a large spoonful of bread-crumbs, rubbed together with some powdered basil and a little horseradish. Make incisions in the beef, and stuff it well; then lay it in a stew-pan, and pour the hot gravy over; cover tightly, and let it warm slowly for half an hour in a hot place. Garnish with carrots sliced. Serve hot.

Blanquette de Volaille.—Cut up cold roast fowl into thin slices, and put them into a white sauce. Let it simmer for a quarter of an hour, and serve.

DESSERTS.

A Family Plum-Pudding.—Beat up four eggs, whites and yolks separately; add to the yolks a quarter of a teaspoonful each of grated ginger, nutmeg, grated lemon-peel, and salt, four ounces of sugar, half a pound of currants, then one pound of flour and half a pound of suet, and beat up the whole thoroughly with the whites of the eggs. Wine or brandy may be added, if approved; but the pudding will be very good without this addition. Tie it in a cloth and boil six hours. Serve with any good pudding-sauce.

Rice Snow-Balls.—Wash and pick half a pound of rice very clean, put it on in a sauce-pan with plenty of water; when it boils, let it boil ten minutes, drain it on a sieve till it is quite dry, and then pare six apples, weighing two ounces and a half each. Divide the rice into six parcels, in separate cloths, put one apple in each, tie it loose, and boil it one hour; serve it with sugar and butter, or wine-sauce.

Brighton Pudding.—Take three eggs, a quarter of a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, and the peel of a lemon, finely minced. Beat the sugar and eggs for twenty minutes. Beat up the butter, and mix it; add the flour at the last. Steam the pudding for one hour. Serve without sauce, only with preserve.

CAKES.

Cheese-Cakes.—Boil the peel of two lemons in a pint of water till soft; beat them in a mortar; add the yolks of six eggs, a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, and half a pound of butter. Mix all together in a mortar, and add a few currants. Line patty-pans with paste, put in the mixture, and bake.

Family Cake.—Take rice and flour, of each six ounces, the yolks and whites of nine eggs, half a pound of lump-sugar, pounded and sifted, and half an ounce of caraway-seeds. Having beaten this one hour, bake it for the same time in a quick oven. This is a very light cake, and is very proper for young people and delicate stomachs.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK VELVET.—The lower-skirt is bordered by a ruffle of dark crimson silk, flounce very fully plaited, and trimmed with a narrow band of imitation Russian sable. The upper-skirt is of black velvet, looped up on the right side, and at the back by red velvet buttons, and opening on the left side; the sleeves are wide and open, and they, as well as the edge of the skirt, are trimmed with the fur; the tight under-sleeves and waistband are of red silk; the velvet sleeves are trimmed with the same color. Square collar and pouch of the fur. Black velvet hat, trimmed with a band and rosette of red ribbon, and black ostrich plumes.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF VIOLET SILK.—The velvet sacque is cut quite long at the back and in front, but it is open on the hips; it is made quite open at the neck with revers, and is trimmed with rich lace, and is heavily embroidered in the corners. Bonnet of black lace, with violet pansies.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS OF GOLDEN MAIZE-COLORED POPLIN.—The skirt is comparatively short, that is, lying only about a quarter of a yard on the ground; it is trimmed with a plaited flounce, scalloped at top and bottom; the upper-skirt is a short Polonaise, that is cut without a seam at the waist; it is square in the neck, rounded, and looped up at the back, and is trimmed with rich brown velvet and fringe. White chemisette, with a lace frill in front.

FIG. IV.—EVENING-DRESS OF GREEN SILK.—The skirt and waist are perfectly plain; a rich, white lace shawl is arranged as a tunic over the skirt, and a lace of the same description form a berthe for the waist; both waist and tunic are trimmed with sprays of flowers. Crimson rose, with green leaves, in the hair.

FIG. V.—HOUSE DRESS OF BLACK CASHMERE.—The skirt is

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short, of a walking length; the deep flounce is trimmed with three rows of black velvet ribbon; there are two plaited headings of silk on this skirt, each of which has a row of black velvet below it; the waist is made open in front, with a small basque, and it, with the sleeves, is trimmed with velvet and silk plaitings. White *crepe lisse* in the neck of the dress.

FIG. VI.—CHILD'S DRESS OF RED AND BLACK CASHMERE.—The lower-skirt is trimmed with a bias flounce, put on below a band of narrow, black velvet; the upper-skirt is quite plain; above this is a square tunic, open on the hips, and trimmed with a narrow plaited ruffle, fastened on with black velvet; waist high, with revers, trimmed with a very narrow ruffle, and black velvet.

FIG. VII.—EVENING-DRESS OF WHITE STRIPED GAUZE OVER A YELLOW SILK SKIRT.—This skirt is trimmed with bias scalloped folds, bound with black velvet; the white gauze skirt is not very long, is trimmed with a full plaited ruffle, set on beneath a row of black velvet, and an upright row of blond lace; a puffing of the gauze is put on between this trimming and a narrower one of black velvet and blond; the white skirt is worn in the "court train" fashion over the silk skirt, not coming together in front. A slight pannier is formed at the back by drawing the skirt up with broad bands of black velvet, trimmed with deep fringe. A short, plain tunic in front is also caught up by these bands of velvet. Waist high and plain, over a yellow silk underwaist; the half-long upper-sleeve is cut in points, and trimmed with velvet, and beneath it is a deep plaited ruffle with a heading of black velvet, and finished by a fall of rich lace.

FIG. VIII.—EVENING-DRESS OF THIN, WHITE MUSLIN.—The skirt is short, and is trimmed with one deep flounce, not very full, headed by a row of green ribbon, above which are two standing-up plaitings. A pannier of the muslin reaches to the top of the ruffle, and is caught up at the sides by a row of green ribbon, trimmed on either side with blond, and finished by a large bow without ends; green ribbon around the waist, with bow at the back; low waist, trimmed with blond and green ribbon.

FIGS. IX. AND X.—GRAY REPS COSTUME, (FRONT AND BACK VIEWS.)—The round skirt is bordered with a twelve inch flounce, with a plaiting to match to form a heading, and measuring three inches. Tunic folded underneath in front; the skirt, full at the sides, and forming at the back a point like a shawl. A plaiting loops up this tunic at the sides, is carried down the sides of the point to within six inches of the extremity, and is then carried up at each side to the waist. High bodice and basque, and black velvet revers to the waist. The bodice and basque are cut in a single piece; the latter forms two plaits at the sides, and terminates with a point in the center of the back. Two buttons mark the commencement of the plaits. Sleeves ornamented with a three-inch plaiting.

FIGS. XI. AND XII.—WINTER CASAQUE, (FRONT AND BACK VIEWS.)—A full description of this, with a diagram from which to cut it out, is given on a preceding page.

FIG. XIII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF GRAY SILK, WITH A BLUE OVERDRESS.—The skirt is "round" and rather long, and trimmed with one deep, scant flounce, which is headed by a row of black guipure lace. The waist is high and plain, and the sleeves wide and long, and trimmed with black guipure lace. The blue skirt is not very long, and is looped up high on the hips, and is without trimming; over this falls from the sides toward the back, a second skirt, cut in sharp points, and full enough behind to form a plait, and is trimmed with three rows of black velvet. The waist is high and plain, and has no side bodies, so that the gray waist shows under the arms; this waist is also trimmed with black velvet. Two half-worn dresses, of good contrasting colors, make a costume of this style admirably; or cashmere or poplin may readily be substituted for silk.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The fashions for the winter were established by the time our December number went to press, so we have nothing particularly new to record, as it is much too early to think of the changes for spring. The long walking-skirts have generally usurped the short ones on the street; we do not mean by this, that skirts with trains are worn to walk in, but that what is termed the round skirt is made to touch the ground two or three inches. As we have before stated, cashmere, and, in fact, all soft, woolen materials, are very much used for walking-dresses; but the most elegant of these are worn over silk petticoats of the same color. For the street, plum-color, slate-blue, slate-gray, olive-green, and brown, are the most used; all evening colors are light and delicate. Evening-dresses are made with flounces arranged merely at the back, the front being plain, with sometimes cross-bands on it. Frequently two colors are used for this style of dress, as alternate flounces of green and white, blue and gray, etc., etc. Striped materials are more worn than formerly, silk with satin stripes being particularly elegant. Velvet is also much used for out-of-door wear.

THE JACKETS AND PALETOTS have nearly all assumed the basque and jocky shape; some are tight-fitting, and others nearly so, but none are made very long. Lace or fringe is generally used as a trimming. We give two illustrations of very stylish ones.

BONNETS are very much trimmed with curling plumes and ribbon, but the shape has decidedly changed from those worn last winter. Strings are universally worn, though some prefer the soft, blond lace to the ribbon ones, as being more becoming. Felt bonnets are a good deal worn, but the felt is really but little seen, as it is almost entirely covered with the trimmings. Very dark-green bonnets, with ornaments of myrtle-green velvet, with myrtle-green strings, are much worn with cloth costumes of this fashionable green shade.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—HOME-DRESS AND APRON FOR A MISS OF THIRTEEN OR FOURTEEN YEARS, OR UNDER.—This dress is of blue cashmere, made with simply one skirt, with the front width gored, one side gore and one width of cashmere in the back, which, being double fold, make a sufficiently wide skirt. The bottom is trimmed with a plaited flounce of the same material, the plaits all laying one way, and fastened down one inch and a half from the top by a bias band of the cashmere, one inch in width, stitched down by the sewing-machine. The flounce will require three times fullness, and should be eight inches in depth. The waist is plain, and buttoned up the back. Coat-sleeves trimmed to match the bottom of the dress. Five yards of cashmere will be required. The apron is of Swiss muslin, with a braided border and frill-edged with imitation Valenciennes lace.

FIG. II.—DRESS, WITH OVER TUNIC, FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF FOUR TO FIVE YEARS.—It is made of drab serge, and trimmed with black alpaca braid of two widths. The little over-skirt has, in addition, a plaiting of the serge below the braid. The waist is cut surplice in front, showing the plaited underbody. Coat-sleeves trimmed to match the upper-skirt. This makes a charming street or house-dress, and a very inexpensive one, two pieces of alpaca braid, and six yards of serge, being all that is required.

FIG. III.—A BOY'S BLOUSE OF CASHMERE, OR MERINO, OR PLAID SERGE.—It has a double plaited frill, which forms the skirt of the blouse, and is fastened on to the belt, and put on over the short, simple blouse, fastened on the right side with double buttons and loops. Coat-sleeves trimmed to match, and a linen collar, edged with Hamburg trimming, or plain, if preferred. Pants to the ankle. Two yards of merino will be required for the blouse.

We also give engravings, in the front of the number, of various other articles for children. The descriptions of these will be found in the article, "Every-Day Dresses."

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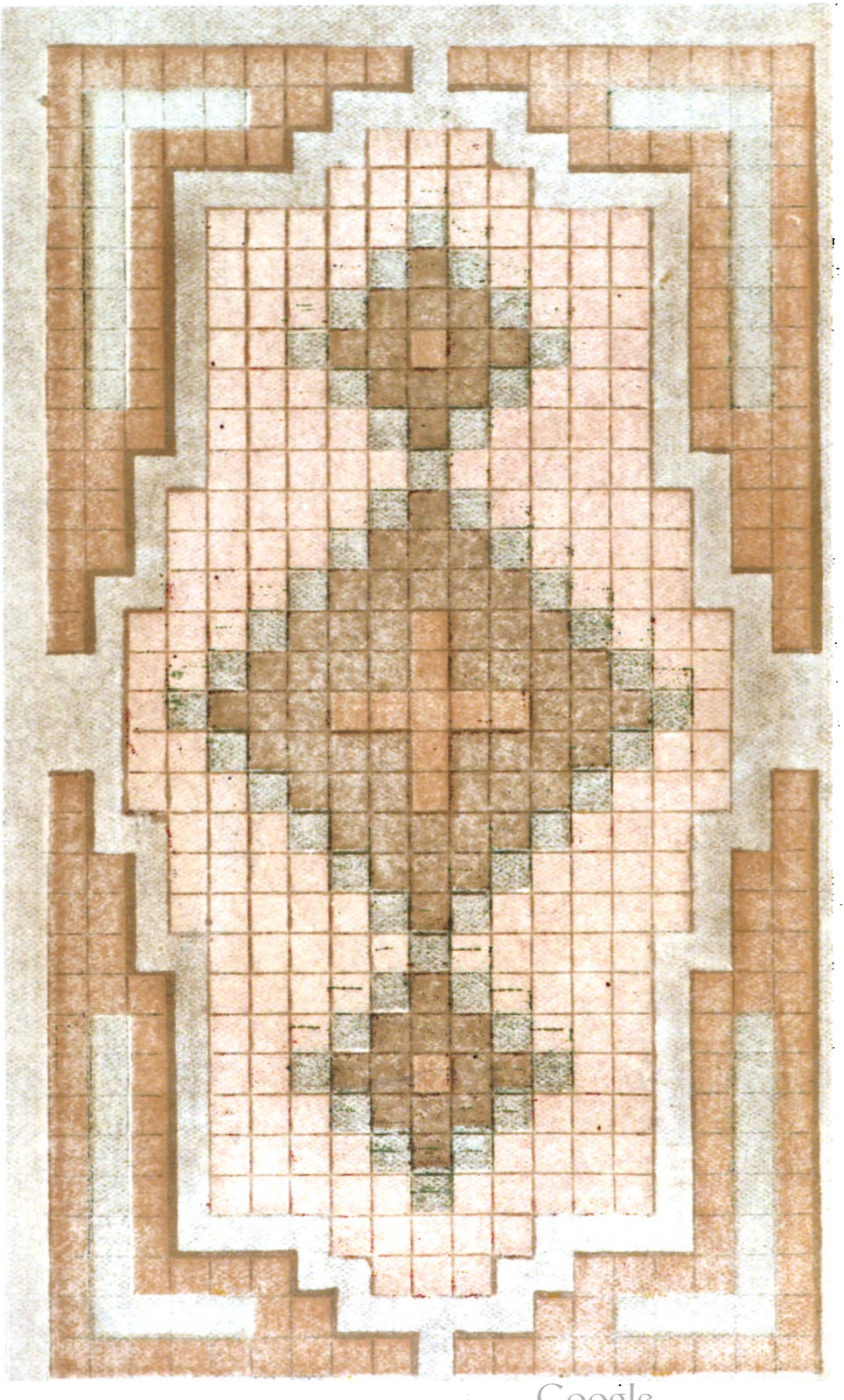

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"HOME, SWEET HOME." [*See the Story.*

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY. EDGING.

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HOUSE-DRESS. EDGING.

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WALKING-DRESS. INSERTION.

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BONNETS. WINTER SACQUE—FRONT AND BACK.

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DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL. APRON FOR LITTLE GIRL. CAPE—BACK AND FRONT.

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EMBROIDERED BAG. EDGING.

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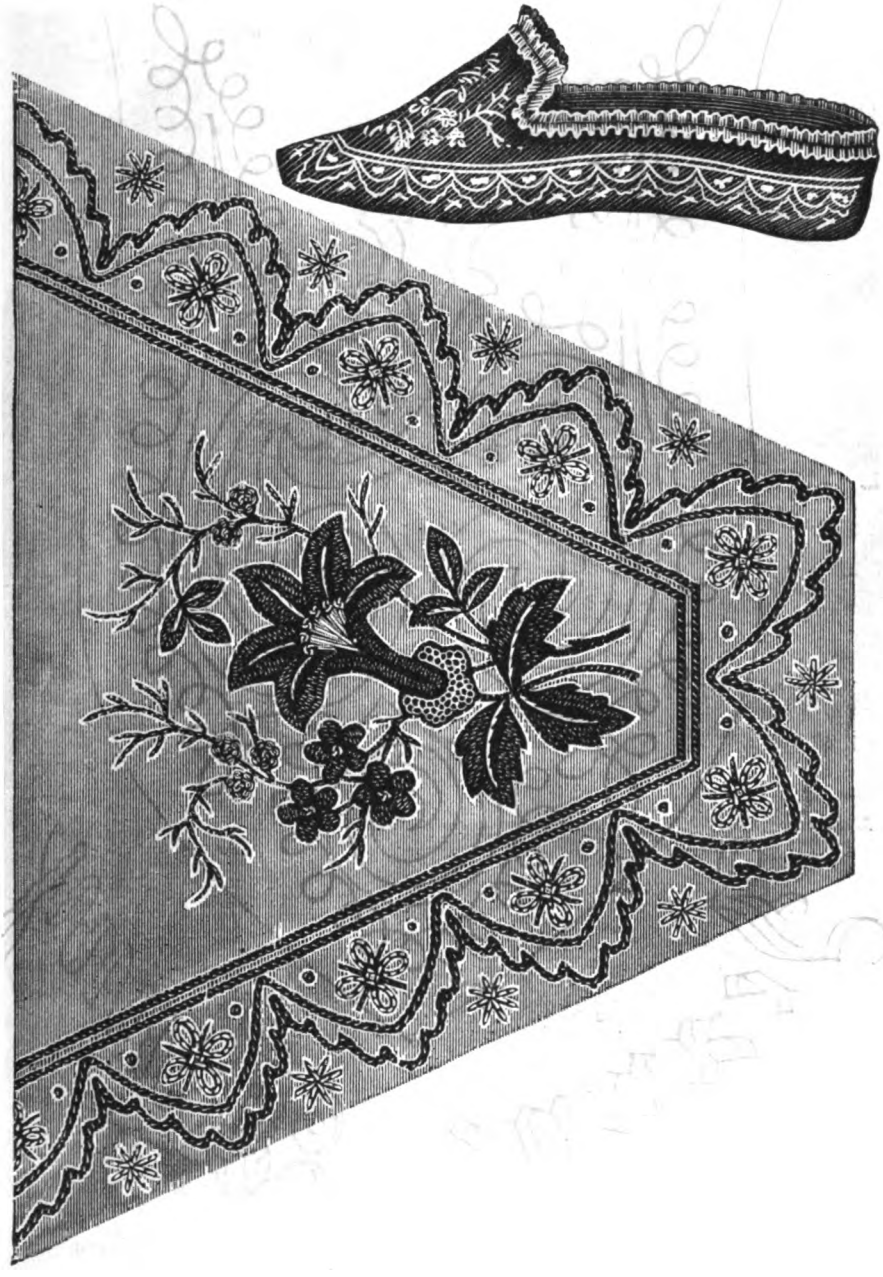

EMBROIDERED MORNING-SLIPPER EDGING.

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TOBACCO-POUCH, BRAIDED IN GOLD AND RED CLOTH. NAMES FOR MARKING.

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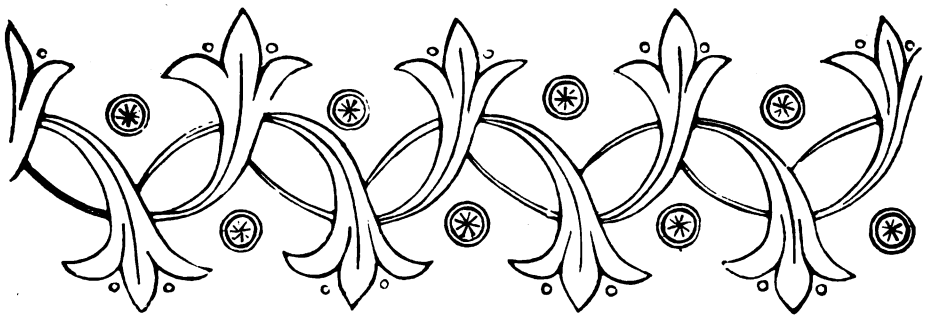

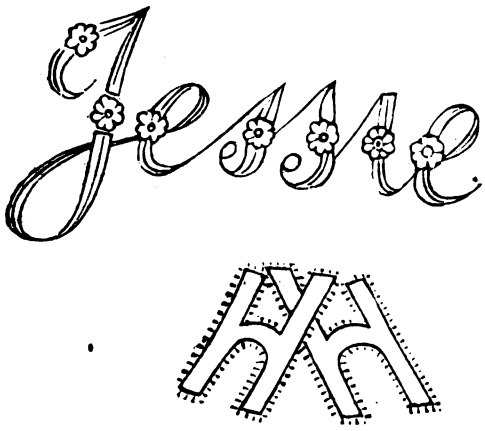

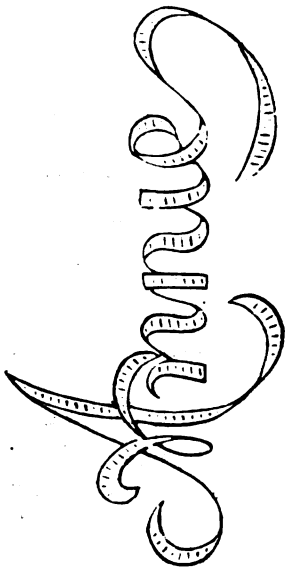

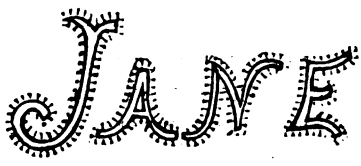

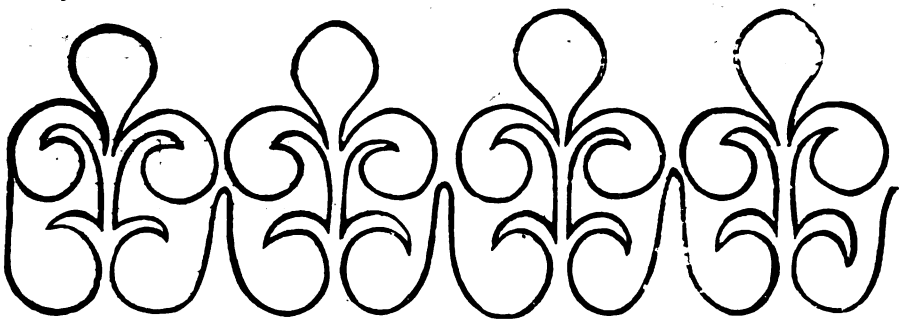

EMBROIDERY. NAMES FOR MARKING. MONOGRAM. BRAIDING PATTERN.

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Written and Composed

By T. Smith.

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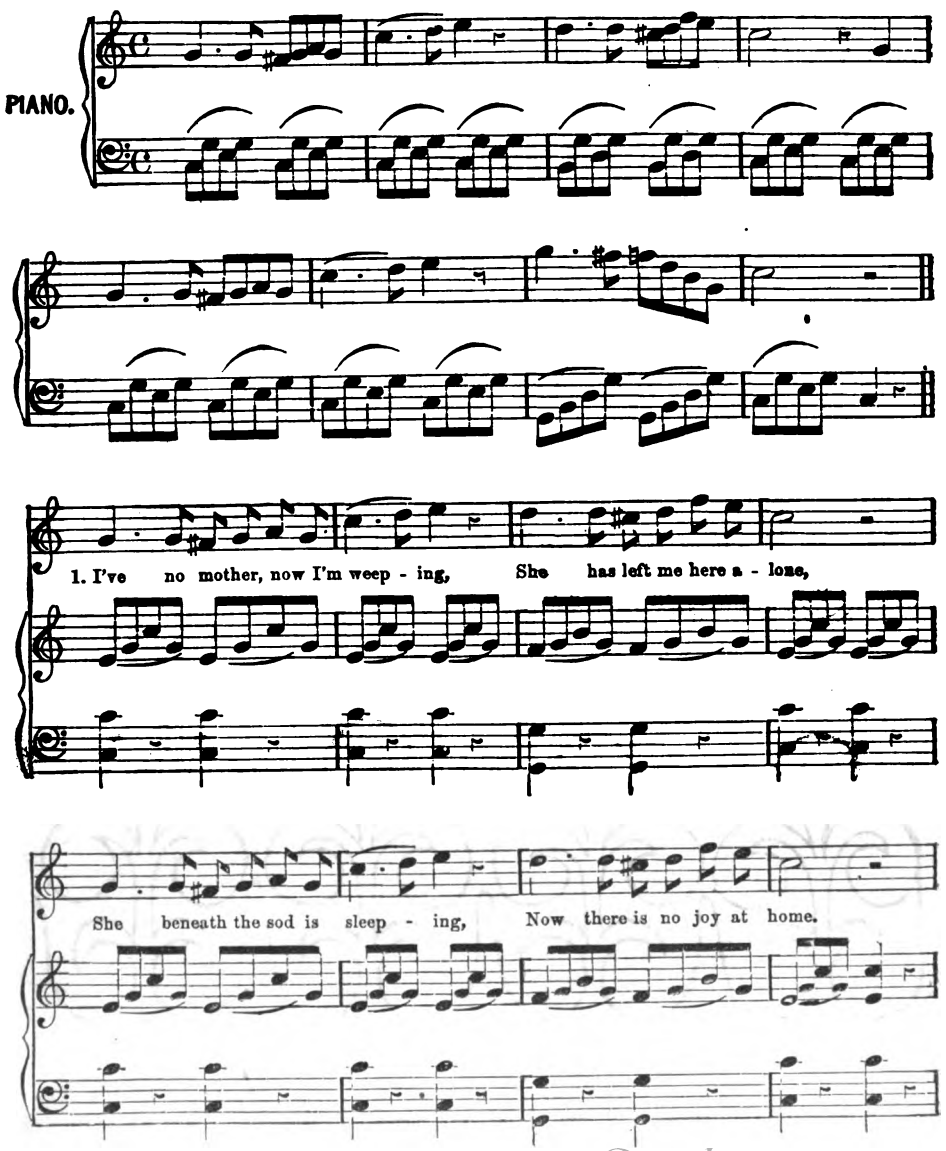

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I'VE NO MOTHER, NOW I'M WEEPING.

Tears of sorrow long have start - ed, Her bright smile no more I'll see,

All the lov'd ones too have part - ed, Where, oh, where is joy for me?

CHORUS.

Weep ing lone - ly, she has left me here,

Weep - ing lone - ly for my mother, dear.

2 Oh, how well do I remember, "take this little flow'r," said she,
"And when with the dead I'm number'd, place it at my grave for me."
Dearest mother, I am sighing, on thy tomb I drop a tear;
For the little plant is dying, now I feel so lonely here.—*Chorus.*

3 I've no mother, still I'm weeping, tears my furrow'd cheek now lave,
Whilst a lonely watch I'm keeping, o'er her sad and silent grave;
Soon I hope will be our meeting, then the gladness none can tell,
Who for me will then be weeping, when I bid this world farewell?—*Chorus.*

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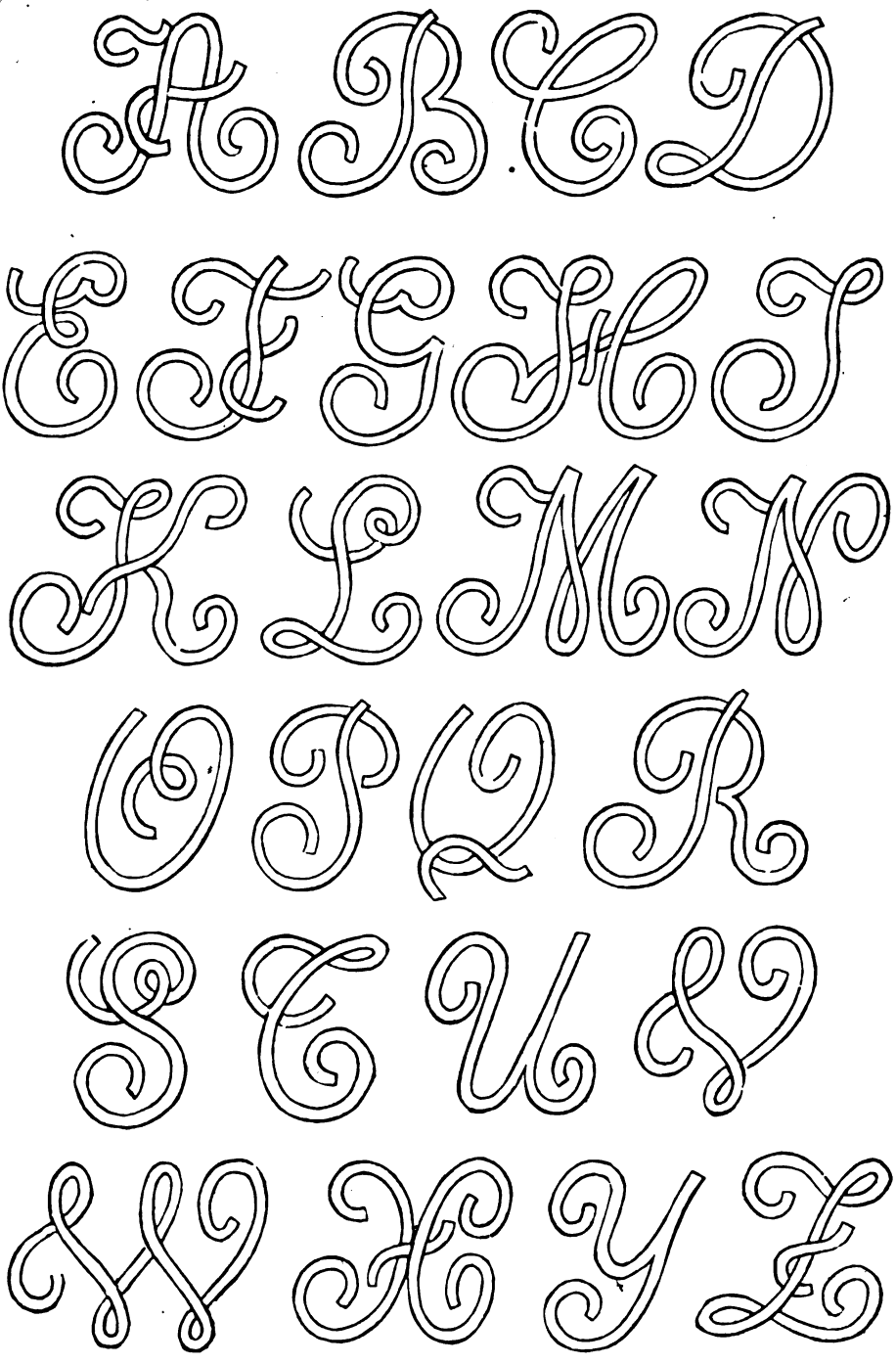

ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LIX. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1871. No. 2.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COBWEBS," ETC., ETC.

"You have lost all trace of them?"

"All."

The speakers were two young men, who sat in a sumptuous library that looked out on the Fifth Avenue of New York. Hector Mowbray, the host, had inherited a handsome fortune, and needed only a wife, the world said, to make his happiness complete. But he laughed at the world, and declared he would live and die a bachelor. "My dear old mother is still alive and keeps house for me: why do I want a wife?" he said.

His companion was a year or two younger, but looked care-worn and older. He and Mowbray had become acquainted, only a few weeks before, but their natures were sympathetic, and they were now fast friends.

"Yes! all," continued the guest, after a pause. "I came home to find my roof-tree literally desolate. My father, from whom I had parted in anger, God forgive me! was dead: so was my mother; and my darling sister, with my little brother, had disappeared—gone no one knew where."

"Could nobody give you any clue?"

"Only the slightest. We had no near relations. My father failed, in the great crash, a few years ago, and died soon after. My mother followed him, broken-hearted. My sister, thus left alone, decided to go away to some place where she was not known, and there try to earn a livelihood. She left Boston, and came on here. That far I have been able to trace her. She stopped at a cheap hotel, down town, for the first night, but went away, the next morning, with little Fred, for a cheaper lodging. I have called in the detectives, not only here, but in all our great cities, but to no purpose. Every trace of her is lost."

The speaker, as he finished, buried his face in his hands. After a moment, however, he looked up, and resumed the conversation.

"You never knew my sister," he said, "or you would not wonder at my emotion. If ever an angel lived on earth it was Ellen. She had one of those rare, sunshiny natures, that win, and keep all hearts. She was as beautiful as she was accomplished. My father idolized her. When I ran away from home, six years ago, mad with thirst for a roving life, she was just sixteen, a reputed heiress, and the worshiped pet of society. Think of the difference now! Even if alive, she is struggling somewhere for mere bread, probably: stitching her life out for a bare subsistence. Perhaps she is even dying of hunger: such tragedies do happen, you know."

"It cannot be so bad, Spencer," said his friend. "Take heart! We will organize a new search, for I will help you; and we will begin to-morrow."

"I have wanted," answered Spencer, clasping his hand, "to unburden myself to you ever since I first met you. I was in Australia when my father failed. I had, by that time, been thoroughly cured of my thirst for adventure; but I was penniless, and too proud to return home; so I had gone to the mines in hopes to make a happy hit. I did make it. After a year among men who were only short of devils incarnate, after horrible fluctuations of hope and despair, I struck a lode, and became rich, as it were, in an hour. I was on my way home, leisurely, when, at Melbourne, I came across an old copy of a Boston paper, in which was an account of my father's failure. I took passage in the very first ship. The rest you know. Great heavens!" he added, rising excitedly, "to think that I am here, sitting by a warm fire, when Ellen may be out in a storm like this, homeless and friendless. Every time

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I hear the sleet strike the window-panes, it goes to my heart like a rifle-ball. I declare—but hark——"

He broke off suddenly. Mowbray listened. Out in the street, and apparently attracted by the lights from the casements, some one was beginning a prelude on a guitar.

"What tricks imagination plays one," said Spencer, after a moment, with a smile, resuming his seat. "I have been thinking and talking so much of Ellen, that, at first, the touch on that guitar seemed hers. She was very fond of——"

He broke off again, for a woman's voice had begun to sing, "Home, Sweet Home." It was a voice so sweet and pure, so sympathetic, so virginal, that Mowbray, who listened entranced from the first note, could think of nothing but Nilsson, whom he had listened to, a few months before, in Paris. He hung on every word until the first verse was finished, forgetting even Spencer. Then, in the interval that followed, before the singer began again, he drew a long breath of relief, and remembering himself, looked at his friend.

The latter seemed transfixed to stone, his eyes wide open with astonishment, his lips parted eagerly. Suddenly he sprang from his chair.

"My God!" he cried, reaching the window in a couple of strides, and beginning hurriedly to draw back the curtains, "am I mad? Or is it Ellen?"

Mowbray rose also and hurried to the other window. Outside, the wind still blew fiercely, though the sleet now fell only intermittently. The pavements were deep with snow. Snow clung to the lamp-post that stood close by; snow was on the railings in front of the library; snow was everywhere. It was bitter cold also, and getting colder every minute, as it cleared off.

Directly in front of the house, and looking up at the windows, beseechingly, were two figures. One was that of a boy about twelve years old: the other was that of a woman of twenty-one, or twenty-two. The latter was the singer. She was poorly and thinly clad, in old, threadbare mourning garments: and her face gave proof, in its wan lines, of sorrow, if not of actual want. But it was a face that was strikingly beautiful even yet. As Mowbray drew back the curtains, the singer looked up at him. He could not restrain an exclamation of wonder and surprise at the rare loveliness he saw. The girl must have overheard him, for she turned away, with crimson cheeks, and looked at the other window. The instant she did this, the guitar dropped from her hands, she gave a shriek, and then fell senseless in the snow.

"Great God! it is she," cried Spencer, and throwing up the sash, he leaped out, clearing the railings at a bound.

Mowbray, more collected, rang the bell for a servant, saying hastily, "Tell my mother and sister to please come down," and then hurried to the front-door, where he met Spencer bearing in his arms the inanimate form of Ellen. By this time the ladies of the house had descended from the drawing-rooms, and to them the poor girl was entrusted, Spencer, however, insisting on following and watching till she came back to consciousness. Mowbray took charge of her little brother, and learned from him the particulars of their sad story.

It was the same old tale, so often told, and so constantly recurring. No money, no friends, vain efforts to find employment, and at last absolute starvation. "We haven't had a bit to eat since night before last," said the poor little fellow. "We had no place to sleep in, to-night. We found an empty shed, when we were turned out-of-doors, a week ago, because we couldn't pay rent any longer; but we were turned out of the shed, too, to-day. Sister had her guitar still, for she would never part with it. You see, it was given to her by brother Harry, before he went away: and with all his wild ways he was always good to her. So, to-night, she said she'd sing to her guitar, and beg in that way—we never begged before—and, perhaps, God would put it into the hearts of some kind people to take pity on us. I didn't mind being hungry myself," said the brave boy, "but I couldn't bear that sister should be so. It made her so weak, you know: that's why she fainted. I—I," and putting out his hands as if to support himself, and with a strange, wild look of terror on his face, the lad also swooned away, overcome partly by his famished condition, and also partly by the change from the cold without to the heat of the library.

In a little while Spencer returned, and by that time Fred had recovered, and was sitting on Mowbray's knee, eating warm bouillon. "Ellen is conscious," said Harry. "Your mother and sister have turned me out of the room: they are feeding her, as you are feeding Fred. Ah! Mowbray, how shall I ever thank you?"

Mrs. Mowbray would not hear of Ellen going away, even the next morning, but insisted on

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nursing her back to health and strength, in which task her daughter Florence assisted. A strong friendship sprung up between the two girls, as strong as that which, day by day, cemented the two young men together. For Spencer was now always with the Mowbrays. He still kept his bachelor lodgings, where he slept and breakfasted, but the rest of the day was devoted to his friends. A mutual attachment arose between him and Florence, while Mowbray and Ellen became not less interested in each other.

But as yet nothing had been said, when little Fred, one day, blurted out,

"You needn't tell me," he cried, when they were all together in the library, after dark. "I know what you four mean." Here the girls began to blush violently. "Brother Harry's in love with Miss Florence, and Mr. Mowbray's in love with Ellen, and you're all going to be married on the same day. Won't it be jolly!"

The two young man laughed, and the girls looked as if they would sink through the floor; but Fred's advice was taken nevertheless, and the weddings were celebrated before the violets bloomed.

Fred thought it "very jolly" still.

CLOSER THAN A BROTHER.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

I.

Enthroned upon the purple-vested hills
Sat the fair Autumn in her regal glow,
And the clear voices of the silver rills
Made music down below.

The woods were glorious, but far and near
The scattered leaves their gleams of scarlet shed,
As if the life-blood of the dying year
Had stained them ruby-red.

And the strange stillness soothed us more and more
As on we wandered slowly, hand in hand,
Like lovers in the magic days of yore
Passing through Fairyland.

For twisted roots of wild fantastic shape
Haunted our path with limbs of rugged brown,
This seemed a satyr, that a goblin ape
Wearing an ivy crown.

Oh, friend! we knew that happiness like ours
Was solemn in its purity, and rare;
Treading the borders of immortal bowers,
Breathing immortal air!

Then softly as an angel clothed in white
Came Death, and met us with a placid smile;
Laid on our clasping hands his finger light,
And whispered, "Part awhile."

II.

Low in the Heavens stooped the fiery sun,
Flushing the peaceful landscape far and wide;
When sudden I became aware of One
Close walking by my side.

He spake of comfort, but I would not weep,
Wrapping the chilly mantle of despair
More closely round my stricken soul, to keep
All hope from entrance there.

At length, grown weary of my woe, I turned
To gaze awhile on my companion's face;
Ah, me! I trembled, for mine eyes discerned
Thereon a blood-red trace.

"Is this," I said, "the sunset's parting stain
That casts a rosy shadow on Thy brow?"
But faster fell the drops like crimson rain,
"Ah, Lord, I know Thee now!

"Forgive the feeble soul that understands
So little of this wondrous love of Thine."
He answered, holding out His pierced hands,
"Was any grief like mine?"

I knelt and kissed the weary, wounded feet,
Like Magdalene I washed them with my tears;
Fast flowed the healing waters fresh and sweet
From fountains sealed for years.

Then on my trembling lips I felt His kiss,
I heard His promise of eternal rest;
The world grew darker, but the light of bliss
Remained within my breast.

TO A FRIEND.

BY MARY W. MICKLES.

In rich profusion at your feet
Fame's fairest, proudest laurels lie;
And set to music, full and deep,
Your days are sweeping grandly by.
On heart or ear there falls no note,
Save those of triumph or of glee;
Then give, oh! give, from all this wealth,
A few brief hours to love and me.

My life is creeping sadly on,
A long, dull stretch of level gray,
Where mellow sunbeams ne'er dispell
The shadows deepening day by day;
And yet my lips breathe but one prayer,
Asking no wealth or fame for me;
No power, save o'er thy princely heart,
No boon, save one, to be with thee.

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FRANK'S VALENTINE.

BY VERNE ARGELYNE.

Mr. Frank Peyton, having completed his college course, had settled on his father's plantation, in Virginia, to what his friends called "steady fox-hunting and flirting."

It was the first Valentine's Day, since his return home, and he was taking a solitary breakfast by candlelight, in hunting-costume, that he might arrive early at Mr. Lewis', five miles off, where the hunters were to meet.

"Dar's a letter for you, Marse Frank," said his body servant, Oscar, opening the door. "Came lars night, arfter you done gone to bed."

The letter was in a pink envelope, sealed with green wax, emblematic of rose-colored visions and youthful verdancy; evidently a Valentine. There was no post-mark; but it was dated outside, "*Feb.*, 14*th.*"

"Where did it come from, Os?" he said.

"Tom fotch it from Marse Dick Lewis'; Dilsy give it to Tom; and little Miss Kate, she give it to Dilsy; and dey didn't, none of 'em, know which o' de young ladies sont it."

In the intervals of hot batter-cakes and broiled ham, Frank read:

"Whose fairy fingers traced these lines
Upon this page of snow,
And what she thought of you the while—
What would you give to know?

And on the face, half-shadowed o'er
By ringlets drooping low,
Whether those thoughts awoke a blush—
What would you give to know?

Whether the lips a tender smile,
Or merry one, bestow,
And if the eyes are arch or mild—
What would you give to know?

You're curious, although you may
Declare it is not so;
But unless you're wise enough to guess,
Be sure you'll never know."

Now, Mr. Lewis' house was the great social center of the neighborhood. In addition to his own pretty daughters, cousins and nieces, several young ladies from distant States and cities were visiting, just now, at the old place. A succession of dancing-parties, riding-parties, sociables, and (rare delight) a sleighing-party, had, in the last three weeks, succeeded each other. Frank was on the friendliest terms with a half-dozen of pretty girls in the party. Any one of them might have sent his Valentine. Or any one of a dozen young fellows he thought of, who would wish to enjoy his attempts to discover the writer, might have got it up to quiz him. Or, perhaps, some lady, whom he had scarcely noticed, sure that she would never be suspected, might have sent it. Never had conjecture a wider field.

Frank paced along the frosty road on his little mare, Brunette, and thought about it. Presently he discovered that he was constantly asking himself,

"Was it Jenny Lewis, or Miss Caldwell?"

Virginia Lewis had been his playmate and friend from the time of his first roundabout. She was a plump, merry girl, with brown hair, large, frank, gray eyes, and very red lips. Jenny, as she was familiarly called, had not one spark of affectation, prudery, or coquetry. So straightforward was she that Frank, when he returned home, a finished man of the world, as he thought, had decided that "Jenny was a nice girl, but lacked manner and sentiment."

On the other hand, he had known Miss Caldwell exactly twenty-four days, and had been in love, as he fancied, with her for twenty-three of them. He could not speak of her in his own words. The poets were ransacked for phrases worthy of her loveliness. You and I would have called her a tall, graceful blonde; but Frank had quoted everything in English poetry, from Chaucer to Alexander Smith, relating to graceful blondes, with golden-brown hair and blue eyes, and still told himself he had found no words worthy of her.

Frank found "Cloverfields," the mansion of Mr. Lewis, in a state of delightful bustle and confusion. A score of horses were neighing at the racks around the yard; chattering, important grooms were leading restive animals back and forth; ladies were arriving in carriages and on horseback, with attendant cavaliers; and on the broad piazza, a group of sportsmen were discussing the probable route of the hunt, and speculating whether the fox—one they had twice before hunted, and consequently a most interesting animal—would again mislead them and escape in the hazel thickets of Scanch-Branch, or take the track to Carter's hedge and ditch, where they had been thrown out the last time, no one venturing such a dangerous leap. Frank nodded to the different groups, and then went first to the stables to

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inspect his hunter, Tomahawk, who had been sent over the night before. After that he sauntered into the house to see his lady-love.

In the drawing-room a dozen girls were putting on their hats and gloves. But the two fair subjects of his mental question were already equipped, and stood together at a window.

"Frank, are you going to try the leap at Carter's Hedge?" cried Jenny. And "Surely, Mr. Peyton, you won't make that perilous venture?" said Miss Caldwell. They spoke simultaneously, but Miss Lewis' voice was clear and frank, like her eyes, while Miss Caldwell's was low and soft.

"What would you give to know?" queried Frank, glancing quickly from one to the other.

The gray eyes dropped for an instant. The blue met his in some confusion, with a sweet, inquiring look.

"Frank! Jenny! Miss Love! Everybody's starting!" cried Cary Lewis, from the hall.

Miss Caldwell's given name had been lost, for years, in the pretty soubriquet by which Cary summoned her.

"Yes, brother, we're coming!" Jenny cried, and ran off.

Her friend lingered a moment, looking for something.

"I have left my whip up stairs," said she, and gathering up her skirt, swept back through three rooms opening into each other to the foot of a narrow stairs leading to the upper regions.

Frank followed, and detained her at the staircase.

"What do you care, Miss Love, whether or not I break my neck at Carter's Hedge?"

"I *do* care. Please, don't," pleaded the sweetest of sweet voices.

"It is a very ticklish leap," said Frank, gravely considering. "A high stone and rail fence, grown up with bushes and vines, and a deep ditch, with crumbling edges on the other side."

"Oh, Frank—Mr. Peyton, pray, don't try it."

In her earnestness, she laid her slender, gloved hand on his arm.

"On one condition, Love, I will not."

"What condition?"

"That you give me, here and now, a kiss."

She pouted and turned away her head.

"On my honor as a gentleman, if you refuse, I will take the leap."

"You are cruel. Take your black-mail, then." She spoke in a hurried, vexed tone: but the smile in her eyes belied it. She presented her cheek. Frank drew the downcast face toward him and kissed her lips. "Dear Love," he murmured.

A step was heard in the hall, and Miss Caldwell flew up the stairs just as Jenny entered.

"Why don't you come? Where is Love?" she cried.

"Miss Love has gone up to get her whip, she will be here directly," said Frank, with the utmost tranquillity.

"She will come down the front stairs, let us meet her," replied Miss Lewis, leading the way.

"Jenny! Wait one moment," said Frank.

Jenny stopped and looked around.

"Jenny," said Frank, "you don't care whether I break my neck or not."

"Why, yes, I do, Frank," answered the young lady, opening her eyes.

"Do you wish me not to take the leap at the hedge?"

"It is a bad place, though you and Tomahawk could do it, I am sure; but I am afraid. I hope they may not go that way."

"They will, I feel certain."

"Will you do it, Frank?"

There was certainly no "sentiment" in her tone, but, surely, those truthful eyes betrayed some interest and anxiety.

"Jenny, for a kiss from you, I will do just what you please."

Frank was surprised to find with how much more diffidence and doubt he made this second demand.

All seriousness vanished in an instant from this unsentimental damsel's eyes. She burst into a ringing laugh.

"You may do just what *you* please, sir, without one," she cried, and hurried, still laughing, to join her friends in the hall.

Jenny, who rode beautifully, had resigned her own horse to Miss Caldwell, and was going in a light caleche, with a timid city girl, who would not hear of riding.

The blue-eyed Love suffered Frank to lead her out, to assist her in mounting, and to gallop with her to join the cavalcade ahead of them; but without once speaking to him, or even raising her eyes to his face; and when they overtook the party, she began a lively conversation with Randolph Page, who had been Frank's rival in love, learning, and field-sports, both their lives long, as Miss Caldwell had easily discovered. For this lady was, in fact, an accomplished and unscrupulous coquette; she had made Frank happy and confident by her favor; and now she proposed to reduce him to despair.

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She complimented Mr. Page's horse and his horsemanship; expressed her conviction that he would clear the famous hedge like a bird; and declared she would be there to see it. Her slights to Frank were so pointed, that, by the time they reached the cover, he was in a fury. Finding an opportunity, he quietly asked to be released from his promise. She only smiled and shook her head.

"I am a fool!" muttered the young man; "and, what is worse, I shall be called a coward."

The fox was started, and made straight for the course leading to Carter's Hedge. Frank, in the worst temper to which he had ever been roused, was following the hounds, when he passed the group of spectators, who had already started to reach, by a short cut, the probable terminus of the hunt; and there, among them, Page lingered with Miss Caldwell. Peyton could not resist the impulse to make one more appeal. Nor did he care that his rival saw how earnest he was.

"Miss Caldwell, I must seriously beg you to release me from my rash and absurd promise not to leap the hedge."

Both the men looked at her, and she glanced at each. To trace her thoughts would be like tracing an insect's zigzag flight.

"I willingly release you," she said, with a light laugh. "Go. You are left behind."

Ask the cleverest coquette you know why she released him.

The horses swept on, round the base of the hills, and along their further sides, across the shallow creek, through the pine thickets, and over the old fields of yellow-brown sedge. And Frank began again his morning's question: "Was it Miss Caldwell, or Jenny Lewis?"

On they went, over fences and ditches, like a flash along the beaten plantation-roads, heavily through ploughed ground, and over the springing wheat. In two hours the fox had led them back within a mile of their starting point; and now they pressed up a steep hill, over its crest, then down again to where, beyond a strip of meadow, the formidable hedge awaited them. On its further side, safe out-of-the-way, a group of lady equestrians surrounded two carriages. Stout old Mr. Lewis, and a boy or two, not arrived at hunting age, formed their escort.

Six horsemen climbed the hill and rushed down it; three shrank from the leap and rode along to find a gap; three rose lightly on the air—oh, heaven! that crumbling, sandy bank! Alas, poor Frank! it was not his fault or Tomahawk's, but they rolled back, man and horse, into the ditch, while Conway, Carr, and Randolph Page plunged on to see the fox killed in the next field.

Frank came to his senses, with a sharp pain in his shoulder, as the carriage-drivers dragged him up to firm ground. The first sound that greeted his ears was Miss Caldwell's voice, sweet, calm, and quite unconcerned,

"He had better not have tried the leap, after all," it said.

Then he opened his eyes. Jenny Lewis, pale and trembling, was bending over him, her hand on his heart to feel if it beat. The others were crowding up, on foot and on horseback.

"Stand back, all of you, you shut out the air," cried Jenny. "Frank, are you hurt?"

He raised himself, painfully and dizzily, on one arm; and these were the first words he uttered,

"Is Tomahawk safe?"

A groom was already leading the neighing and excited horse up and down, and feeling his limbs.

"Oh! he's all right, Frank!" cried a dozen, in chorus.

Frank dropped back with a groan.

"It's only a sprained shoulder, or something that feels like it," he said.

They crowded timid Miss Miles into the other carriage, made the caleche as easy as possible, with a shawl or two and some straw from a neighboring stack, and sent Frank to the house, with Jenny for a nurse, some of the party leading the way, others following, and the procession lengthening every moment, as they were joined by the returned fox-hunters.

"And I have actually thought she lacked feeling!" said Frank, to himself, as the kind, soft gray eyes watched him, and the crimson lip trembled whenever a jolt gave him a twinge of pain, while utterly forgetful of herself, she tried to make him more comfortable.

They carried him into "the chamber," the room of the mistress of the house, which is generally, in Virginia mansions, a large, cheerful apartment on the first floor, and is used as a family sitting-room.

A physician, who was fortunately of the party, motherly Mrs. Lewis, and a trio of sage, old "mammas" and "aunties" received the patient and examined his hurts, which amounted only, as he had supposed, to a sprained shoulder and some bruises.

Everybody came back to Cloverfields to dinner, and at night there was dancing. Frank was sufficiently recovered to sit up before the

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fire in Mr. Lewis' arm-chair and dressing-gown, each of which would have held three of him. There he reflected that his day had been a general failure; that he had not chosen a Valentine, or even found out who had written him one. But Frank, being a person of pluck and resources, resolved to make an effort to retrieve his position. So he began to manœuvre. First, he didn't want anybody to stay with him; he *knew* Mrs. Lewis wanted to go and look after her supper-table, she need not think any more about him, her good nursing had cured him already.

"Mammy Lucy and aunt Mourning, my dear old souls," he next said, "you'll make me think I'm dying, if you sit there and look at me so. I'll come to see you to-morrow with a new shawl a piece for you." The doctor was dancing already; so Frank waited and watched alone. Presently a little foot he knew tripped past the open door.

"Katie!" he called.

The child came in.

"Katydid, what are they doing in the parlor?"

"Miss Sue is playing, and the rest are dancing. Miss Love is dancing with Mr. Page; and, Frank, she looks at him just as sweet—as sweet as she looked at you," said the child, with a roguish laugh, in which Frank joined till his shoulder twinged again.

"And what is Jenny doing?"

"Talking to the doctor."

"Now, Katydid, I want you to call Jenny out into the hall, and whisper to her that I beg her to come here this minute; then do you run back and tell the doctor he may dance the next set with you."

Away ran Katie, and directly her sister appeared.

"Why, Frank, have they left you all alone? What is the matter?" said Jenny.

"Do come in, Jenny, and speak to me."

She took mechanically the hand he extended, but evidently did not mean to be detained by it.

"I will call mother or Cary for you," she began.

"No, don't run away and leave me, please. I have something to say to you. Jenny, I have loved you all my life, but I never knew how dearly till I saw your sweet eyes filled with tears to-day. Don't you care for me a little? Speak, darling! Don't leave me to a sleepless night of suspense as well as pain."

"Yes, Frank, I do care for you—*not* a little," she answered, softly, with a look too shy, and sweet, and modest, for any coquette on earth to copy.

Frank kissed the hand he held, and pressed it against his cheek.

"My pearl of Valentines!" he whispered.

Jenny's irrepressible laugh broke through her tears.

"It was not I who sent it, but Love Caldwell!" cried she, as she made her escape.

Frank and Jenny were married, that spring, and still flourish at Peyton Grove.

A SUNSET.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Low down the West the sunset shone,
  Like banners of a king,
Unfurled about some stately throne,
  In sudden triumphing.

Our eyes were dim with dropping tears,
  And as we looked away,
Adown the future's shadowy years,
  I think we tried to pray.

"Oh, friends!" she whispered, "Do you weep?
  To me death seems but rest;
A peace surpassing that of sleep—
  And surely peace is best.

"And after that, no tears to dim
  My weary eyes again;
Life is a grand and noble hymn,
  And death its sweet refrain."

Above the glory of the West
  Shone out the vesper star,
And angels, bringing gifts of rest,
  Came o'er the horizon's bar;

Came through the shadows gathered there,
  And called our loved one's name;
Her sweet, white face grew strangely fair,
  Touched by the sunset's flame.

And then she stretched her fluttering hands
  Away toward the West;
I think she looked on other lands—
  The lands of endless rest.

And then—— We never seemed before
  So near the great white throne,
As when, through Heaven's wide-open door,
  That strange, new brightness shone.

The sunset faded swiftly out,
  Above the mountain's steep,
And in the gloom that came about,
  We heard each other weep.

And brought white lilies from the lawn,
  And laid them on her breast;
In her fair soul we knew had bloomed
  The sweet, white flower of rest.

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PRINCE CHARMING COMES TO TOWN.

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 45.

"I DON'T call her eyes anything in particular," said Louie Rossitur, drawing out her crochet-needle with a jerk. "Gray? No; blue"

"Blue!" snapped Lena; "you might as well say they're red."

"Blue and red—that makes purple, doesn't it? Well, girls, you'll agree that Alma has purple eyes?" said Kate, with such malicious gravity, that no one else's gravity was worth mentioning.

The expected party had arrived at Loch Arden the night before, and having had the entire house placed at their disposal by Clare, they felt very much at home in it. He had selected his male guests quite judiciously, and the addition of the three Bostonians, Owen, Carnes, and Manly, was particularly pleasing to those of the girls who had been sighing for other men to conquer. They were sitting on the front piazza, after a late breakfast, and Mr. Carnes' casual inquiry about the nearest neighbor, had brought forth a very feminine and not over pleasing description of Alma Maxwell.

"I say, King," said Ned Owen, when they had finished laughing at Kate's sally, "come out of that window and give us your opinion."

"Concerning what?" said Clare. He had been reading a letter, and had lost the thread of the conversation.

"Miss Maxwell's eyes," said Lena, with an odd smile. "Do you call them beautiful?"

But Clare was not disposed to fall into the trap; perhaps yesterday's discovery had quickened his perceptions.

"I have seen her but twice; don't expect my weighty opinion. You must hear Miss Maxwell sing, Owen; I don't believe your ears could be any less than enchanted."

"Clare!" called his father, from the other end of the piazza. Lena and Louie looked at each other with smiles on their lips, and intense vexation in their hearts.

"Is the Miss Amesford, whom you mentioned, the famous belle of that name?" asked Edwin Carnes.

"Teresa Amesford? Certainly. A very fine woman," said Lena, in a tone that would have deterred you from any further desire to make her acquaintance.

"You will have a speedy opportunity of inspecting the purple eyes," said Kate, gleefully; "there is the Amesford carriage coming up the avenue. Who has Teresa got with her beside Alma? Mercy me! It's Fortbrasse!" With which boyish exclamation Kate flung away her embroidery, and joined Clare as he went to the carriage-door.

Teresa gave Clare her usual frank and graceful greeting, and then passed on to return Kate's warm embrace. But Alma's lovely, shy eyes only met Clare's gaze for a brief second, and her hand trembled as he took it in his saying, softly,

"Not quite over your fright yet? I meant to ride to Earnscliffe this morning and inquire for you."

"Alma, love, you forget—this is Mr. Clare King, I suppose," said the remaining occupant of the carriage, in loud, metallic tones, as she sprang out unassisted.

Before Clare could do more than bow, with rather surprised courtesy, Teresa rescued him.

"Miss Fortbrasse, I owe you an apology. Mr. King, let me make you acquainted with Miss Sylvia Fortbrasse, of New York."

"*So* happy!" said the lady, every fourth word in gushing italics. "There is *no* one whose acquaintance I have *so* longed to make as Mr. King's. Really," with another laugh, and great affectation of girlishness, "I have heard so many charming, thrilling accounts of your prowess in the field and the drawing-room, that I have made a *hero* of you."

Clare was conscious of an overpowering desire to laugh as he caught Teresa's eye; but he bit his mustache hard, and while the gushing lady was greeting her "old friend," Mrs. Dearborne, he took a mental photograph of her on the spot.

Miss Fortbrasse was a woman of perhaps thirty-five, and wonderfully well preserved. At first gaze, Clare thought her rather handsome; large and fair, with a fine figure, and plenty of silky, yellow hair, which seemed in

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imminent danger of coming down about her shoulders, and (*entre nous*) was worn thus, in studied negligence, to induce people to suppose that it was all her own—so I give her the benefit of the doubt. Miss Fortbrasse's eyes were pale, watery-blue; her nose straight, and rather large; and she had a curious trick, when listening, and occasionally when talking rapidly, of stroking the said nasal organ with her thumb and forefinger; and she possessed very beautiful teeth, but the eyes had a fashion of wandering all about, and never looked direc ly into yours; and the lips were thin, almost bloodless, and depressed a little at the corners. Swift and keen as Clare's glance was, he quietly said to himself, as he rolled up a chair for Alma, "Deceitful, clever, and hypocritical—what a combination." And as he listened to the stream of laughter and ecstasy with which Miss Fortbrasse entertained those of the party to whom she was first presented, he found himself devoutly hoping that the lady would never hear of his adventure with the rattlesnake, by way of illustrating his "prowess!"

"Original, is she not?" whispered Teresa, mischievously, as Clare dropped into a low chair between Alma and herself. "Listen, do! I wouldn't interrupt you for the world."

"So charming!" Miss Fortbrasse was still declaiming to Mrs. Dearborne. "I find our dear Alma enshrined in a veritable bower at Earnscliffe. I think Miss Amesford should call it Eden. And you can't imagine what a delightful sense of freedom I experience. My whole nature expands like a child's, and I laugh, and sing, and enjoy life again. With my charge, dear madam, my sacred, solemn charge, my spirits become sadly depressed at times. Alas!"

"Yes," said mamma Dearborne, somewhat vaguely.

"Miss Fortbrasse was alluding to her school, Mrs. Dearborne," said Teresa.

"Oh! Really, I should think your health would suffer with a house full of noisy children-plagues. Ugh!" and the would-be *grande dame* gave a genteel shiver

"Plagues! Never!" cried Miss Fortbrasse, pathetically. "My darling children are the best imaginable. They run to me with all their little wants and wishes, and I always endeavor to bear in mind what a sacred duty I have to perform toward them. Think of their after lives, dear madam, and the precious influence I can, through Providence, obtain over their minds and hearts. Look at my lovely Alma——"

"Don't hold me up as an example," cried Alma, incited to rebellion by a smothered burst of laughter from Clare during this singular harangue, "I feel a desperately wicked fit just coming on."

But the attempted diversion was useless, for Miss Fortbrasse saw Clare's handsome eyes fixed upon her with a look which she interpreted as admiration, and she rounded her period with effect.

"Ah, darling! we all know what your wickedness is," said she, rolling her eyes upward, as if she expected inspiration from the hobgoblins that supported the cornice of the piazza, "you are a lovely model of that society which you are so fitted to adorn."

"Say something to me this instant, or I shall disgrace myself," ordered Teresa, in a choking voice, as she dropped her fan flat at Clare's feet. He picked it up, and took that occasion to let off a little of his own concealed merriment.

"Do you have that style of thing all the time, or is this a dress rehearsal?" said he, in a subdued voice, (thank heaven, Clare was never guilty of the rudeness of a whisper, but he understood perfectly the science of modulated tones.) "I have seldom heard anything so rich in my life. Is she most fool or knave?"

"Knave! Look at her mouth, and then answer your own question. I hope, some time, that you may hear her fairly launched in one of her stories—about her family, for instance. The only difficulty is that her memory is too short; she contradicts herself, and leaves her wonderful fictions with fagged ends, in an unartistic style, that irritates my temper invariably. I only asked her here for Alma's sake—the child is too sweet-tempered——"

"Hush!" came a reproving voice from Clare's other side. Alma was growing pink under the attacks from different quarters.

"I forgot you were there," said Teresa, smiling. "I meant to say that I believe she was kind to you, because she dared not be otherwise—so I tolerate her. But I feel a growing presentiment that some day my hot temper will get the better of my discretion, and if Miss Fortbrasse deviates from the straight line in our transactions, she will have the pleasure of hearing my opinion."

Kate Dearborne had by this time introduced Mr. Carnes and Mr. Owen to the fascinating Fortbrasse, and she was fully occupied with endeavoring to entertain the pair. The other men scattered themselves around, and Russell Wayne brought a cushion, on which he seated

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himself at Alma's feet, much to Clare's discomfiture. His constant watch of Alma's face made him a little absent, and seeing this, Teresa wheeled her chair a trifle distant, and said, playfully,

"You are answering me with your thoughts elsewhere; a poor compliment, sir prince! Don't deny it," as Clare entered laughing protest. "I confess, on my own behalf, that I have been talking empty stuff for some moments. I want—will you——" she hesitated, and grew a little pale. "I haven't thanked you yet for your manly defence of Vere Audley. Perhaps I was too cowardly; perhaps there were other reasons why my tongue was tied; but I thank you warmly for every word you said. I knew him well—once."

Clare thought he had seldom heard a more pathetic sound than the tone of Teresa's voice, as it faltered on the last word.

"Reverse matters, and I only did what Vere would do for me."

"You do him justice; with all his faults, disloyalty to his friends can never be laid at Col. Audley's door. I am not much used to either trusting men, or asking favors of them; but I am about to do both to you. Will you give me his address, and never let him know that I asked for it?" Her voice shook, and her proud eyes looked away from him as she spoke.

"You may trust me," he said, warmly. His generous heart could not look coldly upon any woman's suffering, much less upon the pain of any one whose friendship he valued as he did Teresa's. "Audley's address is at the Union Club; he is in New York now." She put out her hand with an impulsive gesture, and he clasped it as he would have done a man's, cordially and frankly.

"Are you signing a compact?" called Clara Dearborne, seeing the action from her corner.

"Yes, and an important one," said Clare. "Miss Amesford is coming to dine with us, and will bring her own guests to entertain mine."

"That's an eminently proper arrangement," quoth Wayne, from his lazy seat. "Is anybody sufficiently energetic to play croquet?"

"Yes," said Kate, answering for the company. "Alma, will you play?"

"Miss Alma is going to look at the hermitage," hastily said Clare.

"Don't be away long," said Teresa, as Alma went down the steps with Clare. "If we are coming back to dine, we won't give you a chance to get tired of us this morning."

The hermitage that Clare referred to was scarcely that; it was of cave, partly natural and partly artificial, within an overhanging rock, which lay within the grounds of Loch Arden, on the shore of the lake. Curious plants and mosses, that thrived in the semi-darkness of the cavern, grew up the walls, and were trained along overhead. It was sufficiently large to allow of the introduction of fantastically-colored chairs and lounges, and a smoothly-polished block of marble served as a table, where were piled books, music, meerschaums, and tobacco-pouches, in delicious confusion. There was a tinge of gloominess about it, notwithstanding the bright colors of the furniture and cushions, and Alma half drew back at the entrance.

"Come inside," said Clare, noting the gesture, "and see whether my bachelor's den is not a pleasant place to wile away a half hour."

"I should think it was a den," said she, looking at the nondescript contents of the table. "Oh, Mr. King! is that a guitar?"

"To be sure," said he, laying it in her lap.

"What an exquisite instrument; those are real jewels. Do you dare to leave it here?"

"Why not?" said he, laughing. "I never heard of poachers on these grounds; besides, I have a locker here, where I occasionally store my valuables," and shoving aside a lounge, he showed her that it covered an iron safe, quite small, and securely sunk in the rock.

"Sing for me," said she, offering him the guitar.

"Not I. Where are the ballads you promised me?"

"You must take them without accompaniment," said she; "I am not at home on the guitar." And then, with the grave artlessness that was her special fascination, she clasped her beautiful little hands in her lap, and sang him that half-mocking, half-pathetic song, "Logie o' Buchan." She made a rare picture, her sunny hair and white arms, with the dark rock for background; and if he had thought her voice lovely when assisted by the piano, and the matchless acoustic arrangements of Teresa's music-room, he called it a thousand times lovelier now, with its flute-like tone, and low trills. But the spell of her song was rudely broken, for as she began a third verse, a shadow darkened the entrance of the cave, and she stopped with a frightened exclamation.

"What was it?" said Clare.

His back had been toward the entrance, but as he stood up, he saw a strange figure leaning against the base of the rock outside. He walked up and touched the intruder's shoulder.

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"I allow no trespassers on these grounds, sir," he said, haughtily.

The stranger turned quickly, and as the light fell on his face, Clare gave a start of recognition. That low-browed, handsome face, the fair mustache, and gleaming teeth, belonged to the mysterious stranger, whose conversation he had partly overheard at the Fifth Avenue Hotel!

"I beg your pardon for my unconscious intrusion," said the new-comer, raising his hat with much gracefulness. "I was calling at Earnscliffe, and being informed that the ladies would return soon, I strolled down the shore, and was unaware that I had passed the limit of the Amesford grounds. Ah! good-morning, Miss Maxwell," as Alma stepped forward. "I thought it could only be your voice that drew my charmed feet into this dilemma. May I beg you to present me to this gentleman?"

"Mr. King," said Alma, "Major Copeland is a friend of Miss Fortbrasse, and is staying at Bowdin."

Clare's brow cleared. It had roused an uncomfortably jealous demon in his heart to hear the insolent self-possession with which this man claimed acquaintance with Alma.

"The apology must be mine," said he, with elaborate courtesy, ignoring the half-extended hand. "Pray, walk up to Loch Arden with us," and he offered his arm to Alma.

The movement was almost a protecting one, for freshly and distinctly, back into his memory, came the words, "*I have no time to lose; how soon will you promise to throw her into my way?*" And as Alma laid her little hand within his arm, he resolved to stand between this man's purpose and the fulfillment of it, as far as she was concerned.

"What a fine country this is of yours," said Copeland, switching off the head of a daisy with his cane. "Your lake reminds me of Windermere, at home."

"I have never thought of comparing them," said Clare. "Are you an Englishman, Major Copeland?"

"I have that honor," was the negligent answer. "Miss Maxwell, do you remember one day at the Martigny Pass?"

"When you and Miss Fortbrasse joined us? Perfectly," said Alma.

"And the Fortescues——"

She was saved further reply, for as they approached the croquet-players, Miss Fortbrasse saw them, and flew toward them.

"He is some sort of a cousin of hers," said Alma, in a low tone to Clare. Perhaps his undisguised look of relief made her add, "I have the strangest and most unaccountable dislike for that man, and yet he is a pleasant companion, and has very charming manners."

"Never distrust your instincts," said Clare. "I don't like his face."

"I have prejudiced you," she said, looking sorry, "and I really know very little about him. We met him several times abroad; Miss Fortbrasse is always talking about him, and represents him as all that is delightful."

Clare shook his head dubiously; but as the last named lady fastened herself upon him at that moment, further conversation with Alma became impossible.

Clare, if he had but known it, was placed in a difficult position for the next fortnight, for he became the unconscious object of much covert strife, and was the cause of many feminine heart-burnings. No less than four women had chosen, from one motive or another, to fancy themselves desperately in love with him. Beginning with Clara and Lena Dearborne, each sister determined not to let the other win the prize; then Louie Rossitur, who loved him with all her heart and soul, and would have done almost any mad or desperate thing, provided she could win Clare's love in return; and, lastly, the redoubtable Fortbrasse herself had gone utterly mad over the splendid form and beautiful face of a man ten years her junior. It sounds ludicrously, perhaps; but, let me tell you, out of my sage experience, that if you ever want to find a blind, headlong, and totally unreasoning passion, you may look for it in a woman of over thirty, who lavishes it upon a man younger than herself.

Clare bore himself circumspectly. He knew the world and women too well to be marked in his attentions to any of them; and then, too, he had a safeguard against flirting, in his ardent, tender affection for Alma. And Alma, my "queen of the rosebud-garden of girls," was too happy, during those June days, to define the cause, even to herself. If her heart beat lighter in Clare's presence, if she wore his flowers, sang his favorite songs, and reserved for him her best waltzes, she never paused to analyze the reason; she lifted her fair head in the sunshine, and thanked God for it.

Two things gave Clare special annoyance. One was Major Copeland's persistent devotion to Alma, and his prolonged stay at Bowdin. Clare even went so far as to hint a few of his suspicions to Teresa; the difficulty was that he had hardly enough to go upon to give more

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serious warning. His other vexation was that the Fortbrasse would persist in being gushing at the most inopportune moments. To do him justice, he was free from that lowest sort of vanity, which induces men to fancy that every woman who shows preference for their society is "in love" with them, and his entire obtuseness on this point gave the lady opportunity for very plain words and actions, until every man in the circle was aware that she was insane about him; or, as Wayne put it, in the smoking-room one night, in the turf language best appreciated by his audience, "The ruck outsider was making hard running, but the little thoroughbred crack would beat her on the home-stretch, fifty to one!"

Clare had thrown himself into the proposal for theatricals with great spirit, notwithstanding his protest. After much talking, they finally decided upon what Clare called "a grand field night," with such a combination that Teresa vowed the whole affair would prove a failure. They were to have "*Ici on parle Francaise*," with a tableau of Jephtha's Daughter following; and then the little farce of "A Morning Call," and to end up—oh! the untiring energy of a company of fashionables caged in a country house; to finish with a dance *en costume*, and all the guests in dominos.

"We shall have to extend it over to breakfast-time," said Alma, when she heard the last proposition. advanced, of course, by Clare.

"Mr. King," said Louie Rossitur, (they were all at Earnscliffe that morning,) "which do you think the best cast for 'Angelina'—Alma, or myself? Candor requested."

"Yourself, Miss Louie; I thought that was agreed yesterday," said he.

Louie glowed with pleasure; for had it not been decreed that Clare should represent "Victor"—and were not theatricals, when properly managed, known to accomplish much? Alma, studying a beautiful engraving of "Jephtha's Daughter," looked up to assure Louie that she considered "Angelina" far beyond her powers; but Miss Rossitur had disappeared, and Clare also, so she spoke to Teresa instead.

"When do you study your part?" said she. "Mr. Wayne, if I were you, I would not depend upon her at all."

"I am such a genius," said that gentleman, lazily, "that I seriously think of dispensing with rehearsals; and I can't be so ungallant as to think that Miss Teresa requires one!"

"Too equivocal to merit any thanks," said Teresa. "You forget, Alma, I have played 'A Morning Call' before. What *are* you making?"

"Kate is helping me with Mr. King's armor for the tableau," said Alma, holding up her pretty hands. "Major Copeland, *do* hold that shield straight. And I haven't any more gum-arabic."

"I left a paper of it in Miss Fortbrasse's room," said Teresa. "Where is she?"

"Peeping somewhere," said Clara Dearborne, slyly.

"I'll run up and find her," said Alma. "If Mr. King comes for it, tell him I'll be back again in a moment;" and off she ran.

"Miss Fortbrasse," said she, tapping softly at the door. No answer; so, after an instant's pause, she went in. Miss Fortbrasse was standing at the window, but she started back as Alma entered.

"I came up after the gum-arabic," said Alma. "Are you writing? We expected you down stairs."

"Only some letters, darling," said the lady, slipping a paper into her pocket. "I was just watching a beautiful tableau. Come here, love—can you see them?" Alma stepped carelessly over to the window, gave one look, then stood transfixed! The room overlooked the rose-hedges, and beyond them, on a sheltered knoll of velvet-grass, sat Louie Rossitur. At her feet, saying something with passionate earnestness, holding both her hands in his, knelt Clare King!

"Charming *denouement*," sneered Miss Fortbrasse, her pale eyes lit with malice, that boded ill to Alma as well as the performers in the little scene, "actually, the man is kissing her hand!" with a faint scream at the enormity of the climax.

Alma turned cold; but the eyes that met hers were too cruelly triumphant for even her innocent heart to mistake. She dropped the curtain calmly.

"How could you have the meanness to watch them?" she said, indignantly.

"You shall pay for that, my fair aristocrat," thought the spy to herself. "How *can* you be so unjust, Alma," she said, aloud, sorrowfully.

"I beg your pardon." The warm, generous nature repented the censure, though the impression of disgust remained on Alma's mind. "Of course, you will take no notice of what we have seen by accident; Mr. King knows his own affairs best;" and off she ran, stopping only for one hard, tearless sob, before she joined the others.

She had a brave soul, young, guileless girl as she was, and wounded as she was, she determined to make no sign to betray it. While

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the wretched hypocrite who might have calmed her pain with a word, (she had often seen "*Ici on parle*," and knew perfectly well that Clare and Louie were merely rehearsing a scene between Victor and Angelina,) sat shaking with baffled rage and spite, unable to tell whether Alma did care, or not, and hating the gentle girl with the hatred of a jealous fiend.

When Clare and Louie came back to the house, Miss Fortbrasse and Major Copeland were starting off for a walk; the others were eating lunch under the trees. Clare made his way to Alma's chair.

"Have you decided in my favor?" said he. "You have just the face for that tableau."

"Have I?"

There was a strange accent of pain in her voice which he noticed instantly; her face was turned away from him, as she bent her head over her glass of sauterne.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked, suddenly? Who has been annoying you? Won't you walk down to the hermitage with me, and let me drive the shadow off?"

She raised her lovely head, with a look of scornful pride that he had never seen in her before. What, was he vain enough to come fresh from the conquest of one woman, and strive to gain the love of another? Angered by the thought, she said, coldly,

"Nothing has annoyed me. I don't think I'll walk now, I'm too tired."

"Too tired? Won't you come this afternoon instead? I haven't had a chance to speak to you for twenty-four hours."

His tone was very pleading and tender, but she hardened her heart as she glanced up and saw Louie's happy face.

"You must excuse me for to-day. Miss Fortbrasse," raising her voice, "I left my white burnous in Mr. King's hermitage yesterday; will you bring it to me as you come back from the shore?"

Clare looked at her in great surprise. He had the swift, fiery temper that often accompanies a brave, sweet disposition, and momentary pique made him interpose.

"Pray, don't trouble yourself, Miss Fortbrasse; I can send a servant up with it this afternoon."

"He would not have spoken to me in that way yesterday," thought poor little Alma, as she looked up with dewy eyes, which, if Clare had seen, would have put to flight all his pique. But he had walked off and joined Kate, and Alma did not exchange another word with him that morning.

"Confound it!" soliloquized Clare, a few hours later, as he strolled down to the hermitage. "Is Alma like all the rest of her sex, I wonder? No, I won't be ungenerous. God bless her innocent heart! it never harbored a thought that was not pure and true. I'll be bound that Fortbrasse woman has been plagueing her! Well, I'll try and set it all right to-night."

He found the pretty, white burnous just where Alma had dropped it, and he took it up with the sort of tenderness which had grown on him for everything she had ever touched. Alma's dress always had a curious suggestion of herself; and this mass, with its down trimming, and tassels of pearl and turquoise, bore the imprint of her delicate task. Wealthy heiress as the orphan girl was, you never saw any ostentatious allusion to the fact in her; and Clare was remembering this, when he saw a bit of paper caught in one of the tassels. Without thinking much of the action, he untwisted it, and his own name caught his eye. It was a torn scrap, written in pencil.

"*King is, I think, suspicious, so I shall continue to avoid you in public. To-morrow, at the lower gate, by the shore. Lovingly your own Alma.*"

He started as if a serpent had stung him. With whom had Alma made an appointment, to whom dared she speak of him in such terms? Then, back over that brave, loyal heart, surged the memory of her purity and loveliness, and the demon of doubt fled.

"God forgive me! What an unworthy suspicion. Another of that man's machinations, else how came it here? Alma, my darling, I will not delay another instant in avowing my love for you, and then, if I win you, I defy them all."

So thinking, his heart full of tenderness for her, his blood boiling whenever he remembered Copeland and Miss Fortbrasse, (for he had long ago identified her with the veiled lady of the hotel,) he went rapidly down the gravel-path until he had nearly reached the scene of his encounter with the rattlesnake. He had so entirely put away any idea of Alma's having aught to do with Copeland, that the picture which met his gaze, as he turned a curve in the path, almost stunned him. There, by the gate, the declining sun shining on her white dress and graceful head, stood Alma, and opposite her, in the very act of taking a letter from her outstretched hand, was Major Copeland.

One of Clare's tempests of passion came over him as he recovered his senses from the first blow. He could not turn back, they had seen

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him, and each started, guiltily, he thought. So he moved on and met them.

"I was just about bringing over your burnous, Miss Maxwell," he said, in a tone of polished irony that struck to Alma's heart. "I am glad to see that you have recovered sufficiently from your fatigue of the morning to be on your way to the shore."

"I am not going there," she faltered; and he remembered later, how piteously she looked up in his eyes.

"You ought to be rested after your long nap," said the major.

"You are aware that I took none, sir," she flashed out, haughtily.

She would not be a party to his glib falsehood, let Clare think what he pleased. Oh! why, why had she taken charge of a note from Miss Fortbrasse to deliver to this odious man?

For half a second Clare paused, then, lifting his hat, "I hope I shall not find Miss Amesford napping," he said, and left them.

Loch Arden was in a whirl of excitement over the theatricals for three days, and during that, Clare had no time for a *tete-a-tete* with Alma, had he desired one. The only people who noticed anything unusual in their bearing toward each other were Miss Fortbrasse and Teresa; and the latter, with her usual keen perceptions, catching a stray glance of rancorous spite that the Fortbrasse bestowed on the unconscious Alma, said to herself, "*Cat!* I shall have to reckon with you yet!"

When the day of the theatricals came, Clare and Alma were as far from an explanation as ever. For the first time, Teresa noticed the coolness of his manner toward her pet, and made up her mind to find out the reason of it.

Accident, in a singular way, favored her; it happened in this wise. After her own special rehearsal with Wayne, on the boards of the pretty little theatre which Clare had just completed, Teresa felt one of her nervous headaches coming on, and warned by past experience, left the merry party at Loch Arden, and went home alone, to try to drive it off before evening. Henri, her French major-domo, brought Mam'selle a glass of Seltzer, and some Cologne; and then, throwing herself on a sofa in the library, she bade Henri deny her to visitors, and dropping the rose-colored curtains over the alcove where she sat, she fell into a light slumber. She slept on for over an hour, but woke at last, with a start, hearing voices on the balcony beside her.

"I tell you, you are a vacillating fool!" said the unmistakable metallic voice of Miss Fortbrasse. "Alma is very well disposed toward you, if you only made the best of your chances."

"I'm not such a 'fool' as to suppose she's in love with me, however," retorted another voice, sullenly, which Teresa recognized as Major Copeland's. "She cares more for King's little finger than for you and me put together, after all your boasted influence over her."

"For all that, now's your opportunity. King's cold enough to her in all conscience, and there's many a heart caught on the rebound. I gave him a dose in that note which he found, running my chance of his knowing her handwriting."

"How do you know he read it?"

"Know?" she sneered. "Can't you see how the poison works? You must do it, Richard. You know there are reasons why you can't stay in Bowdin too long. Get the heiress if you can, it's the last chance I shall ever help you to. Go, for heaven's sake! I hear a carriage."

Miss Fortbrasse's meditations, as she watched the hasty retreat of her ally, were suddenly interrupted. Teresa walked out on the balcony.

"Miss Fortbrasse," said she, in that clear, quiet voice of hers, whose every syllable told, "you will be good enough to give me a copy of that note Mr. King found!"

"Miss Amesford!" The Fortbrasse turned ashy white, and gasped for breath under the suddenness of the attack. "I—I—really don't understand."

"Don't trouble yourself to lie on this occasion," said Teresa, mercilessly, "I have not time; and besides, I heard every word you said to Major Copeland. That note, if you please, and remember that I prefer to have a correct copy, as I may compare it with your first effort."

Miss Fortbrasse looked up at her hostess' calm, proud face, then elected to fly into a rage. She chose wrongly, and Teresa cut her short.

"Spare yourself the unnecessary fatigue," said she, politely. "I offer you the alternative of giving me an exact copy of the note you boasted of, and trusting to my generosity to what use I put it, or, in case you persist in refusing to comply with my small request, I shall ring for a carriage to transfer you to the evening boat, and will myself explain to our friends that our acquaintance is ended."

Miss Fortbrasse glared, sniffed, and finally burst into a torrent of sobs. For the first time in her life she was foiled with her own weapons, caught in her own toils; for she knew well that once ostracized by the aristocratic Miss Ames-

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ford, her school and herself would go down in the social scale, never to ascend again. So she submitted to have pen and paper thrust into her hand, and between her sobs, wrote, not daring to omit a word, lest the fatal threat should descend on her head, and gave the slip to Teresa. The latter read it, and then turning to her defeated foe, said,

"You neglected to state where Mr. King 'found' this?"

"I believe—I suppose it was in the hermitage," faltered the spy.

"That is sufficient. After this evening I shall never refer to this very unpleasant subject," and with a grave bow, Teresa left her.

"The pitiful plotter!" thought she, as she sat down at her own desk, and pulled out a sheet of paper, on which she wrote, in a bold hand,

"My return for a certain address. I don't know how valuable this despicable bit of paper enclosed may be to you. I forced it from its author, Miss Fortbrasse, very nearly 'at point of the bayonet.' As I once warned you, my reckoning came at last. T. A."

She sighed as she sealed both in an envelope, and rang the bell.

"Henri," said she, "I wish you to take that note to Loch Arden, and deliver it to Mr. King yourself—remember!"

"Mam'selle shall be obeyed," said the Frenchman; and ringing again for her maid, Teresa began to dress for her farce.

Just as she had about completed her toilet, Alma came in.

"How lovely you are," said Teresa, involuntarily. The strange, antique dress of Jephtha's Daughter on Alma was exquisitely beautiful; she looked the character to absolute perfection.

"Teresa, Teresa!" called Mr. Amesford, from the hall, "it's past seven, and Miss Fortbrasse and I are tired waiting for you girls." So Teresa wrapped Alma's dimpled shoulders in a cashmere shawl, and kissed her tenderly as they went down stairs.

The ride was not more than five minutes, and Clare himself opened the carriage-door for them. Alma shrank back in her corner, and was helped out by Mr. Amesford, but Clare had time for a hasty whisper in Teresa's ear, "I can't thank you enough—don't judge my idiotic actions until I can explain them," before they reached the entrance of the little theatre.

Among the brilliant toilets in which all the *elite* of Bowdin honored the occasion, there were a number of dominos worn by those who wished the pleasure of remaining *incog* for the evening. Certainly, one does not often see better amateur acting than they saw that night. Clare as Victor, and Louie as Angelina, merited all the applause they received. Of all the audience, there was no one who watched the pair with such eager, feverish eyes as little Alma. At the conclusion of the play, Teresa spoke twice before Alma heard her.

"Alma, pet, they will want you now; let us get out as quietly as we can. I beg your pardon, sir," as she accidentally jostled a tall figure in her path, "here we are; don't be frightened."

Alma was in such misery, poor child, that she submitted to be *posed* with the utmost indifference; and it was not until the figure in ancient armor, who represented Jephtha, came toward her, that she looked up with a violent start.

"There, I think you are all right now; a trifle this way, Mr. King," said Kate Dearborne. "Alma, turn your head to the left—you ought to look *at* him. Mercy me! what a doleful-looking individual!"

The crimson blood flew into Alma's face, as she heard the tinkle of the bell, and with a violent effort she raised her downcast eyes.

"Alma, my beloved, do not be so afraid of me—trust me for one moment longer," said a low, rich voice, as Clare's glorious eyes looked down into the very depths of hers.

The effect was electric. Well might the spectators applaud the rapt expression of Alma's almost unearthly, beautiful face; both face and figure quivering with a subdued thrill of joy, seeming the perfection of acting, because it was nature itself.

Round after round of applause fairly shook the room as the curtain fell; but Alma heard only one dear voice, as Clare hurried her off the stage, whose whisper bade her "look up and bless him with her love."

Teresa, standing a little aside with Russell Wayne, saw their hasty exit, and for a moment her fine, dark eyes were humid, and her lips quivered as she made careless answer to some jest. But the old memories had to be put down with a firm hand, and when the curtain rose again, and Teresa began her witty soliloquy, no one would have dreamed how bitterly her heart was aching.

She played her part of the finished coquette admirably, as she did most things. But with

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all her self-possession, she was considerably annoyed by the persistent gaze of a tall figure in a red domino, whom she at once remembered as having jostled when Alma and she came behind the scenes. He kept his eyes so fixed upon her, that she felt as if she were being mesmerized, and once very nearly forgot her cue. The farce was a short one, but she was devoutly thankful when it was over, and she stood, with wearied nerves, in the drawing-room. She was recalled to herself by the sight of every one in domino.

"I have forgotten my domino," said she, laughing. "Did you ever know anything so stupid? If you will wait for me, Mr. Wayne, I can run out on the piazza, and get back to the dressing-room that way."

But as she stepped outside, Alma and Clare stood in her path; and throwing her arms around her, Alma covered her face with kisses.

"Then it's all right at last?" and Teresa clasped Clare's hand in warm congratulation: but Alma passed on to the dancers.

"I said I did not know how to thank you," said Clare, drawing her arm in his, and walking down the piazza with her; "but it's my turn to ask a favor now. Have you not a few words of welcome to give an old friend?"

Teresa looked up; before her, in the clear moonlight, stood a soldierly figure, his red domino thrown back; a man with a bronze beard, and an empty coat-sleeve pinned across his broad breast.

"I am truly glad to welcome Col. Audley back to America," she said, in a calm voice, though her heart beat almost to suffocation.

But as the soldier took her shapely hand in his—his left-hand!—a sigh struggled through her iron self-possession, and one great, hot tear fell on that extended hand.

"Forgive all the past, my darling!" he said, and with his one arm he drew the proud belle close to his heart.

Clare had disappeared.

"Vere, it was *all* my fault; I treated you vilely."

"My dearest, hush!"

Then her mood changed; she was never the same long.

"Mr. Wayne is waiting for me," said she, pretending to go.

"Let him!" and Audley laughed merrily, out of his great content. "You must hear how I ever gained courage to come—how I found you out. Who was it that stretched out her noble hand, and sent me, anonymously, the half of her fortune?"

"Vere!" She tried to stop his mouth with a kiss.

"Who, oh! wise woman, sent me to her own lawyers, and never gave me credit for long enough memory to remember that Drake & Travers drew up our marriage settlements once, when I was rich?"

"Then Mr. Travers betrayed me," said she, indignantly.

"My dear girl, it wasn't his fault. I pushed him too hard. Do you think I have ever forgotten the past? Do you know that I have loved you always, through our rashly broken engagement, through absence, and the coldness of these years? Your generosity to my fallen fortunes gave me a spark of hope, and so I have come now, Teresa, to bring back your draft. I cannot receive it, darling, unless the giver go with the gift!"

For answer, she laid her head on his breast, and put her hand in his.

A moment later, a man ran hastily along the piazza, and Teresa sprang away from Audley's side.

"I beg pardon, colonel," said the intruder; "I was right, after all. We've bagged our game this time, and there stands our man, in a blue domino, in that window. If he sees *me*, he'll be off, and though I dislike a fuss, there's no help for it, as I can see, but to nab him on the spot."

"Then arrest him!" said Audley, briefly; and with a nod, the English detective slipped across the threshold.

Major Copeland was talking eagerly with Miss Fortbrasse, and she was in the very act of warning him of her scene with Teresa, when a hand, whose firm grip sent a shiver through him, was laid on his.

"In the Queen's name," said his captor, coolly, in a whisper, "come along quietly, Cleveland, *alias* Major Copeland, and don't kick up a shindy in the parlor. I've been on the hunt for you this two months, and began to think the extradition laws were a blamed humbug."

"You mistake the person, you insolent cur," said Copeland, trying to shake himself free.

"Not a bit of it; it's the Quebec Bank defaulting business *this* time," significantly; "and it's my opinion you'll find Col. Audley a tough customer to get away from. He's outside; p'rhaps you'd like to see him."

Miss Fortbrasse gave a prolonged shriek, as the handcuffs slipped over the prisoner's wrists with a sharp click, and she effectually diverted the attention of the company by fainting away,

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as Copeland was shoved across the piazza off the scene. When she opened her eyes again, she was up stairs in the dressing-room with Teresa.

"Say nothing," whispered she, kindly, "we wish to spare you what we can. Nobody knows yet."

"Will Col. Audley prosecute?" said the Fortbrasse, faintly, all her gushing audacity gone.

"Cleveland has confessed where most of the securities and stolen bonds are secreted. He will, of course, be prosecuted by the bank, and I don't know whether Col. Audley appears directly or not. Be quiet, and trust to our generosity."

Teresa kept her promise, and Alma's bitterest enemy was spared so far—the story did not transpire to the guests at Loch Arden. That charmed circle had enough to gossip about in the two engagements, shortly after announced; and when, a few weeks later, Russell Wayne's engagement to Kate Dearborne became known, Kate's mamma was in such ecstasy over the connection with the Waynes, that she quite forgot to bewail that Clare had slipped through their fingers.

I regret to say that Lena Dearborne is not married yet; and as her temper has grown rather notorious of late, the men fight shy of her.

And so we bid farewell to the Dearbornes, and the sacred precincts of Murray Hill, only saying that they all had a grand sensation at the time of the double wedding, when Teresa and Alma were married that autumn. But of the after life at Loch Arden of my "Prince Charming" and his sweet little bride, I can give you no better description than by altering a little, for the occasion, several lines of the great master of lyric poetry, dear Sir Walter, and assure you that,

"I sing not to that simple maid,
To whom it must in terms be said,
That friends and parents all agree
To bless 'Prince Charming's' constancy;
And afterward, for many a day,
That it was held enough to say,
In blessing to a wedded pair,
'They love like Alma and like Clare!'"

MOUNTAIN LAUREL.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

The fair, pink blossoms, set like clustered gems
Amid their deep-green, leafy coronal,
And deftly swinging on their trusty stems,
O'er all the hillside grateful shadows fell
From many a feathery pine-tree, tall and high,
With branches pointing to the far, blue sky.

Below the slope there lies the lake asleep,
Full in the quiet of the golden sun;
So soft the winds that o'er its bosom creep,
That not a ripple from its breast is won.
Loose hangs the sail, and slow the shallops glide
Adown the current of the silver tide.

Oh! rare June sunshine, falling goldenly!
Oh! dainty, pinkish tufts of laurel bloom!
The sweetest eyes that ever looked on me
Are linked in memory with thy rich perfume.
Dark eyes that kindled to a sudden glow,
The sweetest dream that maiden heart can know.

The laurels blossom on the hillside steep;
The pine-trees drop cool shades amid the grass;
The lake lies still, with all its waves asleep,
And still with loose, white sails the vessels pass.
The breeze is sighing still the same sweet tune
It sang for us that day in leafy June.

I sit upon the grassy slope again,
And look across the waters, calm and blue;
Oh! can you know the thrill of nameless pain
That fills my heart while thus I think of you?
I turn to meet the olden glance and smile:
The laurels whisper of you all the while.

The fair, pink blossoms rest against my cheek,
Their fragrant kisses not so sweet as thine!
A sense of loss my tongue can never speak,
Burdens and fills this heavy heart of mine.
Where'er I look, on lake, or shrub, or tree,
The air is full of memories of thee.

Does nothing tell thee I am waiting here?
Something should whisper it unto thy heart;
Oh, dusky eyes! look Eastward through the clear
Blue haze, and bid the distance hence! depart!
In thought, at least, traverse the realms of space,
And once more linger in the olden place.

Pacing beside me through the cool ravine,
'Neath frowning rocks, o'er moss of freshest hue,
Gazing, enraptured, on the torrent's sheen,
Or threading slow the laurel-thicket through;
Heaven is not dearer to the soul redeemed
Than unto me thy thrilling presence seemed.

Our lives, like two cleft rocks, are sundered wide;
No human power can heal the fatal breach
On this side death; but when we breast the tide
Across which spirit-hands may safely reach;
Say, will you meet me on the farther shore,
And give me friendly greeting as of yore?

Come, I will pluck a handful of this bloom
For memory: each bud shall tell my heart
Of the sweet dream that met so sad a doom;
A dream whose brightness cannot all depart,
For love is deathless, and its spirit still
Shall haunt and follow me, go where I will.

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CLEMENT LESTER'S WAGER.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CLEMENT LESTER had not much freshness left in his nature, but he was quite capable of perpetrating romantic actions, and doing them in fine style, too, when there was a woman to be pleased thereby who was worth pleasing.

And Cecil Raynor was worth pleasing. I suppose even her most attached female friends never attempted to deny that; and I do not imagine that one could put forth a stronger argument in favor of her claims.

But she was not for Clement Lester's winning, and he knew it, and she knew it; and, perhaps, that made the little romance all the more exciting.

No; Cecil was not for Clement Lester's winning, because she was already engaged, and had she been free, he knew perfectly well that he could not have afforded to wear her, even if he could have won, for he had run through two fortunes, and was overwhelmed with debts.

Such being the case, it was natural enough that Clement Lester should be more frantically in love than he had ever been during the whole thirty years he had trodden this mortal vale.

Cecil herself had accepted Gore Norman. But all the time, even when she tried to think she loved him, she said to herself this was not the feeling she had read of, dreamed of, believed herself capable of experiencing.

Then spring came, and she went off into the country to visit her old aunt, and there she met Clement Lester again. He had blazed upon her vision, like a meteor, several times during the last weeks of the season. Now they were together every day, and all day. They wove their romance, and dreamed their dream, and, like the rest of us irrational wretches, clung to it all the more desperately, and dazed themselves the more persistently with its glamour, because they knew it had not, and never could find, any foundation in reality.

Lester caught Cecil's fancy with that shallowest and oldest, and yet most effectual of traps where feminine nature is concerned—he told her what a weary, reckless, worthless, despairing sinner he was. He painted in a sketchy, but very glowing and effective fashion, his life of extravagance and dissipation, but made her feel all the while that he had been driven into it from the mere cravings of his soul after something lofty and good, which he could never realize.

A few brief weeks like that, then Cecil Raynor woke to the truth that in the spirit, if not in the letter, she had proved herself false to the man she had promised to marry, whose letters had of late been thrust aside as tame and passionless, because their quiet intensity of affection—quiet from its very depth—was so unlike the happy mingling of pathos and sensational romance, which Clement Lester had been talking to her during those lovely June days.

But she was a girl of real principle under all her impulses and her false teachings; she saw what she had to do, and she meant to do it; but Lester, as if divining her thoughts, took the initiative.

He came to see her that very evening, so pale and interesting, with such a world of gloom in his eyes, his voice sunk to a sorrowful monotone, with the most delightful little quiver in it, as though it was by the most resolute effort of an iron will he managed to preserve his composure.

He came straight up to her as she sat on the veranda, looking out across the lawn bathed in the glory of the moonlight, with the quiet lake shining like an enchanted sea in the distance; the sky above so dazzling in its blue radiance, that it seemed fairly as if the gates of heaven were swinging back to let their full splendor down upon the earth.

"I am so glad to have found you alone to-night," he said, after a little idle conversation. "I do not think I could have borne the presence of any other human being."

The sound of his footstep, the touch of his hand had made her heart thrill, and she had shrunk away with a feeling of guilt under the new consciousness which had that day dawned upon her; but his words and manner roused her womanly sympathies until, woman-like, she forgot herself and her own pain in the dread that he was suffering.

"Are you ill?" she asked, quickly.

"I'll? No. I never have that relief of other men. Why do you ask?"

"Your voice sounds so strange——"

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"Ah! never mind," he interrupted. "I am sorry you noticed—I am weaker than I thought, since I cannot even succeed in keeping up the usual pretence. Yet I don't know why I should care. Now, see me as I am this once."

"Why—what do you mean?" she asked, confusedly, knowing that she ought not to speak at all, yet unable to keep silence.

"Because it is the last time," he answered; "the last time! Do you know what that means, Cecil? Never more to meet—never any more."

She could not speak; there was an agony like that of death at her heart at the thought of parting from him. But if he would only go—go without another word.

"You know why this must be, Cecil," he said, after a little pause. "You understand why I cannot stay?"

She was so young yet, so unskilled an actress, that she could only say brokenly,

"Some business—you are called—wanted—"

"There is nobody to call me," he broke in; "nobody to want me, you know that. When I leave you, I lose the only human being who has the least interest in me."

It was all sham, yet he was in earnest. He knew that much as he loved her, if he could marry her, the worth of the prize would be gone; yet he suffered cruelly, and though in a certain way he had systematically wrought himself up for the scene which he meant to have, he felt every word he spoke.

She did not answer—she could not speak! If she had dared, she would have begged him to go away at once, but that would be only to expose her own weakness.

"I am leaving this spot, Cecil, which has been heaven, because I cannot stay any longer! I am bad enough, wicked enough, but, thank heaven, owing to your influence, there is sufficient good left in me to enable me to do this."

Still not a word from her. She sat like a statue, with her hands locked in her lap, looking away through the moonlight at the shining waters. He marveled at her self-control, for he knew that she was moved; he had studied too many women's hearts—God help them! to be mistaken.

"Are you sorry to have me go, Cecil?" he asked, in that wonderful voice of his, so soft and sweet now, that it was like a caress.

She must speak; she thought there was a fiery cord about her throat, but she must speak.

"Yes, I am sorry," she answered, quietly.

He stood leaning against the pillar beside her; he did not change his attitude, or offer to touch her hand, but went on rapidly, in that low, strange tone,

"I love you, Cecil! Don't start—don't try to be angry! Think of it as if I were dead, and had come back to tell you the truth. After this night you and I will never meet again."

She rose from her seat.

"Please, don't say any more," she said, and in her new dignity he realized how glorious the perfection of her complete womanhood would be. "I think you have forgotten—you would be sorry if you spoke another word."

"Cecil! Cecil!"

It was like the last wail of a drowning wretch. She sank back in her chair, repeating,

"Go away! Go away!"

"In a moment—just one moment! Cecil, have mercy! You know there is no hope for me here or hereafter! Have mercy! Answer me one question, will you? Promise?"

"You know best if it is one you ought to ask," she said, and wondered at herself for being able to make her voice sound so icy, and she hated herself for it with a perverse spirit, born of the bitter strait in which she stood.

"I ought not, but I must. If I were dying, you would tell me. I am dying to you, Cecil! If we had met before; if you had been free, and I worthy to have been loved, could you have given me your heart?"

She saw the precipice where she stood, and realized her danger.

"I am not in the habit of regarding impossibilites," she said, coldly. "I have considered you my friend, trusted you, believed in you—do not make me repent."

"I will not! Forgive me! But, oh, Cecil! I suffer so—I suffer so! Child! child! you don't know—you can't think! You came to me like an angel of light; now I must lose you and go back to my old tortures, made a thousand times more horrible by the contrast."

"No, no!" she cried, roused out of her feigned calmness by his words. "You will kill me if you say that! You have said I did you good; oh! don't leave me feeling that I have been a curse!"

"A curse? My consolation—my one blessing! Oh, Cecil! if we could have met before! Why is fate so much more cruel to me than to other men? I might have been good and noble. Oh! anybody would have erred and fallen, tempted as I have been."

It was very poor and mean, but she was a girl, and it sounded a natural and beautiful lament to her. She tried to console him. He listened for a time, but suddenly he started up

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and burst into such a torrent of passionate love, that she felt her head whirl, and she could only sit and gaze, and listen, like some weak bird, charmed by a serpent.

As if somebody had whispered it in her ear, came a broken sentence from one of Gore Norman's letters.

"My highest, holiest self you will be, because you will guard my happiness and my honor."

So, just as Lester thought she was about to gratify his vanity by an avowal of her weakness, Cecil started from her chair, and, without a word, rushed into the house, never stopping till she was safe in her own chamber.

Clement Lester gathered himself up from his knees, gave vent to a melodramatic burst of despair, and dashed off across the lawn; and when day dawned, after a night's carousal with a party of friends, Cecil would scarcely have recognized her Sir Launcelot in the haggard man who turned his aching head to and fro on his pillow, and cursed her bitterly, though he had called her Guinevere and Elaine, and all the rest of them, and been mad for her.

She had wounded his vanity; he had known they must part; he could no more have saddled himself with a poor wife than the city of Geneva could support the elephant; but she had spoiled his scene, made his despair commonplace. He wanted her to confess that she loved him, and she had the best of him; and he began to hate her, and to love her the more therefor; and he swore an ugly vow to meet her somewhere within the next two years, and make her repent that she had not appealed to his generosity in time.

Cecil went back to town, and when she could, she told Gore Norman the truth; and Norman had a head on his shoulders, and knew that she had never loved anybody as yet; she had been fascinated by Clement Lester, but she had loved nobody, and in his turn Norman swore that once married she should love him, but he did it in an honest, manly way, feeling that he had right on his side.

The days and the weeks swept on as they do with all of us, silent and swift, and at last came the time for Cecil's wedding; and before she could think again, she was married and gone—the girl's life was dead, the new existence of womanhood had dawned.

A year after, the husband and wife returned from Europe, a year being as much as Norman could spare from his business, for though wealthy, he was in business, because he said no man under forty had a right to be idle.

Much to her astonishment, Cecil had been forced to confess to herself that she was not unhappy; more than that, life was full of interest and enjoyment, and her husband so good and kind, so thoroughly noble and manly, that she had no need to question herself in regard to her feeling toward him.

Only, I suppose, all the while, somewhere in her heart—perhaps fancy would be the better term—she kept a secret, unacknowledged recollection of the old dream. Not that she allowed her mind to dwell upon Clement Lester, or that those feelings made any real part of her life—but you know how it was. Sad poetry made her think of it—music—novels. She had had her romance, too—she understood; life was well enough, bright enough; she was learning to love her husband, but everything might have been so different; and then she was mournful, like an ungrateful creature—but she would not have been human if she had been otherwise.

So another year went by—that trying second year, when rich, idle women, with too much imagination, are given to think that they have made a mistake in marrying, and existence becomes a burden, half from lack of real duties.

It is a blessed thing for a woman, under such circumstances, when a baby makes its appearance to occupy her hands and heart; but no child came to Cecil, and all things grew alike tiresome.

She was glad when June came to get out of town, and go quietly up to the ancient aunt in the country, to remain there until the Newport season, with Norman coming once or twice a week, and a few old friends in the neighborhood, to get up picnics and sailing-parties for her, and do their best to amuse her, or bore her, according to her mood.

And one day, when there was a gay party down at the lake, in the shadow of the beech-trees, there came among them, without any warning, the man who was never to cross her path any more; and back upon Cecil's soul rushed the memory of all sights and sounds that had made her brief girlish romance so beautiful.

A little paler, a little more worn Clement Lester's face looked, but that was rather an improvement than otherwise; the great, black eyes were as luminous and changeful as ever; the voice had lost nothing of its wonderful melody, whose lightest tone had possessed the power to make Cecil's fancy bend and yield as no other voice had ever done.

He became the life of the party at once;

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everybody liked him and was delighted to get him back. His manner to Cecil was perfection—in a way, apparent only to her, a constant supplication of pardon for his presence.

Before the day was over, he managed to say to her,

"Believe me, I did not know you were here. I came straight from the South to visit the dear old place—I thought I might do that."

And Cecil felt that he suffered, that life was a poor, wasted thing to him; and full of confidence in herself, she believed that it was perfectly safe to extend to him the hand of friendship, to say that she was glad to see him there, even to grant him permission to call upon her before he went away, which he affirmed he intended to do within three days.

Of course, he did not go. The three days grew into a week; and when Gore Norman came up he found him there: but Norman had no fear; he was a gentleman, and an angel of light could not have made him doubt Cecil.

Almost three weeks passed—you can easily imagine how matters went on. Lester's art kept her from thinking, from suspecting him or herself. They had fallen into the old friendly ways; he walked with her, rode with her, read Owen Meredith to her; and so gradually she floated away into dream-land.

There was nobody to rouse her; nobody to say they were flirting; and the companionship of a man such as Lester appeared, was a great relief in the lack of interest and occupation which had embittered her existence.

He was with her daily, and each day she had less power to think or call herself to account. She was like the lotus-eaters in their enchanted island, and could not have told if hours or centuries had fled since she left the real and the commonplace.

Lester had picked up somewhere, in his wanderings, a graceful little Carrier pigeon, and Cecil had never seen one. So, to amuse her, he trained it to fly from his window to her house, only a mile distant; and one morning the little creature astonished her by alighting on her hand as she sat by the open casement, and tied fast to his wing was a strawberry-leaf.

After that, he used to send it on daily errands. He did not venture to write to her, but in a foolish jest they made a series of questions and answers through different flowers.

When Dainty flew in with a violet, Cecil knew that it meant, "was the coast clear of bores," so that Lester could come and read to her, and a sprig of mignonette in answer meant "that he might come."

Perhaps to you, reading it in cold blood, and ready, anyway, to anathematize her for her conduct, all this sounds puerile and childish; but it did not appear so to Cecil, probably would not to you, if you were doing a little bit of romance in your own person.

The graceful bird had a trick of lighting on her shoulder, and bending his head close to her ear, as if whispering some important secret that had been entrusted to his care; and more than once Cecil shrunk from the glance of those wild, beautiful eyes, as though they had belonged to something human; but she never asked herself why, or held any communion with her inner consciousness during those days.

There were a good many people in the neighborhood now; the hotel was full, the adjacent country-seats counted pleasant groups of guests; so dinner-parties, and dancing, and gayeties of every available kind, were constantly recurring.

It was near the end of June, when Cecil made the discovery that she had gone further than she intended; and one quiet Thursday morning, as she sat in her room looking back over the incidents of the past evening, a trouble and fright woke in her mind, which was hard to bear.

There had been a party of them rowing on the lake in the moonlight, and after that they walked about on the white beach, and Clement Lester had been her companion, and he had spoken words which had startled her. No open declaration of love, but such words as she knew no wife ought to hear from the lips of another man than her husband, and she had not been able to be angry.

But they had agreed to part. She had told him that he must go away, and he had promised, promised with a patience, a mute agony, which made her heart ache.

It was not pleasant to sit now in the cool daylight and recall that scene. It gave her a sense of humiliation and shame which was torture; and worse than all, she could not longer shut her eyes to the fact that this man had regained his old power of fascination over her.

She told herself that she was a bad, wicked woman; but her heart would ache in spite of that, and life looked very desolate to her; and she pitied this man so who, she believed, had struggled nobly, and tried never to forget what was due to her position.

She spent the whole morning by herself, and it was not an agreeable one, nor did the consciousness that she deserved her suffering lessen its pangs.

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There was to be a dinner that night at the Voorhies. Norman was to come up in a late train to accompany her, for it was to be a grand affair; and though Cecil would have been glad to go to bed, and so escape the party, she could not deny herself the pleasure of seeing Lester once more—the last, last time, she said to herself over and over.

Nobody disturbed her, till along in the afternoon there came a tap at the door, and when she called out impatiently to know who was there, the door opened, and crooked little Miss Taft put her head in, saying,

"It's only old Tafty, Lady Cecil. I would come up; there's nobody to blame but me."

A little, old body, who colored photographs, and painted miniatures, and did exquisite embroidery, and made wonderful feather flowers, like those South American marvels, whom Cecil had known all her life, and who had once lived with her mother, and nursed Cecil herself through a long illness.

The odd, little woman made a comfortable living by her varied talents, and had come up to stay at the hotel by the lake for the sake of an invalid sister, whom she maintained out of her earnings.

"My lady is sick, or my lady is sad," said she, looking at Cecil, and turned her head from one side to the other like a queer, wise bird.

"Only cross, Taft," replied Cecil, not having the heart to be less kind than usual. "Come in and sit down."

Little Taft crept in and sat down on a footstool at her feet, and while she tied and untied the strings of the enormous reticule she always carried, said,

"I wouldn't have come, but I had business."

"What is it, Tafty?"

"Taft is a foolish old body—you'll not be vexed, Cecil? You're a handsome woman, and a good and a proud, and your Taft is a limping, old bluejay, that sees and hears a deal, my dear."

Cecil looked quickly at her, and saw by her face that she had something of importance to say.

"Tell me what it is," she said; "don't make words, Taft."

"I won't," said Taft; "I never do! Last night, Clement Lester and a party of men like him, gambled and drank in the room next mine, and told stories about the women they are civil to; and the men laughed at Lester for his lack of success with you, Cecil, and he swore, before the party, to-night to show them a letter from you."

Cecil did not speak, but made a little sign for her to go on; and Taft told it all plainly enough, and Cecil saw what this man was, and how he had meant to mortify and injure her.

But she made no sign, only she kept Taft with her, for she was afraid to be alone face to face with her own soul.

Then there came a box for her, and when it was opened there was a dress Gore had sent; a white satin, marvelously embroidered with silver, over which Taft said a prayer of ecstasy, and would have Cecil try it on, and it did not hang to please them; and she staid to alter it, and chattered, and told stories; and Cecil listened, and felt numb and cold, and wondered if the world had come to an end.

Late in the afternoon the dress was ready, and Taft would array her in it before she went away; and just as she had put it on, they heard a little whizzing sound, and a tap on the window, and looking up, there was the Carrier pigeon alighting on the sill.

Cecil opened the casement, and stepped into the balcony, and as the trained bird lifted its wing, she and Taft saw a note hidden under it; and Taft slyly regarding her, marked such a tempest of passion sweep over the beautiful face as she never beheld before.

Never a word spoke Cecil. She told Taft to go to a closet and get a bird-cage that hung there, and Taft obeyed.

"A pair of scissors," said Cecil, imperiously.

Taft brought them, and waited in silence to see what was to be done next.

Cecil took the scissors and clipped Master Dainty's right wing, careful not to hurt him, but in a way that would prevent his flying on any more romantic errands till after the next moulting season. She then shut the frightened bird in the cage, and said calmly to Taft,

"Mr. Lester's bird has got lost. You'll be good enough to carry it back to him, and say that I clipped its wing for fear he should lose his pretty pet."

Taft nodded.

"He called me a crooked, little, old vampire," muttered she; "but I can hobble well enough to go on that errand."

Cecil went to a bureau and took out a lovely white feather fan, while from a box she pulled a quantity of loose dove's feathers. Taft watched intelligently.

"Pretty, aren't they?" said Cecil, white as a moonbeam, but as calm. "I meant to have trimmed a dress with them; I've a fancy to have a knot of them on this white fan, it's too plain—twist them in, Taft."

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Taft looked as sober as a judge, and sat down to her work: and beside the other feathers she twisted deftly in the cut plumage of Dainty's wing. Then she bade Cecil good-by, and went her way.

Back to the hotel trotted Taft, up to the room where she knew Clement Lester was waiting, with his friends, for the return of Master Dainty.

She knocked at the door twice, then Lester's voice said,

"Come in," and in she went.

"How do you do, Mr. Lester?" said she. "And how do you do, gentlemen all?"

"And who the deuce are you?" asked Lester, angrily.

"Crooked, little Miss Taft, at your service," replied the small woman, dropping a bob of a curtsey, "and I've brought you back your pigeon."

She pulled a newspaper off the cage she carried in her hand, and held up Dainty before the eyes of his master.

"He must have got out of your window," she went on. "He flew over to Southwood, and Mrs. Norman begged me to bring him back, and to say that she had clipped his wing for fear you might lose him."

She set the cage on the table, and looked at the men in turn, and they looked at Lester.

"He's a pretty creature," said Miss Taft; "but, la, gentlemen, just see what it is to stray on forbidden ground—he's a pigeon with a clipped wing."

The glance she gave Lester was too much; the men exploded, and Taft went quietly out of the room, after giving a general look round, so innocent and wondering, and yet so full of fun and malice, that the boon companions of Lester fairly shrieked.

Lester tried to bear it with assurance, but it was too clear a case. They chafed him till he was in a white rage. But he would have it out—would go to the dinner; believing that if he could get an opportunity to talk with Cecil that he might at least induce her to do something that would compromise her in the eyes of the men with whom he had made his contemptible wager.

All the guests were assembled in Mrs. Voorhies' library, with the exception of the Normans—they were very late. At last, in swept Cecil, on her husband's arm, more gorgeous than anybody had ever seen her, and in her hand she carried the fan decorated with the pigeon's feathers, and fluttered it negligently in the faces of Clement Lester and his friends.

It was too much—the worst man among them was ready to go on his knees in admiration; and Lester never recovered from that blow. He was a marked sinner, for the story was too good to be forgotten.

That night, when Gore Norman and his wife were alone in their room, Cecil suddenly flung herself into his arms, exclaiming,

"Gore, I used to say that I was not certain whether I loved you—but I am certain now; only love me, only make me worthy of you."

Gore Norman asked no questions, neither then nor after; he just folded his darling close to his heart, and was satisfied; and Cecil knew that blind and mad as she had been, she had at last found a secure resting-place.

THE SNOW.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

What fairy fingers were at work last night,
While mortals slept?
Behold the earth arrayed in robes of white,
All spotless kept,
And gleaming pure and cold this frosty morn.
Oh, glorious sun!
Their splendor shall be trailed in mud forlorn,
Ere day is done.

These light and feathery flakes that downward blow,
So frail, yet fair,
A moment only, touched with crystal glow,
Their beauty wear;
These, crushed beneath the tread of human feet,
That hurry past,
In black'ning eddies writhe along the street,
Despised at last.

Thus hearts, with scarce a trace of worldly stain,
In morn of youth,
Are tempted oft by hopes of sordid gain
To barter truth;
And dragged within the loathsome mire of sin,
From virtue led,
The whiteness they have lost can never win—
Their glory fled.

What wonder, then, we gaze upon the snow
That trampled lies,
Where tides of human life still ebb and flow,
With pitying eyes?
Thus virtue oft, 'neath ruthless evil trod,
Can never rise;
And yet we know there is a gracious God
Beyond the skies.

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IN QUARANTINE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

In a very plain little parlor, sat a young lady, with her sleeve up, undergoing the process of vaccination. The doctor was a small, dapper-looking individual, who seemed to be quite superior to any influence out of the line of his profession. Even the white, plump arm before him scarcely turned his thoughts from their usual channel.

"There," said the doctor, with the air of a man who was making an original remark, "'an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.' It will be safer, perhaps, not to go into any house, nor to admit any one here for a few weeks. Good-day."

The next moment, his carriage-wheels were rolling over the stones; and Saidie Porter dropped down into the chair from which she had risen, with the decided conviction that the world was hollow, and all its dolls stuffed with saw-dust.

Miss Dilkes and Saidie Porter's mother were cousins, which seemed to Miss Dilkes quite a near relation; as the most distant ramifications of her own family were precious to her, inasmuch as no other family, in her opinion, quite equaled it in importance.

Left now with a very small income, and a very inferior house to that in which her childhood and youth were passed, Miss Rebecca received as inmates a cousin of the same type as herself, and Saidie Porter, whose twenty-two years of life found very little congeniality in these sombre surroundings. Cousin Rebecca frequently complained to her that "it was almost impossible to get along with Phile's peculiarities;" while cousin Phile was mysterious and confidential over "poor Rebecca's strange ways." Thus these two elderly maidens were constant thorns in each other's sides, and likewise in Saidie Porter's.

Friends of the family, staid, elderly friends, spoke of Saidie as reposing figuratively on a bed of roses. It was so pleasant, they said, left alone as she was, to have a home with "cousin Rebecca"—it was such a protection for her; and then everything was so neat, and cousin Rebecca was such an excellent housekeeper. What a pity that Saidie did not see things with their eyes! For, if the truth must be told, that young lady was highly discontented; and this dissatisfaction had been creeping upon her of late.

There was a delightful house a few miles out of town, "an Italian Villa," it was called; and to this villa went Miss Saidie daily, in the morning train, and spent four hours teaching the English branches to two lovely little girls—favored frequently with the company of their very charming mamma. It was just enough employment, and it was generously paid; while the young teacher was treated in all respects as became her birth and breeding.

Mrs. Osbrook was ingenious in setting forth excellent reasons for keeping Miss Porter to dinner; when, lessons being disposed of for the day, there was a grand romp with the children in the beautiful grounds; a delightful talk with Mrs. Osbrook; and then, dinner served in style, with proper courses and accompaniments; when Mr. Osbrook was so dignified and gentlemanly at the head of his table, and so courteous to the timid visitor, that she soon felt quite at ease.

This was just the kind of life that Saidie enjoyed. A visit from Mrs. Osbrook's brother did not lessen the pleasure of it. He was very elegant, and had such grand ways, and had traveled everywhere, and his name was Otho; and she overheard him telling his sister that the young governess reminded him of a wild rose, (Saidie thought this quite original,) and many more such things were tumbled together in her memory, and caused a blush of pleasure at the very thought of them.

The day before had been a golden, October day, so bright and warm, that staying indoors was not to be thought of; and the lessons were shortened by request, and the whole party turned out on a regular chestnut hunt. It was glorious—existence, itself, was a blessing, such weather as that; and flying here and there in wild confusion, the party became separated, and Saidie found herself alone on a grassy slope that skirted the woods, where the screaming, delighted children were whooping and yelling to their hearts' content.

A sudden report startled her, and she looked pale and ghastly as a sportsman appeared from the other side of the woods, and ran eagerly toward the half-fainting girl.

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"It was nothing," she said; "she had been very silly—but she never could hear a gun without believing herself to be shot;" and Otho Lathrop looked inexpressible things with those wonderful eyes of his, and said so much about the roses of York and Lancaster, (quite as though it had never been said before,) that a permanent Lancastrian hue burned on Saidie's cheek. And if that half-hour could have lasted for years, the bright, October sky, the deep, golden sunshine on the soft grass, that wore its vivid, autumnal green, that delicious air fanning her cheek, and lulling her into a half-dream, Mr. Lathrop's voice and eyes completing the spell, this foolish girl would have asked nothing more of earth.

For, of course, she was foolish, and quite different from those practical damsels who believe nothing that cannot be proved.

Saidie was roused from her pleasant dream, to an indefinite sense of guiltiness, by the sudden presence of Mrs. Osbrook; and without quite comprehending how it happened, her hero was separated from her, and something like a chiding tone from his sister reached her ear. His reply, "Preposterous, Lulu!" made her wonder what it was all about.

Perhaps, her imagination was still at work, for Mrs. Osbrook's manner seemed a shade less familiar and affectionate, and Mr. Lathrop's attentions at the table were dispensed with perfect impartiality; but he handed her into the carriage at parting, and almost whispered something in her ear, when a face at the window restrained him, and the governess returned to the city in a whirl of hopeful uncertainty.

"Next time," she thought, "next time I shall surely know;" for Saidie Porter was an ignorant little girl, with no one to take counsel with but herself.

It was just after all this, that Dr. Empton had so coolly said, "It will be safer, perhaps, not to go into any house, nor to admit any one here for a few weeks."

"A few weeks!" when life had just begun to be so beautiful to her—what might not happen in a few weeks? She had never been particularly fond of "cousin Phile," but she felt that she loved her less than ever that morning. For "cousin Phile" had not been at all well, and unmistakable symptoms of varioloid were now developed. It was the slightest possible type of the disease, the doctor said, and scarcely worth calling by any name at all; but, nevertheless, he recommended prudence. The patient, herself, was to be kept in ignorance as long as it was possible to do so; and, meanwhile, as a necessary precaution, every member of the family was vaccinated.

Not long before this untoward illness of cousin Phile's, there had arrived at the house a distant cousin of the family—a single, gentleman cousin, whom Saidie pronounced "queer" at the outset, and absolutely disagreeable before she had seen much of him. Herman Dilkes was a bachelor of thirty-five, a very quiet, self-contained man, who seemed to understand every subject in the world, and who gave the young lady the unpleasant impression that he was continually reading her thoughts. He certainly did not find them very complimentary to himself.

This representative of the Dilkes family was an especial pet with cousin Rebecca—that lady feeling highly honored by his announcement that he wished to spend part of the winter in her family; and Saidie was favored with a long account of his pedigree, property, and high social position. To all this, Miss Saidie lent an unappreciative ear; she was so accustomed to the glorification of everything that bore the name of Dilkes, while it seemed to her that their grandeur was decidedly more a thing of the past than the present, that the subject had quite lost its interest. She resolutely called the new-comer "Mr. Dilkes," to cousin Rebecca's unfeigned horror, who addressed him as "cousin" two or three times in the course of a sentence; while the gentleman, himself, studiously avoided calling Miss Porter anything.

Miss Dilkes encountered her young cousin in the hall, soon after the doctor's visit, and solemnly charged her to keep away from the sick-room.

"I am going to market," she continued, "and have supplied all Phile's wants until my return. She is still ignorant of what her disease really is, and imagines that she has one of her bilious turns. I shall constitute myself head nurse, and do all that is necessary for her; Bridget, who, as you know, is deeply-pitted with the small-pox; refuses to go near her."

This interesting daughter of Erin was even meditating a retreat from the kitchen, and the house altogether, as dangerous ground; but cousin Rebecca was a woman of considerable power, and she put down her foot so decidedly against this desertion, that Bridget was fairly frightened into tolerably decent behavior.

The door had closed upon Miss Dilkes; and not knowing just what to do with herself,

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Saidie wandered back to the parlor, and tried to interest herself in a book. But something that cousin Rebecca said kept recurring to her: "Cousin Herman particularly requested me to forbid your going to the room; he probably considers you very thoughtless, and I hope you will attend to the warning."

Saidie wasn't at all sure that this was not decidedly saucy of "Mr. Dilkes;" she would like him to understand that she was quite capable of taking care of herself——

Here a voice from up-stairs called, "Saidie!" but she made no response.

"Sai—*die!*" still louder.

Then, "Saidie Porter! Do come up here!"

Fearing she knew not what, she bounded up the stairs, and stood on the threshold of the sick woman's room.

"Are you afraid of me?" in a querulous voice. "Am I a leper, or anything of that kind? Or have I got the small-pox?"

This was getting uncomfortably near the truth; and "cousin Phile" had such great, black eyes in a cadaverous face, and they rolled upon her now so wildly and beseechingly, that the girl advanced unconsciously to the bedside.

"Are you afraid of me, I say?" shrieked the refractory patient. "Why don't you answer?"

"No!" replied Saidie, feeling that the mischief was all done now; "I am not at all afraid of you. Why should I be?"

"I don't know," replied her relative, still eyeing her suspiciously, "it was a long time before I could make you hear me. I feel very dizzy and queer this morning. I tried to get up for my wrapper, but I nearly fell. I want to put it around my shoulders—they are so chilly."

"But, cousin Phile," remonstrated Saidie, in terror at this escapade, "the doctor said you were not to get out of bed at all!"

Cousin Phile looked extremely scornful.

"I have not lived fifty years in the world to be ordered about by that little whipper-snapper of a doctor."

The poor lady was certainly getting light-headed, for Dr. Empton had been an object almost of adoration.

"You needn't stay," she continued, "I can take care of myself. I wish you would take some of this medicine the doctor left for me—I believe you need it more than I do."

It was one of cousin Phile's hobbies to present people with doses, and take it as a personal injury if they did not swallow them; and Saidie needed no second bidding to leave the apartment.

On the landing, she met Herman Dilkes, who accosted her quite sternly.

"Why did you enter that room?"

"She called me," replied Saidie, with unwonted meekness, "and I was afraid that she might be suffering for something."

"Why did you not think of some one else, who may suffer far more for this disobedience to orders?"

She looked up at him in some surprise, for his tone was almost tender; and it suddenly struck her that this disagreeable "cousin Herman" had very fine eyes.

"Come here," said he, drawing her toward his own room, "I have something for you to take."

"You must not touch me!" exclaimed Saidie, earnestly, as she tried to disengage her hand "Think how horrible it would be if I gave you the small-pox!"

For reply, he seized both hands, and stood looking down upon her with an expression that deepened the color in her cheek, and brought a feeling of mingled surprise and uneasiness. A new "cousin Herman" seemed rising from the ashes of the other. She did not know whether the dose she swallowed at his bidding was good or bad; everything was queer, and she had a strong presentiment that she would certainly take the small-pox.

This made her mourn a little for the "wild rose" in her complexion; and this again brought up Mrs. Osbrook; and she sat down and wrote that lady a letter; instead of an orthodox note, as she intended, setting forth in detail her trouble and loneliness, and "pining after little Laura and Annie."

Perhaps that lady's sharp eyes detected another sort of "pining;" but, be that as it may, no answer was ever received to this epistle. Not even an inquiry was made at the door; and it would have been so easy to send that lazy Thomas when going his city rounds. Once only did Saidie get a glimpse of the familiar faces during that tedious period of quarantine. Mrs. Osbrook and the children were in the carriage, Mr. Lathrop was on horseback beside them; and the party were drawn up in front of one of the shops, while an obsequious clerk brought out bales of goods for the lady's inspection.

A very graceful bow and smile from Mrs. Osbrook; a sudden demonstration from the children, that was evidently repressed at the outset; while Otho Lathrop lifted his hat, with a gleam of white teeth under his dark mustache; and, somehow, poor little Saidie felt

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empty-handed and empty-hearted, as she pursued her way on the aimless walk she was taking for the benefit of the air.

So strange, she thought, that Mrs. Osbrook did not beckon her to the carriage-door, and ask when there was a chance of having her with them again—there could surely be no danger of contamination in the open air. The children, too, were strange; and there was an inexplicable something about the whole party that was far from satisfactory. It was very disagreeable to be shunned as a dangerous object, condemned for days and weeks to the society of cousin Rebecca. There was Mr. Dilkes, to be sure, (he had never asked her to call him cousin,) but he was rather settled and steady——

Here Saidie walked directly against the individual then in her thoughts, as she rushed on with indignant haste through the quiet streets in the suburbs.

"Stop thief!" said the gentleman, smiling, as he arrested her progress.

"I am not a thief," laughed Saidie, with something of her old look.

"I will prove that you are," was the reply, "and that you are robbing yourself. Had you a thought of all this beauty, as you were passing along? This glorious October sky, blue as the masses of gentian that cluster in rocky clefts? Or were you not railing generally at life? *I* think you were rating cousin Phile soundly for getting the varioloid."

Saidie's cheek was crimson.

"Did you ever think, Saidie, that it might have been worse? It might have been you."

The girl burst into tears.

"I know I shall have the small-pox," said she, disconsolately, "and die!"

The tone seemed as though she would have added, "It would be just my fate."

"Why do you think that?" asked her companion, as gravely as was possible under the circumstances.

"Because," she sobbed, "I—I—am so bad."

"I shall have to call you 'Topsy,'" said Mr. Dilkes, after a pause, in which he really pitied the young girl. "I have seen spoiledren,d chil Saidie," he continued, kindly, "who had everything they wanted, and cried for the moon. Once, one of them actually got it, (no matter how,) and then cried all the more to find that it was made of green-cheese."

Saidie felt uncomfortable and indignant—what business had this man to talk to her in this way? And what did he know, she wondered, of her secret thoughts and feelings? If he should suspect—— Her cheek crimsoned again at the very thought.

Herman Dilkes was watching her.

"Wasn't this a silly child, Saidie?"

"*I* am not a child," was the impatient reply; "and I am not crying for the moon, and it isn't made of green cheese."

They were at cousin Rebecca's door; and having thus proved beyond a doubt that his arrow had struck home, Saidie ran hastily up stairs, locked herself in her room, and cried, and cried, in all the delicious intoxication of imaginary love, until eyes, nose, and cheeks were quite undistinguishable in hue.

Mr. Dilkes, with a smile that was half sad, half merry, passed on to the sick-room, with a burden of grapes and oranges that the thirsty invalid now looked for daily; and placing himself so as to catch the full benefit of the scanty light allowed, he read to her for an hour, and then left her in a refreshing slumber.

"I have had small-pox," said he, in answer to Miss Rebecca's first remonstrances, "and yellow fever, and Asiatic cholera. Do not, I beg of you, fear for me."

Truly, as cousin Rebecca said, he was one among a thousand.

Cousin Phile did pretty well, on the whole, and managed to give considerable trouble. Wonderful to relate, no one else took the disease, although, if it had been consumption instead of small-pox, Saidie would, probably, have put herself in the way of it. She felt like a blighted flower; and to fade away and disappear by degrees, would seem natural and becoming under the circumstances.

Mr. Dilkes did not appear to think so, however, as he took considerable trouble to keep the young lady in this sublunary sphere; ordering her out to walk, and interfering with her reveries, in a way that could not be resisted.

The invalid had been mingling with other people for some time, before an intimation was received from Mrs. Osbrook that the young governess' existence was remembered. It came at last, in the shape of a very polished note, inclosing a handsome check, thanking "Miss Porter" for "her most acceptable services," and "unvarying kindness to the children," and begging leave, in the nicest manner imaginable, to have nothing more to do with her, as her place was supplied by a lady of mature years, the list of whose accomplishments was quite appalling.

Mr. Dilkes saw the letter opened and read—he saw the tell-tale color, and the eyes full of tears; and with his knowledge of girl-nature

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in general, and Saidie's in particular, he had a vision of the outraged damsel, after she had gained her own apartment, in a passionate fit of crying, with the hateful letter torn in pieces, and trampled beneath her feet.

After a suitable pause for these enjoyments, Herman Dilkes invited the young lady to a concert, to be given that very evening; at which all who went might reasonably expect a musical treat. At first, Saidie flatly declined—she had a headache, and the noise would make it worse; then, she looked in the glass, and considered a little, and, finally, she resolved to revenge herself by wearing her most becoming things, and looking her very prettiest. If Mrs. Osbrook, and—and somebody else were there, she thought she should make much of "cousin Herman."

It was a very lovely, bright face that Mr. Dilkes glanced down upon that evening, (it was only about on a level with his shoulder,) the excitement of crying had left no traces but a heightened color, and sparkling eyes; and the coquettish little hat, with its white plume and scarlet berries, was perfectly bewitching.

So thought more than one; for Otho Lathrop, who had been gazing admiringly at the vision, (although the vision persisted in not seeing him,) said quite audibly to his sister, as they were waiting for a chance to get out, and did not know of two interested listeners near them.

"What a starry softness of beauty there is about that little governess of yours, Lulu! I'm really thankful she was put in quarantine for awhile, or I don't know where *I* should have been by this time."

"In a cottage draped with vines, probably," laughed his sister, "and nothing to eat. She *is* bewitchingly pretty, I admit—but you must leave such luxuries to those who can afford them. Did you notice the gentleman with her?"

"Yes, a fine-looking fellow—who is he?"

"One of the wealthiest men in N——. If she marries him, she will do well."

"Let us go!" gasped Saidie, who was white and trembling.

Her companion speedily cleared a way, and got Saidie out into the fresh night air without loss of time. When there, however, he conducted himself in a most unexpected manner, persisted in walking round and round the square, while he poured out his love and indignation in the same breath; and pleaded humbly for some encouragement, or hope of a return in the future.

The poor child was quite bewildered with all the events of the evening, and in a state of undisguised amazement at the proceedings of Mr. Dilkes. She could not understand his "having loved her from the first," because she—well, she was afraid she had been rather rude to him; for she was quite sure that she didn't like him a bit, then.

He assured her that this had been quite an attraction to him; he was accustomed to so much interested attention from ladies of all kinds, that he found her "rudeness" really refreshing. He scarcely knew whether to take Saidie's undisguised look of astonishment as personal or not.

Then Saidie stammeringly declared that—that she had once thought she loved some one else; this momentous secret was very unwillingly laid bare, as though it had not been palpable to the eyes of her companion all along; but he was very tender with her, and frankly admitted that he had fancied himself in love with two or three before he met her.

It was even more difficult to get out the fact that the discovery of his real wealth and importance was a serious drawback—she could scarcely realize that this swan of cousin Rebecca had not turned out a goose; and it all ended with his gathering the trembling little figure into his arms, kissing away her tears, and assuring her that she belonged to him then and forever.

Cousin Rebecca and others thought that Saidie Porter fared a great deal better than she deserved: and perhaps she did. She had just the kind of house and life that she had yearned for in the days when imagination threw such a glamour over Otho Lathrop; but the real master of her home and heart was one whose attractions did not vanish with the mist of romance.

REVELATION—22ND CHAPTER, 14TH VERSE.

BY MRS. CLARA B. HEATH.

BLESSED are they, oh, Lord! who do Thy will;
Who sit in patience at Thy feet, and still
Trust in Thy mercy through the darkest day,
And never cease for grace and strength to pray;
Who keep aloof from sin and worldly strife,
Such shall have right to gain the Tree of Life.
They, through the city's gates shall enter in,
Their garments washed from every stain and sin
As white as lambs. Oh! blest, thrice blest are they,
Who do Thy holy will, oh, Lord! each day!

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NELLY DERRY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

CHAPTER I.

NELLY DERRY, when I knew her, was an old woman of about seventy, straight as an arrow, always dressed in black stuff, her white hair showing under a thin, high cap. She had a blue eye, keen and commanding, which I used to fancy ought to belong to a soldier. There was a story about her that to my childish fancy was ordinary enough, but which now seems to me worth the telling, as a record of times and manners almost forgotten.

Nelly was Irish, with blood in her veins which was certainly likely to entail very decided characteristics. She was granddaughter to that noted Mistress Elizabeth Fitzgerald, of whose defence of her castle Sir Jonah Barrington tells so queer a story. The besieging O'Cahills got hold of her husband, a quiet, easy-going man, who had unguardedly walked out from under the parapets. He was captured, and immediately displayed in irons in sight of the walls, while a flag of truce was sent to propose conditions to his wife.

"The castle must be surrendered, or the squire will be hung," was the brief message.

"Flag of truce!" promptly replied the dauntless heroine. "Elizabeth Fitzgerald may get another husband; but Elizabeth Fitzgerald will never get another castle. I will not surrender!" And the squire was hung.

This Elizabeth Fitzgerald had a son, Robert. Nelly Derry's mother and he had never been married. Nelly occupied the frequent anomalous position of such children, in Ireland, in her father's household. While her mother lived, she exercised the authority of a daughter of the house, without receiving the education of one: was a plaything, to be petted like the beautiful hound, which was the next in favor of her father's favorites, but had no more rights than he. When her mother died, and Fitzgerald purposed to marry, he was anxious, of course, to sweep the Hall clean of any vestige of the old connection. Poor Nelly was fated to go with her mother's birds, horses, and dogs.

The house swarmed with retainers; Fitzgerald held the old Irish state of his ancestors; there were cousins and aunts to the fifth degree; fox-hunting friends of the family, who had come to dine, and stayed for years; servants of every grade, from the whipper-in to the hen-wife, and the odd dozen of "chore-boys," all idle and all well-fed. For Nelly alone there must in future be neither room nor shelter.

Fitzgerald sent to summon the girl into the great hall, where he sat smoking. Sir Jonah has left us a sketch of the apartment, into which two or three modern houses could be comfortably stowed, with its enormous fires, gangs of lounging dogs, decorations of gigantic wheat-ears, foxes'-tails, and wolves'-heads, with badly spelled histories of the several hunts nailed below. One of Fitzgerald's cronies and dependents, Lacy, was with him.

"What will you do with the girl, Fitz?" he asked.

"Send her to a convent, as I ought to have done ten years ago. Her mother was a Catholic, poor wench."

"I wish the news was broken to Nelly."

"I wish it was." Fitzgerald fidgeted uneasily. Nelly had his own temper and her mother's also, a quite unnecessary addition.

"Here she is."

The door opened, and Nelly came tumbling in, chasing a wolf-hound. She had the high-colored, domineering beauty of the Fitzgeralds. She stood in front of the fire, looking at her father steadily, her blue eye meeting his as flint meets the steel.

"She has a suspicion of what you are going to say," said Lacy, in French.

"Do you know why I sent for you, Nell?"

"It isn't hard to guess, Sir Robert. If my mother's poor birds and dogs would anger your wife, it isn't likely her daughter would be a welcome sight till her. I've been waiting to be sent after them this week an' more." Nelly had the plaintive, low inflections of voice, as well as the brogue of the Corkonians.

"I'm glad that you're reasonable, child, and see the matter in the true light. Sit down." But Nelly chose to stand. She had her father at advantage, as she showed by the amused twinkle in her keen eye, which never loosened its hold on him. Sir Robert took snuff hastily, and brushed his shirt-frill with his white hand, on which sparkled the Fitzgerald diamond,

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noted among famous jewels. He was a wealthy man, used to generous living of all kinds, which made this thing, which he was forced to do, appear the shabbier and more obnoxious to him.

"I do not forget that you are my daughter. You shall be educated and receive the dowry of one. The only thing I am compelled to deny you is the shelter of this roof; and God knows, Nell, it cuts me to the quick to do that," with a sudden burst of emotion.

"Oh! no doubt, Sir Robert," coolly. "What did ye intend to do wid me, for instance?"

"A convent in France, I thought?" glancing uneasily from her to Lacy. "Near Lyons there is a branch house of the Dames de Sacre Cœur——"

"Isn't it rather late to begin my education? I'm full-grown, as you see," interrupted Nelly, drawing herself to her full height, and throwing back her broad, white shoulders. "When it is finished, what's to be done wid me, then? Will ye bring me home as Miss Fitzgerald, and present me till her ladyship?"

"She has you there, Fitz," laughed Lacy, kicking a falling log back into the fire. "It's not a baby, but a woman, you have on your hands."

"She's only sixteen," said Fitzgerald, angrily. "Her shrewd mother-wit will counterbalance the loss of time. After she has been with the sisters a few years, if she manifests a vocation, for a religious life, perhaps——"

"Is it a nun you'd make of me?" cried Nelly, with a burst of laughter, in which Lacy joined, Fitzgerald growing hotter and angrier. "There's one difficulty in yer way," she added, when she recovered breath, "that ye can hardly overcome."

"What's that, Nell?" demanded Lacy.

"I'll show you," going hastily out of the room. When she came back there was a pink flush on her pretty cheeks, and she led by the hand a fair-haired little man, with a scared, sheepish look, heightened comically by a cast in one of his eyes.

"What has Rabbit Jimmy to do with it?" said Fitzgerald, recognizing one of the dairyman's assistants, a fellow who had earned his soubriquet, as well as the contempt of the farm, by his apparent cowardice.

Nelly dropped a curtsey. "Make yer manners, Jimmy. Please, Sir Robert, he's my husband."

Sir Robert answered by a volley of oaths. Here was a bitter pill for the pride of the Fitzgeralds. Yet underneath his rage was a certain sense of relief. The girl was, at least, disposed of.

Nelly listened calmly until some of his objurgations fell on Jimmy. Then she stood between them, her eyes flashing dangerously. "I've married him, and I love him. It'll be the worse for them as harms him," she said. "As for you, Sir Robert, I wash my hands of you, as you would have done of me. When you count over the incumbrances on your estate to your lady wife, you can leave out Nelly Derry."

CHAPTER II.

Whether owing to her strong common sense, or natural proclivity to plebeian life, Nelly slid down from her perilous high estate to the condition of a dairy-maid, with ease and apparent comfort to herself. She and Derry left the Fitzgerald estate, and obtained employment on a neighboring farm: Nelly as butter-woman, while Jimmy, in his slow, slouching way, drove and tended the cows. The only traces remaining of her insight into gentler breeding, was in the neatness of her little cabin, and the care with which her only boy, Phil, was kept apart from the horde of little ruffians who swarmed to the priests' hedge-school. Nelly herself was known as a quiet woman, with a pleasant word for beasts as for human beings. It was a common saying that she had lost the temper of the Fitzgeralds with their name. Her father had sent her money from time to time, which had been returned without word or message. His wife, a gay English girl, had once or twice driven past Derry's cottage, in hopes of seeing the beautiful woman whom she had dislodged from her home, and whose pitiful story had touched her; but without success. Nelly, however, sitting inside, had seen and recognized the low landau, with the thorough-bred grays, and the Fitzgerald crest upon the door. A boy, about the age of her own son, was on the front seat, dressed in a gay suit of blue velvet. Nelly stooped to where Phil, in his patched corduroys, was whittling at some blocks, and strained him to her breast with dry, tearless sobs. But not even to him did she utter a word of bitterness at having lost her birthright.

Derry came in and glanced shrewdly at her excited face. He had passed the landau on the road. "Be aisy, Nelly," he said, his usually grave, timid manner a little elated. "Another year an' the boy shall look down on the Fitzgeralds." Nelly made no reply to this mysterious threat other than by a significant glance. But she rose and went quietly back to her work.

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The next day Derry left the house, and did not return. To all inquiries of the neighbors Nelly gave the same answer: he had gone to the Kerry hills for cows. The women stared into her calm face, which, like their own, wore that impassive, inscrutable mask peculiar to the Irish race, and asked no further questions. Many of their own husbands were missing at the same time, but they kept each their own secret.

It was the beginning of that period which Sir Jonah dryly describes as "a sanguinary development of a democratic mania in Ireland;" in other words, the dark and bloody days of the rebellion of '98; a brief season, but one which for barbarism and horror can be rivaled in the annals of no Christian country.

One evening, about two weeks after Derry's disappearance, his wife, wrapped in a large cloak, which thoroughly disguised her, left the cottage and hurried down the road which led to the town of Wexford. The sun had not yet set, and the warm light fell pleasantly upon the hedges and brilliant green of the grassy slopes, while the damp air drew a strong scent from the hawthorn trees and pink daisies under her feet. Children were playing in front of every cabin-door. An old fiddler had a crowd about him, singing Molly Bawn. Here went a pair of red-cheeked, barefooted lovers; there the squire jogged home leisurely on his brown nag, joking with one loiterer after another as he passed, and receiving as quick and sharp jokes as he gave. Nelly shivered as she looked about her.

"And in a week they'll be at each other's throats. It'll be blood instead of the red daisies under foot. It's not worth it. Not even for Phil's sake." She stopped to pat a child on the head as she passed, looking at it with gloomy, foreboding eyes. She knew it by its face to be a Protestant.

Nelly may have been an ambitious woman, but there was a deep current of tenderness in her, which made her but a cowardly conspirator. On reaching the town, she passed hurriedly through the back streets, and then began to saunter leisurely toward a low-built house, the upper part of which, painted a dull brown, bore the appearance of an ordinary dwelling-house, untenanted, as one of the window-shutters showed, that was flapping to and fro, giving glimpses of a vacant room within. Below, in the cellar, a cobbler had set-up his shop, and with his bench drawn out to the light, drove his awl, and whistled to keep time, but with eager face, which strangely belied his tune.

Nelly stopped in front of him.

"Can you tell me the time o' day, neighbor?" she said.

The man shot a keen glance at her from under his grizzled brows.

"It's late," he said, shortly, pushing his awl again.

"But it will be later," she rejoined, hastily. "It's a dark night, neighbor."

"It will be darker before day." He rose when he had said this. Some quick sign passed between them; then he drew back and motioned her to go in, seating himself again and resuming his awl, and whistling with the same anxious, gloomy face.

Nelly passed through the cheerful shop, in which a lamp was burning, into a closet half-filled with leather, all, curiously enough, new hides, from which no shoes had been cut. Pressing against a row of shelves, they gave way, and revolving on a pivot, opened into a damp subterranean passage, down which she hurried, while the street-door closed behind her. Nelly seemed perfectly familiar with the windings of this passage. She came at last to another door, and reached a well-lighted room, in which three gentlemen were seated about a table. They rose at her entrance, one, a man of soldierly bearing, with a remarkably pallid, dark-lined countenance advancing to met her.

She dropped her cloak. "It is I, Col. Keogh."

"Miss Fitzgerald! Pardon me. But I have not seen you since your marriage," holding out his hand and scanning her with undissembled curiosity.

Keogh was one of Fitzgerald's old friends, among whom the fate of his beautiful daughter was yet a question of secret interest. Nelly returned his look with one of equal kindness. It was the first time for years that she had been thrown in contact with any of her father's associates. The sight of Keogh wakened old thoughts and emotions; they moved her more than she wished to confess even to herself.

Keogh, perceiving this, turned aside and motioned to the other men to leave the room. Then he drew a chair forward for her.

"No, I will stand." She hesitated a moment. "You have seen Sir Robert lately?"

"No. He has taken up arms against us. He commands a company of home guards near Wexford."

"He was not so violent a partisan when I—when I knew him," she said, bitterly.

"His wife is a bigoted Protestant," said Keogh, carelessly, stopping short when he marked the startling change in her face at his

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words. "Forgive me. I did not remember how unpleasant the mention of that woman must be to you."

"No matter!" with badly assumed indifference. "Sir Robert, or his wife, are nothing to me. My business with you lies nearer home."

"Your husband? He is one of us, heart and soul. I have given him a position of trust."

"You have found out what manner of man he is, then?" her eyes sparkling. "He is reckoned for a coward and a fool by the neighbors."

"Very likely. They are apt to despise what they cannot understand. Derry attracted my attention as an exceptionally shrewd and finely-natured man, and I may say, for his opportunities, scholarly, before I knew that he was your husband. He is a lineal descendant of the O'Mores, he tells me?"

Nelly nodded.

"And your mother was an O'Neill. Two of the royal lines are united in your son, then When we have our rights; when the Sassenachs are driven back, and the ancient owners of Ireland claim their own again, your boy will have a princely patrimony."

Nelly fixed her blue eyes upon him. Their keen, hard scrutiny was uncomfortable, and ill-bred, Keogh thought. But he met it with an honest face.

"I've had my doubts," she said, "whether this sort of talk was only meant to blind us or not. It seems fair enough. The O'Mores owned the hills to the west as far as the crow flies in a day's journey. As Derry says, why should they not have their own again? And yet, when I think of cow-drivers and dairy-women as dukes and duchesses, it seems like the jabbering of crazy Poll. It seems more probable that we are but tools, which will be thrown aside when the work is done."

Keogh glanced impatiently at the papers on the table. The time, which he spent here, at the risk of his life, was too precious to be wasted in combating Nelly Derry's arguments. And yet she was a shrewd, able woman, who might, if secured, be of great use as a spy.

"I thought you were one with us," he said, adding, dryly, "It is hardly worth while to combat your suspicions. The cause for which I and other Catholic gentlemen are risking fortune and life, is most likely to be one in which we at least are sincere."

If he thought to touch her Irish generosity, he was mistaken.

"I do not doubt your sincerity," she said, coolly. "But when the ancient estates are conquered, and ready to be dealt out, is it the poor O'Neills in the ranks, or the Col. Keoghs and Major Dalys, who will have the first choice? I came to see my husband."

"You came to persuade him to leave us?"

"Yes, Col. Keogh, I did," boldly. "It's I that have the coward's heart in me. Death's sure for them as strikes first. I can't give him up, even if all you promise were sure for my boy. Derry's all I have—him and Phil."

Keogh saw the tears in her eyes, and suppressed the angry answer on his lips.

He led the way to another door. "You will not succeed," he said, quietly. "You will find him within," and seated himself to his writing when she was gone.

It was an hour before she returned, accompanied by Derry. She passed, with a silent inclination of the head to the colonel, and disappeared through the secret door.

"Derry!"

The little man faced the colonel with an awkward attempt at a military salute. "Your wife did not induce you to leave us?" said Keogh, without looking up from his writing.

"No, sir."

"I thought she would not."

Derry stood hesitating a moment, and then came up. The emotion must be deep which would move the little man to unchallenged speech. Keogh looked up curiously.

"I never run agen Nelly afore, sir. But I doubt I'm right in this case."

"Of course you are right."

"Though it's not," persisted Derry, "for the cause ov 'ould Ireland,' as wid the other boys, I'll confess that to yees. It's for Phil. I never did anything for the boy. His mother's kerried both him and me on her shouthers. But if I can get the choild back the land of his forefathers, by giving my poor life, I think I ought to do it. Nelly's wrong."

"I am glad you are so firm, Derry. The heir of the O'Mores and O'Neills ought to be one of the nobles of the new kingdom."

Derry bowed, and went out without answering. Major Karr, who had entered, and stood listening to the conversation, shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"The poor, little wretch," he said, "struts off to death with the bearing of a dozen Irish kings. Every turf-cutter among them has royal blood in his veins, and means to wear strawberry leaves at least."

But Keogh did not smile.

"There are times when I feel tempted to

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throw the whole affair up, Karr," he said, gloomily.

"What do you mean?"

"I know Derry and his like must be used as tools. Their blood is necessary to the cause. But I feel it on my hands. When I see a poor fellow, like that, who might have lived contentedly with his pig and potatoes to the end of his life, going to death with this chatter of princely inheritance, I feel like a murderer."

"Bah! Do you not believe the ancient estates will be restored?"

"To Derry? To the turf-cutters?" looking shrewdly into Karr's face.

But the major only laughed and shrugged his shoulders again.

CHAPTER III.

Wexford had been taken by the rebels under Keogh, and retaken with terrible loss. The battle of Ross was over: a fragment of the rebel forces were in hiding among the hills; but the larger part had been taken, and in many instances handed over to the local authorities to deal with. What that dealing was, it is, perhaps, as well not to inquire too closely. Vengeance and sudden power have converted men of every religious belief into the semblance of wild beasts. The historians of the Irish rebellion give dark hints of prisoners burned, starved, and put to tortures, compared with which death was merciful.

Toward the close of an autumn day, Nelly Derry came down the road and entered her cabin. Phil lay asleep on the bed.

"What have you heard, asthori?" said a young girl, springing up from where she had been crouched over the low fire, waiting; then noticing how dry and white were the woman's lips, she brought her a cup of water. "You've seen him?"

"No. I've not seen him," pushing the cup back, and speaking in a loud, discordant tone, more terrible than any cries or sobs. "There were a hundred croppies," she went on, "roasted alive in a barn below Enniscortt; but Derry was not among them. There's pits beyont Wexford where the dead bodies are thrown, without a prayer or a priest. They are full to the tops. I stood on the turf over them, and it gave to my feet. But somethin' told me Derry was not there."

Honor took both the cold hands in hers. "I've heard of him, Nelly," she said. "There's a lot of prisoners just brought into the town beyont. Murphy saw Derry among them," she stopped.

The two women looked each other breathlessly in the eyes; then Honor nodded. "No, there's no chance. It's hangin' it's to be. To-morrow at noon."

For a few minutes, Nelly sat still. She gave vent to none of the wild outbreak of cries and groans, by which Irish nature ordinarily relieves itself. But now and then she turned to the pallet where Phil lay sleeping. The kitchen was dimly lighted by a low peat fire; the wind was rising without, and waved the bit of window-curtain drearily to and fro. The clock struck the hour. It was the time when Derry had been accustomed to come home, thumping with his whip on the wall, and shouting, "Supper, Nelly." Would he never come again? Never?

There were his new brogans swinging on the wall. By to-morrow the feet that should fill them would be cold and stiff——

"What are ye going to do, acushla?" said Honor, at last.

But Nelly did not answer. She went on dragging Phil up and tying on his cap. Then, taking him by the hand, she went out. Honor followed, sobbing. But she could not keep up with the swift, steady pace of the other woman, who, stern and dumb, passed down the road, and was soon lost in the night.

The great hall at Fitzgerald Castle was brilliantly lighted that night. Sir Robert and his wife were vehement loyalists, and rejoiced in the final defeat of the rebel troops. Sir Robert did it with especial fervor, as he was one of the most obnoxious landlords of the district, and had lived in daily peril of both life and estate for the last year.

He was seated by the great fire, which threw his soldierly face and grizzled hair into strong relief. His wife, a delicate blonde, in a pearl-gray silk, with heavy falls of lace about it, stood facing him, playing with a grayhound, and made an oddly contrasting picture to him.

"By next month the country will have sunk to its usual quiet," he said. "I'm glad to see that the government is showing no hesitation in sweeping this turbulent element out of it. It is wisely done. Mercy is criminal in this case."

Lady Fitzgerald, who faced the door, suddenly started with a gesture of alarm. "Sir Robert!" she cried, "Sir Robert!"

Sir Robert had barely time to rise, when a woman, young and beautiful, with a deathly pallor on her face, came silently up the hall, holding a child in her arms, and stood before him.

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"Good God! Nelly!" he cried. Then, recovering himself with his usual tact, he added, hastily, "Lady Fitzgerald, this is my daughter. You have heard her story."

The delicate little lady held out her hand, with a ready smile. Her curiosity was gratified, and she had really none of the ill-will to poor Nelly, which would seem not unnatural to us. Such children were ordinary parts of the social system, in the upper ranks of Ireland, in those loose days.

But Nelly did not see her. "Only one thing could have brought me under your roof again," she said. "My husband is to die to-morrow. I thought you could save him." With the first attempt at speech she began to break down. "I—I did not know where else to go," looking uncertainly from side to side.

"So Derry is one of the rebel prisoners, eh?" said Sir Robert, roughly. "Then you must know that there's no hope for him. If you don't, it's kindest to tell you so, at once. The croppies have acted like beasts, and government will give them the punishment of beasts. Men, and even women, suspected of treason, were whipped to-day in Wexford, to force them to confession, until some of them died under the lash. There is no possible chance for a man taken with arms in his hands."

"It was for Phil," thrusting the boy forward. "Derry had no ill-will to the Protestants. He only wanted back the O'Neill estates for the boy. For my boy, *father*."

Out of her desperate pain the old love of her childhood asserted itself. But the boy, whom she held up so pathetically, was, unfortunately, very like its father, whom Sir Robert only knew as Rabbit Jimmy.

He drew back. "I can do nothing for you, Nelly," he said, "more than to offer you a home," with a quick glance at his wife, "after this—this unfortunate affair is over."

Nelly did not seem to hear him. "The lord-lieutenant is in Wexford, they tell me," she said, eagerly. "You could apply to him."

"I have no influence with Lord Camden," he replied, coldly; "and even if I had, and chose to use it, it would fail. Come here."

He led her to the window, and drew aside the curtain.

Over the gates of the town, raised on spikes, three ghastly heads looked down in the cold moonlight. One, ashy pale, but undiscolored, as though moulded of wax, Nelly knew. She drew back from the window with a cry of terror and grief.

"Yes, it's Keogh," said Sir Robert. "He was a personal friend of Lord Camden's. But there he is, you see. Now you can judge how much chance of pardon there is for your husband."

Nelly stood motionless, for one brief moment, in which she seemed to comprehend the hopelessness of her position. Then she turned, and without a word, went swiftly toward the door.

"Nelly," Sir Robert cried. "Child! She must not go," turning to his wife, "homeless and disgraced, to wander about the country. She is my daughter."

He followed and took her by the arm. "Come back," he said, passionately. "You have my blood in your veins. Have done with your infatuation for this wretched boor. Let him go to his own fate and place. I will give you and your child ease and affluence while you live, if you will come back. I would have done it long ago."

She shook him off without a word, as though some unclean animal had touched her.

"Come, Phil," she said.

She was gone as suddenly as she had come.

Fitzgerald started to follow her, and then turned back with a "Humph!" and shrug of the shoulders. "She can reap as she has sown," he muttered. "There's no use of trying to root out the plebeian instincts: her mother's blood will tell. And it would be cursedly disagreeable to have her and Lady Fitzgerald under the same roof."

Nelly went down the dark row of birch-trees to the gate, half-dazed, a blinding, physical pain in her eyes, and a choking in her breast. She put her hand upon the latch, when a soft grasp was laid on her arm.

"Nelly!"

"Who are you?" scanning the small, white figure that stopped the way.

"I am your father's wife," was the answer.

"You've come, too, to tell me," said Nelly, with curious calmness, "that the Fitzgerald blood was in my veins, and that I should throw off the wretched boor that I have married? I tell you, woman, that the poor, little, cow-driver, James Derry, has notions of honor, and of faith to his wife and boy, that never were known to a Fitzgerald. I know my husband, and I know, that, little, and weak, and ignorant as he is, he is a man, nobler and higher than any of the men who sat in judgment on him yesterday."

"No, dear Nelly, I came to give you no such foolish advice. I have an idea, though, how we might save James."

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The gentle, cheerful voice acted on poor Nelly like a charm. She caught Lady Fitzgerald's hand in hers and crushed it with the strength of her grip. Lady Fitzgerald bore it without wincing.

"Lord Camden is in Wexford. So is his wife. Go to her yourself to-night," said Lady Fitzgerald.

Nelly was dumb and motionless for a moment; then she let her hand fall. "God put that in your head," she said. "A woman will surely feel for a woman."

CHAPTER IV.

"You should not have admitted the woman. You have taken an unwarrantable liberty, Rose."

Lady Camden's voice, always gentle and cold, was not raised a half note, as she said this. But the maid, whose heart had been full of pity for Nelly a moment ago, was strangely terrified by it, and as if by magic became pitiless as her mistress.

"Come out of this," she said, seizing Nelly roughly by the arm. "You've ruined me with your tears and talk. What business had you to ask to see her ladyship at this time of night? And in this room, too?"

But Nelly stood quietly. She had seen her husband's face, dead and white, before her all the night. The chance of this minute, desperate as it was, was the last hope.

Between her and the terrible fate she faced, those women were of no more import than the dead leaves blown across her path. She came closer to the lady who stood under the light. Afterward she remembered her delicate, sharply-cut features, the sweep of her velvet robe, the glitter of rings on her white hand.

"As I am here," she said, "I will not go until you hear me. I waited until you would be alone. Your woman told me that you came to this room to see your child before you slept. It will be but a moment's discomfort to you—but it is more than life to me."

If she had spoken passionately, Lady Camden would have left the room: she had an innate horror of anything dramatic. But the steady calmness of Nelly's voice attracted her. Her eye ran critically over the tall figure and clear-cut face, as over a picture which pleased her.

The woman was one of her own kind. She spoke to her, not as to an inferior order of creation, as she did to her maid, but with the quiet, cheerful air, with which she would discuss a matter of business with an equal.

"Your husband, Rose tells me, is one of the men taken in arms, and to be executed to-morrow? It is of no use for you to come here. You but distress yourself and me. The insurrection must be put down at once, and with a strong hand. Justice must ignore all claims of individuals. I have no disposition to render Lord Camden's treatment of it more merciful, even if I had the power. Rose, you can take her away, and see that she is cared for to-night, unless you have something more to say to me," with a courteous bow. "No appeals, remember."

If there had been one trace of womanly feeling in Lady Camden's voice, Nelly would have broken down. But the heartless civility froze her blood.

"You are but a woman, and so am I," she said, steadily. "It has so chanced that God has put my husband's life into your hands, and He is waiting to know what you will do with it."

A smile flickered over Lady Camden's lips.

"I must be allowed to judge of my own responsibility, my good woman," she said, motioning Rose to open the door.

Nelly turned, without a word, but at the door she staggered and sank heavily against the wall. Phil fell to the ground.

"She has fainted. Attend to her, Rose," said Lady Camden. Then, stepping hastily forward, she lifted Phil herself. "What a beautiful boy!" she said, eagerly. There was one vein of human feeling in Lady Camden, people said, and it was her love for her own child. "Not unlike George. What is the matter, my little fellow?" stroking back the curly, black hair. If it had been lank, or a tow-color, she would have dropped him in all probability without a thought.

"Do you—do you miss your father, child?" a curious doubt on her face.

If Phil had answered her in his brogue, the doubt would have deepened into disgust. But, fortunately, another voice, the dearest in all the world to her, broke the silence. Her own boy crept out of his crib in an adjoining room, and ran up to her in his white night-gown. He was a pale, sickly child, with a projecting forehead.

"I heard it all, mamma," he said. "Give him his father's life."

"These are things you do not understand, my son. Go back to bed."

"Give *me* the man's life, mamma," he per-

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sisted. "It's only a croppy. Wouldn't you please me in this little thing?"

She rose, flushed and angry. But the child held on obstinately to her gown.

"His father is the same to him as mine to me. If it was I——"

With her boy, the cold, hard Lady Camden was the weakest and silliest of women. All her household knew that. The child began to shiver nervously, took Phil by the hand, and stroked it. "I'd like to think I'd saved one man from the gallows," he said, with his queer, grave look, as though he had been a man of sixty, or more.

"You *shall* think it, George," said his mother, hastily, and then, as if excusing herself to herself, "it is too noble an instinct in a child to crush, even if it be mistaken." She crossed the room to Nelly, who stood, half stupefied, still. "My son will intercede with his father on your behalf," she said. "I think I can promise you your husband's life. But it must only be on condition that you leave Ireland in twenty-four hours. No! No thanks."

As she passed out of the room, with her son, the latter took Phil's hand in his. "Good-by," he said.

"Good-by, George," said Phil, simply. "I like you."

Lady Camden looked down and smiled. But there were tears in her eyes.

An hour afterward, the door of the room where Nelly waited was opened, and a little, meek-looking man came in.

"Jamie!" she cried.

"I'm a free man, child!" as he caught her in his arms. "Where's the boy?"

Every year after that Lady Camden received an oddly-packed box for her son from America. Sometimes there were fruits and seeds, sometimes specimens of woods or ores: trifles in themselves, yet things which were novel to her, and all designed to give her a tangible idea of the New World. There was never any date or name accompanying the queer present, but it always reached George on the anniversary of the day when he had given Derry his freedom.

About forty years later, George, then Lord Camden, visited the States, to try the buffalo shooting. At St. Louis, he was the guest of one of the great iron merchants, whose estate lay outside of the city, a princely sweep of prairie-land.

On the first day of his arrival he drove out with his host, a grave, white-haired man.

"This is scenery such as I have never seen," said Lord Camden. "I confess there is nothing in England or Ireland that I like as well."

"Yet you gave it to me," answered the man, with a curiously significant smile. "It is here that we have found the ancient estates of the O'Neills."

It was Nelly Derry's husband who spoke.

THE DYING WIFE.

BY ANNIE MARVELL.

"They tell me I am dying, John,
So come beside my bed,
And kiss me, as you used to do,
Ere youth and bloom had fled;
And I will say what many a year,
I've longed so much to say,
But never had the courage, John,
Until this dying day.

"You did not see that I was tasked
So far beyond my might;
I faded young, and daily grew
Less lovely in your sight.
And it was hard to watch myself
Grow old almost in youth,
While you were young and comely still—
It was a bitter truth.

"They say that I was fair, John,
When rang the marriage-bell;
My face beneath the bridal veil,
It pleased your eyes right well.
But when the funeral-bell is tolled,
My poor, white, coffined face
Of fairness, that once won your love,
Will show but feeble trace.

"My little ones! my little ones!
Oh, death! this is thy sting!
To die, and know not what to them
The coming years may bring!
But God, who doeth all things well,
Hears e'en the raven's call,
With Him I leave my little ones,
And He is over all!

"My little, tender, helpless lambs—
Oh, John, I love them so!
Be gentle with them for my sake,
When I am lying low.
Your cheeks with tears are wet, John,
Now kiss me ere I die;
I've always, always loved you, John,
God bless you, dear—good-by!"

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THE REIGNING BELLE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER IV.

A SUDDEN burst of sunshine had come in on the Laurence family, brightening the darkness around them. It glinted through the white curtains, where they floated over the window, like sifted snow, as the morning dawned upon them. At daylight every one was astir and full of cheerful activity; the cloud, which had so long hung blackly over them, had turned its silver lining, and the very edge seemed radiant. The boy was up earliest of all, building a fire in the stove, and making ready for his mother to come down. He was singing to himself all the time, while a bright tin teakettle kept up a soft murmuring accompaniment, and softened the air with its vapory steam.

Then the good housewife came down, pale, gaunt, but unconsciously smiling, and Eva followed, supporting Ruth with both arms, until the invalid dropped into a chair, and drew a long breath of exquisite satisfaction, as she looked thankfully over the little table her mother's deft hands had spread.

There was no prodigal display at this cheerful meal; but to sit once more at a table, even sparsely spread, was a delight to the whole family. So thankful smiles dawned softly on those wan faces, and pleasant looks were cast through the window, when Mrs. Smith parted the purple morning-glories with her two hands, and called out in a kind, cheery voice,

"Well, good folks, how do you find yourselves this morning?"

Little Jim gave a leap from his seat, opened the door, and let in Mrs. Smith, with a gush of fresh air, that seemed to set all the morning-glory bells to trembling with delight, as they peeped into the room and tossed drops of dew over the window-sill.

"There, now, that's something like!" said the dame, gloating over the scene as if every living soul at the table were her own especial property. "Mercy on us! how we have all chirked up since last night. Well, Jimmy, what about the coal?"

"Oh! I'm on hand!" answered the boy, pushing up the sleeves of his jacket. "That beef-steak has made me tough as an oak-knot and springy as a steel-trap. Just show me the thing that is to be done, and see if I don't do it."

The good dame regarded the delicate child with infinite compassion, as he made his little boast.

"Yes, yes," she said, "you shall do anything you want to by-and-by, when good living has toughened you up. But just now we must give you light jobs, such as carrying home single parcels, and helping a little back of the counter, maybe, now and then—but you mightn't like that?"

"Like what? Why, Mrs. Smith, I'm just in for liking anything!"

"But then you are so manly, and this is girls' work."

A flush of scarlet came over that bright face, but it passed away in an instant; and, holding up his arms, James asked the good woman if those hands and wrists were not slender and white as any girl's. At which she laughed till her sides shook, and declared that, boy or girl, he was as splendid a little fellow as the sun ever shone on; and if Mrs. Laurence felt as if she could spare him, he might come up to the grocery, and when there was no light jobs for him to do, there was the cradle to rock, and the baby to tend up stairs.

Again the hot scarlet swept its way to the lad's face, and a choking sense of shame rose to his throat; but he conquered the rebellious feeling like a hero, and protested, half crying, when he meant to laugh, that tending a baby must be prime fun, and rocking a cradle like rowing a boat. Just what he had wanted to do all his life. Besides, Mrs. Smith's babies were such first-class young ones, he wondered that any girl could be strong enough to hold 'em.

"Then it's all settled, Jimmy, dear!" exclaimed the good wife. "Smith couldn't make much of an opening for a little chap as had got to learn the business before he could be of any use; so Kate Gorman and I thought how handy

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it would be to have some one about the baby now and then, just for that, and running the fancy errands, as I call them; for John Smith don't like lazy people about him, and we mustn't eat the bread of idleness, you know, James."

"I want to earn every mouthful of bread I eat," said the boy, bravely, "and enough for others, too. If you'll set me to washing dishes and peeling potatoes, I'll try and do it well. See if I don't."

"Come along, then," cried the woman, taking his hand with a firm clasp. "You're willing, Mrs. Laurence?"

The poor, pale mother turned wistfully to her boy, who looked her firmly in the eyes, and smiled as if rocking cradles and tending babies were the great aim and glory of his young life.

"It will be in the house, and—and you'll be a mother to him, Mrs. Smith?"

"Won't I?" answered the dame.

"And you will let him come home sometimes?"

"Every night of his life, and three times a day, if you want him. Goodness gracious! you don't expect that we intend to work a little fellow like that every hour in the twenty-four. I didn't come here like a highway robber to run off with your son, and make a white slave of him; but just to give him what he seems to want, something to do, and something to eat."

"And I'm in a hurry to begin," said James, piling up his school-books on a set of hanging-shelves over the fire-place, and resolutely suppressing a big sigh that rose to his lips. "Perhaps the coal would have been too much for me. At any rate, I can do the other. But I say, Mrs. Smith?"

"Well, Jimmy. Just thought of something, I see."

"Can I sleep at home? Ruth there is awful timid, and is sure to lie awake without a man in the house. Besides, mother, who has always been used to it, and Eva, who likes to have me about."

"Indeed, I do, darling!" cried Eva, kissing the bright, young face; and turning to Mrs. Smith, she said, tenderly, "He does seem to be a protection, and we all love him so."

"Of course, you do! He's just the lovingest little shaver in the world! I only hope that John Smith, junior, will be up to his mark, which I think he will, being bright as a new dollar, if sich things are in these greenbacky days. As for sleeping at home, I never had any other idea. Now, come away, Jimmy, or something else will turn up; and my time is short, having left Kate Gorman tending Jerusha Maria, and breakfast on the table, which Smith won't touch a mouthful of till I am there to cut up and pour out, being of that loving nature—though he does, sometimes, cut up a little rusty with customers. Come, Jimmy."

James pulled down his sleeves, and put on his cap, after which he kissed his mother and sisters with clinging affection, as if he were starting on a whaling voyage, and marched off to the grocery, side by side with Mrs. Smith, who stopped in the store long enough to fill his pockets with nuts and raisins. Then she took him up stairs, and laid the baby she called Jerusha Maria into his arms, and taught him, with brief scolding, how to arrange his knees, so that the little curly head and the feet, in their tiny worsted socks, should not come too closely together, while the rest of that plump body dropped through, and was ignominiously doubled up, which happened, I am ashamed to say, more than was proper during the first half-hour of the lad's promotion.

At these times Mrs. Smith would turn very red, and wonder if she had done quite wisely in the first outburst of her warm-hearted charity. While Kate Gorman paused in her work now and then to shake out the child's long skirts and settle her comfortable, where she could bury her chilly hands in the boy's hair, and enjoy herself with a vigorous pull now and then, all of which James Laurence endured with the smiling stoicism of a young Indian.

CHAPTER V.

Eva Laurence was radiant that day when she entered the wareroom, which scarcely seemed to her like a place of toil. For the first time in weeks she had left a really cheerful home. The few days which lay between her and the time when her first wages would be paid were bridged over, and she no longer trembled with a wild fear of starvation for those she loved. Trouble might come, but nothing quite so dreadful as that. The heroism of her little brother had worked marvels, for which her heart swelled with tender gratitude.

The young man, who wore that soft, amber beard, was struck by her brilliant color, and deigned, in a careless way, to compliment her upon it as she passed him, which she scarcely noticed, being so occupied with pleasant thoughts, that his condescension passed

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unheeded; but when Harold came up, she reached forth both hands, and, looking in his earnest face, said,

"Good-morning! What a lovely day it is!"

"Yes, very lovely—a great change," he murmured, pressing her hands one instant; then dropping them with a gentle sigh.

"Yesterday was so gloomy," she said; "but this——"

She broke off with a faint laugh, for the sky was, in fact, clouded; and she remembered the floods of silvery light that had come through the windows the day before, mocking her anxiety, and turning her heart sick with a thought of the dear ones at home.

Harold looked at her a moment in a grave, questioning way. He had seen the young clerk address her, and gave the smile on her lip, and the glow in her cheek, an interpretation that made his own greeting constrained and cold. Eva did not heed this either, the warmth at her heart was not to be chilled by a cold glance just then, even from the man who had been kindest to her. She went to a mirror, in which customers were expected to admire themselves, and stood before it smoothing her hair, graceful as a bird, and quite as unconscious of her own beauty.

Just then a party came into the show-room, and Harold turned his attention on them, while Eva stole away from the mirror, and stood ready to be called, without one trace of the shrinking pride which had made her so sensitive the day before.

The lady, who soon required her attention, was a stout, heavy-featured dame, arrayed in costly silk, flounced, looped, and puffed, until the rich material was lost in a confusion of trimmings, which fluttered, like the plumage of an angry bird, as she walked.

Up and down the vast show-room this person walked, touching first one article, then another, with a heavy hand, so tightly incased in canary kid-gloves, that the delicate fabric seemed ready to burst at each incautious movement of the imprisoned fingers. Now and then she would toss the fabric aside with a scornful sniff of a nose that in its own nature turned disdainfully upward, and ask the obsequious clerk if he had nothing better than that to show a lady who did not stand on prices, but must have the best of everything, when she went a shopping. What would she please to look at, indeed? Why just what happened to take her fancy; as for wanting anything particular, she was a long way beyond that. If the young man had anything very *recherche*, and out of the common, she didn't mind looking at it; but, goodness gracious! Who was that young woman? Here the new customer lifted both hands, and parted her lips with an expression of growing amazement, while her small eyes, deepening from pewter to a dull lead color, were fastened on Eva Laurence.

"That young lady," answered the clerk, "is Miss Laurence, just engaged You are not the first person who has been struck with her good looks. Haven't a more genteel girl in the establishment."

The customer dropped her hands, and turning abruptly from the clerk, walked to the stair-case, where an elderly man stood waiting for her with the patient indifference of a person impressed into service in which he took no interest.

"Herman! Herman Ross!" she exclaimed, in a coarse, eager voice, "come here this minute and see for yourself. Did you ever in your born days! Look there!"

Eva was standing at a far-off counter, looking thoughtfully into the distance, with that soft, happy smile brightening her whole face, as the full light from a neighboring window fell upon it.

The man paused as he saw the face, and shaking off the eager hold which his companion had fastened on his arm, drew back with a sudden recoil.

"What is this? What does it all mean?" he demanded, turning white, and looking forward with a wild stare. It is twenty years. I cannot go back to that, but—but—be quiet! Leave me alone, I must speak to her!"

The man walked forward unsteadily, and, like one impelled to an action against his own consciousness, until he came close to Eva, but with such noiseless action that she did not heed him.

"Will you tell me your name?"

Eva started. The voice that addressed her was so low and hoarse that surprise became almost terror in her.

"My name? My—my name? Did you ask that?"

"Yes—yes!"

Eva turned her eyes on the white face which was reading hers with such pathetic earnestness, and all the angry surprise his abrupt address had kindled, died out under the sad penetration of those dark eyes.

"My name is Laurence—Eva Laurence," she answered, with gentle courtesy. "Pray, why do you care to know?"

"I can scarcely tell you, young lady. Excuse

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me, there must be some mistake. Laurence—did you say Laurence?"

"That is my name."

"And your father?"

"My father is dead," answered the girl, with a flush upon her drooping eyelids, under which quick tears were springing.

"Dead? But your mother?"

"She is living."

"Ah! But have you other relatives—brothers, sisters, perhaps?"

"Yes, I have a brother and one sister."

"Like you? Is she beautiful, like you?"

"I do not think any one could think of me, looking at her," answered Eva, speaking her honest conviction.

"I should like to see your sister and your mother," said the man. "Might I? Would it be unpardonable if I called on them?"

"I do not know, we have seen few people since my father was killed."

"Killed, did you say? Killed?"

"Yes," answered Eva, almost in a whisper; "he was shot down in the street by a man he was arresting."

"Shot down! That was terrible! Forgive me, young lady, if I have made you cry. Nothing was farther from my thoughts."

The stout, woman who had brought on this conversation, came up now, her face beaming with rank curiosity, and her dress fluttering ominously.

"Well, Herman, don't you think I have been kept in the background long enough? One gets out of patience, Miss, especially when one is used to being studied and waited on by no end of servants, and such like. Now, if you'll just look out of the window, you'll find my footman watching the front entrance like a cat, with one hand on the carriage-door; for he knows well enough there'd be a high breeze if I was kept waiting a single minute; so you mustn't wonder if I am just a trifle hard on shopkeepers—I always keep them on the jump. Would you mind just stepping over among the lace-shawls, they tell me you're hired to show such things off, and I might take one, if they've got something a little superber than the shawl Mrs. Lambert just brought from Europe. She sits right before me in church, you know, and wears it just to aggravate me. Every time I kneel down, that eternal pattern of morning-glory vines, creeping over her shoulder, is before my eyes, daring me to get anything like it, if I can, for love or money. I'm expected to feel meek and humble all the same. It isn't in human nature. That woman and I can't be members of the same church if she keeps this thing up. One's moral character won't stand such strains, kneeling at the same altar with a woman that wears a fifteen-hundred dollar lace-shawl, and mine only a thousand, and Carter fairly wallowing in greenbacks, is more than I can stand."

Eva listened till her amused smile deepened into a laugh, which the man heard with a thrill of recollection that made the blood stir like old wine in his heart.

"Oh! if you want a fifteen-hundred dollar shawl, it is an easy thing to get. Shall I go with you to the lace-counter?"

"But it must have a morning glory vine running through it, leaves and bells like hers, only more of 'em. I'm resolved that our church shall see no more costly shawl than Richard Carter's lady wears, while it sends up a steeple. Now just tell that young man to show us the very best he's got. Nothing less than fifteen hundred, understand."

The light-haired clerk heard all this conversation, and followed the party up to the lace-counter, where he became very officious in exhibiting shawls, to which he affixed enormous prices with a solemn gravity of countenance that impressed Mrs. Richard Carter greatly, and helped her to fix upon a beautiful fabric, certainly, but one she would not have deigned to purchase at its real value, which was just five hundred dollars less than the depletion of that huge roll of greenbacks, with which the good lady went armed on her shopping excursions.

"There," she said, crushing the money she had left into her reticule-purse, and winding the chain about her wrist and little finger, on which she wore a great diamond-ring outside the glove, "I begin to feel like myself again. You are sure that a higher-priced shawl than that isn't to be found in New York, young man?"

"Positive of it, madam; for I don't believe there is another salesman in New York that would have the courage to set that figure," he muttered, after the first brief reply. "Not another imported. Rest content that you have *the* shawl of the season, madam. Shall I send it to your carriage?"

"Yes, give it to my footman, a tall fellow in maroon livery, with a gold band. You'll see Carter's and my nollygram on the carriage-door."

The clerk went away with a droll look in his eyes, and a smile struggling on his lip; for he was well acquainted with the class of persons

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to which his customer belonged—a class that, like many other strange things in social life, is an offshoot of a civil war, which has served to vulgarize wealth attained by accident or fraud, until refined people shrink from competition with it in sensitive shame.

"I'm ever so much obliged to you for showing off the pattern for me," said Mrs. Carter, turning toward Eva with patronizing warmth. "The people always are obliging in this establishment; know in an instant when a lady carries the look of money in her face; but I must say, that you are the most stylish girl that I've seen here yet; was struck with you the first thing, wasn't I, Herman? Oh! there he is, mousing off by himself; but he don't take his eyes from your face. No wonder, there was something in it that struck me all in a heap at first; but it's gone off now. He don't seem to get over it, though. Awful sensation! But we all are that. Exquisite feelings, born with us. He's my brother, you know—my only brother. Left New York when he was a young man, and just come back again. I shouldn't have known him, he's so altered. Do you think we look alike? He used to be very handsome, and people took us for twins."

A smile quivered across Eva's lip, and the lids drooped over her laughing eyes; but both died out suddenly as her glance fell on the strange man, Ross, who seemed to shrink away from her mirth as if it wounded him.

"I must not laugh," said Eva, in her thoughts. "Perhaps he feels how ridiculous his relative makes herself, and is annoyed by it. But why does he look at me with such sorrowful eyes. Yes, he is a handsome man, and looks both sensible and sensitive; but *her* brother—I don't believe it."

The man came forward as these thoughts disturbed the girl, asked Mrs. Carter if she was ready to return home, and, lifting his hat with grave politeness, led the way down stairs.

The tall footman was at his post, shut the carriage-door with a lordly bang, and climbed up to his place by the coachman, leaving the two persons inside to themselves.

"Well, now," said Mrs. Carter, eagerly, "did you ever see such a likeness? I never saw that young woman that you used to be so fond of but twice in my life, and you never would tell me her name; but if that girl isn't the likeness of her, I don't know what a likeness is. She quite took my breath away at first. As for you, Ross, well the color hasn't come back to your face yet. I'm sure you saw the likeness."

"Yes, I saw it," answered the man, dreamily. "I saw it."

CHAPTER VI.

The Lamberts were a proud family, aristocratic in birth, intellect, and breeding; and this branch with which our story deals, had added great wealth to its other possessions by marriage with a rich man's only daughter.

Mrs. Lambert was not content with a home in the Fifth Avenue, which many a small monarch might have coveted for a regal palace, but she must have it different, more superb than her neighbors, in fact, unique as well as magnificent. Mrs. Lambert had led society so long, and traveled so much, that commonplace things, bought by the yard, and arranged exactly like every other house of the class, were far beneath her aspirations. Her stately mansion abounded in beautiful objects, rare and costly, which she had been years in collecting in every curiosity-shop and promising auction sale in Europe.

The ground on which the Lambert mansion was built had been a farm, or rather homestead, when its present mistress was born; and as the city throve and grew around it, that which had been a modest competency became enormous wealth, in the heart of which she replaced the old homestead with a palace, turning the old garden and a goodly home-lot into a wilderness of flowers, which grew and bloomed beautifully, in spite of three or four grand old forest-trees which still kept firm root-hold in the soil. Standing in front, with those broad steps winding up to the entrance through their heavy stone ballustrades, you saw nothing of the lovely green paradise that bloomed on the other side of that costly building; the plate-glass windows were so brilliant, the stone-work so elaborate, that an idea of nature took you by surprise. But leave the avenue, only for a minute, turn down the first cross-street, and the bloom, the rich greenness, and rustle of leaves, come upon you like enchantment. Through them all, you saw sheets of curved glass rolling downward like sunlit waves on the ocean; and through them come the splendid glow of blossoming flowers, among which you could see birds fluttering, and a fountain shooting up diamonds.

This bit of paradise had formerly been old Mr. Lambert's kitchen-garden, planted around the edge with currant-bushes, and with a thicket of feathery fennel rising like a green fountain in the center. Where those tea-roses blossomed thickest, he had planted an asparagus-bed and sold the products to market.

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women at the highest price he could get; that great plot of heliotrope and scarlet geraniums, gave him a rich harvest of leets and carrots, in the good old days. But of all this thrifty life, there was nothing left save one great white rose-tree, that still clambered up a green post, and half-buried a pretty wren-house in its sturdy foliage. This wren-house the old man had devised when he planted the rose on his daughter's birth-day—a bit of affectionate sentiment she could never force herself to root out from the gorgeous splendor of her after-life. So there the rose-tree bloomed, and the wren-house gave forth yearly broods of young birds, that in their turn built nests, and filled the little spot with songsters bright and beautiful as the flowers.

Mrs. Lambert was a middle-aged lady now, and the white rose had died more than once in its main stock, but shoots sprang up from the roots again, and the bush remained itself; while an old, old man, who had helped on the original homestead, and lived over one of the stables, kept the wren-house thatched, and the ground rich around the old manorial, sometimes crying a little as he dug up the earth, and counted the years since the first slender twig was planted by the hand so long cold, while he stood and looked on, wondering if the sprout would take root.

This old man, with hair as white as snow, was in the garden a few days after the opening of our story, looking weird and strange in all that bloom as the old white rose itself; this, being out of flower, was gnarled and rough, having nothing but green leaves to shelter the wren-house with. Some of its branches had died with age, and with his withered and trembling hands the old gardener was attempting to cut the lifeless wood away, a task that went to his heart, for it seemed like digging his own grave. As he hacked at the rough wood, a man, who had been loitering along the sidewalk, stopped, as many a curious person had done before, and looked in upon the pleasant spot, while his hand held lightly by one of the iron rails. It was a white, thin hand now, but not of that delicate mould which entire freedom's from toil, from the cradle up, leaves to the possessor. Some time in its owner's life that hand had wrought and toiled, though the palm was soft now and the fingers slender.

Something in the face, which looked over the iron railing, seemed to interest the old man, who paused with his knife half through the wood of the rose-bush, and, shading his eyes, took a keen survey of the features.

As if impelled by some mysterious attraction, the old gardener left his knife sticking in the wood, and moved with slow difficulty toward the iron railing, exactly as if the man had summoned him. Indeed, it would have seemed as if he had done so, for the moment those hobbling steps paused, the stranger began to ask questions, which the old man, usually so grim and crusty with persons he did not know, answered with prompt respect.

"A beautiful garden this," said the stranger, gently, meeting the old man's gaze with a look that had something anxious in it.

"Well, yes, I should think so. It has been a growing a good many years, and the first site was rich."

"Are you the gardener?"

"What, I? Of course. What else should I be, if not the madam's gardener? I, who helped her to dig up her first little flower-bed when she wasn't more than so high."

Here the old man bent down a little, and measured off the empty space about to the level of his rheumatic knees.

"But you seem a very old man to work at all."

"Do I? Well, it isn't any hard work I do. There is a boy out there by the green-house that keeps himself busy obeying my orders, and he gets along pretty well considering."

Here the old man pointed to a tall, stalwart laborer, some thirty-five years of age, who really did the work of the place.

"I'm not so old as to want help, you know," continued the old gardener; "but the madam——"

"I think you said she had lived here from a child?"

The stranger's voice was hoarse and constrained, as he interrupted the old man with this question.

The gardener brushed back the gray hair from his ears, as if something in the voice bewildered him; then he answered,

"Why, everybody around here knows that. The big wooden house is gone, but that heap of stone stands over the old cellar, and *she* lives like a queen where her father died. The great difference is, she picks roses where he sold leets and carrots; and them green-houses stand just where his pig-pens were. Wonderful, isn't it?"

"But you have not told me who the lady is?"

"Not told you? Ha! ha! As if everybody didn't know Mrs. Lambert."

"The lady is married, then?"

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These words fell heavily, like drops of lead, from the stranger's white lips, and his hand, which clasped the railing, tightened spasmodically around the iron.

"Married! Why that was years and years ago. She went across the seas to some great school after her father died, and came back with a husband and two children."

"Her children?"

"Lord a mercy! No! Step-children—a boy and a gal; but she don't seem to know the difference. They'll get every cent she's worth, and that's a heap of money, I tell you. But there she goes down the back walk toward the center green-house, you can see her white dress through the bushes."

The stranger grasped the iron spikes with both hands now, and the face, which looked over them, was white as death.

"Let me in! Let me pass through!" he exclaimed, looking wildly around for a gate.

"Well, I should rather think not; no trespassers ever get into our flowers. She wouldn't allow it. Halloo! what are you about?"

The stranger had discovered a gate upon the latch, and opening it, much to the old man's surprise, passed into the garden.

"Stop there! Hold on, I say!"

The stranger did not even hear this quivering protest, but walked swiftly across the garden and entered a green-house, that rose in its midst like a mammoth bird-cage of rolling glass, choked up with leaves and blossoms. Beneath an Acasia-tree, covered with soft, yellow blossoms, stood a lady, with her white arm uplifted, gathering a spray of the delicate plant, which she was about to group with a quantity of moss-roses and heliotrope, which she had plucked in the open air. She dropped her hand in amazement as a strange man entered the green-house, and the branch she had half-broken rustled slowly back to its place.

"Elizabeth!"

The lady started, and a cry that rose to her lips as her name was uttered, broke into something like a sob, and she seemed about to fly.

"Elizabeth!"

She turned now, trembling, white, shrinking with dread, and looked into the man's face.

"You—you——"

Her blanched lips could utter no more, she seized the Acasia by its stem, and the trembling of her arm shook down the blossoms like rain upon her bowed head. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

ALL DAY LONG.

BY R. L. C.

All day long the winds have whispered,
As they passed my open door,
Of each voice, to whose sweet music
I shall listen nevermore;
And they tell of white hands folded,
O'er each still and peaceful breast,
And of blue eyes closed from sorrow,
In the stirless calm of rest.

All day long the rain has pattered
In a dreamy monotone,
On the roof, and whispered to me
Of a brightness that has flown;
And my heart has echoed sadly
To the patter of the rain,
While I thought of those beloved ones
I shall never meet again.

All day long my heart has murmured
O'er and o'er each tender name;
When our loved ones join the angels,
Tell me, are they called the same?
Whisper winds, and rain drop softly
From the gray, forbidding skies,
I am thinking of our loved ones,
On the hills of Paradise.

MILTON AT THE ORGAN.

BY T. C. IRWIN.

M-EYED, with pallid cheek and chestnut hair,
Sparse silvered o'er his shoulders, garbed in gray,
With forehead broad declined at close of day,
Anear the window rests he, as the air
From Vesper flaming low through skies of May
Bears off the organ hymn he's ceased to play,
And breathed from woodlands green stirs gently there
The kingly curtains of his sanctuary.

Thus harmonized to his conceptive mood,
Splendors and terrors, moulding into form
In that inspired darkness, rise and brood,
Sunny with beauty, black with thunder-storm,
Around his soul, sphered 'mid infinitude—
Olympian Summer vapors, rolling white
Beneath the austere summit, lost in light.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give here an engraving of two charming new style costumes. The first is a walking-suit of Navy-blue sattine: a material made of worsted and silk. It consists of one skirt, cut after the usual manner; that is, the front breadth gored, one gore on the sides and two full breadths in the back. This skirt has a deep flounce, which should be twelve inches in depth if the lady is tall, or ten inches if she is a medium-sized person. Cut the flounce on the bias, and only allow one width extra for fullness. The edge of this flounce has two rows of very narrow black velvet ribbon, also a narrow quilling of the material. The flounce is headed by a bias puffing, with the quilling and one row of velvet top and bottom. The waist is cut in a deep basque, buttoning down in front, and rounded off as seen in the design.

Any lady, having a basque body that fits well, can easily cut this one from it by cutting it much longer, and then shaping it by the one in the engraving. The back of it comes down long enough, (as may be seen,) almost to touch the top of the flounce, thus forming the upper-skirt: a small cape is worn over the basque, and the sleeves are half flowing. Cut a small,

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flowing sleeve, and then shape it. Trim all to match the skirt. This is decidedly the newest design out. It will require sixteen yards of material, and three pieces of quarter of an inch velvet ribbon. The sattine can be bought, very nice, for seventy-five cents per yard, or a better quality at one dollar, or one dollar and twenty-five cents per yard.

The next is a walking-suit, also of a new style. The under-skirt is entirely plain, and may be of either black silk, poplin, or alpaca, or velveteen. The over-dress is an ordinary house-dress, moderately long, and looped as seen in the engraving: bows of velvet, or a large button with tassels attached, are placed where the skirt is looped, which is done by sewing tapes upon the under-side on the seams. Any one-colored, or plaid skirt will look pretty over the black petticoat.

The basque is tight-fitting, and made of cloth, or velveteen, with a coat-sleeve. To make this, cut simply a long, tight basque, then slash it directly up the back seam to the waist, then cut it off the hips, as seen in our design. The fronts are long, like the back. Four yards of velveteen, from one dollar and twenty-five cents up to three dollars per yard, according to the quality you wish, will make the basque, or two yards of black cloth, at three dollars per yard. It is scarcely necessary to give the quantity for the petticoat and upper-dress, as this costume is intended to bring into use something on hand, as an old dress, or dresses.

Our next engraving is of a walking-suit of gray serge, trimmed with plaid serge or poplin. It is to be made with two skirts. The lower one, or petticoat, has a bias fold of the plaid on the edge of the skirt, with a quilling of the same material as the dress above it. Nine inches above, on the same skirt, is a second fold, headed by a quilling: then comes the upper-skirt, which is cut with a very short apron-front, to the side-seams of which are placed the side-gores of the upper-skirt: one full breadth is added at the back, and the whole is trimmed to match.

The jacket is cut simply in the sacque form, about ten inches long, on the hips and front, from the waist; and just to the waist at the back. A half-loose sleeve. All are trimmed like the skirt. Under this jacket, a plain, round waist is worn, with a plaid sash at the back. This suit will require fifteen yards of plain serge and three yards of the plaid. These serges can be bought from fifty cents to one dollar per yard, according to the quality.

This suit could be copied, or, rather, made out of two old dresses, say a black, or gray, or dark-green merino or poplin for the foundation; and then trimmed with the best parts of an old plaid silk of gay colors, or a plaid poplin. Many varieties may suggest themselves, according to the material on hand.

We give, in the front of the number, an engraving of a frock for a little girl, say from four to six years old. The material of this frock is black and white plaid wool; the trimmings consist of plaitings of white cashmere, sewn on with a heading and a cross-band of the same. These plaitings are arranged on the bodice to simulate a square cape; they border the edge of the deep, turned-up cuff, and a row encircles the skirt.

We also give, on the same page, an engraving of an apron for a little girl. Silk, holland, or any other material may be used for this apron. The trimming consists of two frills that are carried from the hem to the left side

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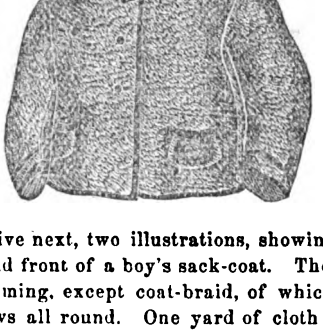
of the waist, describing a curved line. The braces, which are slashed up on the shoulders, are ornamented with bows.

We also give, still on the same page, back and front views of a cape suitable for evening dress. To make this cape, first cut a paper pattern to fit the neck of the person who is to wear it. Then lay the material, which can be either crepe lisse, tulle, or very fine French muslin, in bias folds on the paper pattern. Finish with a plaiting of the same material. Above the plaiting, as will be seen, is a band of black velvet. There is a loose rosette of black velvet ribbon in front; loops of black velvet, and a pink rose are placed on the left side; and a smaller rose, with loops having long ends, are put at the back of the neck. The fan-shaped piece, at the back of the waist, is made by placing the plaited material over a a pattern of that shape, and is finished with black velvet loops.



We give next, two illustrations, showing the back and front of a boy's sack-coat. There is no trimming, except coat-braid, of which use two rows all round. One yard of cloth is all that is required for this pretty sack-coat.

We close with a skating, or winter costume for a young lady. It is to be made of merino, and trimmed with Astrakan. Our design is of dark-green, and consists of skirt, pelisse, and cape. The skirt is cut in the usual way, with only the front width gored and the sides, and trimmed with three bands of black Astrakan cloth about two inches and a half wide. The pelisse is cut not all in one: but the skirt is cut separate, and put on the waist in box-plaits, being cut perfectly straight, and about two inches above the upper band on the skirt.

it is open in front, and it will be readily seen, from the cut, how the fronts of the skirt are turned back and fastened at the waist upon the hips. The waist is very simple, being gathered into a belt, lined and wadded with fine wool-wadding. Coat-sleeves. Over this a small fireman's cape is to be worn, also trimmed with one band of the Astrakan, as is the pelisse. Hat of green cloth, bound with the Astrakan to match. Eight yards of merino, and three quarters of a yard of Astrakan cloth, (which is a very good imitation of the Astrakan fur,) in fact, can scarcely be told from the real, will make this dress. Cut the cloth straight, and sew on with a blind stitch. Of course, the edges are to be turned in neatly, and basted before putting the bands upon the dress.

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TRAVELING BUTTON, NEEDLE-CASE, ETC

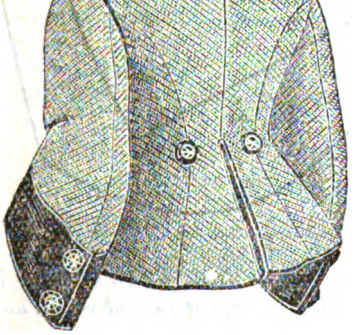
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This Case, closed and open, as seen in our two engravings, is furnished with a pocket at

each end for cotton, little pieces of old linen, etc.; buttons, needles, etc., are also placed as shown in design. This case is useful in the field of battle, and is also an acceptable present to tourists. It is closed by an India-rubber ring. The case consists of a red leather cloth fourteen inches long, and two inches broad, bound with cerise sarcenet ribbon, lined with white flannel, ornamented with wide button-hole stitch, worked with cerise silk, and fastened across upon the foundation with stalk-stitch for the divisions. Each end is turned back an inch and three-quarters for the pockets. The buttons are fastened on the foundation hems, or they may be used and repeated as a border, or side conclusion of the trimming.

YOUNG LADY'S WINTER JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, an illustration of a new-style Winter Jacket for a young lady, and also a diagram, by aid of which it can be cut out without calling in a dress-maker. The material is thick-ribbed cloth. The cuffs, collar, and binding, are of velvet. The cuff is cut to the shape of the sleeve. The jacket is left open at the back, as far as the notch in the pattern. There are six pieces to this jacket, as follows:

No. 1. Front.
No. 2. Back.
No. 3. Under-Side of Sleeve.
No. 4. Upper-Side of Sleeve.
No. 5. Side-Piece.
No. 6. Half of Collar.

It will be observed that the two sides of the sleeves are drawn one on top of the other: the

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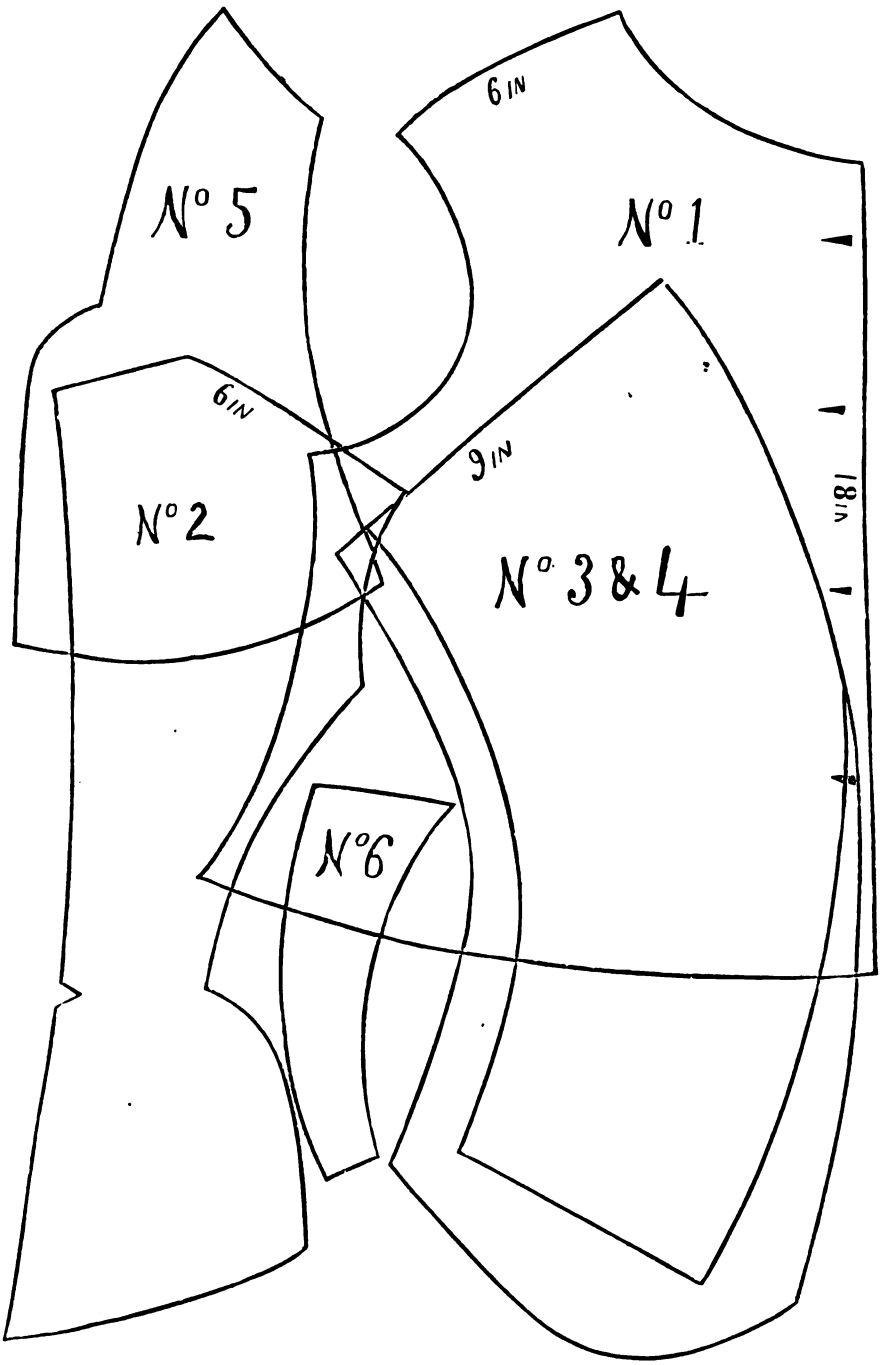

upper and smaller representing the under-side of the sleeve.

To make this jacket will require a yard and a half of cloth, which must be a yard and a half wide; one yard of velvet, and fourteen buttons.

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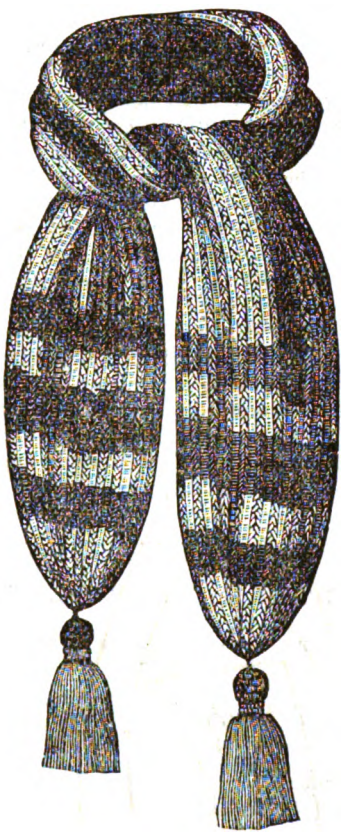
KNITTED COMFORTER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Pink and white single Berlin wool, one pair of steel knitting-pins, No. 12 (bell gauge.)

With white wool, cast on seventy-three stitches, and knit eighteen rows with white wool.

1st row: Slip one; * put the wool forward, and knit two together. Repeat from * throughout the row.

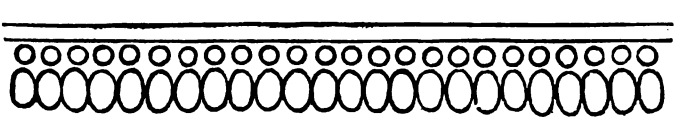
2nd row: Slip one: * put the wool forward, and purl two together throughout the row.

These two rows are repeated alternately for the required length.

After the eighteen rows of white are completed, work in the way described twelve rows of pink, next twelve rows of white, eighteen rows of pink, twelve rows of white, twelve rows of pink. Now continue with the white for about twenty-three inches; then repeat the stripes of pink and white.

Finish with tassels formed of lengths of wool bound together, and worked over the top with crochet of pink silk, with a steel hook.

EDGING.



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MAT IN ASTRAKAN WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

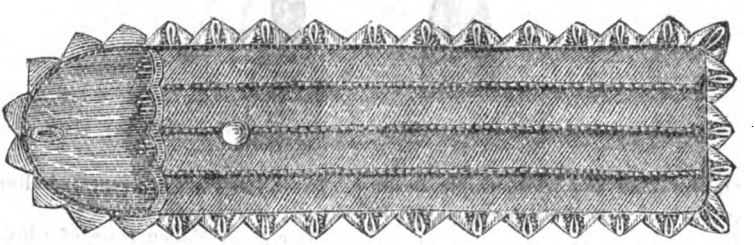
In the front of the number, we give a design, printed in colors, for a new and very beautiful style of work, called Astrakan Work. The design is for a mat, which will be found extremely warm and comfortable to the feet, and unequaled as a carriage, or sitting-room mat.

Our design works out to twenty-nine inches by eighteen inches, which will be found a very useful size; but no difficulty will be experienced in enlarging the pattern, if a larger mat is desired.

The materials required are a few skeins of four-thread fleecy wool, some fine twine, and leviathan canvas. The mode of working is as follows:—Cut each skein of fleecy once; then fold each thread separately four times, and tie in the center, which forms a tuft of eight loops, about an inch and a half long; the strings, with which the center is tied, should be about four inches and a half long, and with this the tufts are tied diagonally across one stitch of the canvas, two clear stitches being left between each tuft; each row of tufts has also two clear stitches left between each. One square of the design represents three stitches (each stitch containing four threads) of the canvas—that is, the stitch the tuft is tied upon, and the two clear stitches that are between it and the next tuft. A hem of one inch wide is required on the cut side of the canvas. The mat, when worked, should be lined with a piece of baize.

KNITTING-NEEDLE CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The materials are red cloth, white satin ribbon, half an inch broad, white moire, white and red sewing-silk, etc.

This Case is made of red cloth, and has several divisions for placing the knitting-needles in. The divisions, as well as the upper button-hole stitch edge, are worked with white chain-stitch. The flap is lined with white moire, and there is room on the outside for initials.

The scalloped edge is of white satin ribbon with red cross stitches.

EMBROIDERED MORNING-SLIPPER.

In the front of the number, we give an engraving of a pretty Morning-Slipper, and also a pattern of the front, or toe, full size. This slipper is made of green cloth, ornamented at the top with a gray silk ruche, lined with linen and silk. The middle part of the embroidery of the top is worked with scarlet purse-silk and gold thread in overcast and satin stitch—the smallest buds, as well as the cup of the flowers, are worked in knotted stitch with scarlet silk and gold thread. The border of the slipper is worked partly with green silk and gold thread, partly with green silk star braid.

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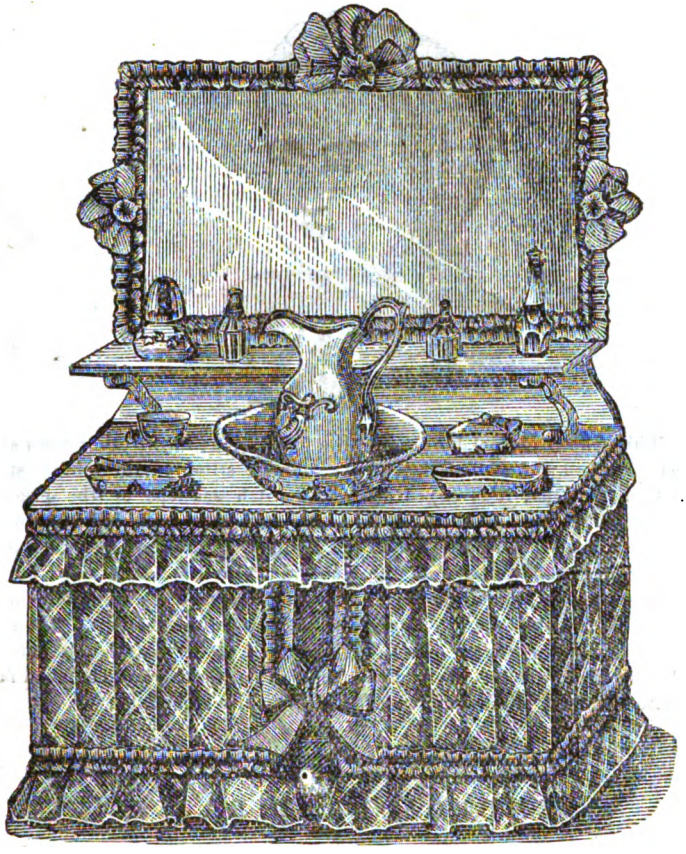
WASH-STAND.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS Stand is both elegant and useful. We offer it to the attention of our readers as being well worthy of imitation, and especially suitable for a pretty dressing-room. It is made at small expense and little trouble. The table itself, with a plain bracket part attached, and square frame for the looking-glass, is constructed in any kind of wood—even deal looks very well. The top and bracket must be painted to imitate marble. The draped part consists of spotted white muslin over a colored foundation, (glazed calico or silk,) with muslin and silk bows; any kind of stuff, such as used for furniture, etc., can, however be taken. The curtains in front, closed by a bow, are made to draw by putting on brass rods and rings underneath the frill at the top, so that the lower board of the table can be used with advantage for foot-bath.

EDGING.

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CROCHET-HOOD FOR LITTLE GIRL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—White Shetland wool, blue cashmere. The Hood is worked with white Shetland wool in chain-stitch scallops; it is edged all round with treble stitch scallops, and lined with blue cashmere. Cut a good paper pattern, and work from it. Begin at the lower edge of the curtain on a sufficiently long foundation chain, and work chain-stitch scallops over it. Every scallop contains five chain-stitches. In the first row work one double after every five chain-stitches into the next stitch but two of the foundation; in the other rows always work the double stitch in the middle stitch of the chain-stitch scallops of the preceding row. Lastly, edge the hood all round with one row of chain-stitch scallops, and work in each scallop six treble stitches divided by one chain-stitch; always work one double on the double stitch between the scallops. The hood is then lined with cashmere, slightly gathering it in front and at the back. The hood fastens with narrow white ribbon.

EMBROIDERED BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

IN the front of the number, we give a pattern for an Embroidered Bag. This bag is embroidered on black cloth; the different patterns are cut out in cloth of various colors, and sewn on the bag in applique. The bag is thirteen inches wide and nine inches deep. The rosette in the center is cut out in red cloth; it is sewn on the bag with Mexico stitch in yellow silk. The four leaves in the center of the rosette are alternately of yellow cloth edged with blue silk, and of white cloth edged with garnet-colored silk. On the yellow leaves the coral-stitch veining is garnet-colored, and on the white leaves it is blue, worked with floss silk. The arabesque patterns between each leaf are worked in chain-stitch in three shades of green. The patterns, which are worked at the bottom on each side of the rosette, are cut out in blue cloth, with red Mexico stitch, red and orange-colored chain-stitch, and long white stitch. The border consists of a row of button-hole stitch in green silk, with a row of coral-stitch on each side; the outer row garnet-colored, the inner one red. The inner ornament is cut out in yellow cloth, edged with blue Mexico stitch, with three black knotted stitch; the outer ornament is in blue cloth, with yellow Mexico stitch, two knotted stitch, one thick, yellow spot, and a black clover-leaf. The two outer rows are worked in chain-stitch with dark-red silk. The bag, when completed, is mounted on a steel or gilt clasp.

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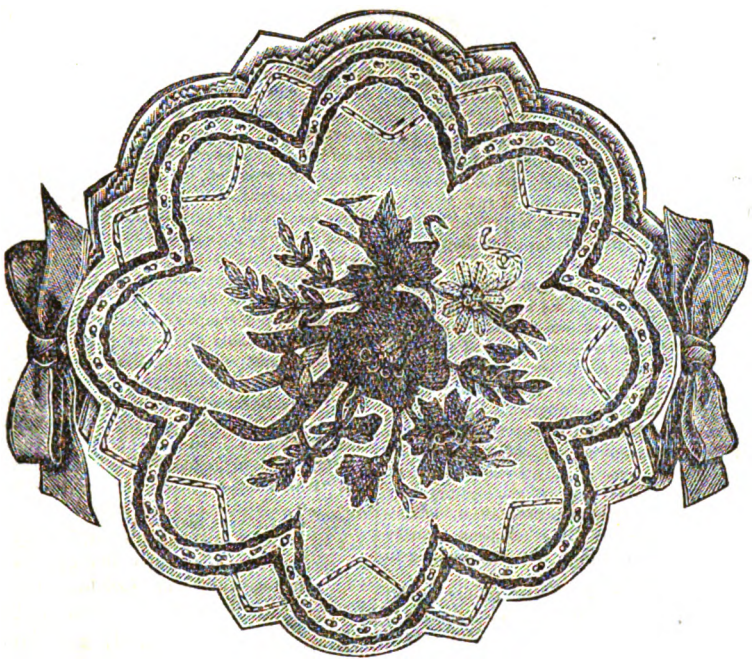
EMBROIDERED NEEDLE-BOOK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS Needle-Book, in the shape of a rosette, consists of two parts of gray leather of the same size, cut out in vandykes and scallops round the edge. One of these parts (the upper-side of the needle-book) is ornamented with embroidery. The bouquet in the center is worked with purse-silk in different colors, partly in satin-stitch, partly in *point de poste.* For the scallops at the edge of the leather part, work two rows of chain-stitches with gray purse-silk, always sewing on between a gold and a chalk-bead. The vandyked line is formed by gold cord, which is carried through the leather underneath the scallop; it is sewn down with small stitches of yellow silk. Both leather parts are pasted on cardboard, which is covered with white glace silk or paper. At the sides sew on gray silk strings two-fifths of an inch wide, by means of which the needle-book is fastened. Fasten inside the case some leaves of pinked-out flannel for the needles, and the case is completed.

NAME FOR MARKING.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Be Social and Genial.—Why is it that some persons are more liked than others? Why is it that, often, those who are the best, morally and religiously, are the least popular? We answer, it is because they are not genial and social. They have little to say, they show no interest in others, they appear wrapt up in themselves. Strangers say, "how cold they are?" Children say, "I'm afraid of her." Women say, "he is too stern." The consequence is that such persons rarely awaken the affection, that others, less worthy in many respects, seem to unconsciously create. We know many very good people, who are aware of this defect in themselves, and would gladly correct it, if they could. But they are too old. Their habits are formed, and they cannot alter them, try as they may.

But you, reader, are young enough to take warning, if you belong to the class of which we are speaking. Put everybody, with whom you come into contact, into a good-humor, and you will be universally liked, and not only liked, but loved. Be affable to all, even to strangers and servants. Be genial to those who are your intimates. Let people see that you take a proper interest in their success, and to do this, do not be bound up in yourselves. After all, many very good people are selfish; and coldness and reserve often go with selfishness; persons who are really indifferent to you are very apt to be unsocial. If you begin to show an interest in others, you will soon learn to take it. Friendship comes of friendship. One of the best plans to make people like you, it is to like them first, and honestly to show it.

But you should not only be social, you should be genial also. Geniality is more than sociability, as sociability is more than mere politeness. Notice what a difference comes over a dull party, when a really genial person, whether man or woman, arrives! The whole atmosphere, so to speak, seems to change. Even the stupid brighten up, for geniality is catching, and sparkle and brightness in the talk succeeds to silence and heaviness. It is not necessary to be what is called "smart" to be genial. Some of the most delightful people in the world have only ordinary intellects; but they are genial, they put everybody in a good-humor: and the party that has been a bore becomes a pleasure. What a treasure, too, geniality is in a household! It is June sunshine instead of a north-east rain. Cultivate geniality, and cultivate it while you are young.

Fresh Air and Health.—Very many persons, especially ladies, have a horror, in winter, of going out-of-doors for fear of taking cold. If it is a little damp, or a little windy, or a little cold, they wait, and wait; meanwhile, weeks, and even months pass away, and they never, during the whole time, breathe a single breath of pure air. The result is, they become so enfeebled that their constitutions have no power of resistance; the least thing in the world gives them a cold, even going from one room to another; and before they know it, they have a cold all the time, and this is nothing more or less than incipient consumption. Whereas, if an opposite practice had been followed of going out for an hour or two every day, regardless of the weather, except actually falling rain, a very different result would have taken place.

Your Neighbor is any one to whom you can do good. To the poor, give substantial assistance; to the rich, sympathy and the like. We are all dependent on each other.

A Word About the Fashions.—This Magazine is nearly the only one now left that can safely be relied on as a guide in matters of fashion. Most of the other lady's books, unable to obtain a remunerative circulation, have degenerated into mere advertising vehicles for dealers in dry-goods and furnishing houses, under the control of third-rate dressmakers. "Peterson," we are proud to say, gives no countenance to any of these enterprises. Our duty is simply to ascertain what the real fashions are, and honestly to lay them before our readers. We are not tradesmen, with made-up goods to work off, but editors and publishers, with no interest except to tell the truth. Ladies, who dress after "Peterson," will always be dressed in the newest style. Those who dress after most of our cotemporaries will simply make themselves look like frights. To show how little other periodicals, generally, know of the fashions, we may state, that, in two different ones for January, many of the engravings are of summer dresses: not ball-dresses, or party-dresses, but actually dresses fit only to be worn in June, July, or August; and such, in fact, as we gave six months ago. In one of these cotemporaries, patterns for straw bonnets were actually given in the January number! We are sorry to have to record these facts, but we think it is quite time the public was put on its guard. If you wish to dress tastefully, stylishly, fashionably, and yet economically, consult "Peterson."

Sweeping Carpets, easy as it seems to a man, is, as every woman knows, really an art. By improper sweeping a carpet can be worn out in half the time that it ought to be. To sweep properly, the principal thing is to have good brooms, and to keep them in good condition. Now if brooms are put in boiling suds once a week, they will become very tough, will not cut the carpet, will last much longer, and will always sweep like a new broom. A very dusty carpet may be cleaned by setting a pail of cold water out by the door, then wet the broom in it, knock it to get off all the drops, sweep a yard or so, then wash the broom as before, and sweep again, being careful to shake all the drops off the broom, and not sweep far at a time. If done with care, it will clean a carpet very nicely, and you will be surprised at the quantity of dirt in the water. The water may need changing once or twice, if the carpet is very dusty. Snow sprinkled over a carpet and swept off before it has time to melt and dissolve, is also good for renovating a soiled carpet. Moistened Indian-meal is used with good effect by some housekeepers. We may add that sweeping carpets, when not overdone, is a capital thing to expand the chest and give tone generally to the health.

The Portions of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens' new novelet, which have already appeared, will bear us out, we think, in the assertion that it is the most powerful story she has ever written, not even excepting "Fashion and Famine." Get your friends and neighbors to subscribe for "Peterson," in order that they may secure this thrilling tale of American life. Back numbers for the year can always be supplied.

"The Best Investment."—A lady writes: "The club I sent for has just come to hand. All think the January number the best investment any one can make, it being the cheapest Magazine published. Enclosed I send you money for another club."

What Sunshine is to flowers, amiability is to the family. Cross looks, and much the more, harsh words, dwarf and starve the souls of those around us.

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ADDITIONS MAY BE MADE TO CLUBS at the price paid by the rest of the club. When enough names have thus been added to make a second club, the sender will be entitled to a second premium, or premiums, as the case may be. Thus, for five subscribers, at $1.60, we send an extra copy, and also "Washington at the Battle of Trenton," as premiums. Now the person sending us such a club, may add subscribers at $1.60 each, at any time during the year, and when enough have been sent to make five additional ones, then the sender will be entitled to another extra copy, and a choice of either of our premium engravings. At $1.50 a subscriber, eight, in all, must be sent, to entitle you to the extra copy and engraving.

A CHOICE OF SIX ENGRAVINGS, all large-sized for framing, is given to any person getting up a club for "Peterson's Magazine." The engravings are, "Bunyan in Jail," "Bunyan on Trial," "Washington Parting from His Generals," "The Star of Bethlehem," "Our Father, Who Art In Heaven," and "Washington at the Battle of Trenton." When no choice is made, this last is sent, as being the newest. For large clubs an extra copy of the Magazine is sent in addition. But see the Prospectus on the last page of this number.

"I AM AN OLD SUBSCRIBER," writes a lady from Pleasant Brook, N. Y., "but was induced, for the last two years, to take other magazines; but I will not be so foolish another time. I have tried three or four others, but after all 'Peterson's' is the best."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Garstang Grange. By T. Adolphus Trollope. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is by the brother of Anthony Trollope, and is, in most respects, better than anything the latter has written, except "The Last Chronicle of Barset." Adolphus Trollope is principally noted for his novels of Italian life, "Gemma," "Beppo," "Leonora Casaloni," "Marietta," etc., etc., of which we have often spoken, and spoken so favorably. The present story, however, is located in England. But it is, in no respect, inferior to the Italian tales. There is great tragic power in it, especially in the closing chapters. On the whole, we are inclined to rank it above any preceding novel from the same pen. Of the two brothers, Adolphus unquestionably has the most power; he is stronger and more in earnest than Anthony; and he is quite as much of an artist. The volume is neatly printed, in duodecimo, and is bound in gilt cloth. It is really the best story of the season.

Adventures of a Young Naturalist. By Lucien Biart. Edited and Adapted by Parker Gillmore. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is a story of Mexico, and full of adventure. But the story, after all, is only a vehicle to convey information concerning the zoological and other productions of that highly-gifted land. In every way the book is interesting. Not less than a hundred and seventeen engravings illustrate the volume.

Major Jones' Courtship. With Original Designs by Darley. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This book, though written nearly a generation ago, still keeps, and will always keep, its hold on popular favor. It is rich in humor, and humor that is distinctively American, and though it has often been imitated, it has never been equaled. The designs by Darley are among his best.

The Cloven Foot. By Orpheus C. Kerr. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Carleton.*—A clever adaptation of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" to American scenes, characters, customs, etc., etc. The book will make anybody laugh.

Plane and Plank. By Oliver Optic. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A story for boys, one of the "Upward and Onward Series." The volume is illustrated.

Dorothy Fox. By the author of "How It All Happened." 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This is a story of English life, in which the principal characters are Quakers, or, as they call themselves, Friends. It is very well told, and seems full of local color; indeed, it is quite above the ordinary run of novels, in more respects than one. The book is very handsomely illustrated, the wood engravings being among the best we have ever seen.

The Dead Secret. By Wilkie Collins. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A new edition of one of the best of the novels of that remarkable writer, the author of "The Woman in White," etc., etc. For intricacy of plot, and for the intensity of the interest he awakes, Wilkie Collins is without a rival. Price, fifty cents.

A Rent in a Cloud. By Charles Lever. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This novel, by the author of "O'Malley," is now reprinted, we believe, for the first time, from the English edition. The scene of the story lies on the Rhine, in Italy, and among the Alps. The tale is capitally told. Price, fifty cents.

My Afringi Kingdom. By Paul Du Chaillu. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This spirited volume describes life in the Great Sahara Desert, and is full of sketches of the chase of the ostrich, hyena, etc., etc. It is just the book for boys, and will interest even grown men. The engravings are numerous and excellent.

The Monitions of the Unseen, and Poems of Love and Childhood. By Jean Ingelow. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—A very pretty volume, handsomely illustrated, and containing several new poems by Jean Ingelow. Among these poems, "The Two Margarets," is, perhaps, the best. The book would make a charming gift.

Adrift With A Vengeance. By Kinahan Cornwallis. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Carleton.*—The author has very aptly called this a tale of love and adventure. It is all of that, and a little more, and is spiced high enough, even for the appetite of the most jaded novel reader.

The House on Wheels. By Madame De Stoltz. Translated from the French by Miss E. F. Adams. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This is the story of a stolen child, one of those charming, simple tales, which French writers tell so gracefully. The volume is beautifully printed.

Wonders of Italian Art. By Louis Viardot. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.*—Another of that meritorious and popular series, "The Illustrated Library of Wonders." It has twenty-eight excellent engravings.

Bodily Strength and Skill in All Ages. By Charles Russell. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.*—Full of engravings. The volume is another of that capital series, "The Illustrated Library of Wonders."

The Stolen Mask. By Wilkie Collins. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—One of the shorter novels of this absorbing writer, but quite as interesting as the longer ones. Price, twenty-five cents.

Fernyhurst Court. By the author of "Stone Edge." 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—A reprint of a new English novel. The story is an excellent one, better even than "Stone Edge." The illustrations are very superior.

On the Trail of the War. By A. Innes Shand. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Mr. Shand is the correspondent of the London Times, and this is a reprint of some of his best letters about the French and Prussian war.

From Grapes—Thistles? By Mrs. Eiloart. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A reprint of a late English novel. The title indicates the scope and purpose of the story, which is exceedingly interesting. A cheap edition.

Lost in the Fog. By James De Mille. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A capital book for boys, full of spirit and adventure. It is illustrated.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

A Food Treasure from the Sea.—Editors, physicians, and newspaper correspondents in all parts of the country, seem to have investigated the merits of the Sea-Moss Farine (made from pure Irish Moss or Carrageen) pretty thoroughly. It has been subjected to the experimentum crucis in numberless kitchens, and to the criticism of numberless epicurean palates, and the result, as far as we can judge, is a universal verdict in its favor. It has been placed, so to speak, in the front rank of our food staples, and all that has been said of it by the patentee, (Mr. Rand,) and the Company interested in its sale, appears to be approved and confirmed by public opinion.

The People's Edition of Dickens, published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, take it all in all, is the cheapest and best issued. It is in only nineteen volumes, while other editions, with equally legible type, are in forty, or more. On the other hand, all other editions, in so few volumes, are in type so small as to injure the eyes. The page is a very handsome one, duodecimo in size; and each volume is prettily bound. T. B. Peterson & Brothers have several editions, but we think this one, on the whole, the most convenient. Every family that can afford books at all ought to have an edition of Dickens.

We Call Attention to the advertisement of Freeman & Burr, merchant tailors, Nos. 138 and 140 Fulton street, New York. This firm undertakes to supply clothing for gentlemen and lads, who live in the country, and to supply the articles cheaply, yet in the very latest style. They give directions for measuring, which, if followed, will enable them to fit any person, whether they have ever seen him, or not. There ought to be tens of thousands, we should think, glad to avail themselves of such a chance to dress well, yet at a reasonable price.

Comstock's Elocution.—A new and enlarged edition of this excellent work has just been published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. We incline to think it the best Reading Book and Speaker, for the use of Schools and Colleges, that there is. It gives rules, which we know to have been successfully applied in many cases, for the cure of stammering and defective articulation. No one, following its precepts, can fail to have his, or her, style of reading improved. The volume has two hundred and sixty-three illustrative engravings.

Advertisements inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Ladies' Favorite.—The Agriculturalist and Journal says:—"We are inclined to find fault with 'Peterson' for making his Magazine so good. It is nearly always carried off from our table before we can get a look at it. It is called here the ladies' favorite. Subscription only two dollars."

"The Extraordinary Circulation, which 'Peterson's Magazine' has attained," says the Stamford (Ct.) Advocate, "is sufficiently understood, when we consider the number and quality of its attractions."

ROSES AND ROSE-GARDENS.

The Proper Soil for Roses.—In our January number we discussed how to lay out gardens for roses, and gave a list of some of the best roses to plant. We now proceed to speak of soils.

Some soils, of course, are more suitable than others; but all difficulties will yield to proper cultivation. The growers of stove and green-house plants, collect their material from all quarters; from India, the fibres of the cocoa-nut; their sand from the river-bed; their peat, their leaf-mould, their mosses, from forest and bog; their top-spits from the rich old pasture; their manures, natural and artificial, from Peru to the farm-yard. Regard, too, the perfect drainage provided for these plants; no chronic saturation, dangerous to life, as all dropsies are; no perpetual conflict between air and water, but each exercising its function in peace. And yet many a man, who knows all this, and practices it *within* doors, stands helpless and hopeless on the soil *without*. We have walked out of houses where orchids and stove-plants, and even those hard-wooded inmates of the green-house which so thoroughly test the plantsman's skill—those Ericas, for example, which come, indeed, from the Cape of Good Hope, but too often bring dark despair—were all in admirable condition, and have been told, as we stood upon soil the facsimile of our own, and better, "We can't grow roses." There is only one reply—"You won't."

Because we know that roses may be grown to perfection in the ordinary garden-soil, if they have such a position as we have described in the preceding number, and if that soil is *cultivated*—we don't mean occasionally tickled with a rake, or sprinkled with manure from a pepper-box, but thoroughly drained, and dug, and dunged. We are not theorizing, nor playing the game of speculation with our readers—not writing from a fertile soil, regardless of the difficulties of others. An experienced friend writes: "Upon two soils as different from each other as soils can be, though only separated by a narrow stream, I have grown roses which have won the first prizes at the shows. On one side of the brook the ground is naturally a strong, red, tenacious clay; on the other, a very light, weak, porous loam, with a marly subsoil."

The first thing to do with a cold, adhesive clay is to drain it, and to drain it well. When water stagnates around the roots of a plant, they cannot receive the air or the warmth which are alike essential to their health, nay life.

Cut your drains, with a good fall, straight, and four feet deep; and do not forget, when you have made them, to look from time to time, in seasons of wet, whether or no they are doing their duty. Use tiles, not fagots, which soon, in most cases, become non-conductors. Having provided channels of escape for the superabundant moisture, make it as easy as you can, in the next place, for the moisture to reach them. Trench your ground, and, by exposing it to atmospheric influence, make it as porous and friable as you can. Then consider what additions you may introduce to its improvements. "Anything," writes Morton, in his work upon the *Nature and Property of Soils*, "which will produce permanent friability in clay soils—such as sand, lime, burnt-clay, loose, light, vegetable matter, or long unfermented manure—will alter its texture and improve its quality." Of these, having tried them fairly, we have found that which is happily the closest to our hand (like a thousand other privileges and blessings, had we but eyes to see them) to be the most advantageous—we mean burnt-clay. Some of our modern writers and lecturers speak of it as a recent discovery, but the Romans knew it, and used incinerated soils two thousand years before Sir Humphry Davy wrote—"The process of burning renders the soil less compact, less tenacious and retentive of moisture; and, properly applied, may convert a matter that was stiff, damp, and in consequence cold, into one powdery, dry, and warm, and much more proper as a bed for vegetable life." Let those Rosarians, therefore, who have heavy, tenacious soils, having first tapped their dropsical patients by drain and trench, promote their convalescence on the homœopathic principle, *similia similibus curantur;* or, if they distrust the more novel treatment, let them follow the ancient laws of cautery, and burn their clay. And with this object let them save every-

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thing, as we were wont to do in our school-days, for a bonfire. Keep the prunings of your Rosary, that new roses, like the Phœnix, may spring from the funeral-pyre; preserve all other prunings, decayed vegetables, roots, refuse, rubbish, weeds—

"Since naught so vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give"—

and when you have a goodly *omnium gatherum*, make ready your furnace. Arrange your thorns and more inflammable material as a base, than an admixture of more solid fuel from your stores, lightening and condensing alternately, and in the center disposing some larger pieces, such as old tree-stumps, useless pieces, of rotting timber, and the like, which, once fairly on fire, will go smouldering on for a fortnight. On this heap, well kindled, and around it, place your clay, renewing it continually as the fire breaks through. The pile must be watched so that the flames may be thus constantly suppressed, the clay burnt gradually, and not charred to brickdust. "The ashes of burnt soil are said to be best," writes Morton, "when they are blackest; black ashes are produced by slow combustion, and red ashes by a strong fire." Mix these ashes with the parent soil, and then there remains, so far as the soil is concerned, but one addition to be made, and of this we will treat presently. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

HORTICULTURAL.

WINTER FLOWERS.—The Camellias hold the first place among winter flowers. The beauty of their foliage, the magnificence and duration of their blooming, the size of their flowers and the variety of their colors, justify the esteem in which they are universally held. There are more than seven hundred varieties, white, rose, red, variegated; sometimes double, sometimes single; and they always command a high price. No manure is as good for the Camellia as the leaf-mould of the woods. Make use of the last year's accumulations, and do not sift the earth. As the double flowers do not bear seed, the single Camellia is cultivated in order to furnish grafts, slips, or seeds. The seed must be sown as soon as ripe. Budding must be done in the spring. Grafting may be done at any age, as the Camellia bears this operation well. All these things must be done under glass, as this shrub does not do well in the open air in our climate. It is well to repot Camellias every spring. The new sprouts begin to show themselves almost immediately afterward. Toward the end of June expose them to the air, still watering them and keeping the leaves clean with a fine sprinkler. Leave them outside until the end of August, then take them in and keep them at a temperature of sixty degrees of Reaumer, until they bloom. The falling of the buds results equally from insufficient or too great moisture; one must judge of this by the looks of the leaves.

THE AZALEA is another choice plant. On account of the multiplicity and delicacy of its flowers, it equally merits a place among the winter Flora. Certain species are robust enough to grow in the open air and ornament the autumn days; but we refer now to those only which flourish under glass. These flowers are generally white, rose-colored, purple, or yellow and single; yet there are double ones, as the *Azalea prolifera*. The most beautiful are the single white ones. They like leaf-mould, a partially shaded place, and are multiplied by sowing the seed in the autumn, in a shallow pan, from which the seedlings are planted out the following summer.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS are among the riches of winter, on account of the abundance, the variety, and the duration of their blossoms. There are white, pink, red, purple, brown, and fawn-colored ones. Amateurs count a great number of varieties. Sow the seed in a hot-bed. Clean, light earth suits them, and they are multiplied by means of seeds and cuttings for the perennial sorts. They have so little odor that they can be used in the decoration of apartments perfectly well. They require much earth and a good deal of water.

THE HEATHS are miniature trees, exceedingly beautiful from the elegance of their foliage and the profusely variegated colors of their flowers. It is customary to cultivate them in pots under glass, giving them leaf-mould to grow in. Sow them in April, and multiply the cuttings in July in pans. Water them throughout the year frequently, a little at a time, and give them much air and light. They may be kept in the open air during summer. In the winter a very little heat suffices them.

THE DAPHNE furnishes certain species suitable for the green-house, and produce, during the winter, bouquets of rose-colored, white, or violet flowers of a pleasant odor. The *Daphne delphina*, and the *Daphne indica* are the best. This plant grows in clear, moist earth, and is easily multiplied by seed or by graft.

THE COLT'S-FOOT has been called "Winter Heliotrope," and, though not rare, puts out from among a round bunch of leaves, gray and pink tufts of flowers, exhaling a strong odor of vanilla. It is cultivated in pots filled with earth from the woods; is propagated by seed and loves moisture.

THE SNOW-DROP, that charming little white flower, sometimes double, (as remarkable for the hardiness with which it resists frosts, as for its apparent delicacy and tenderness,) shoots up from between two narrow leaves, and shaded by any of the taller shrubs, blooms amidst the darkest weather and beneath the most inclement skies of early spring. But it succeeds best under glass. It loves moisture, and is multiplied by dividing the roots, or by slips.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

SUNNY ROOMS.—Every woman is wise enough and careful enough to secure for her house-plants every bit of available sunshine during the cold winter months. Great pains are taken to get a southern exposure for them. Indeed, if she can secure no other than a north window for her plants, she has too much love for these unconscious, inanimate things to keep them at all. She would rather leave them out in the cold to die outright, than linger out a martyr existence in the shade.

Folks need sunshine quite as much as plants do. Men and women, who have a fair degree of strength and the use of their legs, can get out into the world and get a glimpse of the sunshine now and then, and if they choose to do so, let them live in a room with only a northern exposure; but if it is possible, let us secure rooms in which every ray of sunshine that falls in winter may enter for the little babies who are shut up in the house, invalids who cannot leave their rooms, and aged people too infirm to get out doors. Let us reflect for a moment that these classes of persons, if kept in rooms with only north windows, will suffer just as much from the absence of sunshine as green growing plants would do in the same rooms, and their suffering is of account in proportion as a human being is better than a geranium or fuchsia. Everybody knows how a bright, sunny day in winter gladdens every one who is situated so as to enjoy it. Let us make some sacrifice, if need be, in order to give the feeble ones their measure of sunshine.

HOW PEOPLE TAKE COLD.—The time for taking cold is after exercise; the place is in your own house, or office, or counting-house. It is not the act of exercise which gives the cold, but the getting cool too quick after exercising. For example, you walk very fast to get to the railway station, or to the ferry, or to catch the omnibus, or to make time for appointment; your mind being ahead of you, the body makes an extra effort to keep up with it, and when you get to the desired spot you raise your hat and find your-

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self in a perspiration; you take a seat, and feeling quite comfortable as to temperature, you begin to talk with a friend, or to read a newspaper, and before you are aware of it, you experience a sensation of chilliness, and the thing is done; you look around to see where the cold comes from, and find an open window near you, or a door, or that you have taken a seat at the forward part of the car, and it moving against the wind, a strong draft is made through the crevices.

After any kind of exercise, do not stand a moment at a street corner for anybody or anything; nor to an open door or window. Whenever you have been exercising in any way whatever, winter or summer, go home at once, or to some sheltered place, and, however warm the room may seem to be, do not at once pull off your hat and cloak, but wait awhile—some five minutes or more, and lay aside one thing at a time; thus acting, a cold is impossible. Notice a moment: When you return from a brisk walk and you enter a warm room, raise your hat and your forehead will be moist; let the hat remain a few moments, and feel the forehead again, and it will be dry, showing that the room is actually cooler than your body, and that with out-door clothing on you have really cooled off full soon enough. Many of the severest colds we have ever known men to take were the result of sitting down to a warm meal in a cool room after a long walk; or being engaged in writing, have let the fire out, and their first admonition of it was that creeping chilliness, which is the ordinary forerunner of a severe cold. Persons have often lost their lives by writing or reading in a room where there was no fire, although the weather outside was rather comfortable. Sleeping in rooms long unused has destroyed the life of many a visitor and friend. Splendid parlors, and nice "spare rooms," help to enrich many a doctor.

PARLOR GAMES.

THE NEW GAME.—There is a new and interesting play to which the young folks have given the name of "Verbarium." A number of persons—the more the merrier—are provided with pencils, and a word chosen as the verbarium, which each writes at the head of his sheet. The object of the game is to draw out the vast number of words which lie folded up, as it were, in the verbarium, and this is accomplished, amid much excitement and amusement, in the following manner: Let us suppose, for instance, that the word chosen is "treason." One of the company is appointed time-keeper; and the signal being given, each writes as rapidly as possible all the words beginning with the "T" which can be spelled with the letters of the verbarium, such as tea, toe, toes, tone, ton, etc., no other letters except those composing the word "treason" being allowed to be used. At the end of two minutes, the time-keeper calls "time!" and the pencils are obliged to stop. The company then read, in order, the words they have written. As each word is read, those who have not written it call out "no," and those who have it cross it out from their lists, and place opposite to it a number of credits, equal to the number of defaulters. If three persons, for instance, fail to have the word "tea," the rest take three credits. Two minutes are then devoted to words beginning with "R," as reason, rat, etc., and so on with each letter, until the whole verbarium is exhausted, when each player counts the aggregate number of credits, and the one who has the largest number is declared the winner. The possibilities of fun in this game do not all appear from a dry description like the foregoing. The lamentations of those who, in their zealous pursuit of complicated anagrams, have overlooked the simplest combinations; the shouts of laughter that attend the defeat of an attempt to impose triumphantly some word that "isn't in it;" the appeals to the dictionary to settle disputed questions, and a hundred other lively incidents of the game, render it most popular. To illustrate the extensive range of language which this simple amusement covers, it is only necessary to say that not less than one hundred words may be derived in this way from "treason," which is, after all, not a good verbarium. Try verbarium, and you will find it infallibly successful as a means of amusement.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECEIPTS.

Oyster Rissoles.—Divide two dozen oysters into four, and keep the liquor. Put into a stew-pan a dessertspoonful of chopped onions, with the same quantity of butter, fry them, but do not let them become brown. Then add three tablespoonfuls of the oyster liquor, eight of white sauce, and a teaspoonful of flour, boil until rather thick, season with Cayenne, salt, and nutmeg, stirring all the time; add the oysters, with the yolks of three eggs, well beaten, continue stirring until the eggs have set, then immediately turn all into a dish to cool. Have ready some puff-paste rolled several times until it becomes as thin as a wineglass, cut it with a cutter about two and a half or three inches in diameter; place about a teaspoonful of the mixture above described on each piece, wet the edges round, turn one edge over the other, close it well, egg and bread-crumb the outside, and fry in plenty of butter or lard for about five minutes.

Dishes with White of Egg—Caledonian Cream.—Two ounces of raspberry-jam or jelly, two ounces of red currant-jelly, two ounces of sifted loaf-sugar, and the whites of two eggs; put into a bowl, and beat with a spoon for three-quarters of an hour. This makes a very pretty dish. *Cream-Cake.*—The whites of three eggs, one drop of essence of lemon, and as much powdered sugar as will thicken it; whisk the whites to a dry froth, then add the powdered sugar, a teaspoonful at a time, till the egg is as thick as very thick batter. Wet a sheet of white paper, place it on a tin, and drop the egg and sugar on it in lumps about the shape and size of a walnut. Set them in a cool oven, and as soon as the sugar is hardened take them out. With a broad-bladed knife take them off the paper, place the flat parts of two together, and put them on a sieve in a very cool oven to dry.

Sausage Dumplings.—Make a pound of flour and two ounces of dripping, or chopped suet, into a firm paste, by adding just enough water to enable you to knead the whole together. Divide this paste into twelve equal parts, roll each of these out sufficiently large to be able to fold up one pork sausage in it, wet the edge of the paste to fasten the sausage securely in it, and, as you finish off each sausage-dumpling, drop it gently into a large enough sauce-pan, containing plenty of boiling water; and when the whole are finished, allow them to boil gently by the side of the fire for one hour, and then take up the dumplings with a spoon free from water, on to a dish, and eat them while they are hot.

Settling Coffee.—The following is recommended as being a good way not only to settle coffee, but to prevent the escape of its aroma: For one pound of coffee, take one egg and beat it well. When the coffee is nicely browned and cool enough not to cook the egg, pour the egg over it, stirring it until every kernel is coated with a varnish, and let it stand a few minutes in a warm place until it dries. This will prevent the escape of all aroma. It is not affected by moisture, and the egg helps the coffee when it is ground and steeped.

Omelette a la Creppe.—Put into a basin eight tablespoonfuls of flour; beat six eggs into it, with as much milk as will make it into a batter, with a pinch of salt. Bake till brown.

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Peas-Pudding.—Tie a pint of split peas in a cloth, leaving them room to swell; put them into a stew-pan of cold water, where let them boil nearly half an hour until tender, but not at all watery; turn them out of the cloth, rub them through a hair-sieve into a basin, add a quarter of a pound of butter, season with a little white pepper and salt, and mix all well together, with three yolks and one whole egg; lightly flour a pudding-cloth, which lay in a small, round-bottomed basin, pour in the mixture, tie up the cloth, and put the pudding to boil for an hour in a sauce-pan of boiling water; when done, turn it from the cloth upon a dish, and serve with any joint of boiled pork.

Tongue, after it has been boiled, cut into thick slices, and stewed in a rich, brown gravy, makes a very nice corner dish.

DRINKS.

Superior Lemonade a la Soyer.—Take the peel of six lemons, free from pith, cut it up in small pieces, and put with it two cloves into a bottle containing half a pint of hot water; place the bottle in a stew-pan with boiling water, and let it stand by the side of a fire for one or two hours, taking care that it does not boil; then take half a pint of lemon-juice, half a pint of syrup—if none, use plain syrup, or sugar, in like proportions, adding a few drops of orange-flower water; add the infusion of the rind, which has been previously made, and allowed to become cold; stir well together, and add two quarts of cold water.

Mulled-Wine.—Time, five minutes.—One quart of new milk, one stick of cinnamon, nutmeg, and sugar to taste, yolks of six eggs, a spoonful or two of cream. Boil a quart of new milk five minutes, with a stick of cinnamon, nutmeg, and sugar to your taste; then take it off the fire, and let it stand to cool. Beat the yolks of six eggs very well, and mix with a large spoonful or two of cold cream, then mix them with a large spoonful or two of cold cream, then mix it with wine, and pour it backward and forward from the sauce-pan to the jug several times. Send it to table with biscuits.

To Mull Ale.—Time, ten minutes.—One pint of ale, three or four cloves, nutmeg, sugar to taste, yolks of four eggs, a little cold ale. Take a pint of ale and put it into a sauce-pan with three or four cloves, nutmeg, and sugar to your taste; set it over the fire, and when it boils, take it off to cool. Beat the yolks of four eggs well, and mix them with a little cold ale; then put it to the warm ale, and pour it in and out of the sauce-pan several times; beat it again till quite hot, and serve it with dry toast.

Excellent Milk-Punch.—Infuse the outer rind of four lemons and one Seville orange in a pint of rum for twelve hours, keeping it closely covered; then strain it, and add one quart of lemon-juice and four quarts of water, in which three pounds of loaf-sugar have been dissolved; add the whites of four eggs, beaten to a froth, and four quarts more of rum; when well mixed, pour over all two quarts of boiling milk; run it through a flannel jelly-bag, and bottle it. It may be used immediately or kept for some time.

Egg-Flip.—Three eggs, a quarter of a pound of good moist sugar, a pint and a half of beer. Beat three whole eggs with a quarter of a pound of good moist sugar; make a pint and a half of beer very hot, but do not let it boil; then mix it gradually with the beaten eggs and sugar, toss it to and fro from the sauce-pan into it a jug two or three times; grate a little nutmeg on the top, and serve it. A wineglass of spirits may be added, if liked.

Hot Milk-Punch, Cambridge Fashion.—Rub the rind of two lemons entirely away on half a pound of sugar, in lumps; put it in two quarts of new milk, and simmer over the fire ten minutes, then draw it aside; beat up the yolks of three eggs in half a pint of cold milk; strain it, and stir by degrees into it the hot milk; add a pint of rum, and half a pint of brandy, and mill the whole into a froth over the fire; then serve to drink immediately.

Egg-Wine.—Time, about five minutes.—One glass of white wine, one spoonful of cold water, a few lumps of loaf-sugar, a little grated nutmeg, into a very clean sauce-pan; set it over the fire, and when it boils, pour it by degrees over an egg well beaten with a spoonful of cold water; stir it one way for a minute, and serve it with dry toast in a plate.

CAKES, ETC.

Lemon Cheese-Cake.—A quarter of a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of sugar, a wineglass of milk or cream, two ounces of sponge-cake, three eggs, the grated rind of one and juice of half a lemon; slice the cake, and pour over it the milk or cream; beat the butter and sugar together, and stir into it; mash the sponge-cake very fine, and add to the above; grate the yellow rind, and squeeze the juice of half a lemon, and stir in. Cover the pie-plates with paste fill with the mixture, and bake in a moderately hot oven.

Orange-Pudding.—Half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, five eggs, two tablespoonfuls of brandy, the rind of an orange. Lay the rind of an orange to soak over night The next day boil it and mash it fine. It must be boiled in fresh water. Beat the butter and sugar as for cake; whisk the eggs, and add to it, then stir in the liquor and orange. Cover your pie-plates with rich paste; fill them and bake in a moderate oven.

Cheap Sponge-Cake.—Beat up four eggs, yolks and whites separate; add to the yolks a teacupful and a half of sugar; beat them together, and add to them four tablespoonfuls of cold water, and one teacupful of flour. Stir the flour into the yolks and sugar, then add the whites of the eggs, after they have been beaten to a froth. Lastly, add a teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in water. Flavor with a few drops of essence of vanilla or of lemon. Bake about an hour.

Derby Short-Cake.—Rub half a pound of butter into one pound of flour, and mix one egg, a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, and as much milk as will make a paste. Roll this out thin, and cut the cakes with any fancy shapes, or the top of a wineglass. Place on tin plates; strew over with sugar, or cover the top of each with icing, and bake for ten minutes.

Wine-Roll.—Soak a penny French roll in raisin-wine till it will hold no more, put it in the dish, and pour round it a custard or cream, sugar, and lemon-juice. Just before it is served sprinkle over it some nonpareil comfits, or stick a few blanched, slit almonds into it. Sponge biscuits may be used instead of the roll, if preferred.

SANITARY.

Cough Mixtures.—As this is the season of the year when coughs are prevalent, it may be as well to warn our readers against the quack medicines so often administered for coughs. Many of these do more harm than good, though a few, probably, are beneficial. It is best, however, to use only what is known to be curative. For this reason we give a really useful preparation:—Take of syrup of squills, paregoric elixir, and spirits of sal volatile, in equal proportions. Dose: a teaspoonful in a wineglass of water. The mixture should only be taken when the cough is troublesome, and not more frequently than four times in the twenty-four hours. For a child, not more than half a teaspoonful should be given. Should sal volatile be objected to, sweet spirits of nitre may be substituted.

An Unfailing Preventive for Chapped Hands.—When washing the hands, or rather having washed them, while they are still wet, rub on them a little honey, and then dry them, taking care to leave the honey on and not rinse it off before drying the hands. If the hands are sore and chapped, on the first and second application the honey will cause pain for about five minutes, but if used every time the hands are washed, the hands never chap: it is also a certain cure for irritation on the face caused by wind and cold weather.

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FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. I.—SHORT CARRIAGE-DRESS OF GREEN SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with five narrow, scant ruffles, above the upper one of which is two full ruffles, which stand up, and one which turns down. The tunic, which opens in front, and reaches the top of the trimming of the under-skirt, at the back and sides, is trimmed with a rich tassel-fringe and gimp. Large bows, with the ends trimmed with fringe, are placed on the hips. The body, which is cut in one with the tunic, is confined at the waist with a belt, with a bow at the back, and is trimmed down the front with gimp and tassel-fringe.

FIG. II.—LONG CARRIAGE-DRESS OF WINE-COLORED POPLIN.—The skirt is looped up slightly in front with black bows without ends, over a black silk flounce. The side of the skirt is trimmed with six short but deep flounces, which are put on in full hilt plaits; a plain court train falls at the back. The body, which is round and plain, is finished at the back with a deep, round basque, which is laid in full hilt plaits. Black velvet gipsy bonnet, with plume.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF DARK-GREEN SILK—The skirt of which is trimmed with seven narrow ruffles. Blue velvet basque, cut part way up the skirt at the back, and trimmed with chinchilla fur; neck and sleeves to correspond. Black velvet bonnet, with pink feathers.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF CHESTNUT-COLORED SATINET.—The lower-skirt has one deep flounce, scalloped at the bottom, and headed by a box-plaiting of the material. The upper-skirt falls straight at the back, is cut shorter and square in front, and is finished by a bias band of black silk, edged on either side by a narrow, black silk plaited ruffle. Plain, round waist; short, loose basque, cut with a good deal of spring at the back, to make it fall well over the large *tournure*. Coat-sleeves trimmed like the basque, to match the upper-skirt; rolling-collar, with silk facings. Black velvet hat, with chestnut-colored plumes.

FIG. V.—CARRIAGE OR WALKING-DRESS OF ALTERNATE FLOUNCES OF BLACK SILK AND LIGHT LEATHER-COLORED SILK.—These flounces are deep and plain. Basque of black velvet, open on the sides, and at the back, and trimmed with wide, black lace. Coat-sleeves. Bonnet of leather-colored velvet, trimmed with autumn-leaves, and black China *crepe* scarf, which ties in front.

FIG. VI.—OUT-OF-DOOR DRESS OF CRIMSON VELVET, FOR A CHILD.—The skirt is trimmed with a box-plaited flounce, through which a band of darker-colored velvet is run. The upper-skirt and capes are plain, and trimmed with a band of darker-colored velvet. Hat of the darker-shade of velvet, trimmed with feathers.

FIG. VII.—IN-DOOR DRESS OF VIOLET CASHMERE, with long train under-skirt; upper-skirt, forming tabs of different lengths, trimmed with fluted flouncing and bands of satin. High bodice, with long, hanging sleeves, trimmed to match; waistband fastened with a double bow of black velvet. Coiffure cap of *point d'Angleterre*, ornamented with velvet ribbon.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS, with skirt just touching the ground, made of two shades of brown faille silk. The skirt, made of the lightest shade, is trimmed with a deep flounce, cut lower in front, and put on with a piped band, and scalloped heading. The upper-skirt forms a small, puffed pannier, trimmed with a flounce, and ornamented on each side with rosettes; plain, high bodice, with coat-sleeves of the light silk; the cuffs, waistband, and basque, are of the darkest shade. Bonnet of brown velvet, trimmed with flowers, and *gros grain* ribbon of the lightest shade of brown.

FIGS. IX. AND X.—WINTER-SACQUE OF GRAY CLOTH.—The edge of the sacque, the front pockets, and sleeves, are all trimmed with black velvet, edged on either side by a narrow edge of white cloth, stitched on by a sewing-machine. The sacque is open at the sides, and the back is trimmed with a rich tassel-fringe. The collar, which is round and large at the back, is cut in points at the front.

FIG. XI.—GREEN-VELVET BONNET.—The shape of this bonnet is high in front; it is covered with dark-green velvet, and piped with satin of a lighter shade. The curtain at the top of the chignon is edged with fringe. At the top there is a quilling of velvet, lined with satin. A green feather decorates the left side, and small tea-roses, with satin bow, the inside.

FIG. XII.—BLACK-VELVET BONNET.—This bonnet is ornamented with a tearose-bud and leaves; a garland of curled black feathers decorates the edge, and a lace veil falls at the back. The strings are black *gros grain*.

GENERAL REMARKS.—At this season of the year there is but little new to chronicle in the way of dress. For delicate persons, who fear the exposure of low necks and short sleeves, white cashmeres, alpacas, and mohairs, are very popular; these are trimmed with flounces of the same material, bound with cherry, light-green, blue, or mauve silk, or else have pointed ruffles of colored silk. For quite young people, the dresses are made to touch the floor two or three inches about the length of the present fashion for walking-dresses; for older ladies, they are made half a yard longer than the ordinary dress.

THE LONG WALKING-DRESS is still worn, notwithstanding its untidiness; its superior gracefulness has made it popular. With this style of costume the long-discarded shawl can be worn, if the pannier is not large.

LACE is most profusely employed on all kinds of elegant costumes, especially evening-dresses, but it should never be used on common materials, or for morning-dresses.

BONNETS are much more popular than hats, even for young girls, the styles are so coquettish and becoming. Bows at the back of bonnets are very fashionable. They are made of velvet, trimmed with fringe of China *crepe*, also trimmed with fringe and of ribbon, but always of the sort called *gros grain*.

THE "MAINTENON" BONNET is extremely coquettish, and yet can be worn with a walking-costume. It is made of black velvet, and worn low on the forehead; it is turned up at the back over the chignon. A bow is placed under the portion that is turned up, and the top of the bonnet is a tasteful ornament of feathers mixed with lace.

FOR FULL-DRESS TOILETS, such as are worn at weddings and ceremonious calls, the white bonnet, which was considered essential, is now completely abandoned, and bonnets to match the dress are adopted in the highest circles. If even the toilet is a dark one, the bonnet matches it, but is rendered more dressy by trimming it with *point d'Angleterre* or *binche*, and adding feathers of a light hue.

FELT is decidedly the fashionable material for hats, and the *Ligueur* is the favorite shape. The crown is encircled with a *torsade* partly of velvet and partly of *gros grain*, the brim is lined with black velvet, and turned up at the sides; the feather is often a bird of paradise. When ostrich plumes are used, two very full ones are fastened in front with a large bow, and are crossed at the back on the top of the chignon. This looks well, especially in gray, or on an almond-colored felt hat. Terry velvet is extensively used for trimming felt hats.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF SPOTTED SILK, TRIMMED WITH A PLAITING OF RIBBON.—Jacket of gray diagonal cloth, trimmed with fur.

FIG. II.—FROCK OF PLAIN SERGE.—Jacket of dark-blue cloth, trimmed with sealskin.

FIG. III.—CLOAK FOR LITTLE GIRL FROM THREE TO SIX YEARS OF AGE.

FIG. IV.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM SIX TO EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.—The material is of dark-blue ribbed cloth, trimmed with black braid, and black velvet facings.

See "Every-Day Dresses" for other children's articles.

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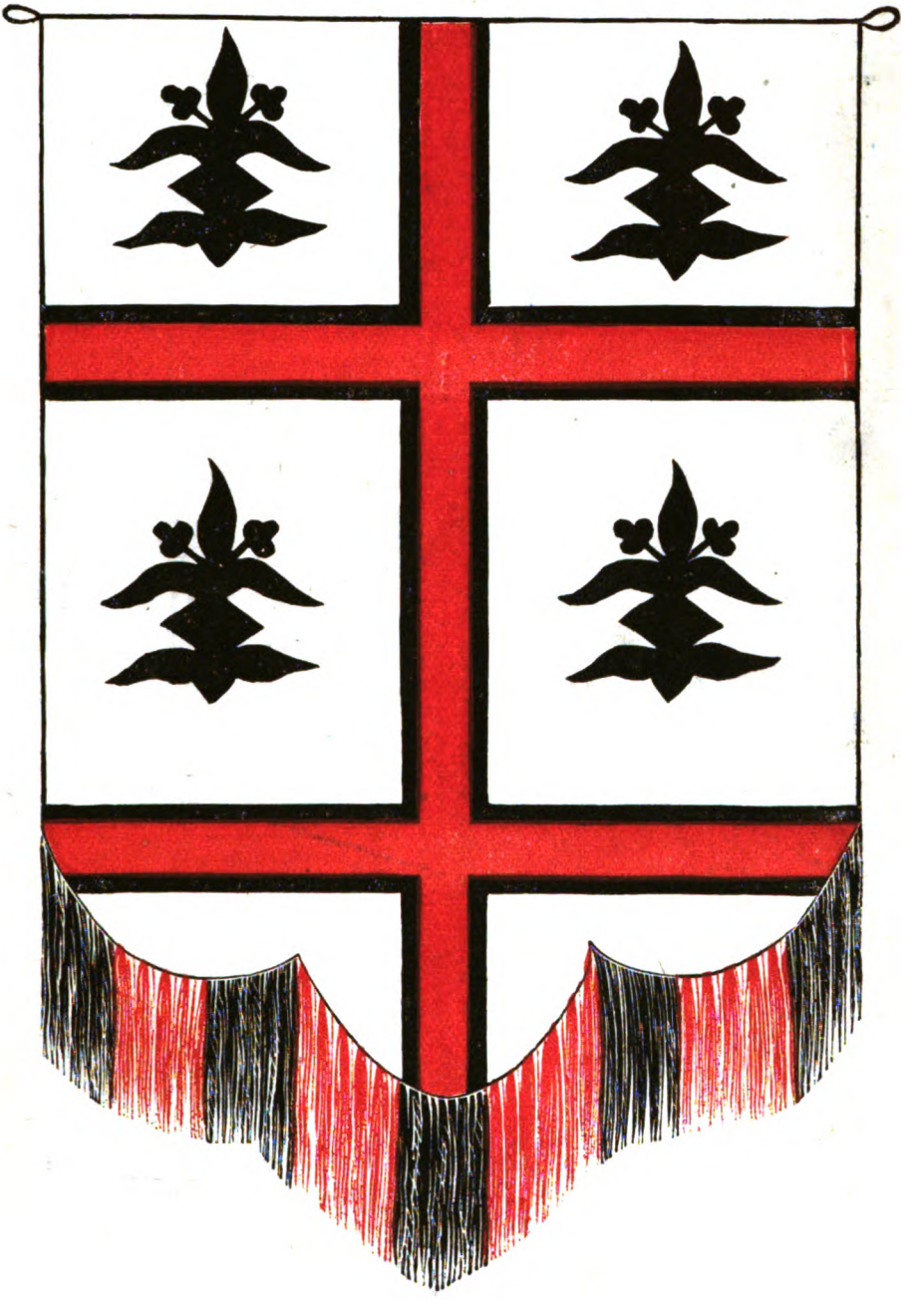

BANNER FIRE SCREEN, IN APPLIQUE.

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BESSIE DEANE'S DISAPPOINTMENT. [*See the Story.*

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

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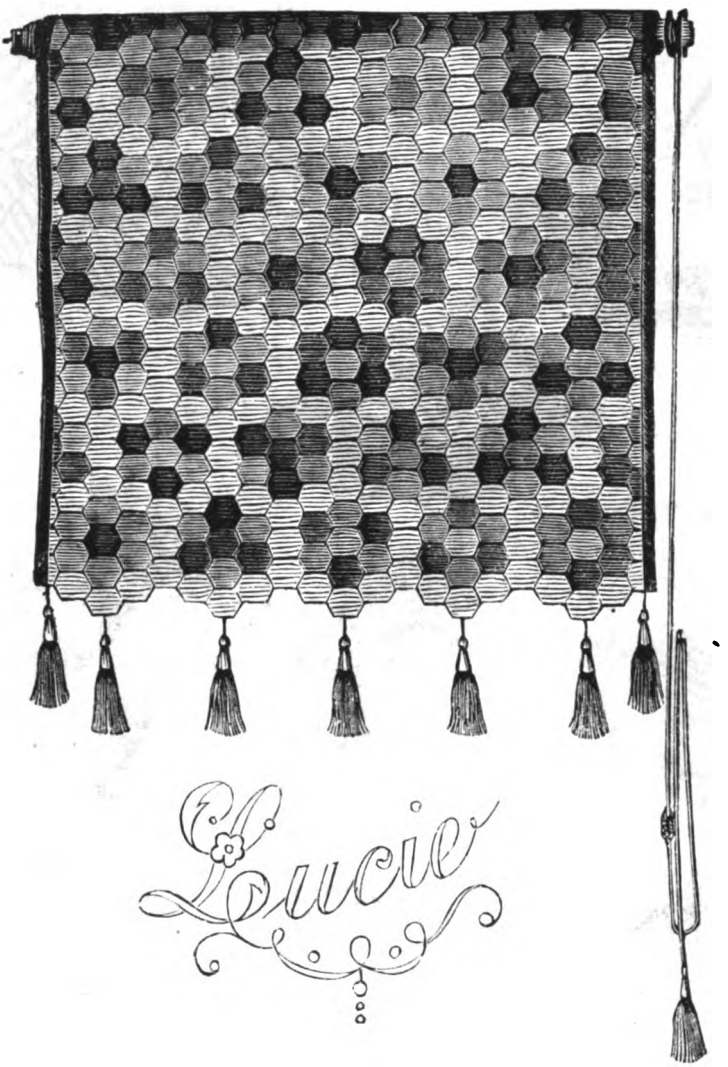

MOSAIC WINDOW-BLIND. NAMES FOR MARKING. EDGING.

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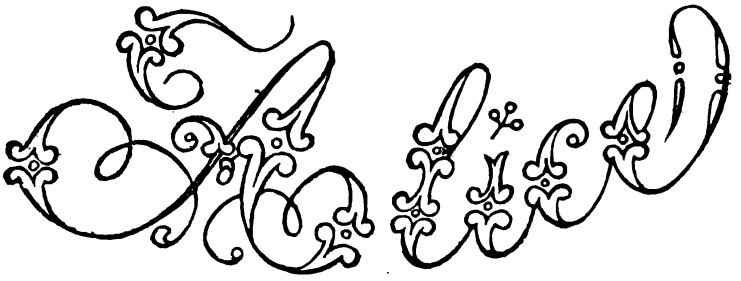
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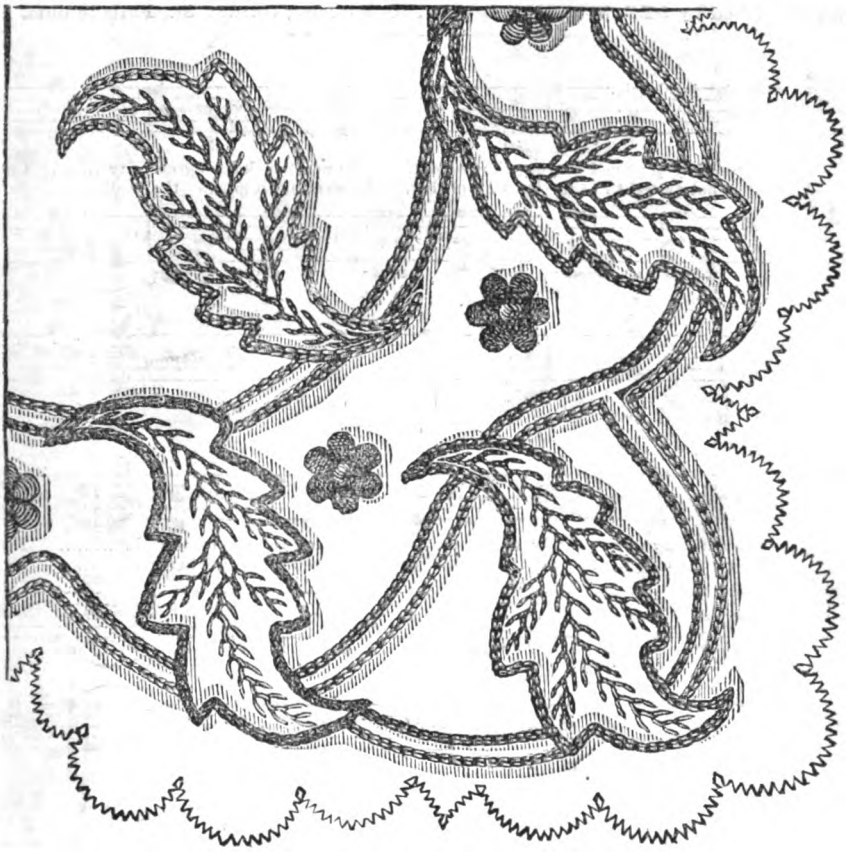

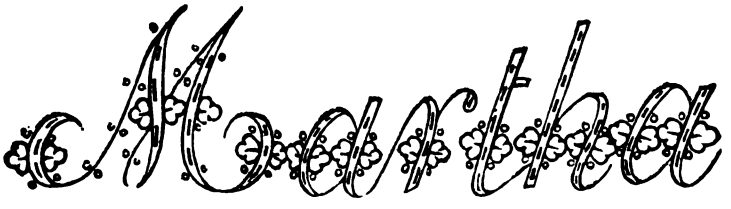
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PUT YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By HARRY CLIFTON.

As Published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1003 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

1. Some people you've met in your time no doubt, Who never look happy or gay ..... I'll
2. We can-not all fight in this bat-tle of life, The weak must go to the wall,..... So

tell you the way to get jol-ly and stout, If you'll lis-ten a-while to my lay..... I've
do to each oth-er the thing that is right, For there's room in this world for us all.....

come here to tell you a bit of my mind, And please with the same if I can,..... Ad-
"Credit refuse," if you've money to pay, You'll find it the wis - er plan,..... And "a

ritard.

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vice in my song you will cer-tain-ly find, And a motto for ev - e - ry man.....
pen - ny laid by for a rain - y day" Is a motto for ev - e - ry man.....

CHORUS.

So we will sing, and ban - ish mel - an - cho - ly, Trou - ble may

come,..... we'll do the best we can..... To drive care a - way..... for

grieving is a fol - ly, Put your shoulder to the wheel is a motto for ev' - ry man.....

3 A coward gives in at the first repulse,
A brave man struggles again,
With a resolute eye and a bounding pulse,
To battle his way amongst men;
For he knows he has only one chance in his time,
To better himself if he can,
"So make your hay while the sun doth shine,"
That's a motto for every man.—*Chorus.*

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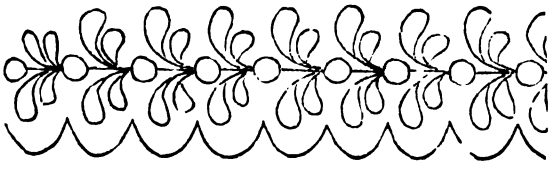
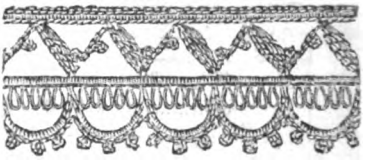
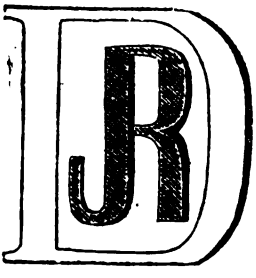
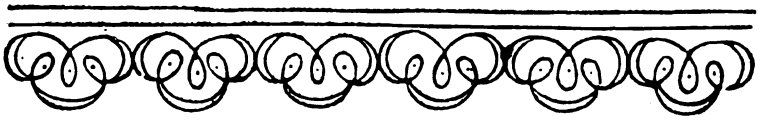
Fanny Lizzie

E B Marie









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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LIX. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1871. No. 3.

THE TEMPTATION.

BY JANE HANLEY.

How gloriously beautiful she was! As she came up the broad aisle, every one turned to look at her, I among the rest. I little thought I was to meet my fate. I had never seen such a face. It was perfect in contour, with a complexion of transparent purity, and the eyes were of that deep violet-blue, that is so very rare. Tenderness, and refinement, and the noblest womanhood, shone out in every lineament. I had lived years abroad, and I had traveled everywhere in my own country, but I had never before seen such an exquisite being, such a perfect blonde. Throughout the whole sermon I remained like one in a trance. I heard nothing, I saw nothing but that face. I loved her from that moment. I, the cold, almost cynical, man of the world; I, who, heretofore, had cared only for my profession; I loved this peerless creature with the concentrated ardor of years.

I lived with my old friend and partner, Dr. Potter, and, that day, at dinner, he remarked,

"What a beautiful creature Mr. Withington's wife is!"

"Where did they sit?" I asked, with a great dread stealing over me.

"In the front pew to our right. You, fastidious as you are, would certainly pronounce her face faultlessly beautiful, had you seen it."

Had I seen it? Oh! that I never had! She, the only woman in the world to me, won and worn by another! She Mrs. Withington!

I left the table. I went away alone. For hours I struggled against the passion that had taken possession of me. I was resolved to crush it.

But crushed it would not be. Concealed it was. After a time I learned to hear her name calmly; I even made her acquaintance: then I became the intimate friend of her husband. Again and again I tried to conquer my ill-fated love. It was of no avail.

But one honorable course remained for me, and that was to go away, and in new scenes to find forgetfulness. More than once I spoke to my partner of my wish to travel again in Europe, and to remain a year or two in Vienna, at the hospitals. But Dr. Potter was old, and relied on me almost entirely: he could not think of sparing me, he said. Of course, I could not tell him the true reason why I wished to go abroad. So it came to pass that I remained.

A year went by. I had become but a wreck of my former self The necessary, constant guarding of every look and act was wearing away my physical strength.

The war broke out. Here, at last, was an excuse to go away. Surgeons were greatly needed in the army. Even Dr. Potter could gainsay my departure no longer. I was about to apply for a commission, when I received a professional summons to the Withington mansion.

I found the husband down with one of the worst cases of typhoid-fever that had ever come under my experience. For days his life hung on a thread. Now came my great temptation!

One night, when his delirium was at the highest, I determined to remain till morning. His wife watched with me. Oh! what misery it was to sit there, and see her striving to talk with him, begging him not to send her away—to speak to her, his Elsie! He would laugh wildly and thrust her from him, and she would sink on her knees by his pillow, sobbing as if her heart would break.

At last he became so violent that I begged her to leave the room. She refused. Laying her hand on my arm, she looked up into my face with a world of sorrow written in those eyes.

"Dr. Griffing," she implored, "you will save

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my husband? You must save him; he is my all! Tell me, is there any hope?"

That pleading face almost unmanned me; and I needed all my strength then; so I said quietly,

"I will do all I can. But this is only the beginning of the sickness. It will be necessary for you to husband your strength. Seek rest to-night. If there is any change for the worse, I will call you."

She left the room on this assurance. I watched by my patient until the paroxysm passed, and then, in that room, alone with the sleeping man, the Tempter came.

Faint and wavering at first, evidently trying the susceptibility of my heart and integrity of character.

I repulsed the thought with horror. It returned with double force, with startling sophistry. It would be so easy to let him die—die he would, unless saved by mere skill, for constitution he had none. Why not let him die? Then Elsie would be free!

I strove against the temptation with all my strength. But the Tempter came again, and gained ground. The enormity of the crime passed away. I began to question myself as to what I should do, or, rather, should *not* do, to obtain the desired end. After the end, Elsie mine, only mine!

A movement from the patient, and the spell broke. Elsie's words, "Save, oh! save my husband!" flashed across my mind, and my promise. Was I keeping it?

I rose and walked across the room, striving to banish the horrible nightmare. Then came the reaction. I sank to my knees and prayed, prayed for the first time in many years. I prayed for strength, strength to resist this horrible temptation, and for forgiveness, for had I not committed murder in my heart? I felt as if the brand of Cain was upon me. I asked for strength to banish this wild love, and for knowledge to save Elsie's husband, for saved he must be, or I should forever think myself an assassin.

I worked faithfully with him all night; and when Elsie came in early, there was a decided change for the better.

I must flee now, I felt, lest I should be tempted again. So I made my preparations to go away My patient recovered rapidly, and was soon out of danger.

I paid my last visit. Elsie, putting her hand in mine, said,

"Doctor, I never can thank you enough for the efforts you have made to save Rolfe. Perhaps I may never see you again. God bless and reward you!"

This kindness was more than I could bear.

"Pray for me, pity, forgive me!" I cried, madly, and losing all control over myself, I caught her to my heart, took one last look at her white, frightened face, and rushed from the house.

This is not a war-story, so I will briefly pass over my life in the army. I worked hard, I courted every danger; but reckless as I was, I could not die, death would not take me.

For four years I heard nothing of Elsie. I had grown, at last, to consider my love as a thing of the past. But no woman, I felt, would ever be to me what Elsie was. It was sacrilege to think of any one occupying *her* place in my heart.

Well, I was mustered out when the war ended. Once more I found myself at home. My old friends crowded around me, all but Mr. Withington. So, one day, I asked if he had left the city.

"Why, Hal," said Dr. Potter, "didn't you know he was dead? He died two years ago."

"Dead! Where is his wife?" I asked, breathlessly.

"Gone to Philadelphia. She was almost broken-hearted when her husband died, and some friends there insisted upon her going to them. I had a letter from her only last week. Let me see, I have it here, if you would like to see it?"

I seized the letter, tore it open, noted the contents, and, rushing to my room, proceeded to pack my valise, as if life or death depended upon my expedition.

That journey to Philadelphia was the longest in my life. It was so hard to wait, even for a few hours, now that Elsie was free. I went up the marble steps with a palpitating heart. Yet, strange to say, no doubt of my success occurred to me. My great love would surely awake an echo in her heart, I said to myself.

The back windows of the parlor opened into a beautiful conservatory, I entered it. There, amidst rare exotics, sat Elsie, the choicest flower of all.

The soft carpet gave back no echo to my footsteps, and she did not perceive me, so absorbed was she reading.

She was so beautiful, so much more beautiful than ever, that the first glimpse of her face brought back, with overwhelming force, the love I had so long struggled to destroy.

"Elsie!" I called, softly.

She looked up. The color surged over the

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sweet face. Rising, she came forward, and welcomed me, but with embarrassment.

I led her back to her seat among the flowers, and standing there before her, told my story as best I could. I went on rapidly, lest my courage should fail. I told her all. How I first met her, and the result; how I struggled to conquer my love; how I was tempted by the bedside of her husband; how I was saved from crime. She gave me a look of horror at this, and buried her face in her hands. I could scarcely go on. But the truth must be told, so I continued to the end. Then, with all the eloquence I possessed, I pleaded my case. "Only a look," I said. "Anything to give me hope for the future——"

She gave no sign—no reply, but tears.

"Elsie," I cried, in my anguish, "can you not forgive me? Is there no pity in your heart? Spare, oh! spare me another trial. I, who have suffered so much already! Have mercy and answer me!"

At last she spoke. Laying her hand among my once black locks, that were now prematurely gray, she said,

"Harold, I have pitied you since that night we parted, years ago; since I have had a right I have thought of you often, and now I—I think I might love you."

At last, at last, I had won my heart's desire! I caught her in one long embrace, and thanked God for giving me such joy, after such sorrow.

We have been married five years, and my life, since, has been one of unalloyed happiness. The possession of my lovely wife has left me nothing to wish for, and her pure example has led me to look with faith to the God who so mercifully blessed me, and whom I so long ignored.

THE SNOW-BIRDS' SONG.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

The little snow-birds flit around
My casement, singing low their song,
That chilly winds, and sleety snow,
Will visit us the Winter long;

That ice will span the river's breadth,
And hide the water's limpid gleam,
And pebbly shore and pearly shell,
Will only seem a Summer's dream;

That trees will bend their brown heads down,
Oppressed with weight of clinging snow;
And white and drear the way will be
Where'er the winds of Winter blow;

That frost will trace the window-pane
With cold devices, quaint and fair,
As fragile and as fading as
Dim—spreading castles built in air;

That years may come with leaden tread,
And armed with Winters yet to be,
Of colder ice, and heavier snow,
The little snow-birds sing to me.

But turning from their idle prate,
My heart takes up a sweet refrain—
That snow-birds leave for other climes,
And Summer will return again.

The log lights up the Winter hearth
With many a gleam of Summer ray;
And I will soon forget the song
The little snow-birds sing to-day.

HER NAME.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Out in the dim, wild wood,
With the Autumn hues aflame,
I, with my sweet love stood,
And carved on the oak, my name.
But only her one name—Mary, below,
"For the other will so soon be the same,"
I whispered, "so soon you know."

The cheek, like a lily bud,
Or a snow-white, half-blown rose,
Flushed red with its warm, young blood,
As I drew her close, so close.
"Only a week, love, a week," I cried;
"Time is a laggard, how slowly he goes—
How can I wait for my bride."

Ah, me! I have learned to wait!
In the purple Autumn day,
Did they clothe my love in state,
In her snowy, bridal array.
And never a fold was stirred by her breath,
And never a word did the cold lips say,
For the bridegroom's name was Death!

Under the oaken tree,
I stand to-day, but alone;
My sweet bride, lost to me—
Lies under a lettered stone.
But I do not carve on the tree her name,
For unto the angels our troth was known,
And they call her there the same.

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BESSIE DEANE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY KATHARINE M. WARE.

It was one of those soft, golden days in the last of September, which are too precious for a moment of them to be wasted in-doors, so Mrs. Maclay had ordered the coffee served on the back piazza after dinner. To that, accordingly, the little party of four had adjourned. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Maclay, a cheerful, middle-aged couple, Major Lynde, and Bessie Deane. The major was a gentlemanly-looking man, about thirty years old, you would say, till you had scanned more closely his dark-bearded, strong face, and saw the deep lines that a wild, reckless life had drawn, and the gray threads that were beginning to show in his thick, dark hair and beard. He was not handsome, or what people call "distinguished-looking," but there was an air about him, an individuality, that would have at once arrested your eye in a crowd. He looked like a man, too, who had seen and traveled much, and there was not a particle of affectation or pretence about him, whatever faults of other kinds he had.

His attitude was amusingly characteristic now. He was talking away to Bessie, who looked sweet, and girlish, and lovely as she was, in a delicate purple muslin, with a little bunch of pansies in her brown hair, on the folly of putting cream in her coffee! He was talking, too, with a manner so perfectly absorbed and confidential, that you would have thought he must be proposing to her, or making some strictly private communication. But then he always looked as if he were making love to every woman he talked with, no matter what he was saying; so Bessie had got quite used to his odd ways now, though she had been rather amazed at them at first.

He was holding the creamer, so that she should not have it, while he lectured her. So she quietly stirred her coffee, clear and dark, like her eyes, and looked down into the cup with a pensive air. In reality, she was not thinking, in the least, of what he was saying, but of her artist-lover, whose white umbrella she could catch a glimpse of through the trees far off, where he was sketching. The major, following the direction of her eyes once, found her out, and he pulled at his mustache, and bit it, as he always did when he was vexed. It would have been just like him to attack her on the subject of the artist, he was equal to it; but at that moment Mrs. Maclay exclaimed with animation,

"Suppose we all go for a row on the river at sunset!"

"A happy thought!" said the major, energetically, turning and forgetting the cream-pitcher, which Bessie instantly seized. "What do *you* say to it, Miss Deane?"

"That it's very nice," she answered, archly, raising the cup to her lips, half filled with cream, and looking at him over the top of it, with a laugh in her eyes.

He frowned at her. "Just like a woman! Pretend to submit, then have her own way after all! To punish you, young lady, you shall go rowing with *me* this afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Maclay prefer to go together, of course—married people always do, you know!"

Bessie, for reasons of her own, did not want to go with him, or, indeed, to go at all: but not seeing her way out of it, under the circumstances, reluctantly acquiesced. He noticed her reluctance. His quick eye always did see everything.

"The aggravating little puss!" he said, to himself. "She doesn't really care to go with me, and I can't make her like me. Perhaps she thinks me too free and too brusque. I must try to be more quiet and calm with her, more like that young artist of hers—confound him!"

After awhile the gentlemen took their segars, and went off to see about the boats. Whether it was a coincidence, or by design, I cannot say, but as soon as they had fairly gone, the white umbrella disappeared in the distance, and directly a tall, slender, young man came round to the piazza with firm, quick steps, and carrying a sketch-book and umbrella.

All the color had left Bessie's cheek when she heard him coming, and though she only said, as she gave him her hand,

"Oh, Paul! is it you?" Her voice trembled.

Mrs. Maclay, on the contrary, looked round in a very quiet, cheerful sort of way. "Just too late to get some coffee, Paul; it's stone cold, and I don't suppose you'll drink it with us again for years. What a pity! I shall send for some that is hot."

Paul Akermann had been boarding all sum-

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mer near the Maclays' country-seat, and as he had brought a letter of introduction from an intimate friend of theirs, was cordially received by them, even at first, and had now become a most welcome and perfectly informal visitor. He was a young artist, with his own way to make in the world; but then he had much talent, and invincible determination and patience, that "tremendous capacity for taking trouble," which Carlyle calls genius. Mr. Maclay liked and respected him thoroughly. "A capital fellow," he used often to say to his wife, "high-toned, and well-bred, and sure to make his mark in the world!" Mrs. Maclay had also sounded his praises with enthusiasm, till she suddenly woke up to the fact that he not only intensely admired her favorite niece, Bessie, who was spending the summer with her, but was actually making love to her with unmistakable earnestness. That put a different face on things. "Bessie never should throw herself away on a poor artist!" she said, to herself. She regarded it, I think, as a merciful interposition of Providence, when her friend, Major Lynde, on arriving from a long stay abroad, accepted her invitation to make them a visit before settling down in his usual luxurious leisure in New York. "For wealth and family there is not a better match in the city," she remarked, enthusiastically, to her husband; "and his mother says he is tired of his gay bachelor life, and would like now to be married."

The major had been spending a fortnight with them, and had been charmed, as she saw, not only with Bessie's beauty, but her sweetness, her *naivete*, her purity; but Bessie did not look on him with the favor that her aunt wished, and Mrs. Maclay attributed it all to "her unfortunate fancy for the painter." Imagine then her secret sense of relief, when, the day before my story begins, Paul Akermann had rushed in to tell them of his sudden departure for Italy, with a distinguished brother-artist. He was to sail in the steamer on Saturday, and this was Wednesday.

Bessie was out at the time, and her aunt, curious to see how she would take it, told her the news as soon as she came home.

"Paul going away to stay! Going to Europe!" she exclaimed, amazed, and with such an expression of grief on her face, that her aunt felt more sure than ever that it was best he went.

As Bessie spoke, she looked up into Mrs. Maclay's face with her mournful eyes. She saw there such an utter want of sympathy, that she was at first surprised, then, as with a flash, she divined the cause; she said to herself, "Aunt does not want Paul and me to like each other so much, she is glad we are going to be separated."

So she strove to regain her self-control, and hide her feelings from those quick, sharp eyes that were trying to pry into her heart. She had been out gathering some beautiful ferns to press—she no longer cared for them now, Paul would never see them; but she kept on with her work, merely making some commonplace inquiry as to his plans, carefully smoothing out each fern as though her life depended on it.

"Plucky little thing!" thought Mrs. Maclay, "still she feels it a good deal. If Paul Akermann doesn't get a chance to propose to her, though, before he goes—and I don't intend that he shall—it may all end in nothing yet."

Bessie had not a moment to herself all day, and not till she went to her room at night did she trust herself to look this unexpected sorrow fairly in the face. She took a low chair by the window, and laid her cheek down on the window-seat. It was all over—all the happy talks, and walks, and meetings! and Paul Akermann was going to Italy, to realize the cherished dream of his life! to study and become a great painter! Would he forget her there? She could not tell—it would not be strange if he did, engrossed in such new interests, such varied, lovely scenes: she, at least, should never forget him—her tears were falling fast in the window-seat now—and every night and morning, in her prayers, she should send up a thought for him. There was one comfort, he was not going till Friday, so there was one day of happiness left yet. To-morrow he would come, and they would have one long, farewell talk together, no one could deprive her of that last enjoyment. If he loved her—sometimes she felt sure he did—he could not help showing it then, when he came to say "good-by." Her heart beat quick at the thought of the last interview, which she dreaded, and yet longed for. No one guessed the nervous state of expectation she was in that next day, for she went about the house bright and busy as usual, though she held her breath to listen every time the hall-door opened, and started at every step she heard on the walk. At last he came, as I have told you.

"I tried to come in this morning," he said, tossing down his straw hat beside his umbrella, and taking the seat by Bessie that the major

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had left, with a "Thank you; but I will sit here," to Mrs. Maclay, who had drawn up a chair further off; "but I have been terribly busy, for I must go in the train which leaves to-morrow morning at seven, so everything must be ready to-night. I hate packing as I do a conundrum—there are twenty things to be put in a place that will hold five, and I always want to say, 'I give it up!'"

Then he gave Bessie a lovely little picture of her favorite view of the river, which he had just finished for her. She thanked him with one of her quick, pleased looks out of her great, soft, brown eyes, and Mrs. Maclay, to whom he showed it, praised the painting; and then the conversation after that flagged, all the burden of it coming on the aunt. It seemed as if she might have gone away, and left the two friends, so soon to be parted, alone for awhile. But there she sat, and sat, as though she had grown to her chair! The precious moments were flying. Paul grew desperate; so, at last, he ventured to whisper to Bessie,

"Let us have one more walk together, and go up to the top of the hill to see the sun set!"

Oh! how she longed to go! to climb the hill with him, as she had so often done, and sit down by his side on the great rock at the top, and have their last talk in the stillness there, while with their faces bathed in the golden brightness, and their hearts beating with the same thought, they watched the sun go down behind the misty, purple hills! She could hardly keep back the tears, as she answered,

"Oh, Paul! if I only could! But I have promised to take a row on the river this afternoon."

His face grew dark, for he could not guess that her disappointment was full as keen as his, and he was absurdly jealous of the major. "With whom?" he asked.

"Major Lynde," faltered Bessie, looking entreatingly into his eyes; "but we shall be back soon after sunset, Paul!"

"I must see you alone once before I leave," he said, in a whisper again. "When can you manage it? I am very busy, but I shall come in after tea. Will you promise to take a walk with me, then? It will be moonlight, you know. I have something to say to you, Bessie."

There was no mistaking his manner, and the young girl's heart throbbed quick with happiness, as she answered softly,

"I promise. Come at eight." What evil genius was it that prompted her to add, with ill-timed pleasantry, "If you don't find me at home, then, you may know that I prefer the major to you!" They were careless words, but how bitterly she repented of them afterward!

Paul looked at her searchingly, not quite sure yet that she did not prefer the major to him. "I shall remember that," he answered, soberly, "and shall come at eight to see if it be true."

"Bessie," said Mrs. Maclay, who was becoming alarmed by this low colloquy, "if Mr. Akermann will excuse us, I think we ought to be getting ready for our row."

"Certainly," said the young man; "and I will drop in again this evening to say good-by," and with a look at Bessie, he went away.

She was thrilling with anticipations of the evening walk, and was only too glad now to have the intervening time disposed of, so that the major was surprised to find her looking pleased and eager for the row, when the time agreed upon came.

"How puzzling and changeable are the ways of women," he thought, as he looked at her bright, flushed face. "Even this unsophisticated little girl is beyond me, I can't make her out at all; she didn't want to go with me an hour ago, yet now she is crazy to!"

Just as they were starting for the river, an intimate friend called, and detained the Maclays. The other two, however, kept on, as Mrs. Maclay insisted that it was unnecessary for them to stay; she was also very anxious that they should call at "Riverview," a beautiful place up the river, belonging to some friends. "The Lewis girls will be so glad to see you, Bessie," said she.

The Maclay House was on the bank of the river, which ran at the foot of the sloping lawn behind it. Here two small row-boats were fastened and ready. Major Lynde helped Bessie into one, and taking the oars in his hands, was soon driving the boat smoothly and rapidly up the stream. It was a lovely day, soft and still. The water, clear as glass, reflected, as in a mirror, the great, fleecy clouds that floated in the serene, blue depths of the sky, and every tree, and bush, and blade of grass on the banks. There was not a sound to be heard, but the regular and musical dip of the oars. Bessie sat on the seat opposite the major to balance the boat, talking and laughing brightly, and looking pretty as a picture. Her companion had never made himself more agreeable. He was careful to avoid any topic that could displease her, and treated her with a quiet, respectful courtesy, quite in contrast with his usually free, off-hand, abrupt manners. He

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was giving a glowing description of some glorious moonlight nights he had spent on the Grand Canal in Venice, when they came in sight of a beautiful island, which was just before them. There was a great, lonely-looking house on it, which they caught a glimpse of through the tall, thick trees surrounding it. The major, cutting short his narration, pointed it out to Bessie with great animation.

"I lived there once," said he. "Isn't it a strange, romantic-looking place?" Seeing her full of interest, he went on. "My father took a fancy to it for a country residence. It belonged originally to the 'Sisters of the Sacred Heart;' they had a convent and school there, but they sold it to my father, and we spent some summers in it. Mother never liked it, she thought it so gloomy, and after my little sister died there, would never enter it again. No one is willing to buy it, so there it has been, empty and deserted for years, except that an Irishman and his wife, pensioners of my mother's, are supposed to take charge of it, by living in the basement."

"Doesn't it look as if it might be haunted?" said Bessie, shading her eyes to look at it.

"They say it is," he answered, laughing; "and that at dead of night a nun, veiled, and in long, black garments, goes stealing through the halls with a moaning sound. None of us children would ever go at night through that part of the house, where she is said to walk, without some servant to cling to, excepting me, and I was a sort of dare-devil, then, as I am now. I'm bound to say that I never saw the nun, though!"

"Of course, *I* don't believe in ghosts, either," said Bessie, with a long-drawn breath; "but I should have been awfully afraid of her all the same."

"I'd like to show you the island," said the major; "it would be a deal pleasanter than stopping to make a hum-drum call, as your aunt proposed. There is the prettiest little cove on the other side, where it would be lovely at sunset. What do you say?"

Bessie was afraid at first, it would take them too long; but when she found that it was only five o'clock, and when the major promised that they should certainly get home long before eight—it couldn't take them more than half an hour, he said, to row back—she consented with pleasure.

Tying their boat to a tree, they jumped ashore. They followed a narrow, little path under the trees, which soon brought them to the cove the major had spoken of, and there seating themselves on the stones close to the water's edge, they watched the changing glories of the autumn landscape, till the gorgeous colors of the sunset settled down at last into a dull, sombre gray. The time had flown more quickly than they thought, so they hurried back to their boat, only to find that it was gone! not a vestige of it to be seen, except the rope, with which they had too loosely tied it, swinging from the tree! Imagine their consternation!

The major proposed that they should find their way to the house, where the Irishman might be able to tell them something of the boat, or lend them his own. A short walk brought them up to the rear of the house. It was built of wood, and had been so long unpainted that it was almost black, but still had an imposing air, with its massive portico, and high, arched windows. On knocking at the basement-door, a dirty, good-natured looking Irishwoman appeared, with two or three children clinging to her dress. She knew nothing of their boat, and her husband had gone away with his own. Still he might come back tonight, she said, and if he did, she was sure he would be willing to row them down the river to Mrs. Maclay's. She didn't much expect him home, though, till morning.

Here was a prospect, at which Bessie's face grew pale, as she thought of her last words to Paul. "Oh, Major Lynde!" she cried, "we cannot stay here all night—I *must* be at home by eight!"

"And so you shall," he answered, earnestly, moved by her distress, "if any earthly power can get us there."

He and Mrs. Tighe scoured the shore of the little island for the boat, while the young girl sat down on the piazza, and waited disconsolately. But the boat was not to be found, so there was nothing to be done but hope for the fisherman's return. The sky was growing black with a coming storm, meantime, and the air was chilly. To pass away the time, the major proposed to Bessie that he should show her the house. They entered a great, gloomy, square hall, with tall doors each side, leading into dreary rooms, with lofty, staring windows and bare floors, along which their feet echoed with a lonely sound. The house had been altered so little, that it still had something of the look of a convent. Here and there, in square, black frames, hung, almost up to the ceilings, as the nuns had placed them, were colored prints of pale saints and martyrs, that made Bessie shudder, as they looked down at

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her in the dusky light. Up stairs the rooms, though smaller, had the same forsaken, haunted look, and Bessie clung to the major's arm in such nervous dread, that they came quickly down. Eight o'clock struck as she did this. She rung her hands in despair.

"Oh! will Mr. Tighe never, never come!" she exclaimed, throwing wide open the hall-door, that she might look out. A sudden gust of wind blew her hat off her head back into the hall, while a vivid flash, and a sudden clap of thunder, that seemed to strike the house, made her start back and throw the door to with violence. Then the rain came down in torrents, splashing on the piazza with a sound like a running brook. It was plain, that now, if Mr. Tighe came home himself, which was not probable, he would never venture to row them down the river in such a storm as this, and they must, therefore, make up their minds to spend the night where they were. To the major, used to knocking about the world, such an adventure did not seem in the least terrible. He was thankful, he said, to have any kind of roof over his head in such a tempest. It was only on his companion's account that he lamented it, and the more, since it was wholly his fault that she was here at all. She, poor girl! could not hide her anxiety and distress, which was so great that he kept puzzling his brains over the cause—he had forgotten that Paul Akermann was to go in the morning—all the time that he was doing his best to make her as comfortable as possible. Mrs. Tighe's room, in the basement, full of babies, dirt, cooking-stove, and wash-tubs, it was impossible for them to stay in, so he decided on a little room which had been his father's study. Placing the tallow candle, with which Mrs. Tighe furnished them, on the high, carved mantle, he shut the heavy, wooden shutters to keep out the blinding glare of the lightning, and then went about "clearing-up and housekeeping," as he called it, in an energetic way, that would have made Bessie laugh outright at any other time, trying his best, as a hospitable host, to entertain his unwilling guest, who sat curled up in the corner of a great, high-backed sofa, and trembled at every roll of the thunder, which seemed right over their heads. Finally, he came and sat down on the other end of the sofa, and they tried to talk, but with the roar of storm, it was hard work.

"Let us have tea!" exclaimed the indefatigable host; and without listening to Bessie's protestations that she didn't wish for any, he marched off to Mrs. Tighe's quarters. Before long she followed him into the room, bringing a battered tea-tray of her own, containing a tea-pot and cups and saucers. Then the major made Bessie, who couldn't help being amused, sit down opposite him, at the little, old, spider-legged table, when he arranged the things. Each article was of a different-colored ware, and the teaspoons, though not gold, had at least almost the color of it. The major laughed at the motly array, while Bessie poured out the tea, and he drank a cup to keep her company, making a wry face at every swallow.

"How could women like tea so?" he asked.

Bessie said, she "didn't much, and had only drank this out of politeness to him, this being his tea-party."

"No, it wasn't; it was Mrs. Tighe's, and a mighty poor one, too," he answered. When they had finished the beverage, which had neither "cheered or inebriated" him, as he remarked, he was off again, and was gone a long time, and Bessie was astonished to hear him pattering about overhead, in animated discussion with Mrs. Tighe. Then he came back, and sitting down again beside her, said, kindly,

"Miss Bessie, if you sit up all night in this chilly room, you will be sick and worn-out in the morning. So I have had a bed made up for you, as well as I could, in the room above this. You will not be afraid there, will you?"

The young girl remembered the lonely, deserted rooms up stairs with a shiver; but there was nothing else to be done, and the kind-hearted major had taken so much trouble for her, that she made an effort to tell him, cheerfully, that she could sleep there very well. It had been a long, exciting day, a steady drag on her nerves, and she was completely tired-out, so, though she dreaded the night, she said, presently, that she would go to her room now. He took the candle, and went across the great, gloomy hall with her, and up the dark, creaking stairs to the door.

"Good-night," he said, "I am going to sit up down stairs; so if the nun, or anything worse, comes to frighten you, little one, remember that there is a faithful, old watch-dog on that sofa below, who will come at your least call!"

"It is a very kind, good watch-dog," she answered, gently, giving him her hand for a good-night, "and I like him much."

"But not well enough to keep him always, I'm afraid?" looking earnestly into her eyes as he asked. "Ah, well! it's all right!" he added, quickly, drawing back, with a shade passing over his face, for she flushed up, but

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made no answer; "he has been too hard and wicked an old dog for you. Good-night!" and he raised her hand to his lips, and went down stairs with a smothered sigh. Then he stretched himself out on the hard sofa, lighted a segar, and puffed away thoughtfully for hours.

Bessie's face was perplexed and sober, as she stood still a moment after he had left her, wondering what he had meant, till a vivid flash of lightning showing her the long, ghostly-looking hall behind her, sent her precipitately into the room. There was a candle burning on the floor, for want of a table, which cast fantastic shadows on the walls, and lighted dimly the large, high-studded room, with its dreary, curtainless windows, and an old-fashioned, four-post bedstead, whose gloomy aspect repelled rather than invited repose. Cheerless and forbidding, and lonely as it was, the poor girl's heart was too much burdened with other thoughts, to give it more than one glance. She turned the rusty lock, and kneeled down by the bed to say her prayers, and burying her face in her hands, cried bitterly.

"Oh, Paul! Paul!" she sobbed, and would not be comforted. To-morrow he would be gone, it might be forever, and he would never know why she had not kept her premise, and she should never see him again, or know what he would have said to her!

At last, chilled and exhausted, she crept into the bed, and as she listened to the beating of the storm against the windows, fell into a troubled sleep, dreaming that she was struggling in the darkness to row home to Paul, with the veiled, relentless nun holding her cruelly back.

How Paul Akermann's hard, bitter thoughts of her would have melted into tenderness, if he could but have seen her kneeling, and weeping alone in that desolate room. He had called at her aunt's at eight, as he had promised, and was stung to the quick at finding she had not returned. Mrs. Maclay had also informed him, with a smile, that she and Major Lynde was, no doubt, at "Riverview," and had staid to tea, that they might row home in the moonlight afterward. It must have slipped Bessie's mind that this was her last chance of seeing him before he went abroad. He could not believe it; and he waited awhile, hoping against hope, talking in an absent-minded way, and starting, as the aunt noticed, at every step on the piazza. Then, with a stern, set face, he rose, took a cordial farewell of Mr. Maclay, and a polite one of his wife, hoping, in a quiet, formal tone, that she would remember him to Miss Deane, and went away with a heart as heavy as lead, reaching home just before the sudden storm began.

When one is young, and in perfect health, one can sleep in spite of grief, and so the young girl startled, when she opened her eyes again, to see the sun shining into the room. The storm was over, and the morning was gloriously fresh and clear after it. For a moment she could not think where she was, as she looked round her; then it all came slowly back to her. She lay still for awhile thinking, then, with a heavy sigh, got up—she had lain down without undressing—and went to the window. How green and how bright the earth looked after the rain! And how broad and majestic the Hudson, glittering in the sun, and blue as the cloudless sky above it! A little row-boat was nearing the bank; for a moment her heart leaped with a wild fancy that it might be her lover, who had come in search of her. She strained her eyes to see the form in the boat, which now had reached the cove. It was short and thick-set, and had on blue overalls. It was the Irishman who was coming home. "I might have known it couldn't be Paul," she cried; "I shall never see him any more!" and pressing her fingers to her eyes to keep back the tears, she went down stairs.

Major Lynde, with a cheerful "Good-morning!" met her in the hall, which looked very differently from what it did last night, now that the great door was open, letting in a flood of sunshine.

"Still pensive, Miss Bessie?" he said. "Did the nun molest you?"

"Oh, no!" she answered. "I didn't hear a sound; even the rats kept quiet, and behaved themselves. Did you know that Mrs. Tighe's husband has come at last? I saw him from my window. Will he row us home now?"

"As soon as you like," he answered, "unless," with a twinkle in his eyes, "you will have your breakfast first—broiled trout, a bird delicately cooked, eggs *au plat*, French rolls, Mocha coffee, or chocolate, a little fruit to end-off with, and all served on exquisite China by a skillful, immaculate, and noiseless waiter. In short, just such a repast as was furnished you last night!"

"Thank you! But who could be hungry after such a banquet as that was? I wouldn't own it if I were," she said, laughing. "So captivating as this place is, I'm willing to leave it as soon as Mr. Tighe is ready to take us away."

The Irishman, who had now come up to the

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house, made no objections to rowing them to the Maclays at once; so they started.

It was charming to be gliding so swiftly down the river in the early freshness and stillness of the morning. Any other day but this Bessie would have enjoyed it most keenly. They landed at the foot of the lawn, behind the house, which looked very quiet, as though the inmates were still asleep; and they slowly climbed the steep walk leading up from the water. At that very moment Paul Akermann, in a carriage, on his way to the cars, stopped at the garden-gate. A servant was sweeping off the front steps within. "It will detain me but a moment," he said, to the driver, springing out, and entering.

"I want to know if Miss Bessie returned last night?" he asked, hurriedly, of the girl, as he approached her.

"No, sir; but we expect her and Major Lynde this morning. Mrs. Maclay didn't feel much frightened about them, because she made sure that they staid at Mr. Lewis', on account of the storm."

He turned away. Ah, Bessie! Coming up the lawn so slowly, so unconsciously, one moment more, the least delay, the slightest accident to detain you, and you will be too late.

They were on the back piazza. "Let us go in here," she said.

"Oh, no! let us go round to the front," said the major; "I hate back doors!"

They turned the corner of the house; she saw her friend just getting into the carriage at the garden-gate.

"Paul! Paul!" she cried.

Paul turned, sprung from the carriage-steps, and dashed through the gate again.

The major, comprehending all, stepped back, and quietly went the other way.

"You'll lose the cars!" called the driver.

There was a hurried explanation from Bessie, a low, tender, "God bless you, Paul!" an earnest, "Good-by, Bessie, darling! I shall write you!" and holding her in his arms for one moment, with a quick, strong clasp, Paul was gone.

The young girl stood by the gate, in tears, yet how much more light of heart than before, waving her handkerchief, and watching the carriage, while her lover looked back at her from it till it was hidden by the trees.

Bessie went back to her quiet country home in Connecticut very soon after that. Paul was abroad two years, but he wrote regularly. Oh! the charm, the excitement there was in those thin letters, with the foreign stamp, which the postman brought her so often. The pleasure there was in reading brilliant little bits of them to her mother, who was not like Mrs. Maclay. And when, at last, the artist came home, he and Bessie were married.

They have a snug, pretty little home in Brooklyn, and Paul's pictures sell at good prices; and they are very economical, as they have to be, but also very happy, because they are together. Major Lynde, who is still a bachelor, makes a point of buying one of the most expensive of Paul's pictures every year, and also goes over to dine with them sometimes, and seems to enjoy it immensely, praising Bessie's housekeeping, and smoking with Paul, with whom he is on the best of terms, as they sit in the studio after dinner, and talk.

THE MOTHER AND INFANT.

BY HELEN ROBERTS.

Death and the mother sat watching—
Watching the fevered sleep
Of a fading little infant,
A dreary vigil to keep.

"As soon as gleams the morning,
As soon as the sun's fair ray
Glimmers above the horizon,
I will bear the child away."

Grimly Death sat by the cradle;
In vain the mother's cries;
In vain her piteous pleadings—
Dim were her darling's eyes.

Paler and ever paler
The little form grew now;
The mother hushed her gently,
And wiped the dewy brow.

And in her mighty anguish,
Her eyes distraught and wild,
With throbbing heart nigh broken,
She sang to soothe the child.

She sang of Death's fair garden,
Of its mounds of grass so fair;
She sang of Death's white roses,
Until he longed to be there.

She sang of the soft, cold moonlight
Playing on sculptured stone;
Death rose to go to his garden,
But he would not go alone.

Ah! not alone would he wander,
For at the glimmer of day,
He left the infant sleeping,
And took the mother away.

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NO CHOICE LEFT.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

PART I.

THE train stopped with a venomous shriek from the steam-demon, as if he regretted that he was forced to disgorge another set of victims unharmed. Clancy Darral stepped on the platform and looked about; was seized by both shoulders the next instant, and heard Guy Sutherland exclaim,

"Here you are my boy! I am furiously glad to see you; the old animal is twenty minutes late, and it's dinner-time."

The two men shook hands heartily, and made a few mutual inquiries; then Sutherland rushed back into his normal state of hurry, clamored for Darral's checks to be given to the station-master, ordered the luggage sent up at once, and dragged Darral off to his dog-cart, which was waiting in the little village.

They had a drive of some three miles through the sunset, along the beautiful road, with glimpses of the Sound visible here and there, pretty bits of woodland, cultivated fields, and all the accessories of an agreeable landscape.

"We've wanted you dreadfully," Sutherland said, when they were fairly under what he considered good speed, that is, skimming along at a rate which made all prudent people eschew his services as charioteer. "The house is full of people, and Agnes wants you to help entertain them."

"If I had known that I wouldn't have come," vowed Darral.

"You're a selfish brute, and always were," returned Sutherland, with agreeable frankness. "But what you would, or wouldn't have done, makes no difference now that we have caught you. How do you like my new match for Atlanta?"

"I don't see that he's a match either in color or gait," replied Darral, watching the horses.

"Ah! that's because you're not Irish—now my grandfather was! Swallowtail is lame, so I drive these two together, and they go as ill as—as—what shall I say?"

"Husband and wife in harness," suggested Darral.

"That's so old! I can tell Agnes you'll be poor help toward entertaining, if that's the best you can do."

"Do you expect a man to be witty in the month of August?" demanded Darral.

"It's the twenty-eighth."

"No matter if it's the forty-eighth, it's August, and I'm always stupid in August."

"And I'm not clear but it's August with you all the year round," pronounced Sutherland.

They both laughed and talked a great deal of nonsense, as we of this century are given to doing, till they turned up the drive to Beechclyffe, with the picturesque old house standing stately among the great trees, and the Sound in full view, when they gained the summit of the ascent.

"Here we are," said Sutherland. "We have arrived as guests always do in English novels, just at dinner-time. Now come straight up to your room; there's the cart in sight with your traps."

As they entered the hall, they came face to face with a young lady just descending the stairs, looking so cool and fresh in her thin, white draperies, that Darral could not decide whether to worship or hate her.

"Miss Minturn," said Sutherland, "this dusty-faced wretch is not a bandit or a burglar. Let me name my friend, Mr. Darral, though I'm somewhat ashamed of his appearance, just now, I must confess."

The young lady bowed, and Darral bowed, and they both laughed.

"It was really wicked of you to be in the way," said he.

"I came here in a drenching storm," returned she; "and was so limp and damp that I am on the watch for new arrivals, in hopes they may have been made more pitiable objects than I was."

Sutherland, with his customary frantic haste, dragged Darral on up the stairs, and ushered him into his rooms.

"You see we kept your den for you," said he. "Half the women have only a closet to sleep and dress in; but you must have the two best chambers in the house—Agnes always spoils you. They're bringing up your linens. But you've brought no servant. Dear me! we shall have to wash and dress you."

"Don't be a fool!" grumbled Darral. "Who's Miss Minturn? I must look like the deuce."

"Presented as Paddy preferred the potatoes, *au naturel*," laughed Sutherland. "Yes, Garret, bring the boxes in. There, good-by, old

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fellow! Don't be long beautifying, or I'll not wait dinner for you."

"And so there's a crowd?"

"Tolerable, but only for the rest of the week. We rather shut up shop then and mean to be quiet. Mrs. Ashmore is here, by-the-way, and the Mildmay tribe."

He closed the door, and left Darral alone. There was no time to speculate on that last bit of information. Clancy gave one look into the mirror, decided that he was not so horribly disfigured as Sutherland pretended; then hurried into the bath-room, in order to be ready when dinner was announced.

He was dressed and down stairs before there was time to give any consideration to Sutherland's words, yet he was conscious that, through all his haste, they kept saying themselves over and over in his mind. In the library he found rather a large party assembled, and after the merry little hostess had greeted him, and several other people had claimed his acquaintance, there was a general move toward the dining-room.

"As it is your first day, you shall have the happiness of taking me out," Mrs. Sutherland said; and as they stood back to allow the guests to precede them, Darral discovered himself close by Mrs. Ashmore, to whom Sutherland was offering his arm.

"I would say how do you do," said she, "only Mr. Sutherland is in such haste for his dinner, that I don't think it safe to keep him waiting."

She reached out the most perfect hand in the world as she spoke. Darral bowed over it, said something inane and commonplace, just because he would have given his two ears to be witty, and the impatient Sutherland took her away.

She had spoken as easily and carelessly as if they had only parted yesterday; and it was five years—yes, five years! Darral was recalled to his senses by perceiving that he had uttered his thought half aloud, for Agnes asked him what he was muttering.

"Bad words at your expense," said he, "for having such a mob of people."

"They're not all staying here," returned she. "Anyway, after this week, there will be only three or four, except men who come down for a day or so during the shooting. You are going to stay all the autumn."

"Am I?"

"Now you promised!"

"I think I shall do it just to punish you and Guy for urging me."

Seated at the dinner-table, he could look across at Mrs. Ashmore, and as she was too much occupied between Sutherland and the man on her other hand to be conscious of his scrutiny, Darral could study the changes in her appearance at his leisure, while pretending to listen to Agnes Sutherland's babyish talk.

Five years! It did not seem possible that it could have been so long, now that he looked at her. She appeared as young as ever. Her complexion was just as dazzling, her smiles as frequent and bewitching. Then Darral remembered that, after all, twenty-six was no such terrible age for a woman to have reached. He was four years older. Oddly enough, he felt vexed as he thought of it, though usually he prided himself on the fact that he was so old. He wondered what she was thinking: if this encounter, after so long an absence, caused her any emotion whatever.

They had been engaged once for a short season; had quoted poetry, and vowed vows, and been as much in earnest as most people are, who go on to marriage. But Janet married a middle-aged Senator just before he was sent abroad on a diplomatic mission, and had shone for a space at a foreign court. The ambassador had been dead two years now, and she wore no longer any sign of mourning, either in face or dress: and she and Darral had met for the first time since that golden summer.

But he was called back from those reflections. Mrs. Sutherland stopped talking to him, and was engrossed by another man; and the lady on Darral's other hand turned from the long-whiskered old beau and his complaints of the soup, delivered in an affectedly low tone, as if they were tender secrets, and Darral recognized the young lady who had so indiscreetly met him as he entered the house.

"I think you look a little unforgiving still, Mr. Darral," she said.

"No wonder; you have kept your head carefully turned away ever since we sat down at table."

"You might as well tell the truth, and own that you did not recognize me until I spoke," returned she, gayly. "However, I can forgive you, for you have been looking at my sister-in-law, and she is pretty enough, in that dress, to excuse your blindness."

"Your sister-in-law?" he repeated, in surprise, forgetting, as we all do so often, the golden rule laid down by the mentors of youth, that it is the height of rudeness to turn oneself into an echo.

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"Her husband was my half-brother, at least," replied the young lady. "New don't look persistently at old Miss Romer, as if you thought I meant her. I don't imagine any woman will ever be her sister-in-law."

"Mrs. Ashmore, I believe, is the only lady in green," said Darral, steadily.

"And the only woman here worth looking at, though Mrs. Sutherland is pretty when Janet is not by."

Darral looked at Miss Minturn, and discovered that, though her features were not remarkable, she had eyes so magnificent, that, after being dazzled by them, any man would have sworn she was a beauty. Darral's next thought was less agreeable. Did she know that he had once been engaged to her relative? Luckily, he remembered that being her husband's sister, Mrs. Ashmore was not likely to have confided that secret to her, so he need not take the trouble to hate the young woman.

"Were you in Europe with your relatives?" he asked.

"Yes; I have lived with them ever since my brother's marriage, and Janet and I still hang together. Now you would like to know if we hate each other as sisters-in-law ought, but I shall leave you to find that out for yourself."

"I shall know you do, if you pretend to be very affectionate," said Darral.

"That's not amiable! But you were acquainted with Janet formerly? She never told me so until we heard you were coming here."

"Perhaps she had forgotten all about it."

"That might easily be, with the troops of men who are always tormenting her."

"Has she an aversion to the race?"

"Why should she have? She is neither old, nor ugly."

"Too pretty to remain one of Mr. Weller's aversions long," said Darral, with praiseworthy carelessness.

"And yet she will," returned Miss Minturn, with a smile that seemed to mean a great deal, though what, Darral could not imagine.

"You speak very positively," he said.

"Yes, and I know what I am saying. Janet will not change her name and estate."

Darral looked up and met Mrs. Ashmore's eyes.

"She is looking at us," said Miss Minturn. "She knows by instinct that I have been transgressing one of our laws, never to talk of each other."

She turned to the old beau again, and after a little the conversation became more general; and Miss Minturn had no opportunity to transgress further the agreement of which she spoke, if so inclined.

Darral fell to wondering what Miss Minturn had meant by saying so positively that her brother's widow would never marry, until he remembered that he was silent and stupid, and had no mind that Janet Ashmore should suppose that meeting her could produce that effect upon him. He began to talk, and made himself especially brilliant; and there was any quantity of fun at his end of the table; but Mrs. Ashmore was too far off to hear, and did not seem in the least interested; so Darral felt, when the ladies left the room, that it had been rather a waste of mental fireworks, after all.

There were so many people to be entertained, that Mrs. Sutherland, like a wise, little woman, established somebody at the piano to play quadrilles and waltzes, and saved herself further trouble. Dancing in August, if the weather was cool, Darral felt to be a bore; and when he had done duty as far as necessity demanded, he got off into another room, where some of the older people were playing cards.

He came upon Mrs. Ashmore standing by an open window, unexpectedly enough; he had not intended to follow her and have a scene out of a novel. Indeed, he congratulated himself hugely on the fact, that, since dinner, he had forgotten all about her.

"I see you have made your escape, too," he said, rather wishing now that he had remained with the others.

"From the dancing people, you mean?" she asked. "Yes; I have not danced for several years."

"You must be rather in haste to give up youthful follies," he said, perhaps a little desirous of being politely disagreeable.

"I don't think I am," she said, laughing. "I have a weakness for youth and folly both. My reason for not dancing now is a very prosaic one: I sprained my ankle severely this spring, and it has never got strong enough for me to treat it to any violent exertion."

She was as careless and as much at her ease, Darral thought, indignantly, as if he had been one of Guy Sutherland's musty old bachelor cousins, who haunted the house by dozens during the summer.

"Do you spend the winter in America?" he asked, simply because he could think of nothing else to say, and was determined to keep up the sort of conversation that would have been usual between two indifferent acquaintances.

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"Yes; perhaps longer—altogether, it may be. My plans, however, depend a good deal on my sister. I shall go anywhere that she happens to fancy—I mean Miss Minturn."

"I know; she told me at dinner that your husband was her half-brother," said Darral, quietly, and felt himself rush into an inexplicable rage as he said the words.

"She seems nearer to me now than any of my own relatives," continued Mrs. Ashmore. "My brother and sisters are all married, and you know they don't count much in one's life after that."

"So Thackeray and other satirists say," returned Darral, and was glad of an opportunity to sneer at something.

"I say it, too, though I don't intend a satire," said the widow. "It is perfectly natural and right that it should be so."

"As matrimony is unknown ground to me, I am incompetent to discuss the subject," replied Darral; then was vexed as soon as he had spoken, for he knew the words did not sound easy and careless.

"I wonder at that," said she, smiling, "now that you have become a rich man."

"It is one of your theories, I remember, that money is necessary for that blissful state," said he.

She opened her eyes a little, just enough to make him feel that his remark had been in bad taste and slightly impertinent, considering that they met as strangers to all intents and purposes.

"You are quite right," she answered, after a sufficiently long pause to make him uncomfortable, and give him time mentally to vituperate himself for his foolish speech. "The longer I live, the more thoroughly I am convinced of it. But we mustn't talk statistics, or deep philosophy, with dance-music in our ears. Will you take me into the drawing-room?"

He offered her his arm, and they went back among the Terpsichoreans, Darral feeling very much as if somebody had slapped him in the face. Some man came up to talk to Mrs. Ashmore, and Darral retreated, vowing inwardly that he would make his stay in the house a very short one, in spite of all the expostulations the Sutherlands might offer.

This woman had treated him very ill. They had become engaged during a summer in the Catskills, and when Darral followed her to town, he found himself thrown over in favor of Mr. Ashmore. At least, her marriage with that gentleman followed so soon after, that the only supposable reason for her lack of faith was the fact that she had been dazzled by the prospect of the wealth she could thus attain.

The whole affair had been an odd one. Darral thought it probable that Janet's brother had something to do with his dismissal, for they had always been enemies; but whatever causes might have effected it, the fact was there. She wrote him that it was impossible for her to fulfill her engagement, and asked to be released from it, which, of course, she was, with all the indignation natural to a hot-headed youth under the circumstances.

Since that time, Darral had become a rich man. In the days when Janet knew him he was a poor one, with extravagant habits, and no profession. Such property, as his father had not dissipated, rose in value soon after it came into Darral's hands, and he had shown himself shrewd enough, though he was not a man of business to-day, what, with fortunate ventures in Wall street, and other successes which often crowd on each other's heels when a man begins to be fortunate, Clancy Darral's income-tax would have made a comfortable sum for a family, with moderate ideas, to live upon—that is, if there were any such innocents left.

Darral was astonished to find that he could be so full of wrath and bitter feeling, after all those years, which he supposed had taught him utter indifference, and was very much disgusted, too, at discovering that such was the case. But, at all events, the state of feeling should not endure. He would go away, and once out of her sight, could reason himself back into a suitable composure, for it was as much beneath his dignity to be hurt and sore, as it would be to love her still.

"Have you and Janet been renewing your old acquaintance?"

There was that young woman, who seemed fated to intrude at the very instant when her presence was least desirable, looking straight into his face with those flashing eyes, which seemed able to gaze any depth into one's thoughts and feelings they might be disposed.

Darral bowed, and got up a smile.

"Dear me!" pursued Miss Minturn, "you look very black! I hope when we get old acquaintances, you'll not look so cross, after talking to me for a moment."

"I never looked cross in my life," Darral averred; and Miss Minturn declared that so flagrant and open a breach of truth made her shudder, away down in her soul.

"Now I don't pride myself on being truthful,"

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she added. "It rather belongs among the exploded virtues."

"I didn't know there had been any since the memory of man to cause an explosion," returned Darral.

"Ah, that's not bad! I think you improve! What a charming husband and wife the Sutherlands make; Janet says they are the happiest people she ever knew"

"What a respect you and your sister-in-law have for each other's opinions," said Darral.

"I am sure we ought to have; we are both tolerably sensible women, as you'll discover if you have any penetration."

Soon Darral asked her to dance. After that they talked again, and the people about thought it looked like the beginning of a very desperate flirtation; and when Darral sat in his room that night, thinking the evening over, it seemed to him a fair commencement, certainly. He wondered if it would annoy Janet Ashmore; but as soon as he had asked that question, he was disgusted to find that whether she might care or not should be of consequence enough to him to make him marvel, and he brought his meditations to an abrupt close, banging his precious pipe on the table, and getting ready for bed with as much unnecessary haste, as if he had been undressing to swim for his life.

The next day there was an expedition to some place of interest in the neighborhood—luncheon on the grass, dinner at a little country inn, famous for its good cheer, and a drive home through the moonlight—a ride for Miss Minturn and Darral, and a few others who affected horsemanship.

It was so large a party that no two people were brought into close contact unless they wished, and scarcely more than the morning's greeting was exchanged between Mrs. Ashmore and Darral.

The next day the house was in confusion, as many of the guests were leaving, and nothing in particular could be done by those who remained beyond abusing each group that took its departure; but when there are a good many people to go, that makes a tolerable amusement for a morning.

The day following it rained; Miss Minturn was not visible, she staid with Mrs. Sutherland, who was suffering from a neuralgic attack. Guy had been obliged to run up to town; the new invasion of guests would not arrive until Monday; there were only two or three quiet people left: so Darral and Mrs. Ashmore at last found themselves rather forced into companionship.

Darral was in a bad humor; he regarded Mrs. Sutherland's illness as a personal wrong, and was vexed with Miss Minturn for choosing so inappropriate a time to play the Good Samaritan. Clancy wandered about, and bored himself greatly. He could neither read or write, or make up his mind to go out in spite of the pelting storm. He knew that Janet Ashmore was sitting in the library, with deaf old Mrs. Thomas for society, and he told himself that he did not mean to go in. They had nothing to talk about, and it would be a nuisance.

Just as he had settled that fact comfortably in his mind, and felt highly pleased with his easy state, he recollected that it might look as if he dared not trust himself near her. Women were such abominably vain creatures, that this widow was quite capable of supposing he had not sufficiently recovered from the old wound to venture upon an intentional *tete-a-tete*. The instant he thought of that, Clancy started for the library.

Janet Ashmore sat near a window, and had established herself for a quiet morning, with a trifle of dainty embroidery on the table, sketching-paper, and pencils; a new novel, with a spray of geranium among the leaves, to mark where she had left off—altogether as pretty a picture as one could wish to dream over, with her soft-blue draperies relieved by a scarlet mantle, which the rainy morning gave an excuse for.

Old Mrs. Thomas was writing letters, and muttering to herself like a meditative macaw. Mrs. Ashmore looked up as he entered, as indifferently as if it had been the house-cat, whereat Darral was vexed.

"I beg your pardon for disturbing you," said he, stiffly.

"I don't think you disturb us," Mrs. Ashmore replied, very pleasantly, but with her indifferent smile. "Mrs. Thomas doesn't even know that you came in, and I am too indolent this morning to be capable of the sensation."

"You seem to have all the appearance of occupation about you," he answered.

"Yes; I flattered myself that I meant to be wonderfully industrious, but beyond reading a page or two, I have accomplished nothing."

"I think women's industry usually ends in that way."

"Dear me! work was pronounced on poor old Adam as a curse. I don't see that his descendants are bound to court the evil if they can avoid it," returned Mrs. Ashmore, laughing.

What business had she to laugh in that careless way? Just the same musical sound that

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had so delighted him in the days when he believed in her; and she did not look a day older, though her face had changed and grown more lovely, with the beauty which is superior to any girlish prettiness, because not dependent on perfection of features. It showed thought and feeling, the face of a woman who had lived, and suffered, and gained a clue to many of the mysteries of life, which so trouble the young. But Darral did not think all that: he saw how beautiful and youthful she looked, and regarded it as a proof of her lack of feeling.

He sat down by the table, and, as a matter of course, because he tried to talk his best, he did not appear to his usual advantage. His witticisms had a sting in them, and there was a cynicism in his opinions, which in reality he had outlived, though he could not keep himself from expressing it now. When they had discussed a variety of subjects, and found none upon which they agreed, Mrs. Ashmore said,

"I see we must begin like entirely new acquaintances. I don't recognize any of your present creeds or theories."

"Naturally, we must," he answered, and knew that he said it almost savagely.

"Now, with some of my old friends, I have been able to feel as if scarcely a week had elapsed since we parted," she went on in her lazy way. "That is very pleasant."

"I congratulate you and them," he replied; "but time has not stood still with me."

"Oh, take care!" she cried, playfully; "I shall have to ask for a compliment, if you begin to talk of time."

"There is no need; it is plain that you have not changed."

The words might be construed as a flattering speech. The bow seemed to point them as such; but there was something in the tone which brought a shade of color into her cheek. If she was annoyed, she hid it quickly, saying,

"I don't believe you are in a nice mood this morning. Suppose you read aloud. I see Mrs. Thomas has finished her letters. I promised to go on with our new book—do be obliging."

Darral was vexed, but he had to take up the volume.

Perhaps, if Janet Ashmore had known what the chapter was about, she would hardly have asked Clancy Darral to read it to her, for it was a description of an almost parallel case to their own. He read it with more emphasis than was necessary, and was in a horrible rage before he had finished. When he looked up, Mrs. Thomas was sleeping the sleep of the just, Mrs. Ashmore was busy with her embroidery. She had done this on purpose to annoy him, he thought; she was a miserable coquette, and wanted to try if she had any power left.

"A very natural chapter," he said, as he laid the book down.

Mrs. Ashmore rectified some little error in her embroidery, then replied, quietly,

"It is difficult to pronounce till one reaches the denouement. One can't understand yet what the woman's motive was."

"She had none, probably—mere coquetry."

"But in novels, at least, they have to give stronger motives."

"They need not, if they would paint from nature," retorted he.

Mrs. Thomas opened her eyes preternaturally wide at that instant, and said, in an aggrieved tone, as if somebody had accused her of being asleep,

"I always listen with my eyes shut—it's favorable to meditation."

Darral left the room. Janet Ashmore looked after him, and muttered to herself,

"How that man does hate me! I did not think he could—what a goose I was."

Mrs. Thomas saw her lips move, and asked,

"What are you saying, dear?"

Janet answered with the amiability which made her a favorite among elderly ladies now.

The old woman wanted to be amused, so Janet played backgammon with her; it was tiresome, but she had played it, hour after hour, with a peevish, sick man.

Janet saw no more of Clancy Darral until dinner-time; by then Sutherland had arrived, and brought several men back with him from town. Two of the number were notables; but I'll not bore you with telling about them only as their presence affected Darral. They had known Mrs. Ashmore in Europe, and made a terrible "to do" over her, and at last Clancy had an opportunity to see the beautiful widow in all her power of fascination, and it was very great. One of the notables was witty, and he and Janet blazed like an illumination. The color got into her cheeks, like the rose-tint in those of a child; her eyes shone, and she beat the notable with his own weapons. But Darral would not listen; he devoted himself to Miss Minturn, and she seemed perfectly satisfied with his attentions.

Clancy began actually to hate the woman, whose duplicity had so clouded the last of his youth. He had always thought well of himself for never doing that, but now he wanted to hate her, and he succeeded very creditably.

The evening was a brilliant one, for Miss

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Minturn and Darral had no idea of being cast in the shade, and Agnes came down and sang as sweetly as if her head had never ached. When the conversation grew more grave, and apropos to Agnes' song about some blind girl, Janet began telling a beautiful little story to which everybody listened with tears in their eyes, Darral thought it a fine opportunity to display his indifference, and he got Miss Minturn out on the veranda, where they walked till the people were ready to go to bed, an improper proceeding of which I am sure none of my young lady readers would be guilty.

Between his ill feelings and the state of excitement he had been in all the evening, Darral was drawn on to do his utmost in the way of opening a flirtation; and, indeed, it would not have been easy for any man to avoid it with Juliet Minturn's wonderful eyes raised to his in the moonlight.

While Darral smoked a solitary pipe in his chamber, Miss Minturn and Janet sat in the little dressing-room which they shared together, and submitted their heads in turn to the hands of Janet's waiting-woman. They sat there after she had gone, though they did not seem to have much to say, but it was difficult to go to bed with such a moon shining in at the windows.

"Janet," said Miss Minturn, suddenly, "I thought you looked disapprovingly at me to-night."

"I believe we agreed never to take that liberty with each other," replied the widow.

"Now, which of the men do you think was the most agreeable?" questioned her sister-in-law, oblivious of her remark.

"I don't think I have weighed their claims carefully enough to decide," answered Janet, with a yawn so pretty that it hardly looked natural.

"Your old acquaintance certainly showed well," continued Miss Minturn.

"They were all old acquaintances," returned she.

"But Mr. Darral is an older one than the others—you knew him years ago."

"Scarcely so far back in the past as that, my dear—I am not a female Methusela yet."

"Oh! it doesn't matter for a widow," said Miss Minturn; "but I shall soon be a dreadfully old girl. Why I am twenty-three."

"I am sure it is your own fault that——"

"Yes, I know; but I declare I ought to be in earnest now. Mrs. Sutherland says Clancy Darral is very rich."

"I am very glad of it," said Janet, indifferently.

"Do you think I might flirt with him?" asked Miss Minturn, with an odd look in her eyes.

"Really, my dear, to think about it is out of my province, and I am too sleepy, if it were not: so I shall say good-night."

She went into her bed-room and closed the door.

"And I think I shall," continued Miss Minturn, to herself. "Dear me! these people act as if they thought I was a rabbit; but I've heard of a fox that stole a rabbit's ears!"

She laughed a little, whistled a bar from the "Duchesse," very deftly, and went away to her maiden chamber, apparently on excellent terms with herself. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

BY THE ORCHARD-GATE.

BY J. P. TROWBRIDGE.

Beside the old gate of the orchard
That swings by the low, russet-tree,
As gather the shades of the evening,
The glad, little children I see.
There's Clarence, and Alice, and Nellie,
And dear, little, barefooted Tom;
All waiting, and looking for father,
And wondering why he don't come.

No sorrow is checking their laughter,
No vexing concern of the earth
Has stifled the springs of affection,
Or hindered their innocent mirth.
And dearly I love those bright faces
I see at the set of the sun,
All waiting, and looking for father,
And wondering why he don't come.

But now that vacation is over,
And duties are waiting for me,
I cannot help thinking, next Summer,
Oh! where will the children all be!
And, if I return, shall I find them,
With dear, little, barefooted Tom,
All waiting, and looking for father,
And wondering why he don't come.

Ah, well! blessed thought! if I miss them!
And see not their faces of glee
Beside the old gate of the orchard,
That swings by the low, russet-tree,
I still can believe that they linger—
Immortality sweetly begun—
Beside the bright portals of Heaven,
All waiting for loved-ones to come.

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JARL'S DAUGHTER.

BY MISS F. HODGSON, AUTHOR OF "KATHLEEN'S LOVE-STORY."

MRS. PENRYTH was fond of company, that was a well established fact, and another fact, equally well established, was that no one was better able to entertain people and make them enjoy themselves than she was.

It seemed as though the handsome sea-side villa, bright Penrydden, which was so charmingly situated on the coast of Cornwall, must have been built purposely for the accommodation of guests, and those guests the favored ones of Mrs. Penryth. It was such a comfortable, pleasant place, with its flowers, and gardens, and terraces. There was such a splendid view of the country from one window, and such a glorious look-out on the sea from another; the grounds were so admirably suited for sentimental strolls, and the lawn so admirably adapted to croquet.

Just now the establishment was pretty well filled, to Mrs. Penryth's great delight. There were two lawyers, a doctor, and a soldier, one widow, one matron, and two or three pretty girls. The widow was just in an interesting stage of mourning, and consequently a trifle dangerous; the matron was as great a match-maker as good old Mrs. Penryth herself; the girls were all paired off with agreeable masculines, and accordingly, in the second week, every one pronounced themselves charmed.

Prominent among her sister belles shone pretty Bessie Arbuthnot, the fairest, the most charming, and Mrs. Penryth's greatest favorite.

Whereas Belle, and Alice, and Maude, were blondes, and Jennie and Kate were brunettes, Bessie Arbuthnot was neither blonde nor brunette, but far more dangerous than either.

There she sits in the open window, resting her folded hands on the wide sill, and lifting her face to old Mr. Penryth, as he talks to her. Just the sort of girl to throw either blonde or brunette into the shade. A fair, aristocratic-looking face, with a beautiful mouth, whose delicate upper-lip has just the least perceptible hauteur in its curves, large, handsome brown eyes, with a sweet look in them, and a great deal of soft, brown hair. She was very girlish and very innocent-looking, but at the same time there was plenty of style in her girlish manner, and a touch of high-bred reserve in her air, which was at once natural and graceful.

Mrs. Penryth was of the opinion that the whole world could not produce another Bessie Arbuthnot, and her good-natured old husband quite agreed with her. They had known Bessie ever since she was a young lady in short dresses and French grammars, and from that time upward had regarded it as their special mission to adore her.

She had spent the whole of the summer with them, and it had been a very happy one. Early in the spring Mrs. Penryth's health had been a little frail, and Bessie had left London, and come to take care of her. It had been rather quiet at first, perhaps, after the gay end of "the season;" but Bessie Arbuthnot made a very charming, young, home-goddess, as she nursed and petted her friend, and read the papers, and poured out old Mr. Penryth's tea. But April brought a visitor, who claimed to be a friend.

"Capt. Marc Desbro," his card said, and Bessie smiled and blushed a little when Mrs. Penryth handed it to her, and said she remembered meeting the gentleman several times, and that he had asked her permission to call upon her when business should carry him to Cornwall.

And this had been the beginning of a very interesting story. April had passed, and May drawing to a close, when one evening, after a long ride with Capt. Marc, pretty Bessie came to her old friend in a very charming state of blushing tremor, and after a little fluttered hesitation that was very pretty, held out her fair hand with a ring on the engagement finger, faltering out something about "Marc," and "Promises," and "Christmas," and ended with more blushes, and a few such delicious tears as I suppose most tender-hearted girls shed when the great change comes over their calm lives.

Dear old Mrs. Penryth had cried a little, too. Not much, of course, but just a few affectionate tears springing from her warm, old heart as she kissed the girl, and fondled her, and hoped she would be happy. "Happy always, my dear," she said, in her sweet, kindly voice, "and a good, good woman and wife."

And now it was the beginning of June, and Capt. Marc had been to London and back half

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a dozen times, to pay his fair betrothed flying visits; and here he was again with the rest of the company, the handsomest man, the most popular, and the best croquet-player of all the party, and in her tender, fresh, young heart, pretty Bessie was adoring and making a hero and a god of him.

As she sat at the open window, talking to Mr. Penryth, she was thinking of Capt. Marc, wondering where he was. He had gone out soon after breakfast, saying he was going on the bay to fish, and would not be back until evening, and he had not yet returned. She was thinking of him always, it seemed to her: and even now she could scarcely hear her host's voice as he chatted for her benefit.

"There!" he said, at last. "Look at that girl, Bessie, my dear, and tell me if you ever saw a handsomer model for a heroine!"

Bessie turned her eyes upon the beach with her soft, ready smile, but it brightened into something of admiration, as she caught sight of the figure to which he had called her attention.

Out in the sunlight upon the shining sand a girl was standing, and from their place at the window they could see her clearly. She was tall, but poorly dressed, in the rough dress of the fisherwomen, who were so plentiful on that wild coast: but in spite of it, no one could have looked at her without a sense of wondering admiration.

Her figure was perfect. The face, which she shaded with one brown hand, as she gazed out upon the sea, was like the face of some Nubian queen in its dark-eyed, olive-skinned beauty; her magnificent unkempt hair hung loose over her ragged, scarlet cloak, and the sea-breeze blew it out like a black banner. Still the oddly picturesque perfection seemed a little out of place. Her ragged, half-savage dress showed her to be no more than the rest of the hard-worked, hard-faring coast-women; her slumbrous eyes had the stolid gaze theirs had, and as she stood there, picturesque and statue-like in the sunshine, she was nothing more, with all her beauty, but a splendid, idle, soulless creature, with a magnificent *physique*.

"How handsome she is!" said Bessie. "Who is she, Mr. Penryth?"

"One of the fishermen's daughters," he answered. "Poor girl! Her father is one of the worst of a bad crew, and she has been brought up in her mother's steps, to wait on him and row his boat, living as she can. By-the-way, Anne," turning to his wife, "have you spoken to Jarl about that girl again?"

Mrs. Penryth shook her head.

"Yes, but it is always the same story. He can't spare her, and wouldn't, if he could. He doesn't want her made a fine lady of, he says. I am afraid we shall be obliged to give it up, Martin."

"You see," said the old gentleman, explanatorily to Bessie, "Mrs. Penryth and I had a little plan on hand. We thought we could help the girl to be more respectable by taking charge of her. She is too pretty to be left to herself; but her father is against us."

"What a pity!" said Bessie, and then her eyes went back to the shore again.

The girl was sauntering on slowly, sometimes burying her bare, arched feet in the sand, and now and then stopping to shade her face with her hand and look out over the sea. It seemed as if she was waiting for something, and it proved she was, for at last a boat rounded the point, and as it came in sight, she hurried off to meet it.

There were two men in the boat Bessie could see, but they were too far away to be easily recognized, though one appeared to be tall and well-dressed, and was evidently a gentleman. She watched them idly as they rowed in, and then the tall one jumped out and raised his hat to the girl as she reached them. They seemed to exchange a few words, for they stood together several minutes, the man gallant and graceful, the girl looking a little abashed and awkward as he spoke. Then she got into the boat, taking the oars he had left, and as they rowed off he touched his hat again with a careless ease, and turned away.

"It looks a little like Marc—Capt. Desbro," said Bessie, blushing faintly at her unconscious mistake.

Old Mr. Penryth bent forward.

"It does look like him, to be sure," he said, and then a curious, anxious cloud fell on his good-natured face. "It is Marc," he added.

And so it was. In a few moments he was near enough to allow of their seeing him quite plainly, as he strode slowly toward the house, and entered the wide, iron gates.

Bessie was still at the window when he came into the room, and, of course, their eyes met first, as lovers' eyes always do. Hers were very bright, and soft, and tender; and there was a pretty sort of gladness in their brown depths; but, strange to say, his were a little troubled, or conscious, as it were, and a faint, scarcely perceptible flush rose to his face as he came forward.

But if anything had annoyed him, it lost its

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power as he took his seat by her side. He began to tell her about his fishing-excursion, laughing at his awkwardness, or ill-luck, for his spoils had not paid for his labor.

"I should have enjoyed myself more at home with *you*," he said, dropping his voice in his favorite fashion as he spoke.

"It wasn't worth the trouble?" And Bessie blushed softly, and taking up her neglected netting, began to work again.

"I saw you land," she said, at last. "Mr. Penryth and I were watching Jarl's daughter, and we saw her go to meet the boat. How beautiful she is! Don't you think so?"

"Yes," said Capt. Marc, catching her dainty work lightly, and prisoning the pretty fingers in its meshes. "But how do you suppose I can have eyes for Jarl's daughter?"

But careless as the action was, it might almost have had a motive, and careless as the graceful reply sounded, his handsome face had flushed slightly as he spoke.

He was not quite at ease that evening, it seemed. However unaccountable his restlessness was, he was certainly restless. Bessie could not help noticing it as she watched him, and she told him so with a very charming interestedness.

"I am tired," he said, smiling down at her in the tender, yet half-unconscious way that always set her heart beating. "The fishing was too much for me."

They were out on the lawn, then, taking a turn at croquet, and his usual skill seemed to have quite deserted him. After a few terribly unfortunate hits, by which he roused the indignation of his partners, he flung his mallet away and gave up his place; and when, in the course of a quarter of an hour, Bessie turned to the seat on which he had been lounging, she found he was gone.

Of course, she did not like it. A pretty girl, with an engagement-ring on her finger, naturally does not feel flattered at the thought that, after a day's absence, her lover can feel happy anywhere but in her presence. "He might have stayed," she said, inwardly, but that was all; though it must be confessed she devoted her attention to her companion in the game, a trifle more exclusively than she would have done if she had not felt slightly piqued.

"I don't see Capt. Desbro," she said, carelessly, to the gentleman, at last.

Noel Craigmiles looked down at her sweet face adoringly, as he always did, for Desbro's good luck had been his misfortune, and Bessie Arbuthnot was the grand passion of his life. Her most careless tone had a meaning to him, and just now he had been inwardly calling his rival a presumptuous fool to lose a moment he might have lived by her side.

"I saw one of the servants come and speak to him, and he left the grounds," he said. "A matter of business, I suppose."

Bessie did not make any reply. She had a sensitive horror of appearing to exhibit her claims, so she finished her game with the most graceful *sang froid* in the world.

Capt. Marc did not make his appearance at all that evening until supper-time; but then he made up for lost opportunities during the moonlight *tete-a-tete* he enjoyed with Miss Arbuthnot promenading the stone terrace.

Every one acknowledged him to be a fascinating man, but no one had ever felt the power of his fascinations as pretty, warm-hearted Bessie did. His tender words and tender ways made him a hero in her innocent eyes, and she looked up to him as adoringly and trustingly as none but such girls can look up to a man. Knowing so little of the world, she never dreamed of thinking that, perhaps, he had called other women the same sweet-sounding names that made her heart beat so swiftly, and that, perhaps, other lips than hers had trembled under his kisses. As for him, he was as much in love as it was possible for a man of his nature to be. Such men usually end their indifferent lives by winning just such sweet women as other men would have died for—it is the way of the world—and Bessie Arbuthnot was pretty and stylish, and suited his fastidiousness as few other girls would have done.

He kissed her at the door before he let her go and held her hand a moment caressingly.

"Good-night, darling!" he whispered. And in the fashion of men of his kind, he threw a tender truth into the words which made them beautiful; and Bessie carried them in her heart, and dreamed of them, but never dreamed that the lips that uttered them would break her fair faith in the world forever.

It was almost a week after this that she saw Jarl's daughter again. Cleo the girl's name was, or more properly Cleopatra, as one of her father's patrons had named her for the sake of her dark eyes. A grand-sounding name it was, but the first part of it had clung to her, perhaps, because no commoner one seemed suited to her.

Among other amusements, a boating-excursion had been made up, and Jarl's boat was engaged, and as Bessie stepped into it with

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Desbro, she saw the girl sitting at the prow, her statuesque face turned seaward, and her grand, sombre eyes dropped gloomily upon the waves.

Her dress was a little neater than it had been before, and her hair was folded crown-like, in a wonder of a coil, across her head, but her slender, arched feet were bare, and the scarlet cloak falling back, showed her beautiful brown arm, rounded and perfect as the arms of some Greek model.

She raised her head quickly when Capt. Marc spoke to her, and the red blood flamed across her handsome face, as if she was startled, or angry; but the next moment she turned away again, and sat silent, idly trailing her hand through the water.

Bessie watched her with a sort of interest in her picturesque perfection, and prompted by a kindly girlish curiosity tried to talk to her, but it was of no avail. She could elicit nothing but monosyllables, and those given with a sort of reluctant ungraciousness. But during the whole of the trip to their destination, she could not help noticing that whenever she turned suddenly, she found the great, brilliant eyes fixed upon her with a curious, passionate scrutiny, and as soon as the girl perceived herself noticed, her gaze was withdrawn

It would have been scarcely possible to find two girls so startlingly unlike as these two were. The one with her pretty, proud face, her dainty dress, and her delicate hands, the other with her dark-eyed, olive-skinned beauty and uncultured splendor.

Capt. Marc, leaning back in his seat, holding Bessie Arbuthnot's dainty lace-covered parasol, and listening to her sweet, pure-toned voice, looked from one face to the other, from the dark to the fair, and oddly enough seemed to forget himself, and was not quite coherent. Indeed, he became so absent at length, that Bessie stopped and looked up at him in a little astonishment. Perhaps the glance was inopportune, for she saw that his attention was fixed on the figure at the prow, and Jarl's daughter, sitting as before, with her statuesque head turned seaward, showed a flame of velvet-scarlet on her dark cheek, and a strange glow in her handsome eyes.

Under some circumstances Bessie would have smiled the soft, ready smile, and spoken again, but something in the girl's expression made her pause abruptly. The vague admiration in his eyes, the touch of warmth half-startled her.

Bessie was a proud girl, proud as such high-bred, high-spirited girls ever are, and though she did not dream for an instant that the beautiful, barbarous creature might prove a rival, a faint coldness showed itself in her manner when she finished what she had been saying.

It was a gay party that landed among the rocks. Even Capt. Marc lost his absent-mindedness, and hovered round his fair betrothed with his usual *debonnair* air of proprietorship.

In spite of Alice, and Maud, and Grace, half Mrs. Penryth's masculine guests would have given their good-looking heads to bend over Bessie Arbuthnot as Desbro bent over her, and receive the sweet smiles that came so readily when he spoke. But Fate is Fate, and the emerald ring on the slim, white finger had dashed many bright hopes to the ground; so the quandom adorers philosophically attached themselves to the pretty girls, who were not averse to listening to their soft nothings, and only now and then apostrophized Capt. Marc as "a lucky fellow!" But there was one man who did not find his fate so easy to bear, and whom no Alice or Maud could ever have consoled for the loss of the woman he coveted. That man was Noel Craigmiles.

He was not Bessie's ideal—never had been, never could be, but he was a very loyal, honest young man, and very much in love with her. From his eighteenth year he had adored Bessie Arbuthnot, and at twenty-five he was adoring her still, even while she wore Marc Desbro's ring on her finger, and Marc Desbro's kisses on her lips. He was very much in love, I say, and he was content to talk to her when Marc was away, and wait on her, and pick up her handkerchief.

He had not much occupation in that line this evening, for the captain was even more lover-like than usual. So, when dinner was over, he wandered away from the rest, and took refuge among a group of rocks, where there was a fine view of the Point, and he could be alone with his half-bitter dreams.

He was leaning against a great, gray stone, segar in hand, watching the sea, and feeling a little sore against the world generally, when he was roused from his reverie by a touch upon his arm, and turning round sharply, he was surprised to see the girl Cleo standing at his side.

Her eyes were glowing restlessly, and her whole face was full of a sort of suppressed passionate resentfulness, which contrasted strangely with her sullen awkwardness as

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she spoke to him It seemed as though some fierce impulse moved her.

"I suppose I hain't got no right to ask questions of gentlefolks like you!" she said, roughly enough, but still without the odd Cornish burr in her speech. "I thought, maybe, you'd answer me, if any one would. You don't look as grand as the rest."

Noel smiled in spite of his astonishment.

"What do you wish to know?" he asked.

"About her!" motioning with her head over her shoulder to where Bessie stood, chatting to Marc Desbro and writing on the sand with her dainty parasol.

Following her motion, Noel saw this, and turning back to the girl's face in a curious surprise, he noticed that she had caught her breath sharply, and was twisting her fingers in an odd, unconscious way, round a piece of shabby, black ribbon that hung from her shapely neck. He could not help observing this ribbon, for its end was concealed in her bosom, and the fierceness in her clinging fingers expressed itself so plainly.

"Well?" he said.

"I thought, maybe, she might want some one to wait on her—a—a sort of servant." She was twisting the ribbon round and round nervously, and speaking in a confused faltering. "I thought, maybe, she—she'd take me. I'm tired of doing a man's work, and living a dog's life. I'd like to go with her; she's pretty and rich, and I've heard say, kind enough."

"I am sorry I don't know," said Noel. "You had better ask her yourself. Or, probably, Mrs. Penryth might do something for you."

There was a pause, and then she spoke again.

"She'll need a servant when she's married," she said, the words coming slowly. "My father told me she was going to be married soon. Do you think she is?"

There was something so strange in her manner that Noel found himself staring at her. Her slow, handsome face had an odd, repressed excitement in it, and her hand had wound itself so tightly in the narrow ribbon, that it seemed as if it would cut the flesh. He was not used to mystery, and this savored so strongly of the mysterious, that he could only stare at her in blank amazement.

For a moment she met his glance stolidly, then her eyes fell, and her nervous, unconscious fingers twisted the slender silk so tightly, that even as he gazed at her it snapped and broke, and as it parted, something slipped from it and rolled against the rock with a tinkling sound.

He saw it fall, and saw her spring to reach it, and then, strangely enough, her excitement seemed to communicate itself to him, for at the first sight of it his face flushed hotly, and he sprang toward her, catching her arm as she took the trinket from the sand.

"Show it to me!" he demanded, almost fiercely; and as he spoke, his grasp upon her had more roughness in it than he had ever dreamed he could have used toward any woman.

"Show it to me, I say!" he repeated.

But she held it fast, and stood there panting, with her hand clenched against her breast.

He loosened his hold a little, and spoke to her sternly.

"I saw it as it fell," he said. "I know whose face it holds. I have seen it in Marc Desbro's hand a hundred times."

She did not oppose him a moment more. She laid the false, handsome-faced picture in his hand, and slipped away from him with a low, frightened cry, the red on her cheeks turning to white, the white to red again, as she leaned against the rock, trembling from head to foot.

"Don't tell on me!" she almost gasped. "You've found me out, but don't tell on me. Father would kill me. It won't do any harm to let me know. Is she going to marry—him?"

"Wait a minute," said Noel, struck to the core of his heart. "I saw a man and a woman walking in the moonlight last night. I saw them the night before, and the night before that. Who was it?"

"It was us," she said, shivering. "Me and him. He's a fine gentleman, and I'm like dirt under his feet, you know; but he says he loves me and I'm pretty. I'm named for a queen, he told me; and he says the name suits me."

She was trembling, and reddening, and paleing—shaking as if in a vague terror of what she had told him.

Honest Noel stood up and stared at her blankly, and then, in his recognition of the truth, a rough word slipped out of his mouth.

"Good heavens!" he said, "what a villain he is! Listen here," he went on. "Take my advice, my girl, and go home, and keep out of his way."

He stopped and stretched out his hand instinctively, she had turned so coldly white. But she drew back, and leaned against the rock, motioning him away.

"He's been lying to one of us," she said, with a sudden strange steadiness. "Who's he been lying to? Is he going to marry her?"

"He has been lying to both of you," said

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Noel, with blazing eyes; "but he is going to marry Miss Arbuthnot,"

"How long has it been settled?" said the girl, through her white teeth.

"Three months."

There was a long silence, in which Jarl's daughter stood braced, with her hands behind her, against the rock, her face stony and pallid in fierce resistlessness. She moved at last, and turned round to him, folding her cloak around her.

"Well," she said, stolidly, "I'll go now. I might as well; I know all I came for. I daresay you'll tell, if you want to tell. I shan't ask you to keep quiet; but I'd better be dead than alive, when father knows. I'd better be dead. He'd tramp me under his feet this minute."

"Wait," said Noel, in a horror-stricken whisper. "What are you talking about? I—Do you mean the—the worst?"

She had been trying to brave it out when she last spoke, but his sudden horror, as the whole shameful truth dawned upon him, broke her hardihood down, and she struck her clenched hand upon the rock with a low, fierce cry, her face scarlet.

"The worst!" she panted. "His dogs know more than I do—his dogs are treated better. I'm handsomer, maybe—that's all; but it is the worst, even to such as me."

Noel fairly groaned. Thinking of pretty, innocent Bessie, his very heart sickened. It was such a horrible blow to him, so unlooked for! Even if he had not trusted Marc Desbro wholly, he would never have dreamed of this. But as he looked at the girl's blanched, defiant face, the recollection of many circumstances he had barely noticed at the time of their occurrence, came back to him, and with torturing distinctness.

The first day he had seen Desbro he had come upon him on the beach as, spy-glass to his eyes, he watched a little boat coming shoreward slowly with a woman at the oars.

He had not known him then as one of his fellow-guests, and had not noticed the woman's face as she sprang out. Women who rowed, and fished, and did men's work, were plentiful enough at Penrydden, and he did not give her a second thought. He had not understood the fishing excursions that kept Miss Arbuthnot's lover on the bay through the long summer days, though he often wondered at them. Poor Noel! he had blamed his rival as a careless wooer, but he had been too generous ever to accuse him of even the disposition to wrong his sweet betrothed. "He's a lucky fellow, confound it!" he had sighed sometimes, "but he suits her better than I should have done, I suppose!" And he had felt a good-natured sort of reverence for the man who had been so much more fortunate than himself, and who seemed to bear his good fortune so easily and gracefully.

In some men's minds there would have been a faint sense of triumph in a rival's unworthiness. Not so with poor, honest Noel. There was only one feeling in his heart, a feeling which was a struggling combination of horror, indignation, and pitying grief. Pity for innocent, brown-eyed Bessie, indignation and disgust for the systematic treachery which the man who professed to love her had displayed. What could he say to this passionate-faced, fierce-eyed young creature, who stood before him, defying her terror and shame with a dogged resolution that might have grown out of her savage life. He watched her for a silent moment, and then, unavoidably, a question leaped out.

"What are you going to do?"

She turned her handsome eyes slowly upon him, as if she had never thought of the future, and then a strange shadow settled on them as her face turned seaward again. She did not say a word, but the slow motion made Noel shudder, he scarcely knew why.

The very next moment she flamed up again with a burning, angry color, as the sound of gay voices floated across the sands.

"They're calling for you," she said, bitterly. "That's her voice now. It minds me of a ringing of bells. I'm going back to my place." And without another word, she turned off and walked away in the sunshine, with her statuesque head erect as the head of some savage queen.

It was some time before Noel could calm himself sufficiently to face the group that was advancing toward him.

It was Bessie Arbuthnot who first steadied him with the sound of her sweet voice.

"We want you, Mr. Craigmiles. Jarl is going to show us a wonder of a cave. Where have you been hiding yourself?"

"He has been sentimentalizing with the young Egyptian person, Miss Arbuthnot," put in gay Lance Armour. "I saw him a few minutes ago."

"With whom?" asked Bessie, in innocent surprise.

"With Jarl's daughter," said Noel, quietly. "But not sentimentalizing, I can assure you. She has been telling me a story."

He could not help this slight thrust at the

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courtly, treacherous face smiling at Bessie's side; and it told, for Marc Desbro's eye turned upon him with a quick, questioning flash, and his clear skin flushed an angry, restless red.

"Craigmiles' chivalry is of the inflammable sort," he put in, with a faint sneer in his voice. "But what about the cave? The rest are waiting for us."

He drew the small, exquisitely-gloved hand more firmly through his arm as he spoke, and his half-sneer ended with a touch of triumph. The game was in his hands for the present, at least, and he thought he could play it out.

He did not release the hand when they reached the cave; he held it in his as Jarl piloted them through the darkness, and once Noel saw him raise it carelessly to his lips in the graceful fashion that was natural to him. The touch of carelessness that sometimes showed itself was lost in a mood even more fascinating than usual. Always brilliant and a favorite, this evening he exerted himself to perfection, and pretty Bessie came back to the shore with a soft tint of happy rose on her cheek, and a tender brightness in her brown eyes.

They were somewhat in advance of the remainder of the party when they returned to the boats, and glancing up, Bessie saw the girl Cleo seated silently in her old place, just as she had been seated before, her strange, handsome face turned seaward, a sort of steady calm making her seem almost weird in her quiet. She did not move even when they took their seats, laughing and chattering: and it was not until Bessie had spoken to her that she appeared to know that they were near her.

"I am afraid you are tired of waiting," said Bessie's sweet, cultivated voice. The girl turned toward them, and Bessie almost started.

The rich, olive-tinted skin had faded to a dead, rigid palor, the sombre eyes were steadily expressionless, while the face was a stony blank.

"How pale you are," said Bessie, gently. "You look as if you were ill. Pray have my seat, and let this gentleman take your oars."

"No," she said, briefly. "I am quite well, at least I am used to it; and it did not matter," and without another word she averted her face again. She held her place, just with the same defiant immobility until they reached home, rowing steadily without a word or look at them.

The sun was dipping redly into the waves when they arrived at their journey's end, and as the girl drew her boat in, Noel Craigmiles saw Desbro bend over her on pretence of assisting her to secure it, and speak to her. There were only a few words said, and then the dark face was lifted, darker than ever with uncontrolled passion and bitterness.

"You'd better go," she said, fiercely. "I can do the work—*she's* waiting for you."

There was a very pretty glow in Miss Arbuthnot's delicate face that evening. Perhaps, now and then, of late, it had occurred to her that this handsome hero of hers was a thought abstracted, or preoccupied, though she had not attempted to account for it. But this day had been such a happy one, that even these faint shadows were forgotten. Capt. Marc hovered around her with the tenderest of faces—was so lover-like, indeed, that Mrs. Penryth, smiling softly to herself, began to romance over the days to come on an unlimited scale, and mentally arranged such a wedding as Penrydden had never heard of.

She was seated in her comfortable easy-chair, alternately knitting and casting benign glances at a group round the bagatelle-table, when she was somewhat surprised by the touch of a hand laid gently upon her arm, and turning her head, she met the grave, troubled face of her husband.

"Anne," he said, in a low voice, "if you can leave the room without attracting attention, I should like you to come into the library, my dear."

All the old lady's visions faded into astonishment. A love of the mysterious had never been one of the weaknesses of her better-half, and his serious face startled her: so, holding her knitting in her hand, she followed him quietly at once.

The hall and stair-case were lighted brilliantly, but the library was in darkness, and entering the open door, she dimly saw her husband standing at the table, evidently watching the moonlit grounds intently.

"Why, Martin!" she began, when he turned upon her, and stopped her.

"My dear," he said, "come to the window."

The tone of his voice excited her strangely, and she laid her hand upon his shoulder, anxiously asking him what was the matter.

"I want you to convince me that my eyes are not deceiving me," he answered. "Near the elm-trees there is a woman standing in a strip of moonlight—who is it?"

The moon had lighted the grounds perfectly, and one glance showed Mrs. Penryth a figure wearing a scarlet cloak, and leaning against a tree.

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"It is Jarl's daughter!" she exclaimed, surprisedly. "What can she be waiting for!"

"Say '*who* is she waiting for?'" was his reply. "She was there last night; she was there the night before. I have been watching her for nearly a month."

"Martin," she began, falteringly. "Surely—surely——"

He interrupted her again.

"I have been watching her for weeks," he said. "There is a man in the house who is a patron of her father's. Three weeks ago I met the girl with him on the beach, and since then I have watched them constantly. I have seen them together a dozen times since. Last night I saw them part at that very tree, and he kissed her. Can you guess the man's name?"

"Martin——" in the same faltering tone, "you said 'a patron of Jarl's'—not Marc Desbro, Martin, for my pretty Bessie's sake. Say it is not Marc Desbro!"

His reply came upon her like a blow.

"It is Marc Desbro."

If the story had been painful to Noel Craigmiles, it was terrible to the affectionate, motherly woman to whom Bessie Arbuthnot was almost the dearest creature on earth.

"I cannot believe it!" she broke forth. "I cannot, cannot believe it! There must be some mistake."

He pointed to the silent figure in the moonlight, and as he pointed, another form suddenly showed itself crossing the lawn, and at the first sight of it Mrs. Penryth broke into an exclamation.

"Am I right?" asked her husband. "Do you recognize him?"

The game of bagatelle was over when the host and hostess returned to the parlor, and Bessie was standing at the head of the table, chatting merrily as she idly knocked the balls about with her cue. Some croquet enthusiast had been proposing a moonlight game, and they were discussing it. As the door opened, Lance Armour, who was industriously flirting with three of the prettiest girls at once, turned suddenly round.

"Where is Desbro?" he exclaimed. "We want him, you know. Craigmiles, I thought I saw him talking to you a few minutes ago."

Bessie raised her eyes in a faint surprise. A few minutes before he had certainly spoken to her, and she had imagined him still in the room.

"He was here a moment since," she said, smiling. "I did not see him leave the room by the door. He must have vanished into thin air."

"He did not pass out through the door," said Mrs. Bayless, an interesting widow. "I saw him look at his watch, and step out of the low window behind you. Probably he had an engagement." (The interesting widow had a little womanish spite against Miss Arbuthnot, and liked to "thaw her a little," as she put it.)

But secure in the recollection of her afternoon, Bessie laid down her cue, smiling.

"Then we must play without him," she said. "Who is ready?"

They were all ready, they said, and so the players departed in couples, one or two of the most coquettishly inclined young ladies knotting bewitching little webs of lace handkerchiefs under their pretty chins, in a style which was, to say the least of it, tantalizing in the extreme.

The night was beautiful, and the croquet-players enthusiastic, so, in the excitement of the game, Capt. Marc was forgotten by all for the time being. But when the final victorious stroke was made, and most of the party had returned to the parlors once more, Bessie, as she sauntered through the deserted grounds with Noel Craigmiles, found herself wondering faintly at her lover's absence.

They had been talking gayly as they promenaded, but at last a silence had fallen upon them almost unconsciously. Perhaps the thoughts of both had wandered in the same track, but Craigmiles was thinking of the dark, defiant eyes, in their fierce bitterness, while Bessie remembered only the echo of the tender promise she had renewed that happy evening on the sunlit, dancing sea.

Neither had spoken for some moments, when turning into a shaded avenue, Bessie suddenly stopped, holding her escort back.

"I thought I heard voices," she said, laughing a little. "I was sure I heard some one speaking among the trees," she added, reticent of saying how quickly she had recognized one voice at least.

But the next moment her laugh died away, and she looked up at Noel's pale face with a sudden questioning glance, for the voice had raised itself, and came to them with terrible distinctness from the next path.

"It is impossible. You know I could not risk leaving her, without notice, Cleo. Be reasonable, for heaven's sake! You have not even told me what you want me for"

One terrible, breathless moment, and then

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Noel Craigmiles' heart grew horribly cold as he realized his position. The voice was Marc Desbro's, and the girl who loved him, and was his promised wife, had recognized it. Bessie stood silent, not moving, only holding to his arm with a strength of which he could not have believed her slender fingers capable. In a moment, another voice came to them, even clearer and more distinct in its hurried passion than the first had been.

"What did I want you for?" flinging the words out with a sound that rung on the still night air. "What did you want *me* for? Why didn't you leave me alone? I could have dragged out my life like the rest of 'em." She was fairly panting and gasping. "You called me a queen, then—a queen! I'm less than the dead leaves you tramp on now. I found out to-day—you are going to marry *her*. I am to be scorned and shunned when she's your wife. There—that's what I want you for!"

Noel glanced down at the delicate face on which the moonlight struck whitely—it was icily, coldly calm, and immobile as marble. Bessie was looking at the pretty hand that lay upon his arm, and he felt she only saw the great, sparkling emerald on the slender fore-finger—the engagement-ring—but she was listening steadily.

The girl went on, a sudden wild change breaking her passion into terrified despair, and it seemed as though she was wringing her hands.

"You said I was handsomer than her—so I am. I know I am, but I never cared until you told me so. Don't send we away——" The sound of her voice told that she had slipped to the earth, and lay groveling at his feet. "Let me go with you—let me follow you—let me be your servant—I'm used to it. If she's your wife, I'll be her servant, too. I only want to be near you."

"Listen to me," said Desbro's voice. "Cleo, get up. I have been a mad fool, and I must put a stop to this."

To Craigmiles it was a terrible five minutes that followed, as he waited, held, against his will, by the relentless, girlish hand. It was evident that Bessie meant to spare herself nothing, and so she remained, until she had heard the truth to its shameful, bitter end.

For three months this man had deliberately deceived and insulted her in the face of her trust and love; and now icily and steadily she listened, for she was hearing the solution of the neglect her tender, girlish heart had so readily forgiven. The blow was a terrible one; her belief in the world, that had seemed so fair, was crushed and broken forever and ever; but it was not a blow that would kill her. She was too proud and high-bred to be blighted by the stereotyped broken heart. She would live over it. She could never believe, as she had believed an hour ago: never trust as she had trusted; never dream as she had dreamed; but she would live; and face life bravely, nevertheless.

At last the voices ceased.

"Go back quietly, like a good girl," Marc Desbro had said, "and I will come to you to-morrow." And they had seen the girl pass the end of the avenue with an excited swiftness; and after a moment's waiting, Desbro's feet sounded on the gravel-walk, and Bessie, loosening her grasp on Craigmiles arm, spoke to him for the first time.

"May I ask a favor from you?" she said, in a clear, quick voice. "I think you are my friend—if I have a friend in the world," with faint bitterness.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, trying to speak quietly.

"I wish to meet Capt. Desbro as he comes up the avenue. Will you walk with me toward him, and stay with me until I have spoken a dozen words to him?"

She was pale to the lips. He acquiesced with an inclination of his head.

The advancing feet were coming to the turn in the path now, and a few steps, a very few, brought them face to face in the fair moonlight with Marc Desbro.

Something very like an oath broke from the gallant captain's lips at his first glance at the fair, haughty face of his Nemesis, and for a breath's space there was a dead silence. Then the emerald ring was slipped from Miss Arbuthnot's finger, and the white hand extended without a tremor.

"You will understand me, Capt. Desbro," she said, with icy distinctness. "Let me thank you for opening my eyes to my humiliation, however unconsciously. You have insulted me, but I have never given you the right to despise me. Good-evening."

And before he had time to utter a word, he was standing alone, holding the emerald in his palm, staring at it in blind, impotent rage.

Until they reached the house, Noel did not even dare to look at his companion; but when the light of the great hall lamp fell upon her face, her deathly paleness was something terrible to see, and he spoke in spite of himself,

"Let me go to Mrs. Penryth," he said. "I

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am afraid this has been too much for you, Miss Arbuthnot."

Her hand went to her side with an unconsciousness that said worlds, but her eyes met his glance freer from tears than his own.

"No; thank you," she answered. "I should rather be alone. If Mrs. Penryth asks for me, pray tell her I am unwell, and shall not come down stairs again. Good-night."

He watched her as she crossed the hall with a vague, stricken wonder as to how all this would end; he watched her as she passed up the stair-case, until he could see her no longer, and then he walked back to the open hall-door and out on to the long veranda.

Even in the few minutes since their walk from the avenue, a great, dull cloud had swept up from the sea and darkened the moonlight, and as he stepped out into the air, a low, sullen moan crept over the waste of shore.

He stood there a moment listening to it, and then turned restlessly into the house again.

"It sounds like a banshee," he said. "We shall have a storm to-night."

As she entered her chamber, the same sound had greeted Bessie Arbuthnot, but to her it boded nothing. As she locked the door, she was thinking only of one thing, looking one truth sternly and steadily in the face. All was over! All was over! That was what she said to herself again and again. She said it as she lighted a taper and opened her desk; she said it as she took her once precious letters out and laid them together.

Her face burnt like flame when she touched them. She wanted to be free of them and her humiliation. How he had insulted her—she a lady, and proud as the proudest in the land! How he had dragged her in the dust and trampled upon her heart! She was wild with shame and humiliation now, but she felt as if the first fierce sting over she should turn to ice.

She made the letters into a package, laid them away in her desk, and shut the lid. Then she went to the open window and knelt down.

She knelt there for an hour, for two hours, watching the heavy clouds roll up, and listening to the rising wind as it moaned across the sand. She hardly knew how the time passed. Afterward, when all was over, she often wondered if some terrible change had not come upon her, forcing her innocent, happy girlhood far behind, as she knelt there, glancing now and then at the clenched, white hand, on which the jeweled ring had so lately shone.

It required an effort to enter the breakfast-parlor calmly the next morning. In the long hours Bessie had lain awake listening to the raging storm that lashed the waves upon the beach; she had felt an excited fear of the ordeal, and as she dressed before the mirror, she wondered that there was so little change in her fair face. It was calm enough, as calm as it had ever been, but for the faint touch of a new expression that, perhaps, made it seem a thought colder.

Her color heightened a little as she opened the breakfast-room door, for Marc Desbro was standing at the window, and at the sound of her entrance turned quickly. He was pale as death, and there was a look in his eyes, which was almost like horror.

"Oh, Miss Arbuthnot!" exclaimed the pretty widow, excitedly.

"Oh, Bessie, my dear!" broke in Mrs. Penryth, with a colorless face, and then, with a new feeling, the girl noticed awe-stricken countenances all around her, and stopped.

"There has been a terrible accident," said old Mr. Penryth, his voice sounding almost sternly. "That daughter of Jarl's—you know her, Bessie—they found her on the beach this morning, poor girl——"

"Not—not dead?" Bessie interrupted, in a sharp whisper.

It seemed as if he dared not answer her, or could not, and Noel Craigmiles took up the story, his eyes bent upon the floor.

"There was a storm last night," he spoke in a low voice, "and the girl was seen to round the Point, on her way home, at a late hour. It is supposed she had been out secretly, for she was alone, and the storm must have overtaken her. The boat was swamped, and her body came ashore with the tide."

And so it was. Fate had ended the drama at a stroke, and in one of her good old friends' rooms, the beautiful, wronged creature lay dead.

A few hours later Bessie went into the darkened chamber. The coarse, rough dress had been changed for a pretty, girlish wrapper; the splendid hair fell loose upon the white pillow; the hands were folded in the old, old fashion, upon her stilled heart. But the dark, handsome face was steady, even then, in its old statuesque fixedness of passionate despair.

There was only one thing to be done, Bessie felt, when she closed the door, and left the dead girl to the stillness. She recalled the letters up stairs.

She went and got them at once, and bringing them down, found Marc Desbro in the parlor alone. She scarcely glanced at him, as she laid the package on the table, at his side.

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"These are your letters," she said, simply, and turned to go.

But he did not intend to lose his prize without an effort. He followed her quickly, overtook her, and looking down into her fair, haughty face, his handsome, treacherous eyes aglow, whispered,

"Bessie, Bessie, is this to be the end?"

The last throe of her dead love for him stained her white skin with scarlet, as she drew back with a faint gesture of contempt, a contempt which even the kindest-hearted woman will sometimes show, unconsciously.

"The end!" she echoed, in her clear, haughty voice. "Capt. Desbro, I am a woman." And not deigning to glance backward, she passed him, as if he had been a stone.

She told Mrs. Penryth the whole story that night, when Marc Desbro had left them.

They were sitting alone by the fire when Bessie held out her slender, ringless hand, that her friend might see it.

"Can you g what it means?" she began, with a faint, bitter smile. But the next moment she faltered under the kindly, pitying eyes, and broke down into the first tears she had shed.

"Don't say you are sorry for me," she exclaimed, passionately. "It is an old story, I dare say, and I have only suffered as other women suffer. I shall live it down, you know: but I must go away, Mrs. Penryth. I must go back to London, and try to forget it."

A week later, the party at Penrydden was broken up, for when Miss Arbuthnot returned to London, the remainder of the guests followed, one by one. For several months society waited for the wedding, and for a year wondered what Capt. Desbro had done to deserve banishment; but to this day no one has guessed the real truth.

Bessie Arbuthnot has lived three years since then, and at twenty-two her sweet face wins her a reputation greater than ever.

"There is not much chance for fellows like us, though," said a philosophical adorer, the other day. "Craigmiles is the lucky man, if there is one."

And, perhaps, he was right, for on her last visit to Penrydden, Bessie spoke of her old adorer to Mrs. Penryth.

"I am not romantic, now," she said, "and I have quite outlived the old love. I am not unhappy, and I am going to marry the only man I honestly respect: that man is Noel Craigmiles."

THE SPIDER'S DREAM.

BY MRS. S. P. MESERVE HAYES.

A MERRY, black spider was weaving a web,
In a corner dark and sly;
The silken meshes, with anxious care,
He wove with skill in silence there,
And thought, as he strengthened his cunning lair,
How many a buzzing, unwary fly
Would tangle his feet as he glided by.
In the web where danger is not, he deems—
And the spider smiled at such cheering dreams.

The nimble spider his palace built,
As the night hours wore away;
And at length his weary task was o'er,
When falling asleep by the open door,
He dreamed of the happy days of yore,
Of the many flies that had been his prey,
Of the bees he had caught on a sultry day,
When they sought the shade of his corner sly,
Thinking not that spiders were lurking nigh.

In dreams the spider went back again,
To the scene of his childish years;
Once more he dwelt in his early home,
A pleasant spot 'neath an old church-dome.
But the gay young spider wished to roam—
His brother's prayers, his sister's tears,
His kind old parent's warning fears,
Came back to his mind as plain as when
He bade adieu to that much-loved den.

But anon the spider trembled with fright,
For a change came over his dream;
He thought that darkness reigned over the earth,
That hushed were the sounds of noisy mirth,
As he lay in his web near the kitchen hearth.
He saw—though, perchance, it strange may seem,
It's full as true as the rest of the dream—
Of those murdered flies, a ghostly band,
Come back again from the unknown land.

And well might the spider tremble with fear,
In his corner, dark and sly;
For every elfish, unearthly sprite,
Was gleaming with strange, fantastic light,
That dazzled the eyes of the spider bright.
At length his quivering form they spy,
And thus outspoke a goblin fly:
"Thou hast caused our death—we come for thee,
Ere the sunlight comes thou shalt dwell with me.'

The buzzing of shadowy wings had ceased,
And the spider rubbed his eyes,
When he saw through the gray of the morning's gloom
The onward sweep of the housemaid's broom,
And reading therein a fearful doom,
He wrapped himself in his winding-sheet,
The web he had wove for his victims' feet,
And fell to the floor, never more to rise,
The ghastly prey of those phantom flies.

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THE JONESVILLE QUIRE

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

THE quire meets to practice every Friday night, and the last time they met Thomas Jefferson come home and says he

"It does beat all how that quire goes on. I guess you'd get sick, mother, to hear em fight as I do, rehearsin'."

"I'll be hanged if I would rehearse," says Josiah "what makes em?"

"Let em rehearse" says I sternly, "I should think there was need enough of it, for of all the singin' I ever heard, they beat all."

A few nights after this conversation word was give out that Eld Linden was goin' to preach to the red school house and Josiah harnessed up the old mare and we all went to hear him.

Josiah and I sot right behind the quire, and we could hear every word they said, and while Eld Linden was readin the words "How sweet for bretheren to agree," Deacon Gowdey whispered to Mr. Peedick in wrathful accents,

"I wonder if you will put us all to open shame to night, by screechin two or three notes above us all?" He caught my keen gray eye fixed sternly upon him, and his tone changed in a minute to a mild and sheepish one, and he added smilingly "As it were, dear brother Peedick."

Mr. Peedick deigned not to reply to him for he was shakin' his fist at one of the younger bretheren in the quire, and says he,

"Let me ketch you pressin' the key agin tonight you young villain if you think it is best."

"I shall press as many keys as I am a minter for all you, you are awlways findin' fault with sunthin' or other," muttered he.

Betsey Bobbet and Sophrenia Gowdey was lookin at each other all this time with looks that made ones blood run cold in their vains.

Mr. Peedick commenced the tune, but unfortunately struck into short metre. So he couldnt get any farther than "How sweet for brethereng" As they all come to a sudden halt there in front of that word, Deacon Gowdey lookin daggers at Peedick took out his pitch fork as if it was a pistol and he was goin' to shoot him with it, but applyin' it to his own ear, he started off on the longest metre that had ever been in our neighborhood. After adding the tune to the words, there was so much tune to carry, that the best calculator in tunes, could'nt do it. At that very minute, when it looked dark and gloomy indeed for the quire, an old lady, the best behaved in the quire, who had minded her own business and chawed caraway peacefully, come out nobly and started it to the tune of "Oh that will be joyful."

They all joined in loud and strong, and though they each one put in flats and sharps to suit their own taste, they kinder held togather till they got to the chorus, and then Deacon Gowdey looked round and frowned fiercely at Shakespeare Bobbet, who seemed to be flatting most of any of em—and Betsey Bobbet punched Sophrenia Gowdey in the side with her parasol, and told her she was "disgracin' the quire—and to sing slower," and then they all yelled

How sweet is unitee e
How sweet is unitee
How sweet for brethering to agree
How sweet is unitee.

It seemed as if the very feather on my bonnet stood up straight, to hear em, it was so awful. Then they collected their strength, and drawin long breaths, they yelled round the next verses like wild Indians round sufferin' whites they was murderin'. If any one had iron ears, it would have went off well all but for one thing. There was an old man who insisted on bein' in the quire, who was too blind to see the words, and always sung by ear, and bein' a little deaf he got the words wrong, but he sung out loud and clear like a a trombone.

How sweet is onion tee e
How sweet is onion tea.

The minister made a dreadful good prayer about trials purifyin' folks and makin' em better, and the same patient look was on his face, when he give out the next him. This piece begun with a long duett between the tenor and the alto, and Betsey Bobbet by open war and stratyjim had carried the day, and was to sing this part alone with the tenor. She knew that the Editor of the Gimlet was the only tenor singer in the quire. She was so proud and happy thinking she was going to sing alone with him, that not rightly sensin' where she was and what she was about she pitched

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her part too low, and here was where I had my trial with Josiah.

There is no more sing to Josiah Allen than there is to a one horse wagon, and I have tried to convince him of it, but I cant, and he will probably go down to the grave thinking he can sing base. But there is no sing to it, that I will contend for with my last breath, it is nothing more nor less than a roar. But one thing I will give him the praise of, he is a dreadful willin' man in the time of trouble, and if he takes it into his head that it is his duty to sing you cant stop him no more than you can stop a clap of thunder, and when he does let his voice out, he lets it out strong I can tell you. As Betsey finished the first line I heard him say to himself,

"It is a shame for one women to sing base alone, in a room full of men" And before I could prevent it, he struck in with his awful energy. You couldnt hear Betseys voice nor the editors, no more than you could hear 2 flies buzzing in a car whistle. It was dreadful. And as he finished the first verse, I ketched hold of his vest. I didnt stand up by reason of bein' lame, and says I "if you sing another verse in that way, ill part with you," says I "what do you mean Josiah Allen?"

Says he lookin' down on me with the perspeeraashun a pourin' down his face

"I am a singin' base"

Says I "do you set down and behave yourself, she has pitched it too low, it haint base Josiah Allen."

Says he "I know better Samantha, it is base. I guess I know base when I hear it." But I still held him by the vest, determined that he should'nt start off agin if I could hender it, and jest at that minute the duett begun agin, and Sophrenia Gowdey took advantage of Betseys indignation and suprise, and took the part right out of her mouth, and struck in with the Editor of the Gimlet, she is kinder after him too, and she broke out with the curiousest variations you ever heard. The warblings, and quaverings, and shakings she put in was the curiousest of anything I ever heard. And thankful was I that it took up Josiah's attention so, that he sank down on his seat and listened to em with breathless awe, and never offered to put in his note at all.

I waited till they got through singin' and then I whispered to him, and says I

"Now do you keep still for the rest of this meetin Josiah Allen."

Says he. "As long as I call myself a man, I will have the privilege of singin' base."

"*Sing!*" says I in a tone almost cold enough to make his whiskers frosty, "I'd call it *singin*, if I was you" It worried me all through meetin time, and I dont know as I was ever more thankful than when he dropped off into a sweet sleep jest before meetin' was out. He never heard em sing the last time and I had to hunch him, for the benediction. In the next weeks Gimlet these verses came out

SORROWS OF THE HEART.

BY BETSEY BOBBET.

Oh ask me not
Why thus? but Oh
My tender heart
Doth too well know—

That religeen never
Seems to be
So much religeen
As in the dear E—— of the G——.

And when he is in
A soft and melting mood
Oh! goodness never
Seems so good.

A sweeter, purer air
Doth seem to surround him,
His influence so influenceth
Those arround him.

For never doth my devoted
Spirit, so yearn
Toward duty, as to do him
And the twins a good turn.

And sweetness never
Seems so sweet
As when his voice
With mine doth meet.

Ah! what is grief
Or earth's dark weather,
When him and me
Unite together.

On dulcet soars
Of melody;
How sweet—how swee
For he and me.

I rise! I soar!
Earths sorrows leaving;
I almost seem
To be in Heaven.

But when we're sweetly
Going on;
Tis hard to be
Broke in upon.

It is a shame
A deep disgrace;
To be drowned out
In dreadful base.

When his dear voice and mine
Melifluously soars
To drownded be
In awful roars.

And when a certain person
In her vain endeavers
To fascinate a certain noble man
Puts in such quavers—

And trills, and warbles with
Such sickish variations
It dont raise her, I can tell her
In a certain noble mans estimation.

Beloved twins
May you never see
So sad an hour
As he and me.

My loving heart would ache
Should you troubled be
Sweet angel twins
Like thy dear parent and me.

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ANNIE'S AFGHAN.

BY A. M. DANA.

"FIFTY-FIVE ounces of zephyra!" exclaimed aunt Huldah Hartshorne, when she heard of it. "Fifty-five ounces! Well, where Eben Jasper gets the money for that gal to spend passes me. All the other gals around could knit their Afaghans of Germantown wool, but that wasn't good enough for Miss Annie. No, she must have real zephyra, and double at that, I'll venture."

"But, aunty, you've no idea how beautiful it is," said Hetty, her niece, who had been out visiting, and who, merely untying the scarlet hood framing her merry face, had dropped down into a rocking-chair to relate her budget of news. "It's dark garnet, with a border of gold-color, and in the center there is such a lovely wreath—roses, fuchsias, and pansies. Inside of that the initials are to go, but," with a laugh, "Annie don't know whose yet."

"Don't know whose!" echoed aunt Huldah, who, in spite of her disapprobation, was an attentive listener. "Why don't she put her father's—ain't it for him?"

"Oh, no!" answered gossiping little Hetty, "Mr. Jasper don't want it. He told Annie to do what she pleased with it, for he would rather have the buffalo, or a horse-blanket any day, so she is going to keep it for the Prince. That is, for the man she is to marry," explained the little chatter-box, with a blushing consciousness that her remark would not be understood.

Aunt Huldah, busy getting supper, paused with a half-baked buckwheat-cake upon the paddle. "You don't mean to say that the gal's fool enough to think she can marry a prince! That's what comes of sending darters off to boardin'-school, and lettin' them paint pictures and read novels. Well, I never!"

"Oh, aunty!" cried Hetty, with a burst of merry impatience, "you don't comprehend at all. That's only Annie's way of talking—we girls can't always understand just what she means—but it's something about a fairy-tale, and the meaning is that whoever marries her will be the prince."

"Humph! If all the young fellers were of my mind, it would be a good while before them 'nitials got put there, then," and with a dexterous movement, Miss Hartshorne clapped the cake, brown side up, upon the griddle in a manner that was, to say the least, emphatic.

"Ah, but, aunty!" continued the frolicsome puss, whose love of talking and of teasing her aunt were fast running away with her discretion, "Annie isn't going to wait. That's the fun of it. You know to-morrow's Halloween," (Hetty pronounced it Holly-eve,) "and Jessie Loring and I are going up to stay all night with Annie. We're going to burn nuts and try projects, and whatever letters fall to Annie's lot, she's going to work on her Afghan. Odd notion, isn't it? But Annie don't care. She'll do it."

Little Hetty, running on with her merry nonsense, forgot that she was telling tales out of school, until the voice of her aunt, solemn and grim, recalled her.

"Now just you see here, Hetty Hartshorne," cried that lady, in a tone stern as Rhadamanthus, "you'll take part in no such heathenish carryings on. You'll not go near farmer Jasper's to-morrow night, nor, if I can help it, for a good while to come. Thank goodness, if you *was* left motherless, you wasn't allowed to grow up like a Pagan, with no woman to look after you. No. Your father had too much sense. But that Eben Jasper—well, he'll have his reward yet. Mark my words."

"Wasn't it a pity Mr. Jasper hadn't sense enough to take you for a step-mother for Annie?" flashed out keen Hetty, whose temper was like tinder: and with the additional thrust, "I wish to mercy he had," she flounced out of the room, slamming the door behind her in a manner which certainly did not speak much for her training in lady-like habits.

To those who understand the irrepressible nature of youth, it will be no surprise to learn that, in spite of Miss Hartshorne's righteous indignation and positive interdict, the following evening found Hetty at the place appointed. Whether this was achieved by strategy or open defiance, I cannot say; but I incline strongly to the latter opinion, for fierce little Hetty, termagent as she was, had no spice of shyness in her composition, and scarcely knew the meaning of the word duplicity.

It would require a long search to find three

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prettier or merrier maidens than the trio in Mr. Jasper's comfortable farm-house kitchen. Annie had set out a tempting array of apples, nuts, and sparkling cider for the occasion; and the kindly old farmer, who well knew what a gathering of girls on Halloween meant, after drinking a mug of autumn's spicy beverage, obligingly took himself off to bed, leaving the mischievous elves to their own devices.

What the precise nature of these devices was, let each lady who has been seventeen answer for herself. Probably only mother Eve, of all her race, has failed to at least speculate in regard to "the coming man." For her, as there was no choice, there could be no curiosity. But then what would have been the use of a multiplicity of beaux when she had no other girl to whom to talk to about them?

But to go on with my story. No sooner was Mr. Jasper safely out of the room than the cheerful light of the kerosene lamp was exchanged for a flaring candle, into which, at equal distances, were stuck nine pins, with such magic portent as only the initiated may know, and illumined only by its weird gleams, the uncanny orgie began.

The customary pranks of swimming mud-balls, melting lead, and so on, had been performed with indifferent success, and the long evening was wearing on toward ten, when Jessie said,

"Come now, girls, let us get Annie's letters. First we shall want a tumbler about half-full of water."

"Who will hold the ring? Hetty?" asked Annie, setting the required article upon the table.

"Oh, dear, no! I'd be sure to laugh and shake. Let Jessie. She has a steadier hand, and besides," *sotto voce*, "she believes in it."

So it was arranged. On a long, fair hair, taken from Jessie's sunny curls, Annie threaded a plain gold ring, and giving it into the hand of the performer, drew her chair closer to the table to watch the process.

How still the old house seemed! No sound was heard save the loud ticking of the clock, or, occasionally, the squeak of a mouse behind the entry wainscot. Surely, the true witching hour had come. The girls each felt the influence, and shuddered as a faint, ghostly tremor crept over their frames.

"A, B, C," began Jessie, in a distinct, but monotonous tone, and the other two bent forward with breathless interest as the glittering circlet, vibrating over the water, described its noiseless arc. "D, E, F, G," she went on. Still there was no stroke. "L, M, N," here Hetty giggled, but Jessie's calm Sibylline gaze never wavered, nor did the slightest quiver in her voice mark the interruption. "S, T, U, V," she continued, drawing, letter by letter, portentously near the end.

"Oh, pshaw, girls! what's the use?" cried Annie, impatiently; "let's give it up. I'll just put on J. S. at a venture. The world is full of John Smiths."

The sublime coolness of this proposition set Hetty to laughing again, but Jessie was not to be moved from her task. "W.," she said, raising her left hand entreatingly, and with the utterance, sharp and clear, rang out the contact of gold and glass. The ring had struck!

"W!" cried the girls, simultaneously. "Now for the last name."

Again they resorted to the fountain of knowledge, but, either because the charm worked more quickly, or Jessie's nerves were becoming unstrung, this time it was less tedious. At the letter H came the magic vibration.

"W. H.," said Hetty, musingly. "Those would stand for William Hunter."

"Or Waverley Hereford," suggested Jessie, whose ideas inclined toward the romantic and high-sounding.

"Oh, nonsense, girls!" cried common-sense Annie. "Maybe it's only William Henry. Try again, Jessie, and see if there's any more to it."

Yet once more were the twenty-six Roman characters repeated, but this time without success. Neither at soft, flowing vowel, or sharp consonant, was any sound produced save the low voice of the speaker. W. H. was evidently all the information that was to be obtained.

"Well, it might have been worse," said Annie, laughingly. "I will own I had a dread of U. and Z. Uriah and Zachary, you know. But, oh, heaven, girls! What's that?"

A footstep upon the porch without was the cause of her outcry, and with the exclamation came a quick, sharp knock upon the door immediately behind Jessie's chair.

This sound, at the place and hour, and coming in the midst of such employment, was sufficient to strike a thrill of superstitious terror to bolder hearts than those of the mischievous tricksters within. With one accord the girls sprang from their seats—though Jessie was so overcome as to be in danger of falling. Hetty's laughter seemed to be about giving place to tears of fright; and even Annie, usually a pattern of daring to the others,

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stood as one paralyzed. But only for an instant.

She had been too long used to relying upon her own judgment to remain long undecided, and after a little hesitation, giving a shake to her white apron, and a twist to the rose-colored ribbons at her throat and in her hair, meant, perhaps, as a little bravado to reassure her companions, or, perhaps, caused by a spice of irrepressible coquetry, she went calmly forward and opened the door.

There, in the bright autumn starlight, stood a young man, a total stranger, who, while Annie was taking quick note of his dark mustache and gleaming eyes, made himself known as a belated and bewildered traveler, soliciting hospitality for the night.

"It is more on my horse's account than my own that I ask," he said, in a tone too light and cheery to belong to anything supernatural. "I have been riding all day among the hills, having lost my way, and I fear the poor beast is pretty well worn out."

"If you will walk in, sir, and take a seat, I will speak to father," said Annie, who, whatever impression the bright eyes and pleasant voice might have made upon her, was too experienced a little housekeeper to betray any confusion, though she almost trembled lest the others should fail to display equal self-possession.

But the entrance of Mr. Jasper relieved her apprehension. He, lying awake, had heard what the girls, engrossed in their exciting pastime had not noticed, the tramp of a horse's feet up the lane; and he was already leaving his chamber to ascertain who might be the untimely visitor when the knock was heard upon the door.

To him the stranger explained his situation more fully, receiving in return an honest, country welcome to all the comforts of house and manger, for which he gave thanks in a few words of politest courtesy.

"Oh, girls! weren't you frightened?" cried Jessie, when Annie having lighted a lantern, the farmer and his guest went out to attend to the horse. "I thought for a minute I would faint, sure. But, oh, my! I do wonder if he is W. H. If we could only find out his name!

"Suppose you ask him," retorted Annie, with a little irritation. Something had evidently shaken her customary good-humor, and her young friends were fain to assist silently in her hurried efforts to remove the traces of their recent occupation.

Did she fear that those keen eyes of the stranger would notice the signs, and guess their meaning? Perhaps. But she need not have felt uneasy. He had scarcely re-entered the house, when, pleading fatigue, he accepted his host's invitation to retire, and the hopes of Jessie and Hetty that, by some chance word, dropped in conversation, he might reveal his name, were, for the time, frustrated.

With his departure Annie's gayety returned, and her laugh once more rang out merrily. With the others she dropped down carelessly upon the broad hearth-stone to end their interrupted games with the burning of nuts.

"Come, girls, isn't it most bedtime?" spoke the mild voice of Mr. Jasper, from the door-way.

It was nearing on toward midnight. He had returned from escorting his guest to the oak-chamber, and now, before he again sought his rest, he felt obliged to offer this gentle remonstrance.

"Yes, father, in a few minutes," answered Annie; and once more the indulgent old man left them to follow the leading of their own sweet wills.

"Now, girls," she continued, "we must hurry. Let me see. What is it Burns says?

> 'The auld guidwife's weel hoordet nits
> Are round an' round divided,
> An' monie lads' and lasses' fates
> Are there that night decided:
> Some kindle couthie side by side,
> An' burn thegither trimly;
> Some start awa' wi' saucy pride,
> And jump out oure the chimlie
> Fu' high that night!'

"Well, here goes. This is Jock, that is W. H., and this is me;" and though W. H. was as yet as mythical a personage as David Copperfield's sister Betsy, as she dropped the two hazles, brown as her own eyes, into the glowing embers, a bright blush dyed her cheek, and she leaned forward to watch the result with the breathless eagerness of a stock speculator. "Why don't you put in yours, girls?" she said, presently, as

> "He bleez'd oure her, an' she oure him."

But Hetty was too much interested in the pair already burning, and Jessie's great, soft-blue eyes were fixed upon the dancing, flickering flames in trance-like intentness, as though she were beholding things unutterable.

"What now, Mademoiselle Clairvoyant?" asked Annie, tipping her playfully under the chin.

The girl shuddered and started back. "Oh, Annie, don't!" she cried. "Please, let us go to bed. Please, do! I wish we had gone when your father told us."

"Why, Jessie, dear?" urged Annie. "What did you see?" She had called her clairvoyant

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jokingly; but there were times when her young companions almost believed that Jessie Loring, though she made no pretence, possessed that sad gift of second-sight, as it is called. But Jessie either could not, or would not, reveal her vision. "Don't ask me, Annie," she said, pleadingly. "Indeed, I don't know—I can't understand it; but, as I was watching the nuts, that fearful text: 'Saved as by fire,' seemed to be literally branding itself upon my brain. Don't talk about it any more, that's a dear." And Annie, feeling that their evening's sport had somehow been a failure, at last took the light, and led the way to her chamber, where, girl-fashion, the three were to sleep together.

Little did the gentleman calmly reposing in the next room, know of the dreams and speculations which his coming had awakened in the brains of his fair neighbors, and still less did he guess of the information which one of them obtained early in the morning.

The farm-boy, going to the barn at five o'clock to fodder, wondered what Miss Annie, whom he met at the door, could have been doing so early in the horse-stable; but only she knew of the soft, blue saddle-cloth, with the daintily-embroidered letters in the corner —W. H.!

She never spoke of her discovery, but the girls wondered that she did not finish her Afghan; nor was it until weeks later, when worn out by their merry banter, and when the mysterious stranger had passed from all minds save her own, that in a mood, half-daring, half-sentimental, she worked within the wreath of roses and heart's-ease, the magic letters of her fate. Little she knew what was impending over her.

Mr. Jasper died. A slight cold was followed by a few days of raging fever, and then Annie, the petted darling of the old man's heart, stood alone in the wide world, an orphan. Kind-hearted neighbors, it is true, who, though, while her father lived, strongly disapproved of his almost limitless indulgence, now came forward to the desolate girl with offers of assistance and protection. Several homes were opened for her reception. Even Miss Hartshorne, impelled by who knows what tender memory, proffered herself willing to take Annie in, and do by her the same as by Hetty.

But to each and all of these kindly invitations the girl gave a firm, though grateful, refusal. She could not, she felt, linger in the neighborhood, where every object reminded her of her loss; and added to this was another reason. There was a spice of independence, miscalled pride by her friends, in her composition, which drew her toward the city, where she hoped to win her daily bread. Miss Hartshorne once mentioned the fact, that Annie painted pictures. It had been generally conceded by rustic critics that this was her forte; and the knowledge that the city afforded the best scope for her talent, together with that nameless longing of youth to be "in among the throngs of men," which, as Tennyson puts it, "Sees in heaven the light of London," held her fast to her purpose.

"A desperate venture!" does some one say? Yes, it was. But there is something so sublimely fearless in these desperate ventures of the young, that we old folks, who have bought our wisdom, cannot but watch them with admiration, as well as pity.

This dauntless energy upheld her to the end. Even upon that last evening at home, when little Hetty, who had been helping her all day with the packing, overcome at last by the thought of losing her friend and pattern, sat down upon a trunk, and gave way to a fit of sobbing.

"Why, Hetty, dear!" she said, her own eyes filling with the tears she had been suppressing for weeks, "I didn't know you cared so much for me. Don't cry, there's a pet. I'm not a bit afraid. And, besides, who knows what luck I may have? You know I am going to take my Afghan with me. Annie and her Afghan! Why, it's just like Whittington and his cat, or the Prince with the golden slipper." And little Hetty, hearing only the cheery words—missing the sad, sad undertone of lonely daring—took comfort, and believed devoutly in all the glorious possibilities of the future.

The following evening, in a city boarding-house, eleven pairs of eyes were raised inquiringly as the landlady announced, "Miss Jasper, ladies and gentlemen," and a girl, dressed in deep mourning, glided, with a slight bow, to the place assigned her at the table. This was an ordeal which Annie had expected, and for which she had braced herself; but for that which followed she was not prepared. She had not yet had courage to look around upon her companions, when a voice close at her side said, "Miss Jasper, may I help you—"

The speaker stopped suddenly. Annie glanced up quickly, and a blush, that she would have given worlds to hide, flooded cheeks, neck, and brow, as she recognized the stranger guest of Halloween—the W. H. of her girlish dreams—the W. H. of the Afghan.

Oh! had it come, and so soon? The girl's

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heart beat wildly as she stammered some half-inarticulate answer, and dropped her eyes under their curly lashes for protection. But even in her confusion, she was conscious of a pitying look directed to her from the opposite end of the table, where sat a grave, quiet-looking gentleman, apparently observant of nothing but the business in hand, though this glance, even if noticed by the boarders, would have elicited no surprise. It was well known that Mr. Holcombe, the patient scholar and deep thinker, had a yearning tenderness for every creature that was young, or in distress. The suggestive black dress alone would have been sufficient to arouse his sympathy.

This was the beginning. Walter Harvey—this was the name that Annie soon learned to substitute for the mysterious letters—was too well-bred to allude hastily to their casual acquaintance; but later, when they had grown intimate, he owned to having recognized her at once, and to the joy which he felt at seeing that he too was remembered.

I spoke of their becoming intimate, and they were so, if that can be called intimacy which affects only one side of a person's nature. To his sparkling conversation and polite attentions she responded with natural, girlish freedom, but with that other experience—that struggle for life—he had no connection; and sorely as Annie needed the advice of a friend, an unerring instinct prevented her applying to him for council. It was a thorny path that those little feet, hitherto so tenderly guarded, were treading now; but a brave spirit impelled them, and neither Mr. Harvey, nor any one else, guessed that the merry girl, who held her head so proudly before the world, sometimes trembled under fearful apprehensions of defeat and despair.

One day, as she was turning from the counter of an art-store, with the old disappointment that was becoming so bitterly familiar, she was surprised by a quick step behind her, and the voice of Mr. Holcombe pronouncing her name.

"Yes, it is Miss Jasper," he said, as though he had been uncertain. "I was busy at some antiquarian researches back there, but I thought I knew your voice. Are you looking for pictures? Can I be of any service?" As he spoke, he glanced at the port-folio in her hand.

With any one else Annie would have resented the interference, but there was something in the grave, homely face before her that commanded her trust, that braced her like a tonic.

"No," she said, frankly. "I am not buying pictures. I want to sell some. But there does not seem to be much demand; or, perhaps, as I begin to fear, mine are too inferior to find a purchaser."

"Will you let me see them?" he asked, quietly. He noticed the little quiver which betrayed what her careless words tried to hide; and as she relinquished her port-folio into his hand, he took her to a seat in a retired part of the store, where he was evidently quite at home, and leaving her to recover her self-possession, sat down at a table opposite to examine the drawings.

No culprit ever waited for the verdict more anxiously than she. She felt that the decision of this calm, self-contained man, whatever it might be, would be final. And yet in the end he gave none. At least not in words.

"Miss Jasper," he said, closing the book with no utterance either of praise or blame, "you are a stranger in the city, and, perhaps, not used to disposing of your work. I think, if you will allow me, I can introduce you to a better market."

"Then they are—that is—you do not think them wholly worthless?" she cried, eagerly, her eyes lifted up to his face, and her very soul seeming to hang upon his words.

What a sweet, reassuring smile he gave her! "I think they are worth a great deal," he said. "But what we have to do is to make others think so. Will you come?"

Calmly, confidingly, as with a brother, she went out with this man who had made her interests his own; so sure that he was doing only what she wished, that verbal thanks appeared almost unnecessary. She thought of Walter Harvey, who affected to ignore the fact that she worked for her living—who always had a sneer for independent women, and fulsome praise for the "household angel;" and a fine intuition told her that he would not thus have carried her old port-folio, the badge of her calling. But then, and this made all the difference, he loved her, at least he was beginning to say so in every way, but in words; while this man, who walked by her side, was only acting the part of the Good Samaritan, kindly, generously, but still only following the leading of his own good heart, which could not see sorrow without striving to mitigate it.

The art-emporium, to which Mr. Holcombe introduced Annie, proved to be all that he hoped for her. Henceforth she had steady employment, and save that Walter Harvey

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would insist upon monopolizing some of her best working-hours in morning rides and idlings in the Park, her circumstances were much improved.

As for Mr. Holcombe, he paid her no further attention, that is, in the strict application of the term; for once, when a thunder-storm overtook her on her return from a journey out into the suburbs, and again, when a similar catastrophe found her at the school of design, without cloak or umbrella, he appeared just in the nick of time to save her from distress and difficulty. But his speech upon both occasions was so awkward, and he was at such pains to make his coming seem purely accidental, that Annie was more piqued than pleased. Indeed, though she now knew his full name—"Wirt Holcombe"—it never so much as occurred to her that those familiar initials belonged to him equally with Walter Harvey.

So the golden hours of summer slipped away. All through the fierce, heated term, while those more fortunate sought the refreshing air of mountain and sea-side, Annie wrought on, patiently, bravely, scarcely allowing herself a thought of other, happier summers, or if thinking, only using their bright scenes as material for her work. To make of beautiful, winged imagination a toiling gally-slave, is sad enough, as every author and artist knows; but how much worse when the sacred treasures of memory are thus profaned and utilized! No wonder that sometimes the girl grew weary, oh, so weary! and longed for rest!

Again it is Halloween, and Annie, wrapped in her Afghan, sits in her room so deeply buried in thought that she scarcely notices the chilly autumn wind moaning through the streets. Her Afghan is not now a useless piece of fancy-work. The scanty nature of boarding-house bedroom fires, and, indeed, of boarding-house bed-clothes, has developed its qualities wonderfully, and Annie is glad of its warm, fleecy folds, as she cowers over the tiny grate, with its handful of sleepy coals. Several times, since she has lived in the house, has she been upon the point of ripping out those suggestive letters, but now she thinks it scarcely necessary. A question, which she has been parrying for weeks, must be answered to-morrow, and partly because she supposes herself in love, partly because she is so weary of struggling, she has little thought of replying otherwise than in the affirmative. Then the Prince can claim his own.

"But is he a Prince?" Ah! why do those calm, true eyes of Wirt Holcombe rise like ghosts before her, and seem to ask the question? Can it be that all this time, while the constant companion of one man, she has been learning to love another?

"I do not!" she exclaims, vehemently, throwing out her arms, as though to toss the idea from her. "The man cares nothing for me. He loves nothing but his books and his intellect. I will take what I can get. Why shouldn't I?" and hardening her heart, she again cuddles into her Afghan, and tries to find one bright spot among the whitening ashes of her fire.

But now came the memory of the last Halloween. Of the peaceful farm-house, with its glowing hearth and homely cheer; the fond, old father, and her merry companions; of the stranger-guest, and their curiosity concerning him; but more vividly than any of these stood forth Jessie's vision, and her affrighted words: "Saved as by fire!" What could they mean? Was it only one of the excitable girl's erratic fancies, or was there some mysterious connection between that night and the present? The thought haunted her like an avenging spirit, and to escape it she went to bed. But here it was no better, and it was only when exhaustion had given place to sleep that she ceased to hear those warning words: "Saved—saved as by fire!"

Two hours later she was awakened from dreams which took their color from her latest waking thoughts, by a fearful commotion—the most distinguishable sounds being the ringing of bells, and the hoarse shouts of firemen. Springing hastily from her bed, she saw that the whole street was illumined by a conflagration. But where was the fire? For an instant she could not comprehend. Then the movements of the crowd below, together with a stifling sensation, revealed the fearful truth, and, with a wild cry, she ran into the hall, through which volumes of smoke were already rolling. Oh, God! was there no help! She sprang toward the stairway, but there fierce flames, like blazing cherubims, guarded the passage. The house seemed to be deserted. Had all escaped and forgotten her? The thought was terrible. She was about giving way to despair, when, looking over the bannister, a story lower, she saw one last figure through smoke and flame, plunging forward for self-preservation.

"Oh, Walter, Walter! Save me! Save me!" she shrieked, stretching out her arms as she recognized the form of her lover—and hope, almost quenched, sprang into new life.

For an instant the man paused, and looked

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upward. Perhaps this was all that he could do—for that which is not within cannot be simulated in a time like this—then, with the agonizing cry of a coward, conscious of his cowardice, "Oh, Annie, I cannot! but, for God's sake, follow me!" he disappeared in the darkness, and the girl to whom he had vowed eternal love, sank fainting where she stood.

Meanwhile, in the street below, another has appeared upon the scene. Wirt Holcombe, returning from the night-school, where he has been doing his Master's work among a crowd of unkempt city boys, saw the fire, and hastening ever quicker, and quicker, as he nears it, and learns the exact locality, now, with one comprehensive glance upon the group of escaped inmates, springs forward to the entrance.

"You can't do it, sir!" exclaimed a fireman. "All the folks are safe, and you'll only lose your life."

"That man has something precious up there," said another, as, unheeding all remonstrance, he dashed forward through blinding smoke and hissing flames.

Yes, he had. Something more precious to him than gold or diamonds; and there, upon the upper landing, he found it, lying white as a snow-wreath, with something gorgeous trailing behind it.

"Oh, my darling! My poor darling!" he exclaims; and lifting her tenderly as a babe, he wraps the gay coverlet hastily around her, and once more plunges through the smoke and flame—a conqueror.

There is a rousing cheer from the populace, followed by a groan of terror, as, an instant later, the roof fell in. But, unmindful of either, he strides on with his burden, nor relinquishes it until, a square away, in a quiet street, he gives it into the motherly arms of the old nurse and friend of his childhood.

It was here, in the cozy, geranium-scented little parlor, that he found her next morning when he called. The scales had fallen from Annie's eyes; and it did not need Mrs. Grey's extravagant praises of "her boy" to convince her that this was a man worthy of the choicest treasures of a woman's heart. She had not been so entirely unconscious as to miss all his words of wild affection, as he bore her along the night before. As in a dream she remembered the pressure of strong, circling arms, and of burning kisses falling upon her brow, and, therefore, was not so much surprised by the revelation which he now made.

It was over at last—all the story of his deep and unfailing love; and calmly happy as a lost child, who has regained the shelter of its mother's bosom, she lay upon the lounge, weak from past terror, but filled with a supreme content.

"I wonder whose property this was that I confiscated," he said, after awhile, gently touching the Afghan, which still covered her.

"Yours, I guess," she answered, archly; and shaking out its bright folds, she pointed to the initials within the wreath.

His look of pained surprise smote her to the heart.

"Oh, not that! not that!" she cried, comprehending his thought. "Indeed, I never made it for him. Listen, and I will tell you;" and tenderly holding the hand, whose linen bandages told something of what he had endured for her sake—though her cheeks flushed crimson with maidenly shame—she bravely told the story of her girlish folly.

"And it all came true," she whispered, in conclusion, drawing the wounded hand caressingly to her heart, "for I have found the Prince; and I, oh, Wirt! I have been '*saved as by fire!*'"

THE BROOKLET.

BY MATTHIAS BARR.

FAR away in a hidden dell
Where the gorse and the violets know me well;
Under the grasses, long and green,
A tremulous thing I first am seen.
Then through the meadows and through the wood,
And over the boulders, big and brown,
Away, away on my mission of good,
I speed to the heart of the weary town.

The daisy looks up with laughing eye;
The bee hums loud as I pass it by;
And the lark and linnet have each a song—
A welcome of love as I glide along.

And the village maid, from the stepping-stone,
Looks down at her form in my glassy breast,
And smiles that the vision is dear to one—
To one of all others she loves the best.

Then under the stones of the busy street,
Under the tread of a million feet,
Onward in darkness I take my way,
Till I leap again to the light of day.
And lo! and lo! like a message from Him,
A blessing I come to the sons of men—
A joy in the shadow of houses grim,
As I was afar in my native glen.

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THE REIGNING BELLE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 155.

CHAPTER VII.

LITTLE James Laurence worked manfully in his new vocation. He carried home packages of tea, pounds of sausages, and paper boxes stuffed with crackers, quicker than any boy of his size was ever known to do before. He ran errands up and down stairs for Kate Gorman, and soon learned to toss "Jerusha Maria" in the air with an adroitness that threw her into an ecstasy of crowing, and set her long clothes to fluttering through and through, like the plumage of a bird. He learned to put on her tiny socks when she shook them from her plump, little feet; never touched the top of her head without trembling for the delicate spot there, which Mrs. Smith had anxiously warned him of, and kept her cradle in a soft, monotonous jog while she slept, without complaint, though the day was ever so bright, and the cheery sound of boys playing marbles on the side-walk, tempted him sorely at times.

For all this James got his board, and two dollars a week, a sum that bought a marvelous quantity of groceries every Saturday night, as Mrs. Smith reckoned up accounts, and sent the boy home rejoicing to spend the Sabbath with his family.

Eva, too, had received her first instalment of wages, and Mrs. Laurence grew stronger and stronger each day, as that heavy burden of anxiety was lifted from her shoulders. As for Ruth, who lived in the happiness of those around her, this gleam of sunshine revived her like a flower, and with the reaction of infinite relief, she began to wonder if there was nothing on earth that she could do for the general happiness.

To say that Mrs. Smith was the good angel of this little household, would be to cast a certain degree of ridicule on this robust, ruddy-faced, and genial-hearted woman, who had nothing of the angel about her, except that sweet snow-plumed spirit of mercy that brooded in her warm heart, as doves make a nest of soft materials, and glorify them with the cooing music of perfect love. No, Mrs. Smith was not an angel, by any means. She had some household ways that angels would have considered out of place, to say nothing of her name, which was the reverse of poetical, to say nothing of the seraphic. Sometimes the good woman scolded her husband roundly, and once or twice—I tell this with infinite reluctance—she had been known to snatch Jerusha Maria from the soft depths of her cradle, after that young lady had cried till her face was of a lovely purple, and shake her till the feathers would have flown had her mother been an angel, and thus endowed her with the plumage of a seraph. In fact, Mrs. Smith was a kind, wholesome specimen of a house-mother, and a good friend to the Laurence family. That was all. She had, when business grew prosperous, taken a lad from the street, rather more impulsively than we have seen her adopt our friend James, and believing herself to have met with a success on that occasion, was the more willing to try a new experiment of mercy. But, like a good many other kind-hearted people, she forgot to guard herself against the infirmities of human jealousy, and was quite reckless of the fact that Jared Boyer received his fellow clerk with scowls of dissatisfaction, and that sneers of disdain curled his insipient red mustache, whenever the lad came near him.

This youth was left in charge of the store whenever Smith went out to make purchases, and Mrs. Smith was called up stairs, which happened frequently, as time wore on, for Jerusha Maria was cutting her teeth in a vicious state of mind, and Kate Gorman had more than she could do in the kitchen.

Of course, this threw young James more frequently into the store, where Jared found occasion to impose all sorts of petty indignities upon him, which the boy, too noble for complaint, bore with a degree of manliness that threatened to baffle the object his enemy had in view. One thing James saw clearly and felt, as only a proud, sensitive child could, Jared Boyer did not want him about. Why?

James asked himself this question again and again, with tears in his eyes, sometimes in the

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depths of the night, when a vague sense of trouble would keep him awake, sometimes when burdened with a heavy basket in the street; but he took council of no one, and bore his own trouble in silence like a little man

After awhile things changed somewhat with the lad. Jared cast off his morose bearing, and made some cringing advances toward cordiality, from which the boy shrunk with sensitive dread.

One day, when James had gone out with some packages, Smith came into the store in haste, while a countryman, who had brought in a load of produce, waited at the counter with a whip in his hand.

"Thirty-seven dollars," said Smith, opening the money-drawer and counting some bank-notes that he found there. "No need of waiting; generally enough on hand for small amounts like this. Ha, Boyce! who has been paying out money. I'm ten dollars short. Run up and ask the old woman if she's taken any. If she has, tell her to shell out, the man is waiting!"

Boyce turned slowly, and went up stairs. He paused once or twice while ascending, and bit his white lips, as if doubtful what course to pursue. Then he lifted his head with a dash, run the fingers of one hand through his fire-red hair, and flung open the door where Mrs. Smith was sitting with "Jerusha Maria" on her lap, rubbing her gums with the handle of a desert-spoon, in a desperate hope that she was aiding a refractory tooth to cut.

"Mrs. Smith, the boss wants to know if you've took any money from out of the draw. He wants to make up a bill."

"What, me! Goodness gracious! What do I want of money, with Jerusha Maria crying her eyes out, and I trying my best to set her teeth of an edge. Tell Smith not to make a fool of himself, but search his own pockets. Dear me! will that man never have no consideration!"

"Then you haven't got the money?" said Jared, looking over Mrs. Smith's head, as if he were questioning the wall.

"Money! Not a cent! Don't bother me!" cried the dame, flinging down the spoon, and searching the child's mouth with her motherly finger. "What do I know about the store, with this little angel screaming like mad with the ache of her precious gums! There, there! mother knows they buse her darling! Oh, goodness! Kate Gorman, come here. I'm sure there's one coming through just under my finger; look, now."

Kate set down a saucer she was wiping, dried her hands hastily on the dish-towel, and came forward beaming with expectation.

"Just turn her pretty face to the light," she cried, sinking on her two knees before the child, and peering into the mouth in which sobs and screams were half smothered. By garry! and so it is, true enough! like the pint of a needle agin yer finger. There, now, the swate crathur will have some peace an' quietness. Boyce, go down an' tell the master that it has come, and not stand gauking there."

Boyce, who had been in no haste to go down, closed the door softly, and stood ruminating on the outside. Directly his face brightened with some new-born thought, and he entered the store with his usual manner.

"Mrs. Smith says she hasn't took a cent from the draw, boss."

"Hasn't taken a cent from the drawer!" exclaimed Smith, excitedly. "Then where the thunder has that ten-dollar bill gone! I left three in that identical drawer not more en half an hour ago, and now only two is left. Who has been back of the counter since I went out?"

"Not a soul but me and Mrs. Smith's new boy, Jim."

Smith's countenance fell. He went to the drawer again, drew it completely out from under the counter, turned it bottom up, with a bang, and once more searched every fragment of paper with care.

Then he remembered the countryman, who was waiting patiently, and assorting out some small bills, paid him in moody silence.

Boyce was very busy all this time rearranging boxes, and dusting the counter; but his furtive eyes were now and then turned upon Smith with the look of a hound that fears chastisement, and his work was done in a quick, nervous fashion, quite unusual to him.

Meantime, little Jim came in with an empty basket on his arm, bright and radiant as a June morning. Smith lifted his eyes from the desk where he stood, and when he saw the boy's face, his own brightened a little. He had intended to question the boy, but thought of his wife, and had not the heart to do it.

"There is another basket to be taken right away to Mrs. Lambert's cook, who comes down all this way because of her being the cousin of my poor dead and gone mother; so look sharp and get the things there in time," said Boyce, swinging a basket up to the counter. "Tell her every article is choice, as choice can be, such as we don't give to common customers,

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by no manner of means. There, now, heave away!"

James received the basket, and carried it off manfully, but began to drag in his walk, and set the heavy load down for a moment's rest after he had carried it a block or two, for his spirit ran far beyond his strength, poor fellow! and he entered the spacious kitchen in Mrs. Lambert's dwelling with the perspiration standing in drops on his forehead, and staggering in his walk.

Two or three servants were in the kitchen, gathered in a group around a florid and highly-dressed young lady, whose French cap was in a flutter from the active movement of her head, and whose hands were now and then taken from the pockets in her apron to illustrate what she was saying with peculiar emphasis. So occupied and interested was this group that no one observed the tired boy, who stood panting over the basket he had placed upon the floor, waiting for some one to claim its contents. But the cook, whose duty it was, stood by her table with the rolling-pin resting motionless on a half-formed pie-crust, her hands white with flour, and her mouth open with eager curiosity, listening to the female in that French cap so intently, that she had no eyes nor ears for anything else.

"I tell you the old man was a total stranger. Old Storms can't remember ever seeing him before—and he remembers every one that ever came here since the deluge. He protested against the man's coming into the garden, and held the gate to with all his might; but the stranger just pushed him aside, and tramping across the garden, made straight for the conservatory, without a word, as if everything belonged to him. Old Storms followed after just as fast as he could hobble. First he heard a little scream, then a dead silence, and through the glass he could see the tall acacia-tree bending and fluttering as if a storm had struck it. Then came quick words. The man spoke low and steadily, but madam's voice rose high and sharp as no one ever heard it before; and when old Storms looked in, she was white as a ghost, and shaking like a leaf. She saw his old face peeping through the door, and lifting her arms, motioned him away, while her eyes seemed to shine right through him like burning stars."

"But who was the man? Why didn't the madam order him out?" exclaimed the cook, grasping her rolling-pin with all the force of a large, heavy hand. "I only wish it had a been me."

"But it was madam who ordered old Storms out; she that stands everything from him, even to being snubbed about picking her own flowers," answered the maid. "I don't understand it. She must have known the man, yet she was afraid of him, she was white as a sheet."

"And quivering all over like a jelly," broke in the cook. "Wasn't that what you said, Ellen?"

"I said nothing of the kind, cook," answered the maid, with infinite disdain. "No one was talking of jellies, that I know of; so please to keep such comparisons for the kitchen."

The cook turned her look on the exasperated maid, and began rolling out her pie-crust with vigor, muttering to herself,

"Sich airs! Just as if wearing a high-flying cap made some people better than other people."

"But you didn't tell, Miss Ellen, what come of it all; which of the madam's people was it that showed that strange person into the street?" inquired a dashing footman, who had entered the kitchen while the maid was telling her story.

"Which of 'em? Not you, Robert, by any manner of means. The truth was, old Storms kept guard over the conservatory a full half hour when the man came out, looking stern and white, as if he had been committing murder; he passed right by the old man without so much as looking at him, and tramped off through the garden-gate, wading right through a bed of heliotropes in full blossom, and coming up against that old white rose-bush, with the wren's-nest over it, when he stopped as if some one had shot him, and leaning his head against the post, shook till the leaves trembled all around him."

"Old Storms could not wait to see anything more, for looking through the glass, he saw madam lying in a heap, with her head against the marble of the fountain, not a mite of color in her face, her hands, or her neck. At first he thought she was dead, and began to wring his old hands over her, and cry out so loud that the under-gardener heard him, and lifted her up while old Storms came in after me. Of course, I went out with a flask of heartshorne in one hand, and aromatic vinegar in the other. That poor, old fellow went before, with great, round tears rolling down his cheek; but I was too frightened to cry, you may believe that. Why Mr. Robert there could have knocked me down with a feather."

"As if I could be hired to do anything so exceedingly unmanly," said the footman, bowing low, with one hand on his heart, "the

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bare idea is wounding to—to—— Yes, wounding, Miss Ellen."

"But I didn't mean it as such. The feathery ide was a comparison, not an actuality, Mr. Robert. Excuse me, I meant no harm; there isn't a girl living who appreciates your superfluous qualities better than I do. Pray, forgive me!"

Robert allowed himself to be appeased, and took Miss Ellen's hand affectionately in his, while he besought her to go on with her touching narrative.

"There isn't much more to tell," said Ellen, leaving her hand rather longer than was necessary in the footman's clasp. "I found her what seemed to me stone-dead, her hands cold as ice, her face white as the marble over which the water dripped, her hair wet with the spray of the fountain. Old Storms began to cry, and the under-gardener——"

"Well, Miss Ellen, what of him?" demanded the footman, tossing the clinging hand from him. "What of that cretur? Did he have the cheek to offer to help, and lift the madam up, and, perhaps, touch that hand in doing of it—that hand which mine—— Speak, Ellen, what *did* that wretched being presume to do?"

"Why, Robert, he only lifted her up from the cold marble of the floor, and laid her on a garden-sofa."

"He did? That is enough. I understand the rest. Perfidious woman! You helped him! Your hands met—your eyes——"

"No, Robert, no! I hardly looked at him. But what could we do? Old Storms hasn't the strength of a baby, and I was so frightened!"

"But you talked with him?"

"Only to get all the particulars which the crabbed old man wouldn't talk about. In fact, he tried to make me believe that nothing out of the common had happened; that no strange man had been there; and he was awful huffy with the under-gardener for telling about it. In fact, if I had depended on old Storms, not a soul in this house would have known anything about it."

"We don't know much as it is," muttered the cook, kneading handfuls of butter into her pie-crust, while Ellen made the most of her story.

"Well, you may know this, if you'll take the trouble to understand," answered Ellen, with a toss of her head. "It was full ten minutes before the madam came out of her fainting fit, and when she did, it was to sit up like a ghost and look around with frightened eyes, as if she dreaded something, while old Storms stood by half crying. When she saw me the color came back to her face with a rush, and in her grand way, she asked what I was doing there. When I attempted to answer, she pointed to the door and said,

"Go and leave me. There was nothing the matter, that you should be called. The heavy perfume of the flowers made me faint; but Storms was enough," and she swept by me like a queen.

"Rather hard on you, Ellen. I should say it all meant that you wasn't wanted," said the cook, dusting the flour from her hands with a sort of glee, as she made that a sort of pretence for clapping them.

"I wasn't addressing my conversation to you," replied Ellen, with lofty disdain, and was about to say to Mr. Robert "that when I went into the house madam passed me without a word, and shut herself up in her own room, where she has been these two hours without ringing her bell once. Now I say that looks mysterious."

"Sensationing, at least," answered the footman.

"Please, will you tell some one to empty the basket. I've been away from the store ever so long."

It was the voice of little James, who had been modestly waiting to be noticed while this eager conversation went on, and now addressed Ellen as the most important person in the room.

"Groceries," cried the girl, with a magnificent lift of the head. "Do I look as if groceries belonged to my department, boy?"

"Give 'em to me," cried the cook, swinging the basket up to a dresser with the nerve of a giant. "There is a mighty difference between buttoning a lady's gaiters and cooking her dinner, of course. We are all fine ladies here, only it hasn't got about yet. There, now, run home as quick as you like."

"Has that boy been listening all this time?" cried Ellen, casting angry glances at the blushing young face.

"I—I tried all I could not to hear," said the boy, modestly. "It was not my fault; I wanted to get away from the first."

"Well, mind you hold your tongue about anything I've been saying, or you'll get into trouble, and lose madam's custom."

"That's just as *I* say," answered the cook, defiantly. You stick to your ribbons and curling stick, Ellen Post; I and this boy can get along very well without you. There's your empty basket, my little fellow; now run home, and don't mind what any one says to you but

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myself; but remember, tell cousin Boyce that I want him to run in to-day or to-morrow, having a little business at the Savings Bank for him to attend to, not being one of them stuck-up persons that heap everything on their own looks—I look out for a rainy day, I do."

Here the cook lifted her head in the air and took a deliberate survey of Ellen Post, at which stage of the quarrel James left the kitchen, full of wonder that there could be so much discontent in a house like that.

On his way home, the lad almost ran against a gentleman who was walking slowly along the side-walk. In attempting to avoid the collision his foot slipped, and he fell forward upon the flags with a force that stunned him for a moment. The gentleman lifted him from the stones in considerable agitation, and putting back the hair from his forehead, examined the bruise, which was swelling rapidly upon it.

"My poor boy," he said, in a voice so sweet with compassion that tears swelled into the lad's eyes at once, though the pain of his fall had brought no moisture there.

"Oh, it's nothing, sir! We boys are used to such tumbles. You are only too kind about it. All my own fault, sir, thank you!"

"No, but you are hurt, and need help. I cannot let you go home alone."

James tried to get up a brave laugh, but the blow had made him dizzy, and he staggered forward rather than walked.

"Where do you live? Not far from here, I suppose," inquired the stranger, with gentle kindness.

"Oh! I live in one place and tend store in another," answered the boy.

"You had better go home, then, and I will get a doctor to put something on your forehead."

"What, a doctor for this? Oh, my! that would be funny! The boys would all laugh at me!"

"Still you have had a serious fall, and such things are often dangerous. Tell me where you live?"

"Well, sir, if you insist upon it, I am going right by the house. It won't take long to put a piece of wet paper on a fellow's forehead; and as you want to see it done, I haven't any objection, though mother and Ruthy will be surprised."

So James, unconscious of the tender gratitude which prompted the act, gave one hand to the stranger, and the two walked along together.

"What is your name, my little man?" inquired the stranger, greatly interested in the boy.

"James. James Laurence."

"Laurence? I met a young lady of that name not long ago—a very beautiful young lady."

"Was she in a store?"

"Yes."

"Tall, with eyes that look like water in a shady place?"

"She had soft, pleasant eyes."

"Did she tell you her other name? Was it Eva?"

"That was her name."

"Well, then, you've seen one of the brightest, sweetest, darlingest girls that ever lived, sir; let me tell you that, if she is my sister."

"Then the young lady is really and truly your sister?" said the man, and a strange tone of disappointment broke into his naturally sad voice.

"Really and truly she is my own sister; but no wonder you can't just believe it, she's so much grander and brighter than any of us. I never see a great, stone house like that I have just come away from, without thinking our Eva was made to live in it, and be a queen, with lots of common people to wait on her."

"What house have you just come from, my little friend?"

"Mrs. Lambert's!"

"Ha!"

"It is that great house on the corner, with so many flowers behind it. Eva is so fond of flowers, too. It is she who trains up the morning-glory vines, and plants sweet-peas and crimson beans among them. Sometimes I almost like our little garden as well as Mrs. Lambert's. We plant our own flowers, you see, and that makes a difference in the way one enjoys them."

"It does, indeed! Do you go to Mrs. Lambert's often?"

"I never went there till Mrs. Smith took me into the grocery; but I used to pass by the garden every day. It was a little longer to school through that street, but I loved to walk slow, and look through the iron fence, where the great tea-roses and geraniums seemed to set the ground on fire, and that white-headed old man moving about among them was like a picture. At first he was awful cross, and would order me away, but after awhile, when he saw that I never so much as reached my hand through, he would sometimes chuck a rose, or a sprig of something sweet through the fence, and go away chuckling to himself.

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I always carried the flowers to Ruthy, or our Eva, they are both so fond of them, you know, and this made us all just a little acquainted with the great house up yonder. I dare say the proud lady would think our garden no great things, but the girls love it a good deal better than she loves hers, I know; for go by it ever so often, I hardly ever see her in it."

"Have you ever spoken to the lady?"

"What—me? No, indeed; but she spoke to me once!"

"How was that?"

"One day, when I was walking with sister Eva, she leaned out of her carriage, and looked after us in a strange, earnest way, that made Eva pull down her veil. The next day, as I was going along by the garden-fence, the lady was close by me picking flowers on the other side. I suppose my eyes looked gready for them, for she called to me in a kind, sweet way, and reached some of her flowers through the railing. I was afraid to touch them at first; but she smiled, and said, 'Old Storms had told her how I loved to hang about the railing, and that I had a young lady with me once, who seemed as fond of flowers as I was.' Oh!" I said, "a thousand times more so, Eva loves them better than anything in the world. When I said Eva, the lady seemed to grow restless, and dropped some of her flowers without noticing it."

"That is a singular name," she said, "that is——"

"That is, for poor people," I said, when she stopped, as if afraid of hurting my feelings. "Yes, we all know that; but then our Eva never seemed like poor people. Everybody thinks she is a lady—and so she is, every inch of her. She smiled when I said this, and her face grew red as a rose all in a minute, as if I had been praising her instead of Eva, which wasn't likely, being only a little boy, and she a splendid lady. Then she asked me about my father, who was killed, sir, when we needed him most; and about my mother, who was working so hard to keep us together, and said that, perhaps, she would come some time and see our garden, if it was so pretty; but she never came."

The stranger listened to that frank, young voice with gentle interest, asking a few questions now and then, always calculated to draw out some detail about the lady of the great house, but without directly alluding to her.

"But since then you have been to the house?"

"Yes, sir, after I went into business. That was what took me there to-day."

James spoke guardedly, now he remembered that what he had overheard was not his to tell. The stranger showed no disposition to carry the subject further, but fell into thought, and moved forward as if he had been alone.

"There, there! you can see Eva's morning-glories running up the windows," cried the boy, all at once.

"Is this your home, my boy?"

"Yes, sir, while we can keep it, that is; but who knows what good luck will come next! If I were only a man now!"

"So you long to be a man?" said the stranger, looking down at the lad with sorrowful interest.

"Yes, I do. Then, sir, I would keep that roof over my mother's head in spite of all the mortgages in the world. Oh! how I would work!"

"Brave lad, how I envy you."

"Envy me! Well, yes, I am a good deal happier than any one could expect. Working for women who love you isn't bad fun; but here is the gate, and there is Ruthy, you can see her through the window. Won't she wonder who it is, and what brings me home this time of day!"

"You seem to have forgotten your hurt?"

"No, it feels a little heavy, and smarts some; but I'll pull my cap down not to frighten them. Of course, it's nothing; but then ones mother is so tender of a fellow There!"

James pulled his cap far over his bruised forehead, and opening the gate, invited his strange guest to pass in. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO LIVE OR TO DIE.

BY LAURA BATEMAN.

Is it better to live, or to die?
  Is it better to struggle, or sleep?
Is it better to lie with folded hands,
  Or live on for years—to weep?
It is better to live than to die;
  It is better to struggle than sleep;
For we learn the notes the angels sing,
  Whenover sin makes us weep.
When the toil and battle are over;
  When the crown is fairly won;
Then a voice speaks up in Heaven,
  "Oh! faithful one, well done!"

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

Our first illustration, this month, is a walking-dress for a young lady, which will be particularly suitable, in many parts, at least, of these United States, for the wet, bleak weather of March, and even later. It is a long waterproof cloak, simply scalloped, and bound with black velvet. The collar, cuffs, and lapels of pockets are also of velvet. It can be worn over any old dress: and, indeed, had better be worn over one. Felt hat, trimmed with velvet, and a long gauze veil.

We give, next, a walking-dress for a young lady, to be made of changeable mohair or Leno. It will require fourteen yards; two pieces of narrow, black velvet ribbon, and two of white; eleven yards of mohair fringe; one skirt trimmed with one row of fringe, headed by one row of white velvet, one row of black, one of white. The waist and over-skirt are cut in one, and it is simply a tight-fitting, long basque, open down the back from the waist, cut in long points, which are then tied together. Open shawl-shaped sleeves. Waist trimmed to simulate a small cape, and to match the skirt. The fault of this costume, perhaps, is that it is rather expensive, as all dresses are when trimmed with fringe.

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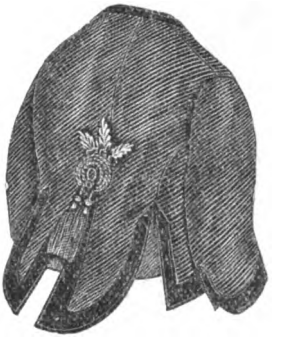
An every-day dress for an elderly lady is our next illustration. Black, of course, is the

most becoming and appropriate for an elderly lady. Alpaca, Australian crape, mohair, and serge are about the most desirable for the spring months. Any of these materials can be bought from fifty cents up to one dollar and fifty cents per yard. Those at fifty cents are very nice for every-day wear.

This dress is made with one skirt; the front width gored—one gore on either side; and the back width straight and full—three in the back. In length it should just touch the floor. A box-plait is laid down the front of the skirt, and it is trimmed with one row of black velvet ribbon, headed by a plaiting of the material. Waist high and plain. Coat-sleeves, trimmed to match the skirt. A cape is added to this dress, which may be worn at pleasure, but will be a very comfortable addition for cool mornings and evenings. Twelve yards of double fold material will be required.

This charming postillion paletot is exceedingly simple. Any young lady can make it after looking at the design, and cutting from any half-fitting sacque pattern that fits. It is made of light gray cloth or black silk, and trimmed with one row of velvet cut on the bias, or the trimming may be of black or colored silk. The front is loose, and the back half-fitting, and slashed up the center and at the sides. A bow and ends, or a gimp ornament, decorates the top of the opening at the



back. The sleeves are coat-shape, cut open five inches on the back. One yard and a half of cloth, or three yards of black silk, will be necessary. This would make a pretty over-jacket to a plain black alpaca every-day dress, made of the same material as the dress.

This useful morning-robe is made of gray serge, and is trimmed with black and white

shepherd's plaid. The bodice is full both at the back and front, and the demi-train is bordered with a gathered flounce, edged at both sides with plaid. The trimmings down the

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front and round the sleeves are in the same style, the round *basque* at the back is entirely of shepherd's plaid, edged with gray fringe From six to eight yards will be required of the serge, and two to three of yards of shepherd's plaid.

For little boys there is very little change in style—the Knickerbocker being the favorite. Some little variation in trimming is all that

can be attained. In this costume, it will be seen, an under-vest is added, and the over-jacket turned back and trimmed with buttons. Coat-braid and lasting buttons are mostly used for trimming. At the knee an elastic seems to be preferred to the strap and buckle, lately introduced. These suits, made in white pique or duck for the summer, are the latest style; or the pants white, and jacket of velveteen, equally stylish.

Here we give one of the most simple, therefore attractive walking-dresses for a little girl

we have seen for many months. Only a pearl-colored delaine, faced with blue, or some other light-colored silk—and so little of it, too, that one yard of silk would trim the whole dress. Five to six yards of delaine will cut the skirt

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and paletot, which is waist and over-skirt in one. Worn over a high-necked linen plaited skirt, nothing could be prettier to our taste. If preferred, the waist part could be cut high to the throat, instead of surplice, as our design calls for. A belt and bow completes it.

We close with an engraving of an in-door waist, for every-day wear, (for which see preceding page.) This waist is made of blue, scarlet, or white delaine, cashmere, or merino. Of merino or cashmere, one yard and a half are sufficient, delaine three yards; one dollar and fifty cents will purchase the material, and the trimming can be of black lace, velvet, or ribbon; or what would be less expensive, braid some simple pattern with black or white silk braid, following the heart-shape seen in the design. The waist can be cut after any "Parodi" pattern, only observing to cut it from four to six inches longer in the waist, just like a loose sacque; put drawing-strings at the back, and the whole is to be belted in under the dress-skirt. This is a very pretty and fashionable way of wearing (with it) old skirts of dresses, at home: and such a trifling expense produces such a good effect.

NOTE-PAPER CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give here two illustrations of a pretty Note-Paper Case. One represents the case shut, the other represents it open. To make this case, velvet, cloth, or reps, lined with silk or glazed calico, may be used. Braid may be laid on, or any little embroidery pattern will serve to ornament the case, and the initials of the owner should also be introduced, if you wish to make the case complete. The case is just large enough to contain notes on the ordinary size of note-paper, without folding. A button and loop of silk serve to close the case. A loop of ribbon is fastened inside, at the top, to hold a pencil.

HANDKERCHIEF CORNER

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EMBROIDERED BAG.

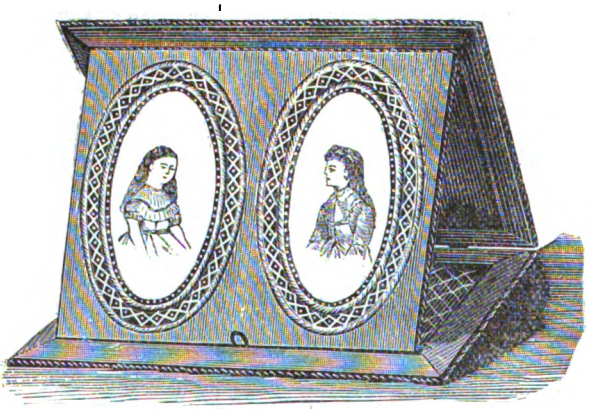
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, here, an illustration of a pretty little Embroidered Bag. It may be made of velvet, cloth, or silk. It is embroidered, on each side, as will be seen, with a net-work pattern of gold thread.

The handles should be of gold thread. Yellow silk may be used, when gold thread cannot be had, or is not desired; but in this case the handles should be made of yellow, twisted silk also.

CASE FOR PHOTOGRAPHS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This Case is in the form of a book, and made to shut up. Cut out two pieces of thick pasteboard six inches and a half long and five inches wide. Cover the piece intended for the top both inside and outside with brown silk. The outside piece should first be embroidered with black or colored silk. The piece intended for the bottom cover, line inside with brown silk quilted with white, and cover the outside with brown silk. Join these two covers on one of

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the long ends with two elastics half an inch wide, at a distance of one inch from the corners Then stitch on to the short ends on the inside of the top cover an elastic six inches and a half long, to be drawn over the bottom cover when the case is closed. For the frames for the photographs, take a piece of pasteboard and two pieces of brown silk five inches and a half long and four inches wide. Cut out two ovals in the pasteboard, according to the illustration, and mark out these ovals on the silk destined for the upper side of the frame. Outside this mark work a small border in chain-stitch and point Russe, with black silk interspersed with black beads. Then cut out the ovals in the two pieces of silk, allowing for turnings. Sew the silk over the pasteboard along the two short ends and one long end, also round the oval openings, where a black bead should be sewn in with each stitch. On the wrong side fasten an elastic across the middle, to keep the photographs in their place. Put a rim half an inch wide, covered with brown silk, all round the outer covers, and in sewing this on, sew in the one side of the frame so that the rim falls over the frame. Sew a thin brown silk cord round the edge of the frame, and a thicker one round the covers.

NEW STYLE BODICE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

THIS new and pretty style of Bodice forms a postilion basque behind, and a simulated waistcoat and jacket in front—as may be seen from our two engravings, one representing the front, and the other the back. It may be made of the same material as the dress, or of merino, cashmere, or alpaca, or even of velvet, if a more expensive material is desired. It should be trimmed with black velvet ribbon or braid. The simulated waistcoat may be made of silk, or velvet, or of the same material as the basque itself.

We also give a diagram by which to cut out this basque. It consists of four pieces, viz:—

No. 1. THE FRONT.
No. 2. THE SIDE-PIECE.
No. 3. THE BACK.
No. 4. THE SLEEVE.

The notches at the sides show how the pieces are to be joined. There are three notches on the front, two on the back and side-piece, and one on the shoulder-seam. The longest of the pricked lines on the front denotes the position for placing the trimming to simulate the waistcoat, and the two short lines the darts or plaits

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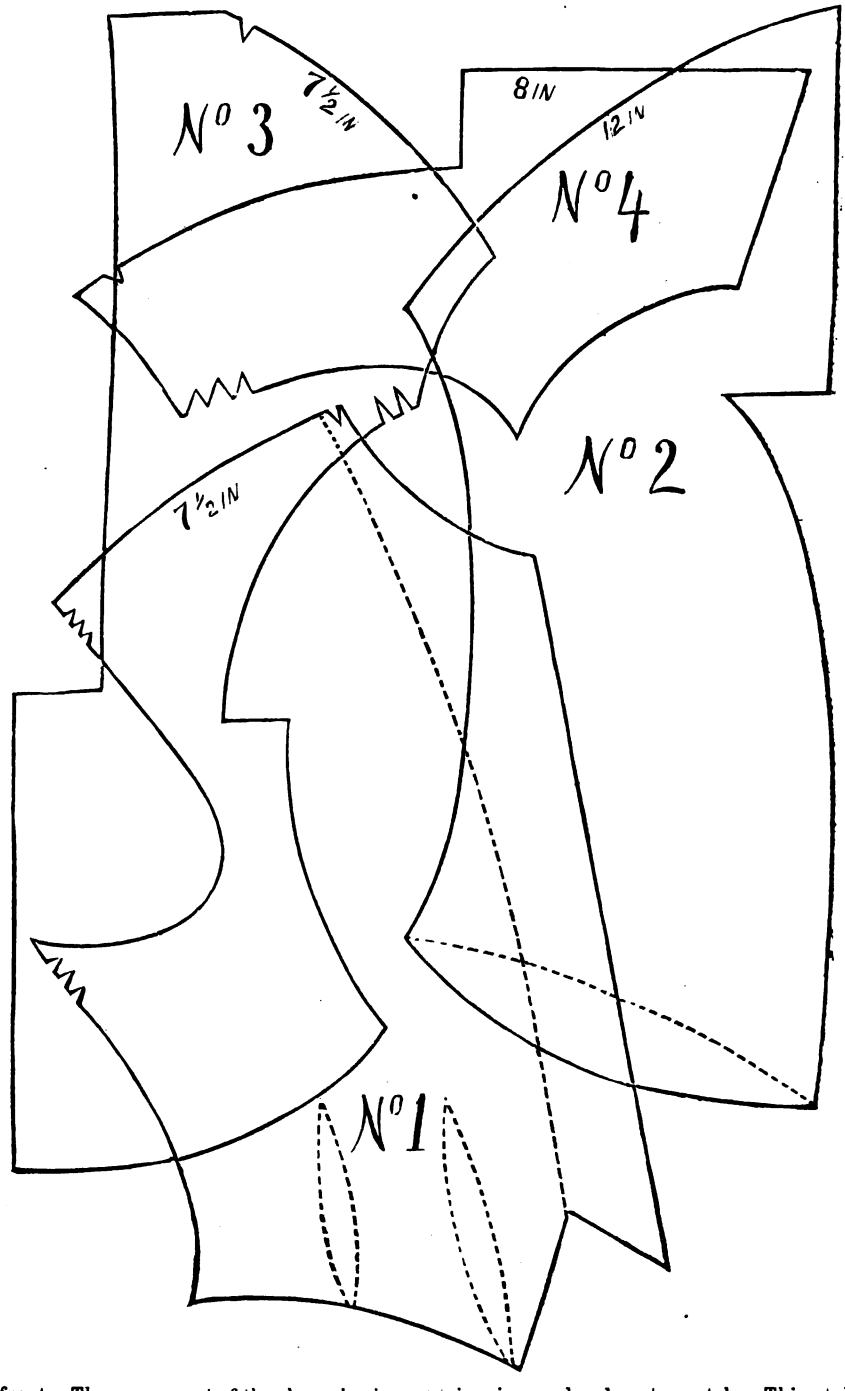

in front. The upper part of the sleeve is given. There is a join down the back of the arm, and the frill at the bottom of the sleeve is laid on a box-plait, and finished off with a band of trimming and a bow to match. This style of bodice would look well made of black velvet, with a quilted satin waistcoat, provided the wearer desires a rather expensive one.

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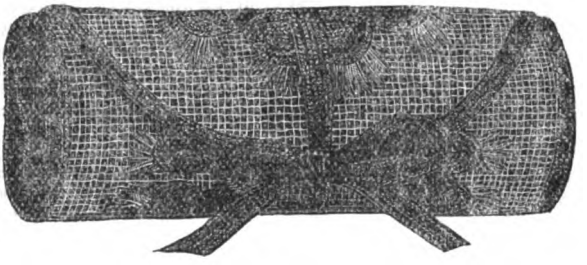
HOUSEWIFE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The materials are light-yellow Panama canvas, red cloth, a yard and a half of red silk braid, an inch and a half broad, red, black, and white filoselle, unbleached fine union, two white porcelain buttons.

For the outer covering, take a piece of canvas thirteen inches and a half long, and seven inches broad, and round it off at the end that wraps over.

The braid pattern, ornamenting the Panama canvas, may be imitated from the illustration, or may be selected after your own taste. This braid, at distances of half an inch, is drawn in folds and fastened upon the canvas with loose stitches of red, black, and white filoselle. The stitches extending from each side of the braid are worked with red, black, and with white filoselle.

The little separate knots are red. The inner arrangement is in unbleached linen, worked in herring-bone stitch. A rounded piece of red cloth is placed for the needle. The outer edge is bound with red braid, which is also used for closing the housewife.

BANNER FIRE-SCREEN: IN APPLIQUE.

In the front of the number, we give a pattern, printed in colors, for a very beautiful Banner Fire-Screen. The materials are white silk for the foundation, red silk, some pieces of black satin or velvet, red and black sewing-silk for fringe, some black braid or narrow velvet ribbon.

Cut out of the white silk the screen, and line it with some white muslin (Silesia) is the best. Cut out of the red silk the cross-bars, or they may be put on of ribbon. Edge these pieces either with black embroidery braid, two rows sewed on flat, or with narrow, black velvet ribbon. The ornaments are cut out of pieces of black velvet, and slightly gummed upon the under side, arranged in their places, and when thoroughly dried, are sewed down with button-hole stitch. Finish with a fringe tied in blocks of the black and red sewing-silk, add loops at the upper end, and the whole to be mounted upon a walnut stand. With but little alteration, this design may be used for a Sunday-School Banner, by leaving off the lower cross-bar of red silk; then the design becomes a Cross, and the colors may be altered to suit the occasion.

EMBROIDERED BORDER FOR TABLE-COVER.

In the front of the number, we give an engraving of an Embroidered Border for a Table-Cover. It is a very beautiful design. The chain-stitch edges of the scalloped leaves—worked always in silk of one color—are alternately Turkish blue, dark-red, black, and gold color; the veins worked in stalk-stitch are, with the exception of the yellow leaf, worked with green-shaded silk; the veins of the latter are in one shade of blue-green. Raised flowers in black, light yellow, green, blue, dark-red, and lilac following each other, having always a thick but loose little knot, of a color forming a contrast in the middle, ornament the empty spaces between the leaves. These leaves are joined to each other at equal distances, by double lines of chain-stitch, in two shades of brown, forming scallops and straight lines.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

About Riding-Habits.—Among the figures, in our colored steel fashion-plate, this month, is that of a young girl on horseback, in a new and stylish riding-habit, a description of which will be found in our fashion department. This seasonable and pretty costume has suggested to us to make some remarks about riding-habits generally.

England sets the fashion in this one article of a lady's attire, and it is the only thing in which she does set the fashion. But as more fine horsewomen can be seen, on a clear day, in Hyde Park, than anywhere else in the world, so more elegant riding-habits can be seen there also. This season, habits are made, in London, fuller and longer than of late years. The plan adopted by some habit-makers of goring the skirts in a peculiar way, which became the rage two years ago, has not continued in favor. Such habits were supposed never to work up, and show the feet, but they often did, like every other short habit, and were not so graceful when on. The most elegant horsewoman in Hyde Park, a very celebrated countess, has given up these short habits altogether; and everybody is hastening to follow her example. We do not wonder at this. We can speak from experience of the inconvenience of too short a habit. Cloth, thicker or thinner, according to the season of the year, is the most fashionable material. Dark-blue, light-blue, and dark-green, are still more in favor than black, which shows every mark: but you do see a few gray habits occasionally.

Riding-hats are worn very low, and with very narrow rims. Nobody who pretends to style wears anything now but these low, stove-pipe hats. We are sorry for this, for the velvet, cavalier hat, with its drooping feather, was much prettier. The hair is dressed for riding in every conceivable way: with plaited chatelaine braids, in large coils, in the old-fashioned chignon, in the double chignon, etc.; and, to accommodate a good many of these fashions of hair-dressing, hats are sent out of the best hat-makers' shops, in London, cut out at the back, to enable them to stay on the head at all. As it is, they are worn far too low on the forehead to be altogether becoming. The forms of veils are various. Strips of black, white, and spotted tulle, and merely pinned round the hat, are a good deal worn; while others are made up into pretty bows, with ends at the back of the hat. The best way to secure these is to have a piece of elastic run through the actual veil, and fastened round the crown; this enables it to fall more becomingly full over the brim.

Straight linen collars are more generally worn than any other kind. Muslin bows or tulle bows seem quite to have superseded the small, round brooches that were formerly worn; and when white bows are not adopted, colored ribbon neck-tyes seem to have taken their place. It is a great mistake not to have as simple a riding-dress as possible: the less color about it the better. White gloves and lavender seem the rule; riding-gloves, such as are worn in the country, are rarely seen in Hyde Park. Wellington boots are in favor; one often catches a glimpse of them during a gallop.

The bodies of the habits are, if possible, plainer than formerly, straighter at the waist in the front, and the basque at the back larger and squarer; though the old-fashioned swallow-tail is still to be seen frequently enough. Pocket-handkerchiefs are pretty generally now tucked into the front of the habit-body; and, not content with just displaying a corner, it seems now the thing to sport one with a great deal of lace about it, and to display this lace as though it were a frill made after the fashion of those worn by our great grandfathers in the front of their shirts.

Every Woman Should Know How to Cook.—Not only health, but happiness also, often depends on the head of the household knowing how to cook. Even where a woman is rich enough to keep plenty of servants, she should know how to cook, for it will frequently happen—so scarce are good servants—that she will have to instruct a cook, or else always have badly-prepared food sent up to her table. It is a mistake to suppose that good cooking means luxury. On the contrary, it means good digestion, and, therefore, good health; while bad cooking means dyspepsia, ill-health, and ill-humor also. It is not necessary, in order to avoid luxurious living, to run into the opposite extreme. Good cookery does not consist in producing the highest seasoned dishes, nor such as foster a morbid appetite, but in preparing every dish well, however simple or common it may be. There are, for instance, families who never eat any good bread from one year's end to another, and have no idea of what it consists. Nor are meats cooked any better in some households. Those little, simple, and healthy delicacies, which the good housekeeper knows intuitively how to produce, are never seen here. Even a dish of potatoes cannot get themselves well-boiled. A member of the family might as well fall among Hottentots, as far as any proper cooking is concerned. These things ought not to be, nor is there any need of their existence, if the wife has any just notions of her obligations to herself and those about her.

The science of bread-making, meat-broiling, stewing, roasting, and boiling, of vegetable cooking, and of preparing the multifarious small dishes of all sorts, which go to make pleasant the table, and all about, are hers—hers to understand and practice. It is no degradation for a wife to do these things, any more than it is for her husband to follow a profession, or work at a manual art. Fifty years ago, every woman, no matter how rich her parents were, was taught systematically to cook. Is it a wonder that good cooks are now scarce, when there is nobody left to teach them? We boast of this age as an age of progress, but in some things we think it is the reverse. And the neglect of good cooking is one of those things.

How Is It Done?—The Williamsport (Md.) Pilot says, speaking of this Magazine:—"How such superb engravings, such finely colored fashion-plates and patterns, to say nothing of its admirable stories, can be furnished a whole year for two dollars, is one of the mysteries of art." We answer that the mystery is a very simple one. We have such a large circulation, that we can afford to give more, for the money, than anybody else. Moreover, having been in the *business* longer than most of our cotemporaries, it is to be presumed that we know better what are the public tastes. We have lived and worked in vain, in fact, if we do not.

Lonesome Without It.—An old subscriber writes to us:—"I must have your Magazine, even if I have to do with one dress less, this year." Another writes:—"I have been a subscriber for fifteen years, and I should prefer denying myself almost any other thing. The house would be lonesome without it."

Can't Do Without It.—A lady writes to us:—"I thought, at first, I would make a change, this year; but after seeing the other lady's magazines, I found I could not do as well as by continuing to take 'Peterson.' So I now enclose two dolllars."

"All Day Long."—This poem, in the last number, should have been credited to Eben E. Rexford.

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WHAT WE GIVE PREMIUMS FOR.—A subscriber is informed that we do not give premium engravings to subscribers in addition to the Magazine. *All the money we can afford we put into the Magazine itself.* Of course, if we gave a premium, in addition, to each subscriber, we should have to take the cost of the premium out of the Magazine, which would render it poorer. We give premiums to persons getting up clubs, *in order to remunerate them for their trouble.* The Magazine itself is worth all we ask for it, and does not need to be supplemented by a gift! But we sell our premium engravings to subscribers, at a merely nominal price. Our fair correspondent, who is a club subscriber, can have either of our large-sized engravings for one dollar. To persons, not subscribers, the price is two dollars. But if our correspondent will get up a club, at the prices named in the Prospectus, she will be entitled to an engraving gratis. This will be our acknowledgment for her trouble in soliciting subscribers and forwarding the money. Does she now understand? *This Magazine is worth all that is asked for it.* We do not have to bribe people to subscribe for it.

IT IS STILL IN TIME to get up clubs for "Peterson" for 1871. Additions, too, may be made to clubs at the price paid by the rest of the club. When enough names have thus been added to make a second club, the sender will be entitled to a second premium, or premiums, as the case may be. Thus, for five subscribers, at $1.60, we send an extra copy, and also "Washington at the Battle of Trenton," as premiums. Now the person sending us such a club, may add subscribers at $1.60 each, at any time during the year, and when enough have been sent to make five additional ones, then the sender will be entitled to another extra copy, and a choice of either of our premium engravings. At $1.50 a subscriber, eight, in all, must be sent, to entitle you to the extra copy and engraving.

NO FALLING OFF.—The steel engraving, "Charlie In Trouble," in this number, is unusually good. So, everybody says, was the one in the February number, "Mamma's Head Nurse." In fact, either of these are better if possible, than those in our January number, handsome as they were.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Shakspeare's Merchant of Venice. Edited by William J. Rolfe. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The merits of this edition are, first, that the text has been carefully revised and annotated, and a few objectionable parts expunged; and, second, that the play is printed in a volume by itself, and bound in a flexible cloth cover, making it light and convenient to handle. A very great objection to most editions of Shakspeare is, that several plays are printed in one volume, so that the book is cumbersome and inconvenient. In England, an edition has been published, in which each play is in a volume by itself, and is bound, as this, in a flexible cover. We hope the Harpers will not stop with this one play, but will give the American public all of Shakspeare's plays, or at least the best of them, in a style to match "The Merchant of Venice."

Puss-Cat Mew, and Other Stories for my Children. By F. H. Knotchbull-Hyessen, M. P. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The best told stories for children we have read for years. The author is a member of the British Parliament, who says the tales were originally told to amuse his children, and are now printed in the hope that they may amuse others as much as they seemed to delight his. The illustrations also are excellent.

A Siren. By T. Adolphus Trollope. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A cheap edition of this writer's most recent novel. The scene of the story is laid in Italy, and parts of it are in the author's very best manner.

The Life of Charles Dickens. By L. Shelton Mackenzie, L.L. D. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The success of this book, which is now in its twelfth edition, might be considered extraordinary, if it was not for its many and positive merits, which render that success deserved. Though nearly a year has elapsed since the death of Mr. Dickens, and many memoirs of him have appeared, this one remains altogether the best. We are quite sure, moreover, that it will long hold this superiority, for no one other writer had, or is likely to have, the same advantages that Dr. Mackenzie possessed. To those who would know what sort of man Dickens was, and how he rose to "his great eminence," this volume is invaluable.

Frank Forester's Sporting Scenes. By H. W. Herbert. 2 *vols.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—Nobody in America has written better, or more fully, on sporting matters than the late Mr. Herbert. In these two volumes we have a complete account of all kinds of game in both England and America, as well as of the best methods of shooting, and other kinds of sporting. The book is illustrated with original designs by Darley. It is a new and improved edition. We first read it, and with great pleasure, many years ago, and are glad to welcome it again, and in so handsome an edition. Though many similar books have been published, since its first appearance, it still maintains, we think, its old supremacy.

Morning and Evening Exercises: Selected from the Published and Unpublished Writings of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Edited by Lyman Abbott. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The plan of this book is to give two texts for every day of the year, one for the morning and one for the evening, and to accompany each with remarks from the pen of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. In this way, not only are fitting subjects for religious thought provided for the entire twelvemonth, but great aids also are given to meditation. The volume is neatly printed. It contains nearly six hundred pages, and is embellished with a portrait of Mr. Beecher.

Light at Evening Time: A Book of Support and Comfort for the Aged. Edited by John Stanford Holme, D. D. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Not only is the subject matter of this work excellent, and such as is peculiarly suitable for the comfort of aged persons, but the volume is printed in very large and clear type, on the whitest of paper, so as to be legible to failing eyes.

A German Reader. By George F. Comfort, A. M. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is intended to succeed the "German Course," by the same author, and is designed especially for students in Colleges, Academies, and High Schools. The selections are from the best German writers of the present century.

Birth and Education. By Marie S. Schwartz. Translated from the Swedish. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—The writer of this fiction is very popular in Sweden, and comes highly recommended, in the volume before us, with a letter from Nilsson, the great vocalist. Lee & Shepard announce other novels from the same pen.

Kathie Stories. By Miss A. M. Douglas. 3 *vols.: Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—Three charmingly-told stories, each in a different volume. The names are, "Kathie's Three Wishes," "Kathie's Aunt Ruth," and "Kathie's Summer at Cedarwood." They are excellent reading for children.

The Bottom of the Sea. By L. Sonrel. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: C. Scribner & Co.*—Another of that capital series, the "Illustrated Library of Wonders." This volume, like all the rest, is full of engravings.

Hide and Seek. By Wilkie Collins. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A cheap, double-column octavo edition of a very powerfully-written story. The plots of Mr. Collins are always interesting.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

SEA-MOSS FARINE is creating a great sensation in the food market, and its uses, as set forth by the reports of scientific experts, are many and various. In the first place, when employed in the preparation of puddings, custards, blanc-mange, creams, gruels, and scores of other delicacies for the family table or the sick-room, it adds largely to the quantity of nutriment derivable from the other materials; and in the second place renders the dish, whatever it may be, far more digestible and agreeable to the taste than it would have been without this cheap and pure ingredient. Such is the testimony of a large number of the most prominent hotel-keepers in New York and other cities. It is being used largely in all the hospitals, and will prove a lasting blessing to the poor.

A CHOICE OF SIX ENGRAVINGS, all large-sized for framing, is given to any person getting up a club for "Peterson's Magazine." The engravings are, "Bunyan in Jail," "Bunyan on Trial," "Washington Parting from His Generals," "The Star of Bethlehem," "Our Father, Who Art In Heaven," and "Washington at the Battle of Trenton." When no choice is made, this last is sent, as being the newest. For large clubs an extra copy of the Magazine is sent in addition. But see the Prospectus on the last page of this number.

THE FEBRUARY NUMBER of "Peterson's Magazine" has proved more popular, if possible, than even the January number. The Sparta (Wis.) Eagle says of it:—"On opening this number the first sight that greets us is 'Mamma's Head Nurse.' *We have never seen a more beautiful picture in a magazine.* The fashion-plate is uncommonly rich, and it will do our lady readers good to see the 'Mat in Astrakan Work.' The contents of this number are very chaste." Other newspapers speak even more highly of the number. In every direction it seems to have achieved a great success.

CHARLES DICKENS' WORKS. THE PEOPLE'S EDITION, in a new style of binding, green morocco cloth, beveled boards, full gilt descriptive back, and medallion portrait on sides in gilt, in nineteen handy volumes, 12 mo., fine paper, large, clear type, and nearly two hundred illustrations on tinted paper. Price, a set, thirty-six dollars: being the handsomest and best edition ever published for the price. Sent by express on receipt of price. Address T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WORTH HALF THE SUBSCRIPTION.—The Greenville (Tenn.) Sentinel says of the February number of Peterson's Magazine:—"Its first page is adorned with a most lovely steel engraving, 'Mamma's Head Nurse,' worth half the subscription price."

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE to subscribe, either singly or in clubs, for "Peterson." Back numbers for the year can always be supplied. The novelet of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, this year, is alone worth the cost of the twelve numbers. Nowhere else can you get so much for your money.

A PROOF OF REFINEMENT.—"I notice, in the families I visit," writes a lady, who sends a club, "that magazines are taken, just in proportion to the refinement of the family. To see 'Peterson,' with its beautiful engravings, on the center-table, is a proof of culture and elegance."

HANS BREITMANN AS AN UHLAN is the title of a new book by Charles G. Leland, author of the now famous "Breitmann Ballads." The volume contains Six New Poems by Hans Breitmann, viz: "Hans Breitmann's Vision," "Hans Breitmann in a Balloon," "Hans Breitmann and Bouilli," "Hans Breitmann takes the town of Nancy," "Hans Breitmann in Bivouac," and "Hans Breitmann's Last Party." It represents Hans as scouting over France, laying houses and villages under heavy contribution. The portrait of "Hans Breitmann as an Uhlan," on the cover, is indescribably funny. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chestnut street, are the publishers. Price, seventy-five cents.

ROSES AND ROSE-GARDENS.

MANURE FOR ROSES.—In our January number we gave directions how to lay out rose-gardens, and in our February number we described the kinds of soils best suited for roses. In this number and the next we shall speak of the manures proper for roses.

We were seeking for the right manure for a long while before we found it. We tried a multiplicity of preparations, organic and inorganic, cheap and costly. At last we discovered it. Where? Not down among the bones. We tried bones of all denominations—bones in their integrity, bones crushed, bones powdered, bones dissolved with sulphuric and muriatic acid, as Liebig bade; and we have a very high admiration for the bone as a most sure and fertilizing manure. For agricultural purposes, for turnips, for grass recently laid down, or for a starved, exhausted pasture, whereupon you may write your name with it; and in horticulture, for the lighter soils, for the vine-border, for plants (the Pelargonium especially) it is excellent; but in the Rosary, although a good manure, it is not the *best* of manures.

Nor up the chimney—though, for roses on the Manetti stock, and for Tea-Roses, soot is good manure, and useful as a surface-dressing for hot, dry soils. Nor among the autumn leaves, although these also, decayed to mould, are very advantageous to the Teas, Noisettes, and Bourbons, and to all roses grown on their own roots. Sure and great is their reviving power, which gives back to the ground, according to the gracious law of Providence, the strength which was borrowed from it, but not so great as that old lady hoped, who, bringing home a mistaken impression, after listening to a conversation between two gardeners on the beneficial influence of leaf-mould on Tea-Roses, collected for weeks the morning and evening remains of the tea-pot, and applied them to her rose-trees "to transform them," as she told her acquaintances, "into tea-scented Chinas next summer."

Nor, crossing the seas, among those bird-islands of Peru, Bolivia, Patagonia, where, rainless, barren, deserted, as they seemed to man, the fish-fed fowls of the ocean were accumulating for centuries a treasure-heap more precious than gold —millions upon millions of tons of rich manure, which has multiplied the food of nations throughout the civilized world, and still remains in immense abundance for us and generations after us. *Guano, nevertheless, is not the manure* for roses. Its influence is quickly and prominently acknowledged by additional size and brightness of foliage, but the efflorescence, so far as my experiments have shown, derives no advantage as to vigor or beauty; and even on the leaf the effect is transitory.

No! the *real* manure for roses, is, after all, farm-yard manure. Now, what do we mean by farm-yard manure? By farm-yard manure we mean all the manures of the straw-yard, solid and fluid, horse, cow, pig, poultry, in conjunction. Let a heap be made near the Rosarium, (if you live in the country,) not suppressing the fumes of a natural fermentation by an external covering, but forming underneath a central drain, having lateral feeders, and at the lower end an external tank, so that the rich extract, full of carbonate

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of ammonia, and precious as attar, may not be wasted, but may be used either as liquid manure in the Rosary, or pumped back again.

How long should it remain in the heap before it is fit for application to the soil? The degree of decomposition to which farm-yard dung should arrive before it can be deemed a profitable manure, must depend on the texture of the soil, the nature of the plants, and the time of its application. In general, clayey soils, more tenacious of moisture, and more benefited by being rendered incohesive and porous, may receive manure less decomposed than more pulverized soils require. Again, the season when manure is applied is also a material circumstance. In spring and summer the object is to produce an immediate effect, and it should therefore be more completely decomposed than may be necessary when it is laid on in autumn, for a crop whose condition will be almost stationary for several months. It was our custom for many years to apply a good covering of long, fresh manure to our rose-trees toward the end of November, and to dig it in about the end of March; and we are still of opinion that for rose-trees on their own roots, especially the more tender varieties, such as Teas and Bourbons, and for roses on the Manetti stock, this system is advantageous. The straw acts as a protection from frost, and the manure is gradually absorbed, to the enrichment of the soil and nourishment of the roots. But we have since found, that as our roses do not require such protection, except when recently transplanted, we obtain a more satisfactory result by digging in the manure, well decomposed, at the beginning of winter, and by giving a surface-dressing, when it seems most required, in the spring.

The most forcing stimulant that can be given to roses is a compost formed of horse-droppings from the roads or stable, and malt, or kiln-dust, to be obtained from any malt-kiln, equal quantities. This, well mixed, should then be spread out in a bed one foot thick, and thoroughly saturated with strong liquid manure, pouring it over the compost gently for, say two days—so that it is gradually absorbed, The compost is then fit for a summer surface-dressing, either for roses in pots, in beds, or standard roses. It should be applied, say in April, and again in May and June, about an inch thick, in a circle round the tree, from twelve to eighteen inches in diameter. This compost is not adapted for mixing with the soil that is placed among the roots, but is for a summer surface-dressing only; and care must be taken that it is not placed in a heap or ridge after it has been mixed, for then fermentation is so violent that the smell becomes intolerable. So powerful is this confection, that we have found one application quite sufficient; and this we apply, when the rose-buds are formed and swelling, toward the end of May, or in a late season, the beginning of June. We wait for the indications of rain, that the fertilizing matter may be at once washed down to the roots; and it never fails to act.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

THAT WOMEN MUST HAVE some light work to do if they desire to remain healthful, is a truth becoming generally known, even among those who are sometimes described as "devotees of fashion." Medical men constantly prescribe this remedy for their lady patients; one eminent physician in New York frequently insists on his patients making up their own beds and arranging their rooms in imitation of their housemaids. But Boston has improved on this. It has established a horticultural hospital, or school. Weak girls attend this to learn ostensibly how to cultivate flowers, but in reality to gradually accustom them to such hard work as will restore them to health. A place has been hired at Newton Center, for one thousand two hundred dollars per annum. It has on it a house capable of accommodating eighteen scholars. There was a green-house built sixty by twenty-one feet. The girls actually added another green-house seventeen feet square, putting up the building, nailing on the boards, and doing the glazing themselves. They have in these houses three thousand five hundred plants, which have been potted and repotted, processes involving a great amount of labor. In addition there is a vegetable garden on the premises. It is hardly necessary to say that all the flowers that can be raised are quickly bought up, and that, although this was not the primary object of the institution, it is making money. The hours and the duties of the day are: Breakfast, seven-thirty; half an hour free; work in the garden or green-house until noon; dinner and recreation until two P. M.; then an hour's lecture upon horticultural subjects, followed by an hour's instruction in bouquet-making. From four to six there is further work in the green-house or garden. When weak girls go first to this institution they can with difficulty work two hours a day. After a short time they are able to spend eight hours, their health, appetite, and strength increasing in corresponding proportions. This is an excellent therapeutic experiment. Moreover, it has been found to pay. Why, then, will not those looking out for woman's work try whether it could not be made an equally successful financial experiment? A few months ago, one of our most valued contributors, wrote a story, which appeared in these pages, recommending something like this very scheme. Perhaps, even, the hint of this institution was taken from her article.

WINDOW GARDENING.

FAVORITE WINDOW PLANTS.—Among the many soft-wooded plants that are considered suitable for house-culture, not more than a dozen can really be called desirable, after we have selected as our first choice geraniums, heliotropes, stevias and eupatoriums; and those are the following:

The Calceolaria—its name comes from the Latin for shoe—the blossom resembles an ancient Roman slipper—singularly beautiful with its heavy clusters of golden, crimson, maroon, or rose-colored flowers—sometimes plainly tinted, at others curiously mottled and flecked. It needs a sandy soil—garden earth and common sand in equal proportions; should be kept rather warm, in an atmosphere of sixty degrees to sixty-five degrees by day, and fifty degrees at night; and be sparingly watered. Give liquid manure once a week after the flower-buds start. Pot old plants in May, keep them in a warm but shady place, out-of-doors, till September, with only water enough to prevent them from drooping. Before potting cut them in closely; and make new plants of those cuttings by rooting them in moist sand under a glass in the sunshine; or plant the seed in a sunny and sheltered spot. In August pot them, and tie carefully to a light trellis till they are two feet high, then trim off the most slender branches—in fact, cut them in pretty close and let them stand alone. This is a delicate plant, but may be strengthened and hardened by this close trimming, and a careful management of its supplies of heat and moisture. It needs a good deal of air—does best when wide-breathing space is allowed.

The Lantana requires similar soil and treatment to the Calceolaria—except that it is of a stouter, a more woody nature, and needs no support. Its compact head of flowers of different and changing hues—white, crimson, scarlet, orange, and yellow, sometimes all in the same spike, is always an object of great interest, though its peculiar perfume is not universally agreeable.

The Chrysanthemum (it gets its name from the Greek words for gold and flower—many species bear yellow flowers,) though commonly classed with out-of-door plants, should be made to lend its beauty to every parlor through the months of October, November, and December. After

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flowering, Chrysanthemums must be set in a dark, cool place—a cellar, or any damp, dark place where they will not freeze—till May. Then give them the same treatment as Pyrethrums, with which they are often classed; but they require free watering. Soap-suds will make them grow stout and strong through the summer. After they are potted, give liquid manure twice a week till the buds begin to unfold, then withhold it entirely.

Another splendid flowering plant, which has been supposed, until recently, to expend all its energies during the autumnal months, and to require the open air for the perfection of its beauty, is the Salvia. *Salvia angustifolia*, with its elegant foliage and long spikes of clear blue flowers, is particularly fine; so is *S. patens*, bearing blossoms of a still more "heavenly hue;" yet none are so attractive, nor so hardy, as *S. splendens*, or scarlet sage, with its plumes of dazzling scarlet. Any of the Salvias are easily raised from cuttings; trim all the foliage from these slips and set them in damp sand to root. Start them in May. When rooted, set them in the garden, but keep them shaded from the sun with a paper screen till the new leaves are well developed. Water freely. In September pot those you wish for the house, and pinch out the buds. If then left to themselves they will store up strength for the winter. But before the frosts come, be sure to take them within-doors, and give the fertilizer once a week till in bloom. Cut them to the root in May, and set the root in the garden. It is best to start new plants every year for the house. Salvias need a light loamy soil, and a temperature of sixty degrees by day, and forty-five degrees by night.

Aloysia citriodora—called by some Lippia, in memory of a French botanist—ought to have had mention among arborescent plants. This is the lemon-scented or sweet verbena. The flowers are of small account, but its elegant fragrant foliage and generally neat appearance gain much admiration. Trim old plants and repot them in the spring. Root the trimmings in wet sand, under a glass; then give those young plants a soil of garden earth, vegetable mould and gravel in equal proportions. Set the pots in a garden-bed, plunged to their rims, till September; then stir the soil often with an old table-fork, water sparingly, giving liquid manure once a week; take them to the parlor in October. let them have the sun six hours every day, keep the atmosphere moist, and not above sixty-five degrees by day or forty-five degrees by night, and they will flourish wonderfully.—*Horticulturalist.*

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

Calf's-Head.—Clean it very nicely, and soak it in water that it may look very white; take out the tongue and salt it, and also remove the brains to make a small dish. Boil the head till extremely tender, then strew it over with bread-crumbs and chopped parsley, and brown it. Serve with rolled slices of bacon. Boil the brains with melted butter, scalded sage, chopped, pepper and salt; put them on a dish, and place the tongue in the middle. *Calf's-Head a la Hollandaise.*—Put half a pint of split peas in water for twelve hours, then mix them with a pound of whole rice; place a calf's-head, scalded and properly prepared, into a deep dish, laying the peas and rice round it; pour over two quarts of water, season with pepper and salt, color with a little saffron, and bake. *Calf's-Head Roasted.*—Cleanse the head well, bone, and dry it. Make a seasoning of pepper, salt, beaten mace, cloves, nutmeg, some fat bacon, cut very small and grated; strew this over the head thickly, roll up, skewer, and tie with tape; roast, and baste with butter. Prepare a good veal gravy, thickened with butter rolled in flour, and add mushrooms and oysters. Serve with this sauce.

Pigeon-Pie.—Cut into quarters two young pigeons, and rub them with pepper, salt, and herb seasoning; cut also into four pieces a pound of thick rump-steak, which lay at the bottom of the dish. Boil four eggs ten minutes, and take out the hard yolks, which lay between the pigeons upon the steak; pour in a gill of gravy or water, cover with puff-paste, and in a hole in the center put three pigeons' feet, carefully cleaned and baked. Some prefer cutting the pigeons in half and adding a few slices of lean ham; or the egg-yolks may be beaten in a mortar, and mixed with herbs and seasoning, and made into balls, or mixed with the parboiled liver of the pigeons, and used as stuffing. Lay steak over as well as under the pigeons.

A Very Nice Dish of Mutton and Mashed Potatoes.—Cut the meat in small pieces, and stew in a little gravy, to which add a dessertspoonful of mushroom or walnut catchup. Stew till hot. Thicken with a little flour and butter mixed, and serve on a dish surrounded by mashed potatoes. An inexpensive gravy for all stews, hashes, etc., may be made of a large onion, some whole pepper, a piece of bread toasted brown, but not burned, and a dessertspoonful of walnut catchup boiled in a pint of water.

Cold Beef Hashed with Vinegar.—Take some cold roast-beef, beef-steak, or the meat from a shin which has been boiled for soup; cut it in pieces about half an inch square; season with Cayenne pepper and salt to the taste. Take as much vinegar as would cover the meat; boil in it a few grains of whole allspice and a couple of cloves; pour it over the meat while boiling hot, and stand it away to get cold. This is a nice dish for supper or luncheon.

VEGETABLES.

Spinach a la Francaise.—Cut and wash, place it in a sauce-pan with a little salt and boiling water; when tender, strain off the liquor, and throw the spinach into clear, cold, spring water, take small portions of it, and having pressed the water from it, chop it finely. Lay in a stew-pan a piece of butter, add the spinach to it, keeping it stirred until the butter is absorbed by the vegetable, dredge in a spoonful of flour, until it is commingled with the spinach, add three large spoonfuls of rich veal gravy, let it boil quickly, keep it stirred; it may be served up plainly, or with sliced, hard-boiled egg round it. The dish is sometimes dressed by pouring boiling cream, sweetened with white sugar, to the spinach instead of the veal gravy.

Onion-Sauce.—Peel ten or twelve onions; put them in cold water with a little salt to whiten; let them remain about twenty minutes; put them into a sauce-pan, cover them with water and boil them well; if the onions are very strong, change the water; they will require about an hour to boil. When tender, drain them thoroughly and rub them through a sieve. Make a pint of melted butter as follows:—A dessertspoonful of flour, two ounces of butter, three-quarters of a pint of milk; mix and stir it until it boils; add the onions, and stir till the sauce simmers, when it is ready for use.

Sliced Cucumbers and Onions.—Cut full-grown cucumbers into slices about a quarter of an inch thick, and slice some onions thin; then lay them into a dish together, and strew salt over them; cover them with another dish, and let them remain for twenty-four hours. Put them into a colander to drain, then into a large jar, and pour over them boiled vinegar three successive days; the last time of boiling the vinegar add white pepper and ginger, pour it over them hot, and closely cover them when cold.

Prince of Wale's Catchup.—Strip and fill a jar with ripe elderberries; add as much vinegar as the jar will contain, put it into a cool oven, and let it stand all night. Run the liquor through a jelly-bag, and to every pint put two ounces

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of anchovies, one of shalots, of cloves, mace, nutmeg, and ginger, a drachm or teaspoonful each; boil it till the anchovies are dissolved. When cold, strain and bottle it.

Vegetable Marrow-Sauce.—Few sauces are more delicate as an accompaniment for young chickens, whether roast or boiled, than vegetable marrow, when deprived of its seeds, if stewed to a pulp and passed through a fine sieve, so as to form it into a puree, which may be then thinned either with fowl-broth seasoned with mace, or with cream and nutmeg.

DESSERTS.

Use of Whites of Eggs.—Apple-Cream.—Boil twelve apples in water till soft; take off the peel, and press the pulp through a hair-sieve upon half a pound of powdered loaf-sugar; whip the whites of two eggs, add them to the apples, and beat all together till it becomes very stiff, and looks quite white. Serve it heaped up on a dish. *Lemon-Sponge.*—Dissolve half an ounce of isinglass in three-quarters of a pint of water; add the juice of two lemons, and the whites of three eggs; whisk it up for three-quarters of an hour. It is better to let it stand for some time before the fire previous to whisking it. Put it in a mould. *Meringues.*—After beating the whites of five eggs to a strong froth, mix in by degrees a tablespoonful and a half of sifted loaf-sugar. Sugar some paper, and drop, or turn, the mixture out of a tablespoon about the size of half an egg; put them into a very slow oven for twenty minutes; when cold, scrape out any part remaining moist inside, and fill with cream whipped and flavored, or sweatmeat. If not sent to table at once, it is better to put the *meringues* in the oven again for five minutes to raise them before doing so.

Tapioca-Pudding.—A small teacupful of tapioca, one quart of milk, six eggs, a piece of butter of the size of a chestnut, a teacupful of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, rose-water, essence of lemon or nutmeg, as you prefer. The lump tapioca is the best; and if it is white it should not be washed, as the powder, which is the best part, will be washed away. Pick it over very carefully, soak it over night in a part of the milk. If you have omitted to do this, and need the pudding for dinner, it will soak in water in two or three hours. Put barely enough to swell it thoroughly, boil it in the milk, stirring it often; beat the eggs some time with the sugar in them; stir them and all the other ingredients into the milk while it is yet hot. If the pudding is put immediately in the oven, it will bake in three-quarters of an hour, or a little less. Three eggs to a quart of milk will make a very good tapioca or sago-pudding. Tapioca is very nice soaked in water, and boiled in milk (about a pint to a coffee-cup of tapioca) with grated lemon-peel, or a little essence of lemon, and eaten with cream and sugar.

Silver-Jelly.—Dissolve two ounces isinglass in one pint of water; squeeze the juice of two lemons in a wineglass of gin; add to it the isinglass, and sweeten to taste, putting in twelve or fourteen drops of almond flavoring. Boil all together, and clear with the whites of four eggs. Add bits of silver-leaf, and agitate the mould till it almost set. Gold jelly may be made in the same way, by using a wineglass of pale brandy instead of the gin, and adding a gold leaf in place of silver.

Vermicelli-Pudding—Baked.—Simmer four ounces vermicelli in a pint of new milk for ten minutes, then put to it half a pint of cream, a teaspoonful of pounded cinnamon, four ounces of butter, warmed, the same of white sugar, and the yolks of four eggs, well beaten; a little oil of almonds, or a couple of spoonfuls of ratafia will much improve the flavor. Bake in a dish without a lining.

Hamilton Pudding.—Cut five slices of bread, take the crusts off, and butter them thickly. Butter the mould, and place one slice in the bottom; spread it thickly with strawberry-jam; lay another slice over, and spread it with marmalade; repeat with the others, covering with the fifth slice, buttered side down. Beat up four eggs, and add as much milk as, with the eggs, will soak into the bread, and boil for an hour. Layers of fresh fruit, instead of jam, make this a delicious summer pudding.

Scotch-Pie.—Mince sound, ripe apples, and fill the pie-pan; then make a very stiff batter of one pint of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar, flour to make the batter; then add the soda and cream of tartar; lastly, a tablespoonful of lard, well warmed. With a knife spread the batter over the apples, and cook well. Turn out into a plate, leaving the apples uppermost; then season with sugar and fresh butter. An excellent family pie.

Devonshire Junket.—To one quart of new milk, made lukewarm, add a tablespoonful or more of sugar, a wineglassful of French brandy, if liked, and a little nutmeg. Turn it with rennet, or, if this cannot be procured, four teaspoonfuls of the essence of rennet (sold at the Italian warehouses) will do as well. Mix the whole together, pour into a glass dish, and put aside until set, and cover the top with clotted cream before serving.

Duke of Cumberland's Pudding.—Six ounces grated bread, six ounces sultana raisins, six ounces finest beef-suet, six ounces apples, chopped fine, six ounces loaf-sugar, six eggs, a very little salt, the rind of a lemon grated; add lemon, orange, and citron-peel. Mix all well together, put it in a basin covered closely with a floured cloth, boil it three hours and a half. Serve with wine sauce.

Orange-Tart.—Grate the peel of one orange, and put the juice with it, (keeping away the pips,) also the juice and peel of half a lemon, quarter of a pound of sugar, two ounces of butter, carefully melted, two eggs, leaving out one of the whites; beat them well together, and having lined a tart-tin with thin paste, fill it with the mixture, and bake it a quarter of an hour, or a little more, if requisite.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—HOUSE-DRESS OF LILAC-SILK.—The petticoat has one deep-pointed flounce, headed by a narrow frill, and three very narrow-pointed ruffles, which stand up. There is but little fullness in any of the trimming on the dress; the court-train is finished to correspond with the petticoat, the flounce narrowing very much as it approaches the waist; the body is cut high at the back, and opens square and low in front, is round at the waist, with a pinked sash of the silk behind. Long sleeves cut open on the outside of the arm to the elbow.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS OF LIGHT FAWN-COLORED CASHMERE.—The lower-skirt has one deep, scant flounce, headed by a quilling of cashmere and a band of brown velvet; the upper-skirt reaches to the trimming on the lower-skirt, is puffed up on the hips, and is trimmed with a band of brown velvet and a row of fringe; the waist is round and plain with close sleeves, and it has a belt of brown velvet, with brown velvet basque ends attached, trimmed with fringe. Over-jacket cut loose, and slashed up at the sides, behind with long, loose sleeves, and trimmed with fringe and brown velvet.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS OF CRIMSON SILK.—The skirt is untrimmed, except on the front width, where it is festooned with three rows of black lace, caught at the sides by black velvet bows. The short, upper-skirt, or pannier, is open in front, gathered up at the back, and trimmed with black lace. Round waist, high behind, but opening low down in a point in front, and finished by a standing-up ruffle of lace. Long coat-sleeve, with a deep cuff trimmed with black lace; white lace ruffle falling over the hand.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF DARK-GREEN POPLIN.—The lower-skirt is trimmed with three flounces, bound and headed with black velvet; the upper-skirt is short and round in front, gathered up at the sides, and falling much longer at the back than in front; it is trimmed with one ruffle finished like those on the lower-skirt; the basque is quite close-fitting and untrimmed, except by the black

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velvet revers on the lower part of the front, and above where they form a kind of "rolling-collar," over a black velvet piece put in to look like a vest. Long, close coat-sleeve, with a black velvet pointed cuff. Bonnet of black lace, trimmed with roses and green leaves.

FIG. V.—RIDING-HABIT OF DARK-BLUE CLOTH FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The skirt is gored so as to set without plaits around the person above the saddle, and should only measure a quarter of a yard on the floor when the wearer is standing up. The body of this habit is made with a small basque and a rolling-collar, with a black silk vest. Sailor's hat of white straw, with a blue gauze veil. Dog-skin gloves.

FIG. VI.—GREEN SERGE COSTUME.—This costume consists of a skirt trimmed with three flounces, each edged with narrow woolen fringe. The tunic, which is full at the back, is bordered with a frill of the same; the second frill is continued on to the front breadth of the skirt, where it simulates a round apron. The bodice is plain and high, and the double-breasted jacket with *revers* has *basques* in front. A band with sash ends and bow confines the jacket round the waist.

FIG. VII.—COSTUME OF PLUM-COLOR SATIN CLOTH.—The skirt is bordered with velvet to match, and trimmed with two plaitings of satin cloth, each headed by rows of velvet. A narrow, upright plaiting terminates the trimming at the top. The tunic forms a *tablier* in front; and the back, which is gathered up in the center, is full and long. The trimmings correspond with those on the skirt, only they are in smaller dimensions, and terminate with a rich plum fringe. The jacket, with its square *basques* and pagoda sleeves, is trimmed like the tunic.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give this month various patterns for caps, bonnets, hats, etc., etc. The cloak of blue and white striped flannel is exceedingly pretty for a young lady, and would make a most serviceable sea-side wrap later in the season; it has a bias ruffle of the flannel, and a small hood lined with blue silk, trimmed with a bow and ends. The gipsy bonnet is of gray straw, trimmed with gray ribbon, and a large pink rose and clusters of buds and leaves. The sailor hat, for a young girl, is of white straw, with a band of black velvet ribbon around the brim, and large pink roses and leaves on the top. The gray cloth sacque is trimmed with a band of black Astrakan, cut narrower toward the neck than around the bottom of the sacque. The child's hood is of scarlet cloth, or fine flannel cloth, lined with silk,) scalloped at the edge in button-hole stitch, and trimmed with one row of velvet ribbon. The scarf is of crimson cashmere, edged with a gay shawl border and netted fringe. The shawl bordering may be difficult to obtain, but the scarf can be made equally beautiful by braiding a piece of black cashmere in yellow, green, gold, red and blue, trimmed in an arabesque design, and sewing it to the ends of the scarf.

NO CHANGE has as yet taken place in the make of dresses; the walking-costumes continue too long for use, if not for elegance; the upper-skirt is gathered up on the hips and falls low behind; ruffles are the usual trimming, but they are put on with a cord instead of a heading, and are usually several narrow ones coming close together. Trains are still short for the house, not measuring over sixty to sixty-two inches. Slender people continue to wear round waists, but for stout ones, the pointed waist is more popular. Some ladies have their low-necked dresses made with basques back and front, but this is a most unbecoming style. One of the newest dresses which we have seen had the front widths and the side-gore trimmed with three ruffles about five inches in width, put on quite close together, and the back of the skirt was trimmed with nine ruffles of the same width, put on in the same way. The ruffles on the front of the dress went all the way round, whilst those on the back were finished by bows of silk where they stopped at the gore.

FOR EVENING WEAR a great many pink tulle dresses are made studded with black velvet dots and looped up with black velvet sashes; also black tulle dresses are made trimmed with pink ribbon of ribbed *gros grain*. These ribbons are arranged on the black skirts as four sashes, each terminating with a rosette, and so contrived that they have the effect of looping up the *bouffants* of the dress.

BUT THE MOST effective black and pink dress that we have yet seen is the following: A train-skirt of pink silk, covered to the waist with narrow black velvet frills, each scalloped out at the lower edge and mounted on a narrow band of pink silk likewise festooned. Black velvet bodice, with large *basque* at the back and pointed in front. This bodice opens as a square, and the sleeves are ruffled. It is trimmed with double festooned frills of black velvet and pink silk. Pompadour bows of pink silk are arranged down the front of the dress, and small bouquets of rose-buds on the sleeves and bodice.

THESE NARROW VELVET FLOUNCES, with a border of festooned silk falling from beneath them, are very effective trimmings, provided always the silk is light in color. The effect is charming both in pale-blue and pearl-gray silk, and very original in violet-velvet with a border of straw-colored silk. When the dress is mauve and puce, the effect is that of a bouquet of Parma violets.

IN JEWELRY, enamels are more worn than anything else. Entire sets are made with dark grounds and delicate heads showing in relief upon them. We have seen a set with the head of Diana of Poitiers on the brooch, Reine Margot on the ear-rings, a figure dressed in a Renaissance costume on the sleeve-links, and all framed in gold studded with diamonds. Many of these modern enamels are copied from designs by Bernard Palissy.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF DOVE-COLORED CASHMERE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The lower-skirt has three narrow ruffles, headed by a full ruching of the cashmere; the upper-skirt, which is open in front, and looped back by a bow, is made full, and trimmed to correspond with the lower-skirt. Close-fitting basque, with a bow at the back. Gray felt hat, turned up, with a pink rose at the side.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF WHITE ALPACA FOR A LITTLE CHILD.—The skirt is trimmed with blue silk, put on so as to appear to button back, and joined by two rows of blue ribbon; a large button confines the silk at the top where the two pieces join. The body is cut low and square at the neck, with basque ends, trimmed like a skirt. Blue sash, tied at the back.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF ROSE-COLORED SILK.—The under-skirt is trimmed with two rows of pink velvet, put on straight; loops of the pink velvet fall from the lower row all around the skirt. The upper-skirt is trimmed with a pink fringe, and looped up with a rosette of pink velvet. Plain, high waist, trimmed with a row of fringe, headed by a band of velvet, put on like a square berthe. Long, tight sleeves. White merino sacque, cut loose, and slashed up the back, and trimmed with black velvet.

FIG. IV.—DRESS OF GREEN AND BLACK STRIPED POPLIN FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The skirt and waist of this dress are perfectly plain; the over-dress is of plain stone-colored poplin, trimmed with fringe, and looped up on the hips with rosettes. The stone-colored poplin cape is also trimmed with fringe. Green sash at the back, with straw-colored rosette. Stone-colored felt hat with green feather.

FIG. V.—SUIT OF BROWN VELVETEEN FOR A BOY.—The trousers are of the Tyrolese style, not loose, like the Knickerbockers, but coming only to the knees; the jacket is cut rather loose, but still adapted to the figure. Brown Tyrolese hat, with dark-green cock's plume.

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BLOWING BUBBLES

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LES MODES

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CAPUCHIN MANTLE AND HOOD—Back and Front.

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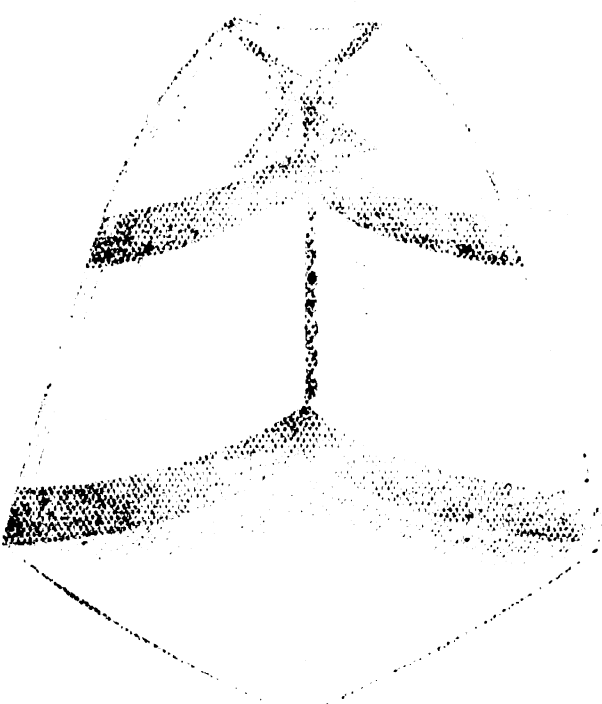

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IN-DOOR DRESS. BABY'S CAMBRIC SHIRT. CHILD'S FROCK.

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WALKING DRESS. HATS.

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WALKING-DRESS. BONNET. HAT.

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SHAWL WALKING-DRESS.

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HIGH BODICE, WITH BASQUE. (SEE ALSO DIAGRAM.)

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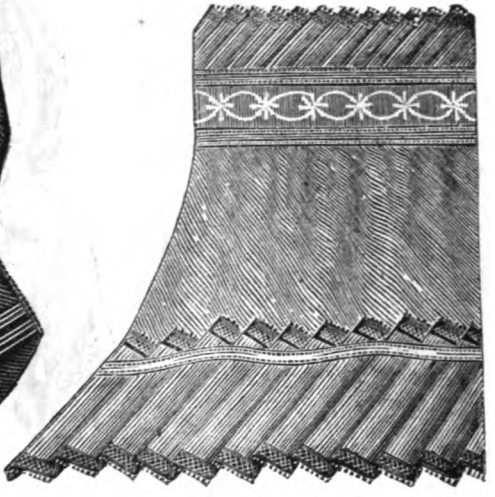

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR APRIL. SASH-BOW. TRIMMING FOR DRESS. EDGING.

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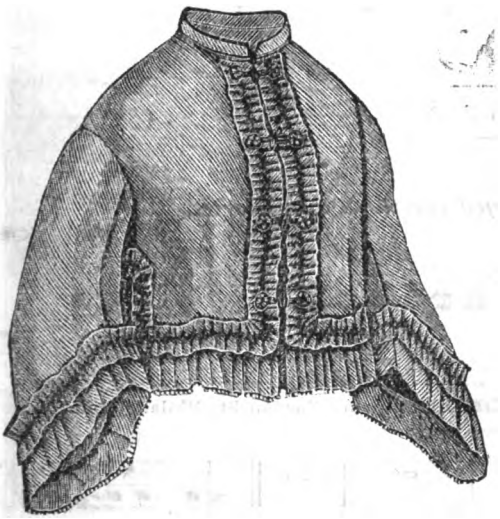

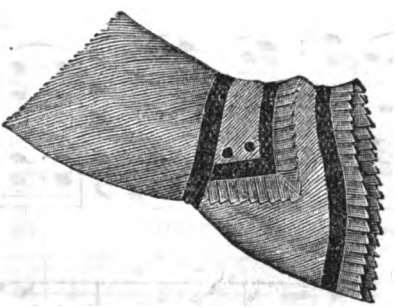

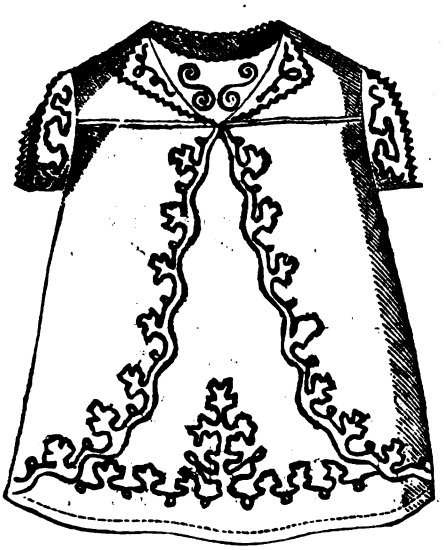

FICHU, HOUSE JACKET, SLEEVE, CHILD'S YOKE BLOUSE, LINEN COLLAR.

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Wont You Tell Me Why, Robin?

BALLAD.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By Claribel.

As published by SEP. WINNER, & SON, 1003 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

PIANO.

1. You are not what you were, Robin, Why so sad and strange? You once were blithe and gay, Robin, What has made you change? You nev - er come to see me now As once you used to
2. On Sun-day af - ter church, Robin, I looked a round for you, I thought you'd see me home, Robin, As once you used to do; But now you seem a - fraid to come, And al-most ev' - ry

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do;..... I miss you at the wick-et gate, You al - ways let me through; Its
day..... I meet you in the meadows And you look the oth - er way— You

ve - ry hard to o - pen, But you nev - er come to try.....
nev - er bring me po - sies now, The last is dead and dry.....

Wont you tell me why, Robin? Wont you tell me why?.....

Wont you tell me why, Robin? Oh, wont you tell me why?

3 The other night we danced, Robin, beneath the hawthorn-tree,
I thought you'd surely come, Robin, if but to dance with me;
But Allan asked me first, and so I joined the dance with him,
But I was heavy-hearted, and my eyes with tears were dim,
And, oh, how very grave you looked, as once we passed you by,
Wont you tell me why, Robin? oh, wont you tell me why?

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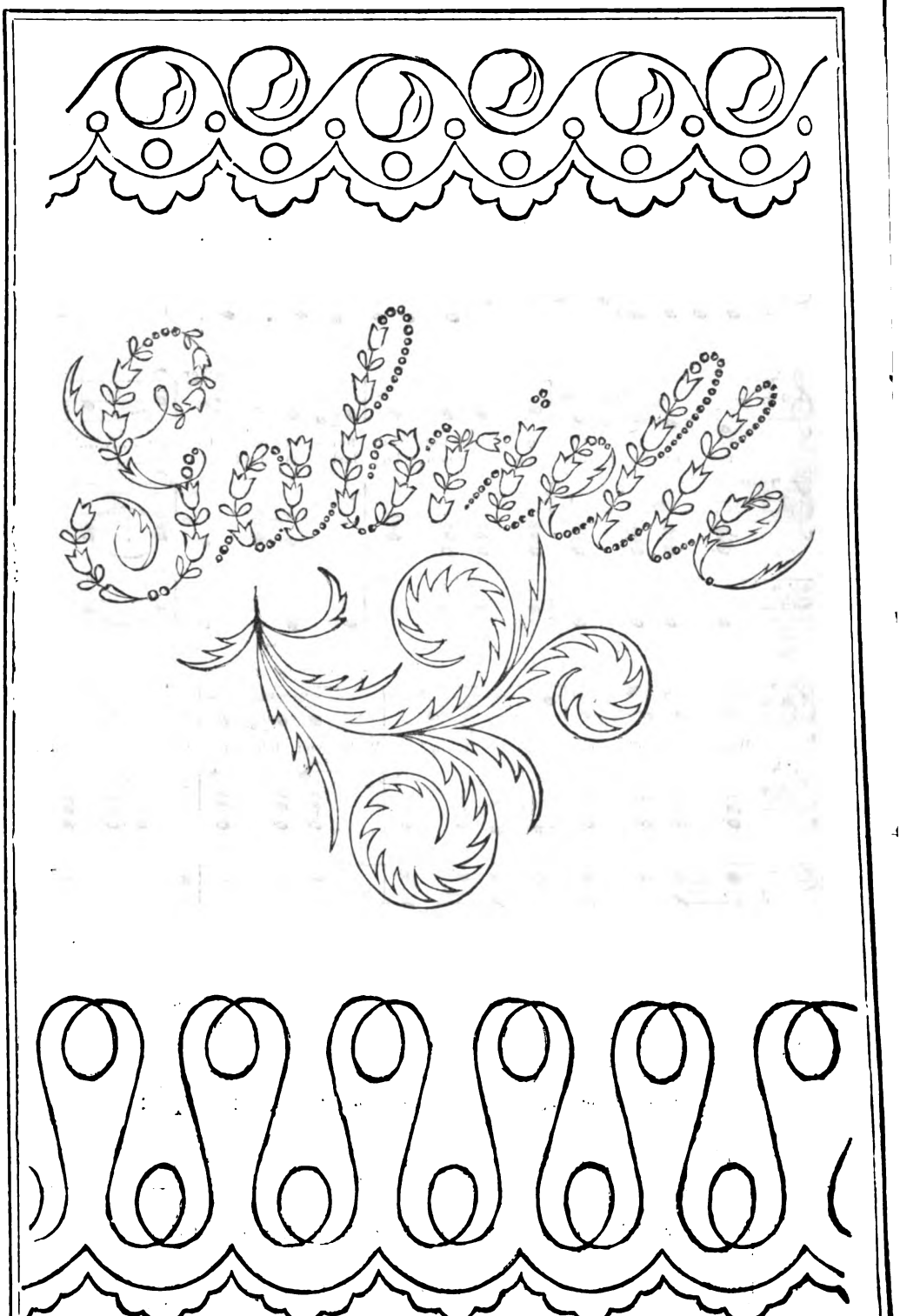

HANDKERCHIEF CORNER. PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY AND BRAIDING.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LIX. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1871. No. 4.

HOW DELL FELL INTO LOVE.

BY CARRIE D. BEEBE.

"COME, girls! the dew is off the grass, let's go and take a morning walk."

Hats were donned in a moment, and away they went over the fields—Minnie and Sarah Hammond, and their school-mate, Dell Duval, who had come to spend the summer at their house. They stopped to rest at last, under a tree which stood near a high, stone-wall.

"What a delightful place this is!" exclaimed Dell, as she threw herself upon the grass. "I should never tire of looking at those grand old hills, and that dear little lake in the village. There is a very handsome house on the opposite hill, only it is a deeper yellow than any house I ever saw before; the dark-brown blinds relieve it, though, and those tall trees at the back. Who lives there, Minnie?"

"Isaac Golden."

"But who is he, and what is he like? Do enlighten me?"

"Oh! he is unlike any one you ever saw before—very eccentric, indeed; and he resides alone, or at least, with only an old housekeeper, and the men who work on the farm. He is a bachelor, of course."

"Old?"

"Well, no; about thirty, I suppose."

"And the house is the old homestead, left him by his father?"

"By no means. His father lives two or three miles from here, and Isaac is his oldest son. He bought the place a few years ago; and, although we never speak of it now, he expected to marry one of my older sisters when he purchased it. But Lew Holt came down from the city about that time, and Mary fell in love with him—so she broke the engagement with Isaac, and married Holt. Isaac has been quite bitter toward our family ever since. Not really revengeful, you know, but rather sarcastic."

"In what way?"

"Well, a short time after Mary refused him, he came over to the house on some errand, and she said to him: 'I'm going to name our house Rose Hill, we have so many roses; I think the name very appropriate, don't you, Mr. Golden?' 'Very, indeed,' he replied. 'But I don't see the necessity for naming it at all, as your father is the only Mr. Hammond in the town. Don't you suppose every one would know his place even if it wasn't named?' 'Oh! yes.' returned Mary; 'but it sounds better to call it Rose Hill, I think.' 'Upon my word!' he exclaimed, 'the neighborhood is looking up! Now I don't wish to be behind the times, so I believe I'll name my own house. What do you think would be suitable?' Of course, she wouldn't suggest anything after what had happened, so said he, 'I have it! I'll paint it yellow, and call it Sunflower; that will be very appropriate, too—for there are so many sunflowers in the back garden.' And he did. Then he bought all the yellow flowers he could find, the homeliest ones he could get—I mean, great marigolds, hollyhocks, and the like. We think the reason he did it, was because Mary couldn't endure the sight of yellow."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Dell. "I would really like to see him."

"Your wish shall be gratified to-morrow, for he will attend our picnic."

"Upon my word, I mean to captivate him."

"That will be impossible, for he is a regular woman-hater."

"Oh! that makes no difference! Really, I have taken a fancy to Sunflower, for I never disliked yellow. I've a good will to become its mistress. What sort of a looking man is Mr. Golden?"

"Neither homely nor handsome. But it isn't worth your while to become interested in him at all, for I'll warrant he won't notice you."

"Minnie, I'll wager that opal ring of mine

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against your blue and gold edition of Mrs. Browning, that Mr. Golden will ask me to be his wife before the summer is over."

"Agreed. But you run a great risk, and the ring is the most valuable, too."

"Never mind; I'd rather do without it than the poems, if I couldn't have but one."

"Come, girls," said Sarah, "we ought to go home, for we must make some preparations for the picnic to-morrow."

"How many are going?" asked Dell.

"Only a dozen of us, all near neighbors. We are to go down to the lake and take a row, and fish, too, perhaps, if the sun isn't too bright. Then we'll ramble about for awhile, and finally spread a table-cloth upon the grass, and take our lunch quietly."

They now rose, and walked home. And Isaac Golden, who had come out to see how the grass was growing in the "south meadow," got up from his seat on the opposite side of the stone-wall which divided his farm from Mr. Hammond's, and watched the girls as they walked over the hill, an amused smile lighting his face. He had seated himself in the shade of the wall to rest for a few moments, and directly after the girls came to the tree on the other side. He could not leave without being discovered, and as he did not care to meet them, he kept his seat, thinking they would only remain a moment. After his name was mentioned, he could not go without leading to confusion on both sides; so he remained, and, of course, heard every word that passed.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed he, "I wish I had gone about my business in the first place; they served me right for being so mean as to play eves-dropper. I'm sorry I heard their nonsense. That Miss Duval has a cheery laugh and voice, and a trim figure, too; there's really no telling what might have happened, if I hadn't heard her wager; but now——" He left the sentence unfinished, and walked slowly toward home.

Next day the party set out quite early for the lake, Will Hammond and Peter, the farm-hand, carry some fishing-poles, and pails of provisions. A sail was proposed soon after the lake was reached. Mr. Golden offered Dell a seat in his pretty little boat, which she accepted, much to Will Hammond's disgust. It was just the day for a pleasant row, for the sky was slightly overcast, and Dell enjoyed it exceedingly, thinking that Mr. Golden was a very agreeable companion. He certainly conversed well, though he did not stoop to talk nonsense. But he guided the boat according to her fancy, and rowed into a little nook to gather water-lilies for her, repeating the well known lines:

"'Oh, come to the river's rim! come with us there,
For the white water-lily is wondrous fair,
With her large, broad leaves, on the stream afloat,
Each one a capacious fairy-boat.
The swan among flowers! How stately ride
Her snow-white leaves on the glittering tide!'"
And the dragon-fly gallantly stays to sip
A kiss of dew from her goblet's lip.

This was very pleasant; for Mr. Golden seemed quite sincere in all he did and said. The whole party landed at last, and proceeded to spread out their luncheon. A fire was built, and coffee made in a covered tin-pail, and the biscuits, cold chicken, hard-boiled eggs, pickles, and a variety of other edibles were brought out.

After the lunch, Dell, in a spirit of coquetry, proposed to one of the girls to take a walk. She had hoped that Mr. Golden would offer to accompany them. But he gave no hint to that effect, even though he caught a half-appealing, half-saucy look from Dell's eyes: on the contrary, he said, very coolly: "Well, since the girls wish to have a confidential chat, let us men go off and smoke a segar together."

Dell was more provoked than she had been, for many a day. "The stupid fellow," she said, as she walked off with Minnie, "will he never learn manners? I declare he's a regular boor."

"I'm afraid you'll lose your wager, Dell," was the answer. "He is as callous, you see, as a rhinoceros. He fall in love, forsooth!"

The girls wandered off along the shore of the lake, prolonging their walk to quite a distance. They came, at last, to that part of the shore, near which grew the water-lilies. Dell paused here.

"How I wish I could get some more of those lilies," she cried. "If I could, I'd gather them, and then take them back, and pretend they were finer than the ones Mr. Golden picked this morning. Wouldn't it serve him right?"

"Oh! how can you, Dell," cried Minnie. "I do believe you're a born coquette, however."

Dell, meantime, in her eagerness, had approached nearer to the edge of the lake than was safe, and just as Minnie spoke, the edge of the bank, which was rather loose soil, gave way beneath her, and she was precipitated into the water.

The girls screamed, and ran to and fro, and wrung their hands, but could do nothing. "She is drowning! She is drowning!" cried Minnie and Sarah, both in one breath. "Oh! will no one come to her help?"

Some one was coming. A rapid footstep was

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heard, a rush through the tangled undergrowth, and then a man's form shot downward from the bank and plunged into the water. It was Mr. Golden, who, in another moment had caught Dell in his arms, and was struggling with her to the shore.

Fortunately, the water was not very deep at that point. Dell owed her life, partly to this, and partly to the buoyancy of her clothes; for, if it had been otherwise, she must have sunk before Mr. Golden came up.

"It was a mere trifle; I happened, luckily, to hear your cries: anybody could have done the same," said Mr. Golden, in reply to Minnie's and Sarah's thanks, and Dell's look of gratitude. "But now you must hurry home, and Miss Duval had really better walk, if she can, for if she rides, she'll be sure to catch cold," he added, in the most matter-of-fact way.

Fortunate, it was, that Mr. Golden had been near, as he well said. Unfortunately, in one respect, he had been too near, for he had only been separated from the girls by a screen of underwood. He had no idea that Dell and her friends would walk so far, and had sauntered off, leaving the other young men near the scene of the picnic, for a solitary stroll. When he found that he had become unconsciously an eves-dropper, and for the second time, he was compelled to wait a few moments, lest his near propinquity should be suspected. The interval seemed much longer to the girls, and especially to Dell, than it really was, however.

Poor Dell! This adventure heaped coals of fire on her head. She was really a noble girl at heart, and was heartily ashamed of her wager. She was of an imaginative character, moreover, and magnified the service Mr. Golden had rendered to her. As she lay in bed, that night, tears rose to her eyes. She was beginning to be in love with the man she had despised, and whom she had intended for a victim.

But if she had even had a chance of entrapping Mr. Golden, that chance, though she knew it not as yet, was not advanced by that day's events. Her "preserver," as Minnie and Sarah called him, took matters very coolly. Instead of falling into the part of a lover, as romancists make gentlemen do under similar circumstances, he went on with the acquaintance, after this, like the most indifferent, the most practiced male flirt. He seemed, also, to have lost his shyness. He came often to the Hammonds', and once, on his birthday, had the whole party to his house, for tea. Had he been planning to make Dell more in love with him than ever, he could not have acted more skillfully. As his indifference became more evident, her anxiety and distress increased. For once coquetry was punished. Poor Dell!

The summer passed. The day for Dell's departure drew near. One morning she went out to take her last ride on horseback. The girls were busy and could not accompany her, so, donning a dark-blue riding-habit, and a most becoming hat, she started alone. She rode slowly for some distance, and at last determined to pass Sunflower on her way home, "for a last look," as she said: it was foolish, but she could not help it. When she reached the place it was noon, and the workmen were at the well, taking a drink, and resting before dinner. Mr. Golden saluted Dell politely, and invited her to stop and rest for a few moments. She declined, but rode up and asked for a drink.

He brought it, and said, "your horse is thirsty, too."

"Give him a drink, then, poor fellow!"

"He ought to rest awhile first, as the day is so warm. Do, please, come in and take dinner, Miss Duval; that is, if you are not afraid of our plain fare."

So Dell, obeying the impulse of the moment, accepted, and he assisted her to alight. She was already a favorite with the housekeeper. Proceeding at once to the kitchen, she asked for some water to bathe her hands and face, and made herself agreeable to that high functionary. Dinner was just ready, so, removing her hat and gauntlets, she took her place at the table, opposite Mr. Golden. The principal dish consisted of succertash, cooked with young potatoes and salt pork, and at the close of the meal a famous blackberry-pudding was served. Dell, being quite hungry, ate heartily, to the housekeeper's delight.

Afterward, Mr. Golden invited her into the garden to see the flowers. Dell laughed when she saw them, but the view of the surrounding country was very fine, and she praised it to Mr. Golden's content. Then she said she must go at once, for the girls would be uneasy about her.

"I must bid you good-by," she said, as her host placed her upon her horse, "for I am to go home to-morrow."

"So soon!" he exclaimed, quickly.

"Yes, and I may not see you again. Good-by."

"Good-by," he returned, taking her hand. "Always wear blue riding-habits, and smoking-caps with feathers on them, for they are very becoming."

Blushing rosily, she rode away. "Smoking-caps, indeed!" she exclaimed. "Well, I've lost

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my wager; and more, too," she added, with a sigh; "but no one shall know of it."

Toward evening she sat under an apple-tree, in the corner of the garden, thinking of her folly, and the tears rose to her eyes. Suddenly she heard footsteps approaching, and in a moment Mr. Golden stood beside her.

Strange to say, he seemed nervous and excited.

She rose, in embarrassment, the result of her recent mood, and to cover her confusion, invited him to go into the house.

"Stay, please," he said, gently detaining her. "I've something I wish to tell you." And he went on rapidly. "I love you, Dell, earnestly and sincerely. Won't you take pity on me and accept me for your husband?"

Startled by this abrupt declaration, Dell's face grew red, and then white, and, finally, she burst into tears. "You wouldn't care for me if you knew how I had talked about you," she said, at last.

"I don't believe you said anything very dreadful," he replied, with a smile, as he drew her to him. "Tell me about it."

After much persuasion, she told him of the wager she had made with Minnie.

"Is that all?" he replied, coolly. "I know it already, for I heard you." She looked up in surprise, and he added, "I sat on the other side of the wall."

At this she dried her eyes, and, true to her character, even in that blissful moment, boxed his ears.

"I think I am entitled to the ring," he said. "Won't you give it to me, please?"

"Yes," she replied; "though I don't like to see gentlemen wear rings."

"Nor I;" and he slipped it on his watch-chain.

Minnie spied the ring at once, when they entered the house, a few moments afterward.

"You don't say——" She began laughing.

Dell blushed.

"We do, indeed," said Mr. Golden, smiling, as he took Dell's hand in his own. "Allow me, Miss Minnie, to present to you the future mistress of Sunflower."

But to this day, he has never told Dell that he overheard her, the day she fell into the lake.

What he does say is,

"I loved you in spite of myself. I couldn't help loving you. I resolved, again and again, I wouldn't love you—but it was of no use; fate was too much for me."

"And my falling into the lake," retorts Dell.

"No! Your falling in love," saucily answers he.

THE EVENING STARS OF 1870 TO THE EVENING STARS OF 1871.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

Come, brothers, sing the song again
Ye sang o'er Eden's flowery plain,
When first the Earth in beauty grew
Beneath the forming hand ye knew.

Come, say who binds each influence sweet,
Where the fair sister Pleiads meet?
And who can loose the starry bands
Of old Orion where he stands?

Whose fiat doth Mazzaroth bring,
In his own season, brothers, sing;
And who Arcturus' sons doth guide,
With all the starry hosts beside?

Arcturus now from Arctic height,
Whence streams the glimmering Northern light,
Sees rising from the Southern wave
The sign he once to Leo gave.

And Regulus, o'er Atlas' brow,
Gleams through the purple gleaming now
To where the Southern cross hangs o'er
The Southern ocean's rocky shore.

And Andromeda, Cassiopea's heir,
May wreathe about her golden hair,
The triple crown Queen Virgo flings
To every muse the season brings.

From old Boreas' icy car
Now flows the wintry blast afar,
While fierce Bootes, round and round,
Pursues the Bear with eager hound.

Come, Burneo, bring your banner blue,
And, Spica, say what Nemo knew,
And hold aloft the purple sign,
That crowned King David's royal line.

Come, every sun that shines by night,
And from each far meridian height,
Show by the signs ye knew of old,
Where Zoroaster's sons were sold.

And tell to all of Judah's line
That Sheba's sapphire stars still shine;
And that the harps on willows hung,
Again on Judah's heights are strung.

And, Sirius, bring thy ruby light,
That gleams upon the crest of night,
And let the bright, convergent rays
Show where Asturia's diamonds blaze.

In vain! The Heavenly hosts still sing
Their matin song, and ceaseless bring,
Tribute of praise to Him who leads
Their hosts—but who its meaning heeds!

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NO CHOICE LEFT.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 207.

PART II.

BEFORE two weeks were over, the numerous guests who came and went at Beechclyffe, decided that the end would result in Juliet Minturn's carrying off the man who had been a fine matrimonial prize for several seasons back.

People who had money, and were not interested observers, either from being "in the market" themselves, or possessing youthful charges they wished to marry off, decided that it was a fair match, as the lady was supposed to have money, too; but the young women who desired to wed opera-boxes, and carriages, and diamonds, and position, and young men who were in the same predicament, thought it a great shame, and doubted if the affair would ever come to anything.

After that Saturday night, there was no further confidence on the subject between the sisters-in-law. Miss Minturn would sometimes talk of Clancy Darral in the retiracy of their dressing-room, but it invariably happened that Janet was in one of her bored moods on those occasions, and as politely indifferent as if she agreed with the young people in supposing that neither her relative or the gentleman were anything more to each other than ordinary acquaintances.

Indeed, after a time, Darral's name ceased to be mentioned between them, for one night Miss Minturn spoke of him when Janet was not possessed of her usual stock of patience and composure. She and Darral, as sometimes happened, had been on very amiable terms that day, and managed to quarrel politely on some subject before the evening was over, and he said biting things in a civil sort of way, and Janet posed with much dignity. It did seem very *malapropos* for Miss Minturn to interrupt a discussion about some new dresses after they got up stairs, by saying, in her abrupt fashion,

"Now, frankly, what do you think of Mr. Darral, Janet?"

The pretty widow's ears were still tingling with the recollection of divers sharp speeches, which she had appeared to disregard, and Miss Minturn's question was not to be borne.

"Think?" exclaimed Janet, with more energy than she often displayed now-a-days. "Why I think that he is, without exception, the rudest man I ever met."

"Indeed!" retorted Miss Minturn, and gave her a very acid smile. "Then, my dear, we'll not speak of him any more, because I foresee that we might quarrel."

"Nothing could please me better," quoth Janet.

"Than to quarrel?" asked Miss Minturn, sweetly.

"No. Why should we begin now? Not to talk of that man."

"Oh!" said Miss Minturn, and commenced, after an improper habit of hers, to whistle as softly as an oriole. "The queen has spoken," she added, as she brought her melody to a conclusion; "I shall not forget again."

Janet was in too stately a frame of mind to pursue a subject so unworthy of attention, but somehow it occurred to her, for the first time, that Miss Minturn's weakness for whistling was objectionable.

"You'll do that some time before people," said she, "and shock them dreadfully."

"I think I should rather like that," replied her sister. "But I wonder you never told me before the habit became fixed."

"Non-interference is our golden law," said Janet, stiffly.

"I think the gilding has not worn off; so we'll still hold fast to it, my dear," answered Miss Minturn; but the tone was too elaborately sweet, and the affectionate epithet had the ominous sound it often does have among relatives.

That was as near a disagreement as the two sensible women ever got; so now Janet said good-night, and retired to her solitary nest, and Miss Minturn whistled no more that night, but sat for a good while by her dressing-table, leaning her head on her hands, and thinking so seriously, that two deep lines showed themselves between her eyes, and made her look keener than a hawk.

As not one of their present friends knew of the engagement which had once existed between them, Darral and the widow were never an-

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noyed by curiosity to discover how they treated each other, which was a comfort anybody must admit who has ever gone through the purgatory of meeting an old flame, and knowing that the people present are looking with eyes as sharp as gimlets to see how the encounter passes off.

Darral relinquished his idea of leaving the house; Mrs. Ashmore should not have the satisfaction of thinking that she had driven him from the field; she was nothing to him any more than any other frivolous butterfly was, and a quantity of other wise sayings and resolutions. Still it was odd that they could not maintain the terms ordinary acquaintance do; either they preserved an armed neutrality, or they differed more sharply than well-bred strangers are in the habit of doing; and the worst of it was, Darral felt that the earnestness was all on his side. The widow appeared quite willing to be let alone; and every night in his room Darral made a fresh vow, and before the next day was over invariably broke it.

But the flirtation with Miss Minturn went on, until at last Darral began to ask himself, rather seriously, whither it was leading him, and smoked a good many pipes of meditation over it. The girl interested him greatly. He would have been quite ready to fall in love with her, and several times fancied that he was on the verge of it. He did not stop to consider that he never felt so much inclined to plunge into the insanity as after a quarrel with Janet Ashmore.

He knew what people were saying; he knew that the flirtation appeared a great deal more serious than it really was, for when he reviewed the events of the past fortnight, he discovered that in reality the terms on which he stood with the young lady were more like downright honest friendship than love-making. Certainly, before people, she had no hesitation in allowing him to be as devoted as he pleased; but very often, if he attempted the same strain of talk when they were alone, she would say, with delightful coolness,

"Save that for auditors—I want to scold just now."

And, indeed, she did scold him frequently, and very soundly. She rated him for his cynical opinions, and declared they sounded youthful and weak.

"Only very young men, or very shallow ones, are misanthropic," said she; "and you are neither—so don't act as if you were."

It was pleasant enough to receive her reproofs, especially as her wonderful eyes, Darral thought, often expressed a language greatly at variance with her words. Did she care for him was a question he began to ask in his nightly meditations. He was not mean, not given to thinking women fell in love with him; but he would have been glad to find himself going mad over her; and he thought that, if certain she was kindly disposed, he should be able to do so. But Juliet Minturn had been a puzzle always to everybody; and though Darral owned a good faculty for deciphering character, she was as much an enigma to him as to other people.

So the days went on, until they had been almost three weeks at Beechclyffe. Miss Minturn was obliged to go up to town, to spend two or three days with some Southern relatives who were starting for Europe; but as Janet Ashmore had never met them, she was relieved from the necessity of accompanying her. Miss Minturn started unexpectedly, and Darral was out with his gun, so that he did not hear of her departure until dinner-time.

"Has he crape on his arm?" asked Guy Sutherland, as Clancy took his seat at table.

Then Agnes told him what had happened, and the bachelor cousins made awkward jests, of which Janet Ashmore took no notice, and seemed not in the slightest degree concerned how he might receive her sister in-law's absence, so that Darral rather snubbed the bachelors, in their innocent flow of spirits, and caused them to wonder among themselves what Guy found in the fellow to like; and did he think the house was his, and were they to be put upon, and other murmurs, which nobody heard, or would have heeded if they had.

The next morning they had an incident. Sutherland and Darral were thrown out of a trotting-wagon, by the unexpected defalcation of a wheel, while they were under high speed. Guy escaped with only a few bruises, but Darral's shoulder was badly hurt, dislocated, they thought at first, though that proved a mistake—a few days would set it right. He had to remain in the house, though, and let Agnes pet him, which she was ready enough to do when she could not have Guy; and just at this season he was too busy with the birds to be much at leisure.

Darral was at first somewhat indignant, because Janet Ashmore changed in her manner toward him during the days he was forced to remain idle in-doors. She would be good-natured, regardless of his cynicism and disagreable speeches; and Darral resented it as a liberty under the circumstances.

"It's like her feminine impertinence to pity

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me," thought he. "I'd rather have had my neck broken outright than be pitied by her. Just like women! They'll smash a man's heart without scruple, but if he hurts his finger, they can't be sweet enough until it gets well—perhaps afraid their victim will escape by a wound not of their inflicting. But I shall never be the same woman's victim twice—Mrs. Ashmore may be certain of that."

He was a little ashamed of the egotism of the thought, and, in his own mind, exonerated the widow from wishing to make him such, though he did not word the confession in a way that was complimentary to himself or her.

"Catching the same pigeon twice would have no interest for her; she hasn't even sentiment enough to retain any recollection of those days."

He was lying on a sofa in the library, and as he muttered to himself, he punched the unoffending pillows, and Janet Ashmore came in and saw him do it.

"Let me arrange them for you," she said.

"Thanks," returned he; "but I was only lying down from sheer laziness."

Up he got, and was properly punished for the falsehood by a sharp twinge of his lame shoulder, which caused him to frown like an angry ogre.

"If you will not make yourself comfortable, I shall go away," she continued; "and Mrs. Sutherland asked me to come and sit with you."

"She promised to read to me," said Darral, in the injured tone a man always assumes when suffering physically.

"Guy wanted her to drive over to their aunt's," the widow explained.

"Guy is getting to be selfishness incarnate," grumbled Darral.

Mrs. Ashmore laughed, as one might at a child.

"His poor old aunt is quite ill—Mrs. Thomas, you know."

"Then Agnes will scream herself hoarse as a crow, trying to talk to her, for the old cat is deaf as a post," continued Darral, in the tone of a man whose annoyances were more than could be borne.

"I havn't been talking to any deaf cat, and am not hoarse, so I w.ll read to you in her stead, if you like," Janet said.

"Oh, thank you!" returned Darral, obliged to lie back on the sofa again, because his shoulder felt as if some malicious demon was digging both his claws into it. "You are very kind, I am sure; but I couldn't think of troubling you."

"I dare say I should not have offered if it would be a trouble," said Janet, still laughing.

"I could not deprive you of more lively society, and the other people would never forgive me," said Darral, trying to be very dignified, and behaving like a spoiled boy.

"There is nobody in the house to-day but the bachelor cousins, and they are all out shooting, as an Irishman would say," replied Janet, still perfectly amiable. "But I will not worry you with my efforts to play Miss Nightingale; perhaps, if you can sleep, your shoulder will feel better."

She turned to leave the room, and though an instant before Darral had been wishing her anywhere else, he could not bear to have her forsake him.

"Are you going?" asked he, more injured than ever. "I can't sleep, and I've been alone all the morning."

"Very well," said Janet, "ask me prettily to stay, and I will."

"Please stay—I'll be so good," said Darral; and they both laughed, and it seemed to break the ice between them as nothing had before done.

"What shall I read?" asked Janet. "Here's a new story of Miss Thackeray's—will that do?"

"Admirably," said Darral; "and, indeed, sick or well, I don't know of anybody's stories that could do better in every sense."

Darral lounged on the sofa, and looked very handsome and interesting, and Janet Ashmore seated herself near him, and began to read.

Clancy thought he was listening to the romance, but he was only watching her, and drinking in her delicious voice; such a peculiar voice, with an odd sort of chord in it that made it pathetic or harsh, according to her mood, occasionally with a trick of sounding as if it had tears in it, as Frency people say.

She looked very lovely as she sat there. She had on a gown of pale-green India silk, with little hangings of delicate lace at the neck and wrists, like sea-foam; and she seemed so fair and unearthly, that Darral got to thinking about nymphs, and other unreal creatures, with which no common-sense man would trouble his brain for an instant.

She read the little story through, and glanced up to see if he was tired.

"Is that all?" he asked, regretfully.

"One does wish it were longer," she said; "it's a gem."

But Darral only regretted losing the sound of her voice as it lingered over the musical

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periods. I do believe he could not have given the slightest outline of the plot; and that's the way poor story writers are treated in this world, and I am informed that certain good people are positive they will fare still worse in the next.

They spent the whole morning in that quiet room and did not quarrel, though when Darral was alone once more he wondered how it happened, and was angry with the widow for pitying his misfortune, and vexed with himself for having been cheated into transitory good humor. But his vexation did not prevent the next morning being a repetition of the "golden peace," and by the time it was over, Darral ceased to think.

All his wisdom and experience, his cynicism and the rest, had failed to rid him of the impulsiveness and excitability which he always tried to believe were gone out with his first youth, and the old love had always lain much closer to his heart, under its burden of bitterness and wrath, than he knew.

Miss Minturn remained away almost a week. To her ineffable disgust, she wrote Janet, in a very witty letter, in which she reviled relations in divers amusing phrases, and wished herself an ostrich in the desert at least. If she meant to establish her empire over Clancy Darral, it was unfortunate for the young lady that fate and her relations conspired to prolong her period of absence; for Darral had gone down into fathomless depths of old dreams and memories.

Not that he acknowledged it to himself; his head was in such a whirl that he did not think, and so he had a few delightful days; for however dearly they may cost, those seasons, when one drifts along without a single warning reflection, are very pleasant. Nor was Janet Ashmere trying to recal her old ascendency over him in order to prove that she still possessed the ability of wounding him. She did not expect a renewal of his affection; she knew that it was not in her power to accept it if it were offered; but she never dreamed that he had any mind to give her such an opportunity. All she wanted was to be friends; it hurt her cruelly to have him estranged; to see in every look that he still blamed her for the past and had not forgiven. She had often thought that if he were ever engaged to another woman, she could to some extent clear herself in his esteem by telling him the whole truth, and allowing him to see that she had been the victim, instead of the mistress of her fate.

But the truth is, people never grow very wise where their hearts are concerned. Girls and boys of twenty are apt to think that romance and feeling, and all that, belong exclusively to their age, whereas not more than one human being in fifty is capable of knowing anything about them at that season, in spite of novels and Romeo and Juliet.

The house was nearly empty; Agnes Sutherland was a great deal occupied with Mrs, Thomas, and Guy would not have given up his shooting to entertain the Emperor of Morocco—if there be such a monarch, which I doubt; but the name is suggested by my new slippers, so down it goes.

So the pair were left to their own devices, and they found them wonderfully interesting. Janet was very blind just then in her humility, for she only thought that Darral had consented to put by his resentment and be friendly with her; she told herself over and over that was all she wanted; she could accept no warmer sentiment if he had it to offer, and so at least he was spared pain. As for pain to herself, oh, that did not matter; she was a woman and accustomed to it! If the moment arrived when she might tell him the whole truth about their dreary past, claim his sympathy, hear him say that if she had not acted rightly she had at least acted from good motives, and receive the promise of his friendship for the future, she should be quite satisfied. Life was hard, and cold, and dull, like a stony beach from which the tide has gone out; but she could endure it; at least to free her conscience from its secret, and make her course clear in his eyes, would relieve her of the portion of the burden that lay heaviest upon her.

The days went on; Darral's shoulder was quite well again; but whenever Guy inquired concerning it, Darral made wry faces and muttered indistinctly, because he desired to prolong his confinement to the house, and was afraid he should be dragged out by his impetuous friend if he acknowledged the truth. So the quiet hours in the library took their course—the sauntering walks among the beautiful shrubberies—the watchings of the moon from the hill-top—the poetry reading—the long talks—the bewitching idleness generally.

Owen Meredith must have a very pleasant fame if he realized it; for I don't suppose two people, now-a-days—I mean the sort of people one cares to know or write about—ever get near love-making without reading him, and quarreling with him, and liking him notwithstanding. It is all very well to talk about his stealing from Heine—nobody wants love-poetry

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done in Dutch. Very young people believe in him altogether; those grown older know that the sadness and the misanthropy are not quite real, not always true; but it is pleasant to be made sentimental in spite of wisdom.

Darral had been reading *Aux Italiens* aloud to Janet Ashmore. The last brightness of the sunset flashed in through the open windows and crowned Janet's head like a halo as she leaned back in her chair listening to the musical measures. Darral's voice died away, the book dropped from his hand, and for a few moments there was a silence.

Presently Janet heard him repeat softly:

"I think in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all might go smooth and even;
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven."

Janet caught the words and they gave her a new hope; they had been dead to one another all these years; but heaven in its mercy had permitted them to meet that she might ask the forgiveness for which she had longed, night and day, during their separation.

"Do you really believe that?" she asked, suddenly.

"It may be so," he answered, dreamily. "We know how often a word might have made it all clear between two hearts if fate would only have allowed it spoken."

"If that thought could only teach us faith," she said, sadly; "if we could only trust our friends, however much appearances may be against them—could believe they meant no wrong, no cruelty."

He rested his head on his hand and sat gazing inquiringly at her. She was leaning back in her chair, her eyes cast down; the red light had died, and her face looked pale and still in the gray twilight.

"Of what are you thinking?" he asked, quickly.

A wave of color stole up to her forehead and faded.

"Of ourselves," she answered, softly. "You said this morning that we were friends."

"Yes; and it is very pleasant to me."

"I am glad of that," she said, and paused, longing to go on, but it was so difficult to find words. She could not bear to allow this opportunity to pass; fate seemed to offer it to her; if she neglected it there might never in all their lives be a moment in which she could make her explanation so freely—she had thought she could speak without hesitation, but now that the time had come, it was terribly hard.

"Very pleasant," Darral repeated, and was silent too.

She might have repented her words if she could have known of what he was thinking as he sat there outwardly so calm, though his brain whirled and his breath came in quick gasps. He was overwhelmed by a revelation that had burst suddenly upon him—he loved this woman still! In spite of everything, he loved her, with all the poetry with which his youthful imagination had surrounded her, with the strength and fervor of the present time added, he loved her. She was the ideal of his early dream, but something better, higher yet, purified and developed into a womanhood more perfect than the promise of her girlhood had been.

He forgot all his dear-bought wisdom, his fondly cherished misanthropy, his bitterness, his wrath—he remembered only that she sat there before him, and that he loved her. If a few days before an angel from heaven had assured him this could be, he would not have believed it; if he had understood the feelings that already softened his heart by their power, he would have called himself mad; but he was willing now to be mad—glad. Everything connected with the past appeared so different in that moment of quick reflection. If she had done wrong she was very sorry for it, that was plain; it was not to be remembered longer. The dead past had been resuscitated—the severed hearts were united, and the blessed moment had arrived when forgiveness could be silently desired and granted, "and all might go smooth and even."

He was going to speak—some wild utterance of passionate love was on his lips, when her voice checked him.

"I wish it might be so with us," Janet said, unconscious of the time she had consumed in that effort to speak. "I wish I might trust to your friendship and speak as freely as the dead must do when they meet."

"And you may," he said; "you may."

"You are very kind," she said.

"Kind to myself, then; it doesn't need such words between us."

"I have always soothed myself with the hope that some time we might meet and I be able to speak freely," she said, quietly enough, though she had grown very pale, and the white hands folded in her lap trembled like born lilies.

He could not bear that she should humiliate herself; he loved her, and even her own lips must not speak blame of his idol. Whatever she had done amiss she had suffered therefrom;

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he saw it now by the tremor which shook her frame as she attempted to utter this confession. And he wanted none; he wanted nothing but the assurance of her love, and he cried out, hastily:

"Don't say any more, Janet; not a word more."

She was so occupied with her own thoughts, so far from having had a glimpse of the feelings that were in his mind, that even now she did not comprehend what his eagerness meant.

"I want to tell you," she said; "it might never be so easy as now."

"But when I tell you that is not necessary; that I will have neither excuse or self-reproach; it is for me to make them to myself."

"That is carrying generosity to a fault," she answered, with a sad smile; "I might have known you would do so."

He made a movement to rise from his seat; he was ready to clasp her hands—to fall at her feet and pour out the story of his love and trust; but her voice stopped him again. She had not noticed him rise; she had only stopped for an instant to overcome the suffocating sensation in her throat; she could go on now in that marvelous voice which was more pathetic than tears.

"You will let me tell you—under other circumstances I could not—but now you are my friend, and life has gone so far beyond the possibility of change with me, that I need not hesitate to speak."

"I don't understand," he said, reseating himself. "What do you mean?"

"That I could not speak under other circumstances; it would look unwomanly, don't you see? But now that we are friends, that we can never be more—I am saying it all very foolishly; but what I mean is this: you are willing now to have my friendship, and as neither you, nor probably any other man, can ever have more, I need not hesitate."

There was a roaring in Darral's ears as if a cannon had exploded close to them, an insane wrath burning up his very blood; but he sat still. She had duped him again; here he was, completely deceived by her arts, and not caring to act the comedy further, she chose to close with this scene.

Perhaps few men have been much nearer murder and not committed it than Clancy Darral was at that moment. But some friendly spirit seemed to aid him with a quick thought; neither reproaches or angry words could hurt her—they would only be a proof of her power to wound; but he could sting her yet; he had not wholly betrayed himself.

The next instant Janet Ashmore, sitting there with her eyes cast down, he cheeks tingling with blushes, hoping to hear some word that should make her confession easier, was startled by a laugh so mocking and insolent, that she stared at him in the sort of angry stupor a blow might have caused her.

"I do understand now," he said, in the softest, most cutting tones. "My dear lady, how very kind of you to take so much trouble in my behalf! You wanted to warn me that it would be useless for me to fall in love with you; but, in your desire to be magnanimous, you forget the old French song—'*Peuton refuser ce qu'on n'offre pas?*'"

Janet was out of her chair, and standing before him with a face like ashes, and her brown eyes fairly blazing.

"I did not think any man could insult a woman as you have done," she said. "I think you must be mad."

Darral laughed again—he saw her wince! His thought had been prophetic—she was hurt! He had turned the tables with a vengeance; just when she believed he was about to expose himself, and show a triple idiot, he had spoiled her triumph, and placed her in the most humiliating position a woman can reach—she had refused his love before it was offered.

"I am at a loss to see how I have insulted you," he said, laughing again, though his voice sounded sharp and angry. "Believe me, Mrs. Ashmore, I understand you thoroughly! I have seemed your dupe during this past week, in which you chose to act a comedy. I think I have supported you tolerably well. You believed me in earnest; you grew weary of the play; you thought the time had arrived when you could make me expose myself—plead—pray—ask for hope from you, and find your heart a stone——"

"Oh! this is infamous!" she broke in. "You can accuse me of this—you——"

"I will not accuse you at all," he interrupted in his turn. "The scene ends here—slightly a *fiasco*, I fear; but at least you have the satisfaction of knowing you acted admirably, even if the audience was not appreciative."

She could not bear the horrible outrage longer; she turned to leave him without a word, stopped, moved back. Angry as she was, she knew that in the years of silence, worse than death, which must ensue, years in which she never meant to see his face, she knew that she should often reproach herself for not having

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told him the whole truth while there was still an opportunity of doing right, however unworthy he might have proved himself of such conduct on her part.

"This is your revenge," she said, slowly; "if there is in your soul any trace of the man I once believed you, some day this vengeance will be very bitter. When we first met, I told myself that you hated me. I owed you an apology then; you have chosen to take retribution into your own hands, so we are quits."

"I am at a loss to know what apology you owed me," he replied. "So you thought I had gone mourning over the ruin of a youthful romance. I am sorry to have disappointed you."

"You have disappointed me, but not in the way you think," she said, calmly. "Let us end here. Two or three days must pass before either of us can leave our friends without exciting suspicion; we will, if you please, preserve the comedy of appearances to the last; after that——"

"Why, after that," he cried, "this world and the next are wide enough so that we need not meet, God grant!"

"God grant it!" she replied, and was gone.

During the next half hour of solitude, Darral felt as if he were left to guard a lunatic—such faculties as could reason had to strive hard to keep him from some outrageous act that should make their miserable secret known to the whole world. He cursed her and himself, and everything on earth and above it. He raved as, maybe, you have done at some crisis in life, when you stood face to face with the ruin of your last hope of happiness, and a terrible shame and humiliation added—as men do rage and rave when they reach a strait like that, though we sneer at it as unnatural and overwrought when put into books.

He was brought back to his senses by the sound of wheels—a carriage had driven up to the veranda. Peering out through the shutters, he saw Miss Minturn just descending the steps. Sutherland and his wife had come up from the opposite direction, and were gayly welcoming her. Darrel heard his own name pronounced, and rushed away by a door which led into a side-hall, and escaped from the house. He had passed through the shrubberies, and was out on the hill before he could control himself to remember how like a Bedlamite he was behaving. He would be missed—dinner would be on the table; he must get back to the house, and seem indifferent!

Back he went, up to his room, dressed, and got down stairs again to find new people arrived, the library in a blaze of light, and Miss Minturn in a higher flow of spirits than ever after her journey, with her eyes blazing like stars.

Mrs. Ashmore was not visible; as dinner was announced Darral heard Miss Minturn tell her hostess that Janet would not be down—she was in bed with one of her headaches—Janet had such dreadful headaches. Then the women all sympathized, and the men looked indulgent, but superior, and slightly contemptuous, as men will when headache is mentioned.

The evening passed; of course, Darral devoted himself to Miss Minturn, and she had never been so charming, so friendly, with an odd little shyness perceptible which he had not observed in her before.

He saw Janet Ashmore at breakfast the next morning, and took pains to address her frequently, congratulating himself on being so self-possessed. But all the while there was a tornado in his mind; the one distinct thought was a desire to prove to this soulless creature that his words had been true; that from the first he had seen through her wiles, and meant to punish her.

There was nothing, in his present mood, that he would not have done to accomplish this, even to the wrecking of every hope of future peace life might have left. He could not touch her heart, but he could sting her by the utter failure of her schemes, for she was at least vulnerable in her vanity.

They were to go to Bald Mountain that day, with the usual determination of people never to give themselves a moment's rest in the country. Darral rode by Miss Minturn, devoted himself to her during the whole day, and she seemed very content, quite regardless of the sour looks of two or three old prudes from neighboring houses, who joined the party, and showed plainly that they considered it very improper for the flirtation to go on longer.

Another day passed, and then Darral announced to his friends that he had received a letter which called him back to town. He was deaf to expostulations; he would go on the morrow; this torture was not longer to be borne.

"Positively going," Miss Minturn said, as they walked up and down the veranda in the twilight. "Oh, dear me! that is the worst of having a few pleasant weeks such as these have been, they have to come to an end."

"Do you say that by way of expressing decorous regret?"

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"No; I never do that; I mean it."

"And they have been very, very pleasant to me," he said.

At that moment he saw Janet Ashmore passing down the garden-path on the arm of her notable, who had appeared again at the house; he was bending toward her in eager conversation, and she was listening with her head bowed. There was a feeling in the back of Darral's head as if a small trip-hammer was pounding vigorously, an odd mist before his eyes, which made the trees on the lawn seem performing an impromptu dance. Anything to prove to this woman his utter indifference—anything! He turned toward Miss Minturn again; her beautiful eyes sank slowly under his; a tremulous smile quivered about her lips.

"What are you thinking of so seriously?" she asked.

"Of going away."

"Ah! if you don't want to, please be good-natured and stay," she said, with what seemed a poor attempt at her usual playfulness. "We shall miss you dreadfully.

"Now, who may 'we' be?" he asked.

"Very well, myself then; I shall miss you."

One more glance across the lawn; he caught the white flutter of Janet Ashmore's dress, saw that the pair had stopped and were conversing earnestly.

"Either that means nothing or a great deal," he said, while the trip-hammer renewed its beat, and the trees executed a dance. "Be frank, and say which it is?"

He would have been glad to make his voice soft and tender; it sounded like the rasping of a file in his own ears; he wanted to smile sadly, and knew he was making a terrible grimace, like a person with colic. But Miss Minturn was not looking at him; she was idly pulling a trumpet-flower to bits, and the color had heightened in her cheeks. No matter what he said, or how he looked, anything to make his vengeance on that woman complete, if he cursed himself for an idiot during all time to come.

"You won't speak!" he said.

"You don't tell me what you wish me to say," she answered, looking up with a coquettish smile; but in an instant her head drooped again, and a grave expression crept over her features.

"Say that you will miss me; that you will be glad to see me again."

"Yes—very glad."

A woman's laugh rang up from the shrubberies, merry and careless as that of a child. Darrel heard it, and it seemed to deprive him of the last power of self-restraint. A blackness swam before his eyes; he could only see Juliet Minturn's face indistinctly; his own voice sounded faint and far off, but he knew that he was speaking mechanically, as if he were an automaton, and some power over which he had no control were forcing him to utter the words.

"I could not go without telling you what is close to my heart; you must have seen, must know what I mean; you are not angry?"

"No; not angry! You would not have me see or fancy what you have not chosen to reveal——"

She left the sentence unfinished; but Darral knew that he had sealed his own fate, and in the same instant he felt how mad and reckless the act had been.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

BOY BLOWING BUBBLES.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

Have you ever forgotten, my friend,
The bubbles we used to blow?
How high up the bubbles we'd send?
How with rainbow colors they'd glow?
All the beautiful things of the world
Seemed to shine in their texture gay,
As they soared, and dipped, and whirled,
And floated, and—fell away.

But "we all blow bubbles." 'Tis true.
Not merely as children alone.
One-half of the aims we pursue,
Are bubbles we've never outgrown.
The merchant is seeking for wealth;
He strives 'till his eyes grow dim,
'Till he loses his all in his health—
What's gold but a bubble to him?

The scholar turns night into day,
And misses his goal at last.
What are conquests to Fanny the gay,
When her youth and her beauty are past?
They are shadows, as all bubbles are,
Yet the general, still the same,
Blows his bubble of blood and war,
And famine—and calls it fame!

Yes! we "all blow bubbles." And why?
Is life such a cheat, after all?
Have we only to live and to die,
Like the flowers that blossom and fall?
There are holier objects in life,
Than this blowing of bubbles, my friend.
There is duty, and work, even strife;
But there's victory, too, at the end!

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CAUGHT IN THE SNOW-DRIFTS.

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

ONLY two innocent-looking cards—"Mrs. Stuart Mackenzie, at home, Thursday evening, March 17th"—but what a commotion they raised!

Lucia Southwell sat lazily in her easy-chair with a face of mingled amusement and vexation, watching Shirley Ferrars' indignant fingers as she packed a trunk with great rapidity and exactness, looking as if she possessed the pent-up energy of a second Atlas.

"Shirley! Don't you think it's all very unnecessary?"

Two blue eyes raised themselves with a flash, and the dark eyebrows kept them company by a sudden arch, while two scornful red lips said, emphatically,

"No Stop looking so ridiculously plaintive, Lucia."

"Then don't shower exclamation points, with dagger-tips, at me," retorted her cousin. "But I never before thought that you were afraid to face anything."

"Dearest, I can't please you by being piqued into staying," quoth Shirley, passing from acid to sweet with amiable celerity. "Your grand Sultan may have an opportunity to throw his royal handkerchief at any one but me."

"What becomes of the letters, and the 'fondest hopes and wishes?' "

"I can't help it," and Shirley grew prickly again. "It's all very fine for grandpa and old Mrs. Murray to have conceived a plan to unite the houses of Ferrars and Mackenzie, after the old Scotch or English fashion; but I will not be dragged up in such a barefaced manner for formal inspection by my lord. A pretty idea he'd have of me if I fell into his hand like a ripe peach. Thank you, no! If grandpa wanted me to hate the man outright, he took just the steps for that result: and if Murray Mackenzie wants to see me, he'd have to take a long journey to find me."

"But, Shirley, it looks so like a storm, and you are going without an escort."

"A storm that amounts to anything in March? Pshaw! It will be fine to-morrow, and I travel on alone. Lucia, my resolve is as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians; and I mean to make my dear Mrs. Ireton a visit if I go through seven feet of snow to get there."

Whereupon, Shirley left off packing, and shone a perfect sunbeam upon the much-enduring Lucia for the rest of the afternoon, causing her cousin to exclaim, with a resigned sigh, at last,

"You are such a swindle, Shirley! I suppose I must make the best excuse I can for you to-morrow night, to Mrs. Mackenzie; but whatever comes of this absurd runaway journey of yours, remember, dear, you will have only your naughty self to blame."

The leaden sky next morning was strongly suggestive of a storm; but Lucia knew her perverse guest well enough not to attempt further remonstrance; so she drove down in the carriage to the station with her, and saw Shirley safely into a seat on the train going East. And then she bade her good-by, very lovingly, (for, with all their dissimilarities, the girls were warmly attached to each other,) and went off to find her carriage. But an aggravating up-train had gotten on the track, and Lucia was forced to seat herself for a few minutes in the waiting-room, and being beside an open window, became the unintentional auditor of two gentlemen who were leaning against it, outside, just above her head.

"Bad enough for a fellow to look forward to taking a wife in some far-remote age, without dreadful posthumous wishes cropping up unexpectedly," said somebody, in a languid, half-laughing voice—and yet a voice that had something irresistably pleasant about it. "Don't you want the reversion of my chance, Langley? I'll throw a cool thousand into the bargain, if you'll promise to comfort mother, and make love to the young lady. You might do the latter with impunity, for no one knows you in this Knickerbocker town, and I've grown out of remembrance since I left it."

"So, that's what you're running away for?" asked the other, with a laugh. "No more pluck than that, Murray?"

"Not a bit," said the first speaker, phlegmatically. "I told mother I should not stay to be inspected, matrimonially, in cool blood, by any damsel, however fair; so I dropped a line to my old friends, the Iretons, and announced that I would spend two days with them in New Haven."

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"The Iretons? Those delightful people whom we met at Dresden?"

"Exactly. Dear little woman, isn't she? Just my beau-ideal. If one could only be sure of finding another like her! So my poor mother is hereby driven distracted, (sent out her cards for an 'at home,' just to introduce the high contracting parties,) and I left her inventing excuses to give for my non-appearance. Good-by, Langley; go to the reception, by all means, and don't forget to give me your opinion of Miss Ferrars;" and as the conductor sung out, "All aboard!" Murray Mackenzie waved a farewell, and jumped on the train as it rolled slowly out of the depot.

Lucia Southwell found her carriage, and leaning back on the soft cushions as she drove home, laughed, long and merrily.

"I believe I was guilty of an unconcious prophecy," said she. "I told Shirley she had only herself to blame for the results of her madcap journey. Did ever anyone hear of such a pair! I'd give anything to see Shirley's face when she encounters him at the Iretons. Serve her right, and him, too, for that matter. And so that was Murray Mackenzie. I should never have known him; but he's handsomer than ever. Oh, Shirley, my dear! I hope that retribution awaits you both, for the worry that you have caused poor Mrs. Mackenzie and me!"

There being no compartment-cars upon the train, Shirley made herself as comfortable as she could with a shawl, and secretly lamented that she had left her traveling-rug behind, as she felt sundry draughts stealing up the back of her neck. She was very self-reliant, and her disregard of an escort was quite characteristic; but when, at Chatham, the snow began to fall in very sober earnest, with a wind accompaniment that shook the cars themselves, she admitted to herself, with a very unwonted quaking of heart, that she wished she had not been so hasty, and resolved in her mind what upon earth she should do if she missed the connecting train at Springfield. Then she tried to read the new novel which she had been interested in the night before; but it had grown suddenly stupid, and she was too uneasy with the rapidly increasing storm, and the slow progress of the train, to get up any enthusiasm over fictitious heroines.

At last, the very catastrophe that she had been anticipating occurred; the engine gave a long, despairing groan, the car-wheels slipped, creaked, and then came to a dead stop.

"Can't get on neither way," announced an inquisitive fellow-passenger opposite, in true Yankee drawl, as he thrust his head out of the window. That declaration was quite sufficient for the rest of the American public, as represented in the car, and a general stampede of all the male passengers ensued. Shirley pushed her window up about two inches, and surveyed the prospect with a somewhat dismayed face. The wind seemed to come from all four quarters of the heavens at once, the drifts nearly reached the tops of the fences, and the snow fell so fast and thick that you could hardly see an inch before you. So Shirley drew her window down again, and leaned her head against the pane, feeling nervous, and, truth to say, bitterly cross.

"Allow me," said a low, well-bred voice behind her, and a gentleman's hand threw a traveling-rug across the back of her seat. "You will find this a more comfortable pillow."

Shirley raised her head, rather haughtily, and said, not too civilly:

"I am quite comfortable. Pray keep your rug."

Without a word the offending traveler removed his property to his own seat, and Shirley had the supreme satisfaction of thinking she had been unnecessarily rude. A fit of penitence took possession of her; she wished she had been more affable, and began to wonder what her neighbor looked like. She was too proud to satisfy her curiosity by glancing behind her, so she lay quite still, and presently he got up, passed down the car, and went outside. Shirley watched him through her half-closed eyelids; a tall, fair man, with soft brown whiskers and mustache, handsome and distinguished-looking, with an air of quiet repose, that made him appear unmistakably a gentleman.

Meantime, the storm went on as violently as ever; the passengers wandered slowly back to their seats, stamping off the snow they had collected, until a small stream of water began to trickle down the center of the car. It was growing dark now, and no prospect of moving, and the brakeman, who came in periodically to shake up the stoves, finally announced, in a cheerful voice, that "the coal was all aout!"

"My goodness me!" gasped a prim spinster in front of Shirley, "shall we all freeze stiff?"

"Hope not, mum; we've sent three different men back to git ingines, and if they haint all lost their way, we'll see 'em during the night, sure!" responded the brakeman.

Shirley had it in her heart to cry like a baby. She felt that it would be a relief to her feelings

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to exterminate Murray Mackenzie from the face of the earth, because he was the main cause of her being in such a novel and unpleasant situation. She wished the gentleman would offer her his rug again—but, no! he was apparently asleep, with his cap pulled over his eyes. So, it grew darker and colder, and Shirley's eyes heavier, and, in trying to watch the drifts cover up the bit of fence opposite, she fell asleep.

When she awoke, several hours after, it was with a violent start, occasioned by the creaking and groaning of the car-wheels beneath her, and for a moment she was so bewildered, that she did not know where she was. The dim rays of a lamp at the end of the car showed her fellow-sufferers stretched out in various uncomfortable positions, and as she lifted her face, the cold, raw air struck across it, unpleasantly enough. Then she wondered how she had managed to keep warm, and lifting her hand to her neck she encountered the soft fur of a rug, and became conscious that she was completely enveloped in that rejected article! Up went Shirley's head, with sudden impetuosity, to meet the gaze of a pair of dark gray eyes, fixed curiously upon her.

"I am afraid that you have felt the want of your rug," said she, making the *amende honorable* in a winningly sweet voice; you are so very kind—thank you!"

The stranger lifted his cap politely, but coldly.

"Pray don't—you needed it more than I did," he said, however.

Shirley bit her lips; she was longing to ask where they were going (for the cars were moving at last, very slowly,) but the gentleman's voice did not invite further conversation, so she nestled down in the corner again, feeling very hungry and forlorn, and not at all like the dignified, elegant Miss Ferrars.

Another weary hour dragged itself out, and then Shirley saw the lights of a station glimmering through her window, and stood up, straightening her hat, with a vague idea that she must move, somewhere! She folded up the rug, took her bag in her hand, and was just starting, when the sphynx-like individual behind her spoke again.

"If you will stop here for a moment, I will try to find out if we can get on to-night. If not"—something in Shirley's face made him pause, and ask abruptly—"Don't you want something to eat?"

"Desperately," said Shirley, with a smile dancing up in her eyes.

Her mirth was contagious, for he added, with a laugh,

"So do I," and then disappeared in the darkness.

Presently he returned, and said, cheerfully, "We shall have to make the best of it, I fear. The conductor says we cannot possibly get on before morning."

Shirley uttered a dismayed "oh!"

"I think we can find some oysters at the station," he said, reassuringly, and then, ("though I cannot presume to advise your movement,) you might go to such an hotel as the place affords. It's probably a mere country tavern; but even so, isn't that better than sitting here for the rest of the night?"

"Infinitely," said Shirley, with a relieved face, and taking his arm, as she jumped down into a snow-drift, thinking that fate was extremely obliging to send her such assistance.

Inside the station they found the room crowded with their forlorn fellow-passengers, and cups of weak tea were walking around with a suggestion of oysters in the air. Shirley deposited herself on a seat, and the gentleman started to order something edible, when an after-thought brought him back again to her side.

"I beg your pardon—would you like to telegraph your friends? If the storm continues, the wires may be down before morning."

Shirley intimated that she agreed to the proposition; but while her new friend had gone in search of telegraph blanks, it occurred to her to suspect that this was a neat little trap to ascertain her name. All of which was most unjust on her part, and the gentleman was secretly amused to see that the dispatch which she handed him (it was to Lucia) had merely initials as a signature. But her precautions were useless; he was destined to be enlightened ere long, and to turn the tables upon her.

As Shirley sat sipping her tea, and feeling grateful that it possessed the one redeeming quality of being hot, a pleasant-looking, middle-aged lady, with gray hair, came across the room and spoke to her.

"Are you traveling alone, my dear?" she asked, in a gentle voice.

"Yes, I am," said Shirley, "and it seems to me that we are in a very uncomfortable situation."

"It is bad," said the lady, smiling, "but I think I shall go up to the hotel presently, and try to sleep a little. My dear, if you like, I

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shall be glad to take charge of you; I have a daughter at home, who is about your age."

"Oh, thank you!" said Shirley, gratefully, looking so animatedly handsome in her relief, that her cavalier, just returning from the telegraph-office, announced to himself that it was the loveliest rose-bud face he had ever had the good fortune to look at.

Shirley was just beginning to view the discomforts of her position from a ludicrous standpoint, and feeling that she must make amends for her previous ungraciousness, she made room for him at her side, and was so sparkling, witty, and brilliant, that he admired her more than ever, and began to wonder who she was. But their pleasant chat was brought to an end by the announcement that the hotel sleigh was ready; and Shirley was pushed in between the lady who had offered to take care of her and a deaf old lady, with a trumpet. Opposite sat an unfledged boy, with a basket at his feet, from whence proceeded a subdued cackle, that strongly suggested chickens, and the fact was proved beyond doubt, for, when half-way up the hill, the sleigh gave a lurch that precipitated Shirley directly into the handsome stranger's arms, and rolled the poor deaf lady into the basket. The hens squaked horribly, and the old lady wailed aloud, and begged to know whether "we was all dead, now," and said she "knowed we'd run foul of an ingine."

Shirley, hardly able to speak for laughter, extricated herself, and then managed to pick up the old lady, and after screaming comforting news to her through the speaking-trumpet, she asked the boy whether his chickens had come to grief.

"No, marm!" exclaimed that aggrieved youth, as he eyed the old lady vindictively, "but they oughter be smashed to a jelly, arter that heavy old woman a-sitting on 'em—blame her! She sot down on my corns beside."

Shirley heard an echo of her laugh from beneath the blonde mustache opposite, but the sleigh drew up in front of the tavern, and when her cavalier assisted her out, he looked cool and dignified as ever.

Shirley and the middle-aged lady (whose name proved to be Mrs. Hartley) seated themselves in the sitting-room, where they were stared at by a tall young woman, of melancholy countenance, with long black ringlets on each side of her face, which gave her a strong resemblance to a King Charles poodle. Presently the gentleman came in to say that he had been able to secure but one room for both ladies, as the house was so full. But they were only too glad to have even limited accommodations, provided they were warm.

"Good-night, then," said Shirley, as the melancholy young person offered to show them up stairs. "Oh! I quite forgot to ask if my small hat-box could be brought here; that is, if it will not give you too much trouble."

The gentleman assured her that he could send the driver back for it, so she gave him her check, and ran off after the others.

Murray Mackenzie (for, of course, it was he to whom mischievous fate had thrown this opportunity,) walked up and down the piazza, smoking, and waiting for the hat-box, regardless of the snow, until he looked like a polar bear. Finally, it arrived, and as he came inside the door, and gave the man directions where to carry it, the rays of the lamp fell clearly upon the name, printed on the outside in black letters: "Shirley Ferrars!"

Positively, he was so astounded by that revelation, that he let his cigar go out, and gazed blankly after the ascending porter. Then, as the absurdity of his running away only to encounter the obnoxious young lady dawned upon him, his astonishment exhaled in a most mischievous laugh; and he tramped off to bed with a firm determination to maintain his incognito, and have all the amusement he could out of the adventure.

To Shirlep's dismay, when she woke next morning, it stormed harder than ever. Such banks of snow she never imagined, and it seemed incredible that they could fall in March. However, Mrs. Hartley and she made merry over their misfortunes, and proceeded down to breakfast. I said breakfast—heaven forbid that I should insult any respectable meal by putting this in the same category. A hasty inspection of the viands was sufficient for Shirley, and the melancholy young person of the night before, who waited upon them, took away what remained of her appetite; so she made a show of eating with weak tea and a stale cracker, and came away hungry.

The process of the night before (*i. e.* of packing passengers into the sleigh like sardines in a box,) was gone through with, and Shirley recognized her neighbors, the deaf old lady, and the owner of the chickens, stowed away amicably in one corner.

Murray Mackenzie showed his intention of making things comfortable for Shirley, and they were getting acquainted rapidly. Thrown together in such an unceremonious way, each was dependent upon the other for entertainment, and she began to enjoy his society. At

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the station, they found an addition of abused passengers, the night-train having just come in; and after waiting about two hours, the conductor concluded to start with two engines and a snow-plow on the track before them to clear he way for the train. But it was heavy upgrade, and they moved at a snail's pace. At last the train came to another dead stop.

"There!" said Shirley, laying down her cards, despairingly, "I know we shall spend the night here. Well, there's a woodpile, we shall not freeze, at all events. I wonder if the telegraph-wires are up. I really ought to send a telegraph to the friends who are expecting me."

"Write your telegram, and I will take it out for you, Miss Ferrars," said Murray, the name slipping out inadvertantly.

She looked so perfectly amazed that he was constrained to add:

"I beg your pardon. I saw your name on your luggage, and it's very inconvenient to say 'you' all the time."

"Then I hope you mean to relieve me of a like embarrassment, Mr.——" she paused, inquiringly.

"Mack!" he said, promptly, and with so much gravity that she was forced to accept it, though secretly she did not believe it to be his name. And then she borrowed his pencil, and wrote her telegram, which, fortunately, for the preservation of his secret, she allowed him to read over her shoulder while she could not see him. His face was a study as he read the dispatch, addressed to Mrs. William Ireton.

"Will come when the train does. Snowbound in the Berkshire hills."

Certainly fate was playing strange tricks with him; and, somehow, Murray did not feel inclined to quarrel with her, as he plunged through drifts up to his knees to send the message.

Shirley, sitting in the car, meantime, thought, "I do wonder who he is? The most interesting man I have met in a century."

Don't ask me to describe what those unfortunate passengers did for the next fourteen hours, while they were stationed opposite the woodpile. Shirley and Murray flirted to the end of the chapter; and as they were old and experienced in such warfare, they enjoyed it intensely, and did not find time hang heavy on their hands. Mrs. Hartley was kept supplied with light literature by them both, and smiled to herself occasionally at the busy conversation going on between the pair. But the other unhappy mortals groaned, or made merry, according to their respective tempers. There was a cripple who got off jokes; and a live Yankee pedlar, who told stories that drove everybody into convulsions of laughter; a half-insane man, who manufactured impromptu verses, and sang them to a tune of three notes; and the inevitable mother with two babies, who wailed most of the time. But the most uncomfortable time was when people began to grow hungry, for, as a natural consequence, they became cross also. Finally, as it grew dark, Murray stood up, and having tucked Shirley in her seat snugly with that invaluable rug, announced that he was going foraging.

"Waal, stranger, I guess I'll go 'long," said the Yankee, and after the pair departed, the car sank gradually into quietude; and Shirley, feeling by this time utterly worn out and nervous, lost herself with her head on the window-pane. She was awakened by a merry voice in her ear,

"I didn't find exactly a land flowing with milk and honey, but, perhaps, you can drink this tea. I made it myself, and there isn't more than its rightful allowance of water."

Shirley rubbed her sleepy eyes and found "Mr. Mack" standing before her, covered with snow, his long mustache and whiskers fairly glittering with the frozen drops. He had a good-sized tin pail on each arm, and a china mug in his hand.

"I made love to the farmer's wife," said he, as he displayed a pail full of delicious, puffy biscuit, "and coaxed her to bake them while I sat by and watched the operation. I buttered them in the neatest possible pantry; really, if the snow was a little less deep I would take you over to see it when I carry the pails back." And then, having poured a cup full of tea for her, he actually produced a silver spoon!

"I call that a delicate attention," cried Shirley, gratefully, thinking she had never enjoyed anything so much as that tea, as she sat rolled up like an Egyptian mummy, to keep warm, with a very handsome face and beautiful grey eyes looking kindly at her as she ate, while their owner assumed a sort of care in her, which, in the present state of her nerves, was especially soothing.

The enterprising Yankee had provided more of the same provisions for the rest of the women in the car, and the general good-humor was entirely restored.

But it was three o'clock in the morning before Shirley saw Springfield; and having been forty hours on the way, she was by that time so spent in mind and body, and had lost

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her lovely rose-bud coloring to such an unheard-of degree, that Murray was dreadfully concerned about her, and delivered her over to Mrs. Hartley with so many private injunctions to "take care of her," that the good lady could hardly keep from smiling. And having stood over Shirley in the parlor of the Massasoit House while she drank a glass of wine, he proceeded to bid her good-by.

"Good-by!" she asked, looking so startled and miserable at the prospect, that the hard-hearted monster gloried with delight. "Are you going to Boston?"

"No," he said; "but business carries me off by an earlier train than you ought to take. Do try to sleep for a few hours."

"I hope we shall meet again some day, when I have brains enough to be able to thank you for all your kindness," she said, with varying color, trying to rally her exhausted voice.

He smiled. "We certainly shall meet, Miss Ferrars," he said. "Will you promise to be glad to see your fellow-passenger, no matter where it may be?"

For answer, she gave him her pretty white hand, which he raised to his lips, respectfully, and the foreign fashion sat more gracefully upon him than on most men; but Shirley's fingers felt the light touch for some minutes, and after she laid her weary little head on the soft pillows, she cried outright. But then, as she told herself, she was so tired!

Mrs. Hartley and Shirley took breakfast at eleven, and felt that they had never appreciated comfort before, although the thought did cross Shirley's mind that their disagreeable trip had some redeeming features. And at midday the ladies said good-by, for they were going in different directions, and Shirley, with a sigh of satisfaction, ensconced herself in a corner of her compartment, and slept the sleep of exhaustion until she reached her destination.

"Shirley!" And, trying to make her way through the noisy crowd of porters and hackmen, Shirley found herself in sweet Mrs. Ireton's arms, was half carried up the staircase, and finally deposited, in a state between laughing and crying, in the carriage beside her friend. Then Shirley's spirits returned to her, and she gave a ludicrous and graphic description of her trials for the past three days, which lasted until she reached the house, where Mrs. Ireton laid forcible hands upon her, whisked her off up stairs to bed, and dosed her with all sorts of delicious compounds, being under the impression that she was starving.

"Now, Shirley," said she, with a mischievous twinkle of her brown eyes, "don't dare to come down until tea is ready. I don't want to bore you with company when you are tired out; but the truth is, one of our pleasant Dresden friends arrived this morning—" Shirley groaned! "and you must not be surprised if you hear him walking about in the next room. You needn't regard him as an ogre, my dear; he's one of those delightful people who never have to be entertained."

Having said this, Mrs. Ireton pulled down the curtains, gave Shirley a kiss, and glided softly out. Shirley's last thought as she closed her eyes was, "What a bother! I shall be too stupid to say one word."

Shirley spent very little time over her toilet that evening. She put on the first dress that she could find in her trunk, but it happened to be blue, some satiny sort of stuff, against which the soft brown of her lovely hair looked positively enchanting. And she tied a bow here, and a knot there, and nestled a handful of daisies, like snow-flakes, against her bosom; and then she floated down the stair-case, looking like a vision, and feeling elegantly bored and indifferent, quite prepared to annihilate the troublesome guest. The gas was not yet lit, but the library was bright with a coal fire, and Shirley walked into it.

Leaning against the mantle stood a gentleman, and as he turned quickly, upon her entrance, the firelight fell upon a handsome face, and on the gray eyes brimming with mischief, that Shirley recognized instantly!

"Mr. Mack!" was all she had voice for.

"My dear Shirley," said Mrs. Ireton, in a voice trembling with fun and mischief, "Let me introduce you to my old friend, Mr. Murray Mackenzie!"

Shirley stood absolutely motionless; nothing could have been prettier than her color.

"I ought to beg your pardon," the gentleman said, as he took her unresisting hand, "but really I cannot; for having made confidante of Mrs. Ireton, and confessed that I had been cowardly enough to run away from my mother's reception to avoid you, I find that you were in the very act of ignoring me in the same manner."

Shirley's fingers ached to box somebody's ears; but she said, in a pathetic voice,

"I had made up my mind to hate you previously! How can I preserve the proper detestation when I remember that silver spoon?"

"It isn't as difficult for me," he retorted,

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drolly, "when I reflect that you snubbed my rug most unmercifully."

"I forgive you," she said, breaking into a laugh, involuntarily, as the absurdity of the situation struck her.

"I cannot be behind you in magnanimity," he answered, with praiseworthy gravity.

"I am afraid you'll have a fever, Shirley," said Mrs. Ireton, somewhat anxiously. "Didn't you have a terribly disagreeable day, yesterday?"

"My head ached," she answered, evasively.

"Doesn't that make a disagreeable day of it?" asked Murray, lightly; but Shirley, becoming suddenly conscious that her cheeks were answering for her, resolutely turned her back on him as she got into a corner of the sofa, and it was only by the absolute quietude of his voice and manner as he addressed Mrs. Ireton, that she knew her unspoken thought had been understood.

The fever that Mrs. Ireton feared did not attack Shirley, but a certain sort of malady seized upon her, which caused her to appear totally unlike the Shirley Ferrars of old. It was dangerously pleasant, during the days when she was resting from her fatigue, to have Murray always at her side, to read to her, to sing with her, or, better still, to walk with, in the twilight, under the grand old elms, just beginning to bud in the spring-time. I think that they both dropped out of the non-emotional school of this age, unconsciously, and were content to be their best and nobler selves. And finally, with many blushes and smiles, and a few tears, Shirley told Mrs. Ireton that she had placed her future in Murray Mackenzie's hands, and then set about writing the news to her cousin Lucia.

Lucia's answer was a triumphant one; but Shirley was too ecstatic to mind her bantering. And so, old grandfather Ferrars' long-cherished wishes are to be consummated by a speedy uniting of the fortunes of Ferrars and Mackenzie, although, as Shirley laughingly says,

"Grandpa may thank kind Providence, not himself, Murray, as far as our marriage is concerned, for we certainly drifted into love!"

OH, DEATHLESS LAND!

BY ADDIE A. SEARLE.

Oh, Deathless land!
Oh, home of endless life!
Though Death guards ever at the crystal portal,
Dividing mortals from the life immortal,
We take our passport at his nerveless hand,
And crowned with life, enter the deathless land,
He hath no more dominion in the strife!

Oh, sinless land!
Oh, land from sorrow free!
We fear no more the banished bonds of terror;
No more we strive; with tempting, doubt, or error
He that hath, through the grave, let glory in
In that He vanquished Death, hath conqured Sin!
Sinless! through love that bled to make us free.

Oh, nightless land!
Bright, never-ending day!
The Saviour's love, undimming and unending,
Rent the veiled darkness, at His glad ascending,
Then He, whose love, was word, and life, and light,
In His resplendent glory banished night,
Where Death and Sin shrink from its glorious ray.

Oh, fadeless land!
Where flowers eternal bloom!
There mortal flowers, transplanted, bloom forever,
Where sorrow's frosts shall mar their beauty, never;
Our hearth-side darlings, fadeless evermore,
Gather new beauty on the deathless shore,
Where love triumphant leads them through the tomb

ANGELS.

BY JULIA STRATTON.

Angels' eyes are in the sky—
Stars that watch in heaven;
Angel tongues are whispering nigh,
In the winds that round us sigh
At even.

In the visions of the night
Angel forms hang o'er us,
Changing darkness into light,
Bringing scenes of past delight
Before us.

Not in vain, oh! not in vain,
Draw those angels near us;
In their breath we hear the strain
Of our dead ones come again,
To cheer us.

And our hearts grow brave and strong,
For the work we're given,
When at morn the angel throng
Leave us with a parting song
For heaven!

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COMPENSATION.

BY MRS. R. HARDING DAVIS, AUTHOR OF "MARGRET HOWTH."

CHAPTER I.

In 1820, a French family, Tanniere by name, removed to a manufacturing town in one of the Middle States, and there purchased a large property. The fact that they were foreigners, would hardly account for the singular interest with which they were invested in the eyes of the old settlers. M. Tanniere, as his name imported, was of the bourgeois class at home, and had made a moderate fortune in this country by trading in tobacco; a slow-moving, middle-aged man, with iron-gray hair, and English side-whiskers framing a sensible, mild face. His wife was shorter, more foreign in face and accent, more vehement in her good-nature. But the good-nature of both was positive; a crowd of retainers, beggars, cats, birds, pets of every description rejoiced in the sunshine of it. Both parents were devoted to their only child. The house, the grounds were made bright for her alone, apparently; and they watched over her with that tenderness, that morbid, half-fierce sensibility which belongs so often to the domestic relations among the French.

The mystery, or interest, (for it was too shadowy a something to deserve the name of mystery,) centered, perhaps, in this child, Margaret—a girl of seven or eight years of age at the time of their first arrival in the town. What vague rumor had given cause for the watchful scrutiny with which she was followed by the townspeople, it is impossible now to discover. Whatever it was soon died away, however, but the unpleasant impression remained. The child, the Scotch neighbors of the Tannieres' asserted, half-feelingly, was "uncanny." She might have been a changeling, so unlike was she to either parent, so marked her own individuality. There were hints of contradictory stories, gathered from the servants, that the little girl was afflicted with some strange mental or physical disorder; that her dreams proved true; that she talked in her sleep a language which she never had learned. But little Margaret dug in her garden and played with her dolls in the sight of all the neighbors, and the keenest eyes could detect nothing amiss in her, or different from other children.

Old Dr. Schoaley, when called to attend her for some childish disorder, examined the little thing critically, remembering these odd rumors. "There was a strong tendency to some latent disease," he said, "in her meagre little body, and," he added, "I would not let this little brain work too hard, Madame Tanniere," pressing his hand on the protruding forehead. "But the child is all right so far. Eats heartily, eh?"

"As she pleases. She rules here, m'sieur!" and Madame Tanniere took up her darling on her knee, stroking her hair incessantly without speaking, her black eyes full of tears.

Among the servants of the Tannieres, and their friends, unwilling to surrender a marvel, the strange stories remained and gathered strength. Madame Tanniere was discovered to have entered into a short correspondence with Paul Jannsen, who investigated at that early date the phenomena of spiritual insight in Germany, treating it as an abnormal mental disease, and to the vulgar minds of the people about her, this was proof that the child was gifted, or tormented, with the power of seeing the spirits of the departed. Whatever truth may have been in these surmises, their effect was obvious. The child ruled. Her big, keen eyes perceived quickly that she was the focus of a great circle, of watchful interest, loving or suspicious, and she virtually turned them on herself. Margaret's diet, words, walk, dress, absorbed all thought in the house of the Tannieres—and the child was soon quite content it should be so.

It was in the winter of the year following their arrival in N—— that a curious incident occurred, which bears some meaning in the story. Monsieur and Madame Tanniere kept Christmas in the beautiful German fashion now so common. A tree, with the Christ-kind in its branches, was a marvel in the eyes of most of their neighbors; it was surrounded all day by old and young faces coming and going, both happier and brighter in going, Madame Tanniere believed, in spite of the rebuke which both their words and looks often expressed. It was a gloomy day without, the sky overcast, the snow falling heavily, the air depressed, wanting in electric vigor.

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Christmas brought no holiday to the old mill-town. The work in the founderies went on, the churches were closed, even the shops put no brightness into their dingy fronts. It was a town, too, crowded with emigrants; whole districts were abandoned to poverty and wretchedness.

The heart under Madame Tanniere's padded breast would have warmed and fed all this hungry mass of misery if she could. "Ah! but that I had the power, Pierre!" she used to cry to her husband.

She did what she could—gave food, clothes, comfort to all that came on that Christmas-day. It was new to the dull, plodding town. She made it as strong and beautiful as she could. The Tanniere house, with flowers, and music, and its tree, became the central bright spot in the city that day. At night it glowed a fairy-land to even Margaret, who had been fed and pampered with beauty since her birth through all her senses. She had been made to feel herself the life and giver of all the happiness about her. It was Margaret's *fete* more than the Christ-kindchen's. She daintily dressed the flowers that held up her hair, and looped the lace skirt, filling the air about her with fragrance; found the life of ease, of luxurious sounds, and perfume, opening before her, quite as real to her as though she had been born of royal blood.

The wax-tapers on the wonderful tree were lighted, and burned slowly. It grew late. The streets without had long been silent, but for the sleet driving against the windows. Monsieur and Madame Tanniere, with a few of their friends, were gathered about the open fire in the back of the room, while Margaret wandered about the tree. Her motions became more restless. Old Dr. Schoaley, whose face was toward her, directed her mother's attention to her by an uneasy glance.

"Here, my child!" Madame Tanniere, always on guard, ran quickly, brought her to them, taking her upon her lap, chafing her wrists and ankles.

"I am not cold," said Margaret.

"This is peculiar in a child of her age," said Dr. Schoaler, stooping to look into her pupils, distended as though she had been groping through darkness.

"It is my shadow there," said Margaret, pointing to the window.

"Bah! bah! my little one has dreams!" her father said, stretching out his arms for her. But madame would not let her go, straining her to her bosom, pressing her sallow, jeweled fingers on the child's broad forehead.

"I thought it was I—out in the dark. But it is my shadow," with a child's sob of alarm and impatience. "Bring it in, mamma. I say to bring it in! It is my shadow, and it is alive!"

"What does she mean?" demanded the doctor.

"Ah, who can tell?" sighed Madame Tanniere, with a mysterious shake of the head.

But the downright old German was not to be so satisfied. 'It's no shadow that has frightened little mademoiselle. Let her see into the matter. Go out, John," to the man who had brought in coals. "Bring in whatever is without. Let a child and a horse always face the thing that terrifies them."

Both M. Tanniere and his wife appeared alarmed, shaken, he saw, by some vague superstition. Was it a French banshee that they dreaded? Or had the child a double? remembering the legends of his student days. He chuckled secretly while they sat gloomily silent.

John reappeared in a moment, carrying, no ghost or goblin damned, but a miserably-clad child, wrapped in a tattered cloak, and covered with snow. He put her down among them, and the other servants crowding in, filled up the back-ground.

The child, as we said, was so covered with snow that she was but a white, shapeless mass. She shook herself like a dog, and dropped her black cloak.

"Some little beggar, or girl from the mills," said the doctor, "attracted by the lights. You see now how advisable it is to make the child face its fear. There's nothing mysterious in the world, mademoiselle, if you look into it close enough."

"Ah, *mon Dieu!*" sighed madame, stooping to touch the stockingless feet of the child through her broken shoe. "That is pitiful. Take her below, Louis. See that she is fed, and clothed in an old suit of Margaret's."

But Margaret, taking the other child by the shoulder, and pushing back her hood, looked up in their faces with a bewildered face. "Was it I who was out in the cold?" she said, "or is this my shadow? Who is this here?"

When the child's face was bare, and her hair pushed back, they dimly saw a peculiar resemblance between the children, not perceptible at the first glance, but growing on them as they looked. There was the same strongly-marked forehead; the same deep-set, luminous eyes; the same weak mouth. A likeness of native traits only; different life and training told in one child in the clear, delicate skin, the

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languid composure of movement, the clear azure of the eyeball. So gross was the coarseness of the other that the likeness between them seemed to yield to it on scrutiny, and to disappear.

"*Voila!* This is strange! Behold Margaret's shadow, indeed. Margaret herself, in the dark with poverty!" exclaimed M. Tanniere.

"But how could mademoiselle know that? The girl was hidden under clothes and snow; how could she detect so faint a resemblance?" said the old doctor, for the first time in his life giving an uneasy look to the uncanny child.

"Who are you, little one?" asked John, who had learned his mistress' kindly tone toward the poor.

"I'm Ellen. I'm Mrs. Hagedorn's girl, by the bridge. She's dead. I've been to the workhouse; but I ran away."

Madame spoke in French, rapidly, almost fiercely, to John. He lifted the child, with a hesitating, astonished glance at his master.

"You will not put the little one out in the night, Constance? She is so like to Margaret."

"She is not like Margaret, Pierre. There is no point of contrast between them. Take her away." repulsing her as she crept to Margaret. "Do you not see how she alarms the child?"

"She shall not go," said little Mademoiselle Tanniere, puitng her arms about the child. "She shall not be hungry and cold while I am warm—she shall not, I say!" stamping her foot and trembling. "I love her; I will share all I have with her, mamma."

"Take care what you do, Constance," with a warning.

But this time the warning was unheeded.

"Do I not know what is best for my child? Take her away," motioning to the servant.

"Madame, it snows—it is a bitter night."

Madame Tanniere did not speak; but an expression came into her face, which the man long remembered. He lifted little Nelly, and hurried with her from the room. The other child rushed vehemently after her, and when she was detained, fell upon the floor, giving short, quick cries of pain. For days afterward she was ill. Indigestion, Madame Tanniere asserted, was the cause of her malady, unwilling that even this connection should exist between the child and the beggar. But Dr. Schoaley told her father that the little one possessed a highly nervous organization, which should be cautiously handled, as any delicate instrument, easily jangled and out of tune. Her affections, also, were both violent and tender, and should, at all cost, never be thwarted. His instructions were obeyed beyond the letter.

As years passed on, nothing of bodily comfort or intellectual luxury, which money could command, failed to come at the call to minister to Margaret Tanniere's sensitive, æsthetic taste, or to her warm affections. Nothing save one. The miserable little counterpart of herself, of whom she yet strangely dreamed and talked. The shadow.

Nelly, unconscious of any subtle relation between her hungry self and the radiant little lady who had cried upon her neck, clung right to John's arms when he opened the outer-door.

"I have nowhere to go," she said. "I'll die out there. Will you put me out?"

Her quiet, in her terror, the intent, dark eyes gleaming into his, gave to the stupid fellow the idea of a mind trembling as near the brink of madness as that of his young mistress, which was John's coarse conception of the doctor's idea of a delicate organization. He took her into the kitchen, dried her feet, and rolling up an enormous sandwich, carried her out to the stable-loft, and made her a bed there in the hay. It was warm and comfortable.

"Good-by, young one," he said, nodding pleasantly back to her. "Take care of yourself."

"Oh, never fear me!" laughing with delight, as she pulled the hay on her. She munched the sandwich, and looked at the moon shining through the chinks of the roof, until she fell into a dreamless sleep, while Margaret, indoors, moaned and cried for the shadow, which was all that was denied her.

But then a warm bed, and a hearty supper, and a kind good-night nod, were unwonted things to Nelly. Her nervous organization and passionate affections made much of them, and spent their strength on the joy of rare possession, rather than in impotent hunger

CHAPTER II.

Immediately after this occurrence, M. Tanniere, at his wife's urgent request, left the town of N——, letting their house for an indefinite period. Ten years passed before he returned. Madame Tanniere was but lately dead, and he came back with his daughter to the home which he preferred, but for which she had manifested so unreasonable an antipathy. The house was newly furnished; the gardens which had fallen into neglect and decay, modeled after

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Mademoiselle Tanniere's directions. In them, as in all that she did, there was shown the same quaint, singular taste. Her music, her drawing, even her face gave pleasure to but few, and those few generally men of morbid poetic feeling, who were startled into inquiry as by a new revelation rather than satisfied.

Mr. Hecker, a poor German teacher, who knew the Tannieres somewhere in New England, soon followed them out to the quiet, Western town.

"I did not think your friendship for us would bring you so far," said M. Tanniere.

"I have not finished my study," said Mr. Hecker, coolly, "and I thought it worth the journey." M. Tanniere presumed the words referred to the sketch (or many sketches,) which Hecker was making of his daughter's face. But Margaret knew that the meaning lay deeper. She moved uneasily; perhaps it was not pleasant to know that the very elements of her inner-self were being anatomized and controlled even by so skillful and cool a manipulator. Yet presently she went to the organ and sat before it, knowing that there he would certainly follow her.

John Hecker supplied his simple wants by teaching and painting, but he averred, his real work in life was the study of human nature. When the subject of dissection had happened to be a woman, young and self-conscious, the results had sometimes been such as to disturb the calm in which he chose to maintain his soul. The man who is the master of the American girl, is not the hackneyed hero of flashing eyes and romantic air; nor yet the sensible, brave fellow who leads a regiment, or trades in stocks, as luck may chance, without bravado or grimace; but the man who best comprehends her subtle fancies and unused capabilities. The surest way to an American woman's heart is through her brain. Hecker was a middle-aged man, thin, sallow, beardless, with the marked features, the utter composure and stealthy movements of an Indian. A harmless, well-educated fellow, M. Tanniere said, as were many of these poor Germans. He was quite willing that Margaret should give him countenance in his honest efforts to make a living.

The evening of his arrival in N—— he went in search of Mademoiselle Tanniere, in the garden. He found her in a summer-house, covered with vines, one of whose windows opened into a narrow, quiet lane. She held up some flowers to him smiling, as he approached, but he put them aside.

"What has happened?" he said, looking curiously into her face. "What is it? Some one has been with you—I heard footsteps."

"Nobody, or only a woman selling papers; I know not what. She is going down the lane now."

Hecker leaned eagerly out of the door, and the woman happening to turn her head, he beckoned to her, and she came back.

Mademoiselle Tanniere, as her companion noted, drew away to the farthest end of the arbor, taking up her book, which lay there. The woman was young, and with a certain frank, light-hearted beauty in her carriage and face. She carried a basket filled with needles, paper, tapes, etc., some of which he bought, with hardly a word interchanged. But his dead-black eyes passed and repassed over the girl, slow and cautiously.

"Who are you?" said Margaret, coming to his side.

"Nelly."

"Have you no other name?"

Nelly laughed. "A dozen. I don't know the first; I was a stray, and one poor family took me after another, and did the best they could for me. I use one name sometimes, sometimes another."

"You ought to be grateful to such benefactors."

"Eh? It's a common thing to do. You'll not buy some laces to-day?"

"It is common in her class. They understand the human principle of standing shoulder to shoulder better than you. No; the lady will not buy the lace," said Hecker.

Nelly stood up, pausing a moment to poise her basket on her head. Hecker followed her leisurley down the steps.

"You would like a flower? This?" He broke off the dull-red, silky blossom of a cactus.

Nelly looked at him, quickly, through her half-shut eyes. "How did you know I would choose this?"

"*I* would choose it."

She put it in her bosom, hesitated a moment, and then turned away abruptly, remaining silent.

Hecker, going back to Margaret, affected not to see the strange excitement under which she labored. He leaned against the window-frame, watching the girl go down the lane.

"She walks well," he said, carelessly. "Out-door life and the washing-tub have given her that broad bust and supple limbs. I wish you had her health, Margaret."

"And to pay the price?" With a shiver and sneer.

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"When we compare the advantages of the rich and poor, it is but fair to put down every item on this side and on that."

"Do you compare this woman and me?"

"What is she to you, Margaret?"

"Nothing. How can I tell?" She laughed, the tears coming to her eyes. She rose and came toward him, like a child that is afraid in the dark. "Is there such a thing as a double? I see in her—myself. It is terrible to find Margaret Tanniere in a wretch like that. She came to me once when I was a child."

"Did you drive her away then?"

"I? No. I would have taken her home. My heart was sick with pity and love for her. I was a child."

She watched him. He did not answer her. "Did you see what I mean in her? The—the likeness?"

"I saw what you mean. We will not speak of it again."

She remained silent for some time. Hecker, looking down at her bent head, the pinky, thin cheek, and powerful magnetic eyes, felt, with the old physician's fancy, that she was like a delicate instrument, which a touch could stir into wonderful harmony, or a touch could shatter But the power lay in his hand alone, as he knew.

"Why did you give her my flower?" she said, at last. "And you gave her a look which only——"

"Belongs to my wife, you would say. Are you jealous, Margaret?"

"I am not jealous. But I am tired—tired." She let her head fall on her hands. "I did not know how intolerable this concealment would be."

"Or you would not have married me?" with a wearied shrug. "Must I give you again the reasons for concealment?"

"Yes, I would have married you, John! I am glad to be your wife." The words were quiet enough, but the brilliant light in the face upturned to his, and beautiful for the moment, gave them a world of meaning. He caressed the face softly.

"It was useless to hope that your father would allow you to become my wife. I am poor, and I never shall be otherwise. And you, Margaret, have practical sense enough to know that it is physically impossible for you to live in poverty. As well set you to walk in yon cobbled road, in your bare feet, and think they would not bleed. Your life and training have made your health dependent on your present habits, and the gratification of your tastes. Am I right, Margaret? Do I state the case fairly?"

"Yes, you are right," after a pause, rising and drawing up her shawl, with another shiver. "Women in that creature's class have no tastes, I suppose, to gratify. But they love, and marry freely, when they love."

"Which adds another item to the other side of the account," said Hecker, drily. "Go in now; the air grows damp. I will follow you soon."

After he had seen her enter the house, however, he turned down the lane, and walked rapidly in the direction in which Nelly had disappeared.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Hecker remained in N——. He had no ties elsewhere, he told M. Tanniere, and depended upon him to prove his friend and patron. The old merchant loved nothing so well as the chance of playing benefactor; her exerted himself to find the scholars in music and German for Hecker, and he made him an habitue of his house as an humble friend. One day in the ensuing spring, finding him at the "lunch-table," he began to joke with him in his clumsy, good-natured fashion.

"Which of your fair pupils shared your walk yesterday evening, Hecker? That country lane was rightly chosen for a lover's stroll. 'With spreading hemlocks and the linden brown,' eh? The woman—— By-the-way, if I had not known it was impossible, I should have thought it was Margaret. I saw a singular resemblance, though I was on the farthest side of the hill. A pupil, did you say?"

"Yes," said Hecker sipping his wine coolly, not raising his eyes; and when Mademoiselle Tanniere, a short time after, left them abruptly, he rose and followed her into the drawing-room. It was a warm day, but she sat wrapped in a shawl before a blazing fire. He stood behind her chair.

"Margaret."

There was no reply.

"You know who the pupil was?"

The lids dropped wearily over her eyes. Hecker stooped to look into her face, and raised himself again with an expression of almost alarm. He had gone through "experiences" with tender, reproachful, tragical, and revengeful women—but this woman he could not fathom; and this woman, according to his capacity, he loved. When the lash fell on her, she sat passive and dumb. Let him do what he might, he knew that the habits of

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gentle breeding were too fixed within her for her ever to give utterance to a jarring, angry outcry; and let her terrible secret weigh upon her as it would, her dread of the world was yet more terrible. She never would disclose it.

"You know who she is," he resumed. "I have merely made a study of her. I have done the same with many others."

"I know. You have done the same with many others."

There was not a shadow of bitterness in the quiet tone. He put his hand lightly on her black, fine hair. She rose with a shudder.

"Is my touch, then, so repulsive to you, Margaret?"

"It is so dear to me. I would be alone now. John, I would be glad if you would leave me."

He obeyed her instantly; for no matter what were the secret relations men might hold to this woman, in outward show she drew from them the best they had of courtesy.

At dusk, that evening, Hecker parted from a young girl at the end of the hemlock-lane, and turned into the main road. Nelly, for it was she, hurried back, under the shading trees, singing some street ditty, in a loud, clear voice. Just where the lane turned up the hill, a lady stood in the shadow, but so veiled that her face could not be seen. But Nelly's instincts and eyes were keen. A quick flash of recognition passed over her face, when she stood on guard.

"My good girl——"

"You take something for granted there," answered Nelly, laughing good-humoredly, when Margaret paused. "Sit on this log, if you wish to talk to me. You're not strong." Nelly seated her with a kind, even tender touch, and then stood before her, attentive. The pose of the figure told much to Margaret's trained eye; it was strong, almost masculine, but full of grace.

"You parted with a gentleman, just now?" Her voice failing her when she would have uttered his name.

"Yes. Mr. Hecker," in the same loud, careless tone. When Mademoiselle Tannerie remained silent, the girl continued. "I think I know why you have come here to meet me. You can't understand that John Hecker should love a poor girl like me. You want to ask me to give him up," with rising anger. "That I'll never do! Never!"

The lady's voice remained low and quiet, as she said, "What can you hope he ever will be to you?"

"My husband, if I so choose. You had the same fancy, perhaps?" She came a step closer to Margaret, and the two women faced each other in silence, while a bird, which they had frightened from the hedge, winged its slow flight beyond the furthest hill.

Margaret recognized in the girl's flushed face and flaming eyes, the same passion that slumbered under her own slow-heaving breast and calm face. She drew back from it with a sudden repugnance which found, however, no outward sign.

Nelly pressed nearer. "Why should I not marry my true love? A poor woman has the same blood and heart as a lady," touching her forehead and breast. There was the same peculiarity in both, that their voices sank in the heat of passion to a low minor key. "You shall not stand between us, Mademoiselle Tannerie," she repeated again.

"I will not stand between you. But I have a right to know the truth."

She stood a moment motionless, looking at the degraded, coarsened shadow of herself, who had usurped her wife's place; and then, without another word, turned, and almost ran from her along the road.

Nelly watched her with an astonished amazement, until, from sheer weakness, Margaret stopped and tottered against a tree. Nelly went up and put her strong arm about her, quite unconscious that her person, her dress, her very breath were repugnant to the delicate lady, as the rank perfume of a weed would be.

"I'll take you home," she said, with rough good temper. "I'm a tolerably good nurse. There's been lots of sickness the last two or three years, and we neighbors give each other a lift. You're but a weakly body."

"You are very kind," said Margaret, exerting herself to be free from her.

"Well, well, just as you please! Yet I remember," with a sudden emphasis, peering close into her face, "when you would not have put me away from you, when you felt very cold and hungry, as though they had been your own; when you would have taken me to your bed, and shared your meal with me."

"I was a silly child. We have grown far apart since then; I mean that I am weaker, physically, and, perhaps, grown selfish through indulgence," she added, with quick courtesy, her conscience accusing her of rudeness. She did not hear the girl's reply, although she stood looking wistfully in her face.

What should she do? Through all the pain of her desertion, there was a strange sympathy with this other woman, whom Hecker was lead-

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ing into worse ruin than her own; a sympathy which was at once a secret sense of kinship and of loathing. What could she do? To utter the words which would save her, would be to bring ruin on her own head, to proclaim herself the wife of a poor dependant, who had cast her off. Would her father ever forgive her such shame? What if he, too, disowned her? What if she went down into this wretch's place—into the common thoroughfares of the city to earn her food—she, Margaret Tanniere?

"Yet I wish that I could save you," she said, as though she had uttered her thoughts aloud. She even took Nelly's soiled hand, and held it in hers a moment, so great was her pity; for, after all, the girl was pure, purer in heart than she, perhaps. But they had grown far apart. She was no feather-brained enthusiast, to seek to bridge over social chasms.

The two women parted, abruptly, in the lane. There was a man watching them, far off. It was Hecker, who had turned and followed Nelly for a last word. He made no effort to interrupt them, but walked slowly to and fro, chewing the end of his segar, which went out in his mouth. When he saw Margaret's slight, dark figure coming toward him, he quickly turned into a by-path, and soon was strolling leisurely down the street.

"What is amiss, Hecker?" asked a friend, who met him, noting his haggard, sallow face.

"Nothing which time will not set right, Fawcett," coolly. "I have stirred up a slough of muddy water; that is all. I mean to turn my back on it—run away, in fact, until it settles itself. I have no more courage than your Hamlet, to 'take arms against a sea of trouble;' whatever that may mean."

"I will go with you, if you're for the train," said the curious friend. He accompanied Hecker home, remaining with him until the latter had taken down his valise, strapped his little money in a belt, and lighted his segar. But he gained no further insight into Hecker's secret. They walked together to the depot.

"A true citizen of the world," said Fawcett, admiringly. "Where are you bound?"

"God knows! Anywhere—*pour passer le temps*. The world is wide," as he took his seat, and bought the evening paper.

But when the bell rang, and the train darted off into the distance, the set, inflexible face, which he turned toward the darkness that lay before him, Fawcett thought was hardly that of the gay knight-errant, which he chose to personate. He wondered, as he strolled away, what dreary secrets lay hidden in the soul of this man, which his eye sometimes miserably hinted.

Fawcett was an impressible young fellow. The face haunted him with a dim foreboding of evil. He stopped at a corner to buy a segar from "pretty Nelly," who had come out with her basket on her head to drive her evening trade. Everybody knew Nelly, her good temper and free tongue, innocent at heart, however rough in speech. Tom Holt, a carpenter's jour, who had been "keeping company" with her this many-a-day, was beside her, joking and teasing her. Fawcett fancied that the girl looked pale and anxious; but she had to sell her segars, and to give tart answers to the fun that greeted her on every side. Nell was too busy ever to have time for trouble; and, beside, the street jokes were to her taste, and roused her as a strain of Beethoven might have done Mademoiselle Tanniere.

Fawcett called at M. Tanniere's that evening. He was a young physician, and hoped to take old Dr. Schoaley's place, there, some day. He knew, too, that the Tannieres had been kind to Hecker, and thought they might know what had driven him off.

But M. Tanniere did not know. Debt, he supposed. Why had not the poor devil come to him? He would have helped him through. A very honorable man in his station, he believed, Mr. Fawcett. Mademoiselle Tanniere was ill, this evening; a sudden increase of the singular malady, with which of late she was affected; an utter prostration of mind and body, with long fainting spells at intervals. No pain, no; nor distress, mental or otherwise. Indeed, she was more than usually cheerful. If there was any occupation or amusement which could be devised to rouse her—and there the poor old father stopped, wistfully, beating a tune upon his wrinkled lips.

Mr. Fawcett sauntered home. Before morning he was roused and summoned to a hotel in the lower part of the city. It was filled with dead and wounded, the half-awake, terrified messenger said—an explosion, a steamboat, or a mill. Before they reached the spot, however, Fawcett learned the truth. The accident was not uncommon in the spring of the year, when the land-slides were giving way; it was only a car or two on a down-train thrown from the track, and there were but three wounded and one dead.

One dead; he could not tell why he hurried past the room of the wounded men to whom he was called, into the long dining-hall, where a terrible something lay stretched on a table,

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covered over. A thousand men had gone out of the city, that day, on down-trains. Why should the one sallow, worn face, with its dead-black eyes of inexplicable meaning, rise persistently before him, as if it had uttered to him an eternal farewell.

He laid his hand on the hands folded under the sheet. Beneath its cover he could feel their icy coldness.

"A sad affair, doctor, a sad affair!" said one of the railroad men. "No one was to blame, that we can discover. This poor fellow, now, he never knew what hurt him. One moment here, the next—— Well, God only knows that. A German music-teacher; I forget his name."

"Hecker!"

"Ah, true! Hecker. You knew him, eh? Will you look at him?"

"No, no," putting his hand on the sheet to hold it down, and turning away with a chilly creeping through his veins, for which he took a glass of brandy. Morning had dawned, before he had finished his duties with the living victims of the disaster. When he came into the hall again, he heard loud cries and hysteric sobbing in the dining-room, and saw a curious crowd assembled about the door.

"I did not know that Hecker had friends in the city?" he said, stopping unwillingly, for he had a singular aversion to coming in contact with a dead body.

"It is only pretty Nelly," said the man, turning his head over his shoulder. "The fellow was a sweetheart of hers, I believe, and she's taking it hard, poor thing."

"Of Nelly's? So? I wish, Ford, you would send whatever undertaker you think manages these matters best, and let him attend to it. If Hecker had no money, I will see that it is all right. I want it handsomely done, you understand."

"I believe, sir," hesitated Ford, "Nelly is going to have him taken to Widow Byrne's, where she boards. They'll wake him there to-night."

"He was not of their class," said Fawcett, jealously.

"No, not exactly; but Mrs. Byrne is a respectable woman, if she is a huckster. Nelley is but one of five orphans that she has raised. She's just the sort to take a homeless corpse home."

"Five orphans? That fat fish-wife?"

"It comes natural to that sort of people. I'll not interfere about Hecker, sir?"

"No; better not," and the young physician walked slowly away.

Passing M. Tanniere's house a day or two later, he noticed that Margaret's windows were closed.

Within, the old man sat by the bed where she lay, her hands clasped tightly over sunken eyes. He put his hand on her forehead now and then, to wipe away the cold sweat which was her only sign of suffering.

"I do not wish to weary you, dear child," he said, breaking the long silence, "but I urge you to do what is best for your whole future life. You know your old father has no wish beyond that, Margaret?"

"I do know it, father."

"Then consider, my darling. Of what avail can it be to this man, who is dead, for you to avow yourself his wife? You have borne this secret so long, bear it for another day, and then—let it be buried with him."

She lay quite still and silent. "You are not fit to judge this matter coolly now. A year hence you will see how mad it would have been to wreck your whole life by a hasty word."

"Then I am not to see him once more? I am to leave him to—her?" Her quiet voice deceived him.

"Assuredly," he said, eagerly, "and I may ask too much—but if you could appear in public, at once, it would silence all suspicion, should any arise. Think of it, Margaret."

He rose hastily and left her, to prevent replying. Now she had seen through his self-control, what it had cost him to use gentle words of the man upon whom he could have heaped curses for her ruined life; and she was not ungrateful to the old man who was so dear to her. She turned her head toward the wall, and in the darkened room, through the long day, she fought her life's battles alone. It is the habit of women of her class.

The next evening, Dr. Fawcett met M. Tanniere and his daughter, at a private concert. It occurred to him that the old man was breaking fast, he was indescribably worn and sad. But Margaret was never more witty or anxious to please.

"I have just been down to bid a last good-by to our old friend Hecker," blundered Fawcett, thinking he had found a theme of mutual interest. "They laid him to rest to-day. 'After life's fitful fever'—poor fellow! 'Pretty Nelly,' (you know the segar girl, monsieur?) was the chief mourner. He intended to marry her, it appears; and he had no other friends."

"No, he had no other friends," repeated Mademoiselle Tanniere, mechanically, looking him steadfastly in the face.

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Something in her look bewildered Fawcett, he stammered, paused. Whose eyes were these? Not Margaret Tannier's. It must be some half-forgotten picture that confused him! He continued:

"Yes, chief mourner. But her grief has nearly effervesced, I fancy; what with the wake, and hysterical spasms, and funeral now of the last three days. The affair was a godsend for that class of people, and Nelly is quite a heroine among them. You were a pupil of Hecker's, I believe? You found him a thorough scholar, did you not? I always liked the man."

"I found him thorough. But he had a Bavarian pronunciation;" she said, in a measured tone.

Fawcett. who was a warm-hearted fellow, left her soon after, with a feeling of half disgust. "If it had been a dead-house," he thought, "she could hardly have discussed it in a cooler manner."

A few weeks afterward, M. Tanniere suddenly went with his daughter back to France. He never returned. Orders were sent to his attorney for the sale of his property in N——, and then came tidings of his death. Dr. Fawcett, a year or two afterward, read, in a New York paper, of the marriage of Mademoiselle Tanniere, to a man of large fortune, and her return to this country. The notice was brief, and the matter dropped from his memory.

CHAPTER IV.

THIRTY years after the time when the German teacher was buried in the grave-yard on the hill, the grave-yard was enlarged to a cemetery, and the charge to the gate was given to Mrs. Holt, the wife of Holt, the carpenter. She was a big, bustling, hearty woman, with a houseful of children and grandchildren. She sat knitting on the porch one Sunday evening, when a carriage stopped at the entrance, and an elderly lady alighted, and asked leave to rest awhile on the stone settee. Old Nelly, after a keen glance at the delicate face and silvery hair, gave her as warm a welcome as the girl Nelly would have done. "Sit down, sit down, ma'am; I'll send this organ-man to the right-about. I doubt he'll worry you. Take him off, children, I always stop 'em as they go by. A little music is cheering."

The lady listened, with a curious attention, glancing, as she did, to the cheap prints on the wall, the common flowers crowded into crocks and boxes on the window-sills. Whatever æsthetic taste these creatures had, was used to bring cheerfulness into their hard lives, while with her own softly-nurtured class, melancholy was the luxury.

"There is a grave here," she said, at last, "which I wish to see; that of a man named Hecker, who died many years ago. Can you direct me to it?"

"That I can. Joe, go with the lady. You'll find it well tended, ma'am. There's been money sent every year for that purpose since he died, And there was money sent for a stone over it. '*John Hecker. From his Wife.*' That's the reading on it. There's a queer story about that, if you care to hear it," with a good-natured chuckle, glancing up to see that her auditor was attentive. "Nobody knew that John Hecker was married, and he sparked a young girl here. Well, it was myself, to tell the truth. When he died, how I took on! And the man had a wife! But I married Jim Holt afterward. Girls don't know their own mind, at first. Luckily, I'd got over it, and was married before that order for the stone came."

The lady stood with her unnaturally brilliant eyes fixed on the fat face, as if striving to recall from it some old shadow; while Nelly, on her part, was taking keen note of the rich old lace with which her visitor's dress was trimmed, and the diamonds that sparkled on her withered fingers.

"Is that all that has happened in your life that is worth the telling?" the stranger asked. "Is there nothing more? Nothing more? I have a reason for the question."

Nelly stared into the woman's face stupidly. "I don't know; I've had the common run of luck, I think. Plenty of children, and plenty of work; plenty of fun, too, for that matter. Now, I had a sister—maybe it was her you heard of. There was something uncommon happened to *her*."

"A sister?"

"Yes. You see, we was left orphans, me and Margaret—German children. She was got into the asylum, and Mrs. Hagedorn, she took me. But there came a lady there to the asylum, who had no children, but with lots of money, and she sees my sister, and chooses her, to keep as her own; but on condition that the guardians was never to disclose her name, nor let the child know that she wasn't born a lady. So they took her, and I never saw her since. I never knew the name she went by. I shifted for myself. So it goes, ma'am! Some rich, some poor. Some gets all sunshine, and others all shadders," lifting up one of her grand-

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children on her lap, and shaking like a jelly with the exertion.

The sensitive, pale face of the woman, looking down at her, grew more intent, as though she hoped to find the long-sought answer to some riddle.

"You visit the grave of your old lover often?"

Mrs. Holt laughed a jolly, hearty laugh. "Lord bless you, ma'am, you don't think I've time to hanker after old follies, like a babby? I've been there, certainly, to see if it was kept properly. We was paid liberal."

Margaret Tanniere turned away hastily, leaving some money in the old woman's hand.

Whether they were sisters by birth, or only by that subtler tie which binds humanity together, the rich and the poor; there the outer sign of kinship ends in the giving and receiving of money.

Night had fallen before Margaret had left the cemetery. Through her long, and not unhappy life, she had looked forward to the hour when she could come back to the grave of the one man whom she had loved, thinking that there, perhaps, he would know how sacred and deep had been the pain with which she mourned him; and looking back once more at the face of her shadow, seeing in it life's unreasoning content, she knew that to each something of joy or happiness is given that to all others is denied; and that in the beneficence of a future life, compensation is awarded to all creatures.

MADELINE.

BY GERTIE JOHNSON.

The years have crept slowly by, Madeline, Madeline,
Bearing their burden of toil and of pain;
Sweeping our heart-strings with merciless fingers,
Flooding our paths with their sunshine and rain!

Oh, how they've cheated us! Madeline, Madeline;
Keeping the pleasures that should have been ours;
Giving to *others* the rose, with its fragrance;
Giving to *us*, only odorless flowers!

Oh, they've been cruel years! Madeline, Madeline,
Crushing our fainting hearts, as they passed by;
Smiling, in mockery, back at our anguish;
Gliding away from the heart's wailing cry!

Oh, they've been weary years! Madeline, Madeline;
Dragging their misty days slowly along;
Chilling our hearts with their close-clinging shadows,
Crushing our hearts with their burden of wrong!

Oh, they've been fickle years! Madeline, Madeline;
Keeping no promises that they have made;
Keeping the weary heart sick with its watching—
Waiting fulfillment of hopes oft delayed!

And still they go creeping by, Madeline, Madeline,
Bearing their burden of sunshine and rain.
Oh! will our hearts receive some of the sunlight?
Or, must they pray for it ever in vain?

Will the Future's dim pathway, Madeline, Madeline,
Be to our worn feet as rough as the way
They always have travel'd, 'mid thick-falling shadows,
Wearily, painfully, day after day?

Oh, surely a change will come! Madeline, Madeline—
Some time the wearisome years will be past!
Some time the shadows will rise from our pathway;
Life will be flooded with sunshine at last!

HEAVEN.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

I doubt not, but to every mind of mortal,
That Heaven, in a different form, appears,
And every one, who hopes to pass the portal,
Where God shall wipe away all bitter tears,
Seeth the mansion, in a separate guise.
And there are many Heavens, to many eyes.

To me, it seems a world where all the sweetness,
That I have in my wildest dreams conceived;
The subtle beauty, and the rare completeness,
That I have missed, in life, and missing, grieved;
The things that I have sought for, all my life,
And if I found, found mixed with pain and strife.

That rest, that mortal mind can never measure;
That peace, that we can never understand;
The keen delights, that fill the soul with pleasure;
These, *these* I deem, are what that blessed land,
Lying beyond the pearly gates doth hold—
Where the broad street is paved with shining gold.

A total putting off of care and sorrow,
As we put by old garments. Rest, so deep,
That 'tis not marred by thoughts of the to-morrow,
Or pained by tears, for never any weep.
The love, unchangeable, unselfish, strong—
That I have craved, with heart and soul, so long.

All these, I hope, in that vast Forever,
Of which we dream, nor mortal eye hath seen,
When death's pale craft shall bear me o'er the river,
To find in waiting, on the shores of green,
And in that haven, how my soul shall raise,
Unceasing songs of gratitude and praise.

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AUNT JERUSHA'S VISIT TO TOWN.

BY ROSALIE GRAY.

AUNTIE was the only sister of my husband's mother. She had always lived in a far-away region, in Pennsylvania, and had never in the course of her life visited the city, which she regarded as a place of iniquity, invented for the purpose of entrapping unwary travelers. Her sister's oldest son, Edward, had always been a great favorite with her, and, as his mother's circumstances were moderate, his aunt, who was very well off, and whose riches were constantly being increased by the proceeds of her farm, had educated him at her own expense; and, having no children herself, she had made a pet of him, and regarded him almost as her son. He had frequently passed his vacations at her house, and had learned to love the face which always lighted up with a welcoming smile at his approach, while at the same time he was amused by her peculiarities. Thus, when we were married, and auntie expressed a wish to see Edward's bride, we decided to spend a few days at her house while on our wedding-tour. It was a plain, old-fashioned farm-house, far away from any other habitation; and there my new relative lived, with Mary, a distant cousin, who helped around, and the farm-hands. Her time was chiefly spent in manufacturing endless quantities of cheeses, kneading bread, churning butter, and attending to her farming generally. The worthy lady was evidently pleased with the respect we had paid her in making this visit, although, to be sure, she had rather a curious way of showing her pleasure—she would frequently stand groaning and wailing over her "dear nephew's useless little wife."

"Why, Caroline," she said to me, solemnly, "I don't believe you know how to milk a cow, or make cheese—do you, now?"

"No, auntie," I replied, laughing; "and I am sure that if I possessed that knowledge, it would not be very useful to me, as we shall not keep a cow in the city, and we both abominate cheese."

But auntie shook her head, and groaned forth a prolonged, "Oh! oh! oh!" which seemed to intimate that she considered me incorrigible. And yet I enjoyed this visit very much. I had never been on a farm before; and I loved to watch them all at their work, to ride on the hay, to feed the different animals, to talk with auntie, when she could spare time from what she considered her more useful employments; in short, I enjoyed everything on this wedding-tour—a bright, rosy mist seemed to encircle me, and cover every event.

When we returned from this trip, we settled in New York. My husband had education, talents, and friends; fortune soon followed, and we moved into a handsome house, where we lived in considerable style; and then, as a natural consequence, we had plenty of fashionable friends. During all this time we heard occasionally from auntie: but she declined our invitations to pay us a visit, saying that she "had no time to waste on such frivolities"—whether we were the "frivolities" or not, was left to our imagination.

Twenty years had passed since my wedding-tour. I was now the mamma of several promising children, the eldest of whom had arrived at the age of eighteen, and her birthday was to be celebrated by a party. The party-dresses had been bought, made-up, criticised, revised, and finally pronounced perfect; the usual quantity of flowers had been ordered, the hair-dresser engaged; in short, all necessary preparations had been completed, and it was still but three o'clock in the afternoon, We had several hours left, wherein to rest, that we might appear the brighter in the evening; and I had just persuaded Belle to lie down and take a little nap, when the waiter announced,

"An old woman down in the hall, and would like to see you, ma'am. I told her you were engaged, but couldn't get her off; says she wants to see you very particular"

I went down stairs, and perceived standing in the hall, a stout old lady, grasping a huge carpet-bag in one hand, and an enormous band-box in the other. A face fairly irradiated with the thought of the happiness she was about to surprise me with, beamed upon me from the depths of a bonnet rivaling in size any which my memory could recall, or my imagination picture.

"I knowed you'd be delighted to see me; and I jest wanted to take you by surprise!" was the exclamation which greeted me.

Heavens and earth! did my eyes and ears

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deceive me! What evil genius had put it into the old lady's head to visit me at this most unpropitious season? What should I do with her? Where should I hide her? were the queries which crowded hurriedly through my brain; and then came a vision of young Merton, the lion of the season, whose attentions to Belle had already excited the envy of her companions—what would he think of this specimen from the backwoods? But there the old lady stood, smiling delightedly at my surprise, and waiting to embrace me; and, quite ashamed of my want of hospitality, I hastened to give her a hearty welcome. Then a happy thought struck me, and I remarked,

"You must be very tired and sleepy after your long journey, auntie, so come up stairs and take off your bonnet; and after you have had a lunch, you had better take a nap."

"Lunch!" she replied, bewildered. "And what is lunch?"

I explained to her that "lunch" was something to eat without being a regular meal.

"Wull, why on airth can't you say 'somethin' to eat,' then, without talkin' in sich a roundabout way that nobody can understand you?"

As we entered the apartment which I designed appropriating to her use, the old lady exclaimed, "Cats and Kittens! what a lot o' fine things you've got here!"

"This is to be your room, auntie," I replied, smiling at the old lady's simplicity; "don't you like it?"

"Wull, I don't know," she returned, rather doubtfully, "'pears to me, it looks more like a museum of curiosities than a bed-room. Oh! oh! the extravagance of you city people! why, it would take all the cheeses I could make for a year to buy the inside of this room!"

I rang the bell, and ordered some refreshment; and when the voluble old lady had disposed of this, she consented to adopt my suggestion, that she should take a nap.

And now, with a mind much relieved, I left her; it was already drawing toward evening; auntie was old and tired, and it was reasonable to suppose that she would sleep until morning, so I banished all care on this point, and prepared to do the honors as hostess. In due time the guests arrived; dancing, music, and chatting were going on merrily, and I stood in the midst of a group of friends, well pleased to see all enjoying themselves so well, when I was startled by hearing my name called in a loud tone of voice.

"Caroline!"

I turned to the door, and to my dismay, beheld auntie. She was arrayed in a black flowered-silk dress, made in a style which it would be impossible to describe, and would baffle the skill of all the dress-makers to imitate; so very ancient did it look, that it might almost be supposed that Mrs. Noah herself had had a hand in making it, only that dress-making is not recorded as one of that estimable lady's accomplishments. But auntie's dress was quite cast into the shade by her cap; what the foundation of her head-gear was, it would be difficult to determine, as a profusion of ribbons, of every imaginable color and hue, completely concealed it; these ribbons seemed to be standing up and standing down, and flying out in every possible direction; there were rosettes, and bows, and ends innumerable, bobbing and bowing at each bend of the old lady's head; and it seemed to me that whoever had manufactured this very extraordinary production, must have laid a wager to use an incredible amount of ribbon. She wore black lace mits, and carried an enormous feather-fan, which had been her chief mantle-ornament for some years past.

But while I was petrified by this vision, there stood auntie, beckoning to me, and smiling, and nodding indiscriminately to all the rest

"Like my cap, Caroline?" she inquired, as I approached her; "had it made a purpose to wear in the city. You know I dont't like these fandangoes; always seem to me a waste of time; but then, as this is my very fust visit to the city, and mebbe I may never come again, I jest thought I might as well go right through with them, this time. Besides, your friends might not think it neighborly-like in me to keep to myself all the time; so when I heerd the music, which woke me up, I came to the stairs and looked over, seein' you was havin' a tea-drinkin', or somethin' of that kind here, I jest thought I'd dress-up in my best clothes and come down."

How much longer the old lady might have run on in this style, I cannot say; but having now somewhat recovered from my surprise and consternation, and having resolved to make the best of what I could not help, I took her arm, and walked boldly into the room with her. We were very soon stopped by Edward.

"How do you do, auntie? I am very glad to see you," was his cordial salutation, as he extended his hand.

"Why, Edward, how d'ye do?" and the salute which followed seemed to me to reverberate

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through all the apartments. "Cats and kittens! how you've grown!" she continued.

"Not since I was at your house, I hope," he responded, laughing.

"Wull, no," she admitted; "but I mean sence you was a little boy."

I felt my cheeks glowing, as my voluble relative continued her conversation within the hearing of my highly polished and fashionable acquaintances, and my eyes wandered over the room, searching for some out-of-the-way corner, in which to hide her.

"Come, auntie," said I, "come and sit down and listen to the music;" and I led the way to the most retired quarter of the room.

"I'm so glad I had that nap," said auntie; "if I hadn't, I never should uv been able to sit up, and come to the party to-night, in the world; it was very thoughtful of you to propose it, Caroline."

I wished that my thoughts had been at the North Pole when I proposed it, since this was the result. Belle sat at the piano, her lovely eyes sparkling with excitement, and the soft color coming and going in her dimpled cheeks, while young Merton, just returned from abroad, bent over her, turning the leaves, drinking in the music, and evidently fascinated with her beauty. Now, I thought, auntie will surely be quiet for a little while, and listen to the music; but alas! she seemed to be utterly irrepressible.

"Cats and kittens!" greeted my ears, "what on airth makes that girl shiver and shake in that style? Why, there she is, tremblin' all over, while our Sally Jane, what sings in the choir at home, and sings enough-sight better'n that, too, doesn't make sich an awful time over it, a tremblin' and a carryin' on, as ef she thought everybody was a lookin' at her!"

My face crimsoned, as I perceived a suppressed titter among those of my guests who stood near, while their eyes danced with merriment; and, leaning forward, I whispered to the old lady—"she is trilling, auntie; don't you like it?"

"Thrillin'!" she exclaimed aloud; "I don't call that thrillin'!"

Presently, Belle left the piano, and, leaning on the arm of young Merton, approached us. What did possess the child? Where were her thoughts? What impression would her escort receive of our relatives? He who was so very fastidious, and had always been accustomed to the best society! But there was no help for it; they had come, and I was obliged to introduce them.

"So, you are the girl what was doin' somethin' your ma thought was thrillin' at the pianny, be you?" was auntie's salutation.

"Didn't you like my playing, auntie?" replied Belle, good-humoredly. "Well, to-morrow I will play you some ballads, which, perhaps, you will like better."

I glanced at young Merton, and read in his face none of that disgust which I had feared the remarks and manners of our countrified relative would inspire; on the contrary, his eyes were bent upon Belle, and expressed the utmost admiration.

Auntie, evidently thinking she had wasted sufficient time, now drew forth her knitting-work, and the click of her needles kept pace with her never-to-be-wearied tongue. It was not necessary that I should remain with her in order to entertain her, as she was fully capable of doing that herself; and she insisted upon being neighborly with all who came near her, without the ceremony of an introduction; as to keeping her within any sort of bounds, by my presence, I despaired of that, and as my attention was required now for my other guests, I left auntie to Belle's care, hoping that she might be able to suppress the innocent old lady.

The next I saw of my peculiar visitor was in the supper-room. Some one had handed her a saucer of ice-cream; but at the first spoonful, the old lady puckered up her mouth to express the greatest intensity of cold, and exclaimed:

"Cats and kittens! what *do* you call this?"

The attention of the whole company was turned upon her, and it evidently required a great effort to suppress the smiles which were dancing in their eyes.

I replied, in an under tone, "It is ice-cream, auntie; don't you think it is nice?"

"Wull, yes; kinder nice; but what makes it so tarnal cold?"

"It has been frozen," I replied.

"Frozen, eh! wull, there, I thought somethin' was the matter with it!"

"But, don't you like it?" I persisted.

"Yes, rather; but then it would taste enough-sight better ef we only had a piece of our nice home-made bread and butter to eat with it; wouldn' it now?"

At this point, all my guests seemed to be seized suddenly with bad colds, and the amount of coughing that was done, was really alarming.

Anxious to divert their attention, as much as possible, and looking eagerly around for

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something with which to do it, I made a most unlucky hit. Noticing a young girl, one of my especial pets, near me, wearing an exquisite pin, with finely-cut flowers over it, I inquired,

"Of what is your pin made, Nettie?"

"Of Parian marble," she replied.

"Pan-marble, eh?" said auntie. "Wull, now, I thought you had a white rose in your bosom. I was lookin' at you, to see jest how you was dressed; 'cause I knowed when I got home, Mary'd want to know jest what you all had on; and I was goin' to tell her you had a white rose in your bosom; but then I meant to uv taken a close look at you before you left—pan-marble, eh? Wull, now; I'll remember that, to tell Mary."

The politeness of my guests had been strained to its utmost limits, and this was more than human-nature could endure, and a merry peal of laughter, from all sides, greeted these last remarks. The poor old lady, with admirable simplicity, looked around, and smiled benevolently on all, never for one moment imagining that she was the cause of their mirth.

The next day auntie insisted upon being taken out to walk. She had "hearn tell a good-deal about Broadway," she said, "and she should like to see it." Belle was selected for her companion, and with many misgivings, I saw them depart together.

"Who is that, my dear?" asked auntie, as soon as they had left the house, pointing to a gentleman, who was passing.

Belle replied—"I don't know."

"Don't know him, eh! A stranger in the place, then, I suppose." And my worthy aunt fell to speculating upon his name, business, place of residence, etc., until she found herself in Broadway, where the dense crowd completely overpowered her, and, finally, she slipped on a piece of orange-peel, and fell at the feet of young Mr. Merton, who was just then passing. He assisted her to rise, and found that she had sprained her ankle; accordingly, after helping her into a store, he left her in Belle's charge, while he went to call a carriage. During the drive home, Mr. Merton evidently succeeded in ingratiating himself in the old lady's affections; for, after the ankle had been attended to, and the pain had somewhat subsided, she remarked to me,

"That seems to be a very likely young man; is he keeping company with Belle?"

I replied that he was one of our friends; but that Belle was still free, not having decided in favor of any one.

But the old lady was set in her opinion, and persisted. "You can't deceive me; I don't believe all them looks and smiles don't mean nothin'. And you mark my words, Caroline, he'll propose for her yet, or my name aint Jerushy Dumm!"

Auntie's sprained ankle proved quite a windfall for us, as it kept her in the house for some time, and, also, cured her of all desire to walk in crowded streets, in the future. Belle took upon herself to entertain auntie, and make her visit as pleasant as possible. She played and sang simple airs for her; talked to her, and told her amusing stories, and introduced her to her company, as "our aunt, who has kindly consented at last to make us a visit;" a style of introduction which seemed to quite flatter the old lady, as it confirmed her in the belief that she was conferring an infinite favor upon us by her presence; and she, in her turn, became very dearly attached to her dear niece, Belle, and mysteriously insinuated what she would do in the event of certain things taking place. Belle, gently, and almost imperceptibly, used her influence to tone down some of auntie's rough edges, and to suppress some of the most glaring of her exclamations. She also prevailed upon her to purchase some dresses of modern material, and to submit herself to the hands of our dress-maker; and, finally, auntie demonstrated her affection for her dear niece so far, as to present her, after much coaxing, with that remarkable cap which had done duty on the evening of her arrival.

In the course of time, an engagement between Mr. Merton and my daughter Belle was announced. He had been attracted to her, he declared, when he first saw her; and the perfect frankness with which she ever introduced her aunt, never shrinking from claiming her as a relation in the presence of her most fashionable acquaintances, thus proving herself superior to the feeling of false shame, which actuates so many, had enhanced his admiration of her, and made him anxious to win her love. He urged that the marriage should take place as early as possible; and auntie readily yielded to Belle's request, that she would remain in order to be present at the wedding. Among the wedding-presents was the deed of a very pretty little house in the upper part of the city—a present from Jerusha Dumm to her dear niece.

Soon after the bridal-party had left, auntie took her departure; but it was with sincere regret that we allowed her to go, and not until she had promised us that her visit should be repeated at no very distant day.

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THE STORY OF A STRING OF PEARLS.

BY MARGARET MERRY.

I.

A STREAM of Italian sunshine glowed and glittered down upon the tiled roofs of the narrow street of Santa Lucia—sunshine, golden and limpid, such as could only be found under that Roman sky. But its beauty was lost upon the only passer-by, a broad-shouldered young Englishman, whose blue eyes were fixed indignantly on a receding water-cart, which turned the wrong way, and did not intend to refresh the thirsty paving-stones.

"What a precious fool I am," he muttered, "to be traversing the streets of this red-hot city, to look for baubles for a set of idle girls. This seems as if it might be the right sort of place."

He stopped before the open door of a small shop, bright with all sorts of trinkets in yellow gold, mosaics, and pearls.

"Ah! what a voice!" A ringing contralto broke into that most tender of Italian love-songs, "*Ricordate lo Giorno*?" The Englishman stepped softly within the door-way. A young girl was sitting in a low seat near the counter, stringing long strands of coral beads. Her back was toward the door, so the stranger's entrance was quite unobserved. She wore the simple and striking dress of an Italian girl of the middle class. Her abundant, glossy black tresses were braided fancifully around her head, and at one side, casting its pink reflection over all that was visible of a clear, dark cheek, was a glowing rose.

Thrilled by that vibrating voice, as a voice had never thrilled him before, the Englishman quite forgot his errand, and stood spell-bound, gazing upon the slender hands that threaded, one by one, the coral beads, while the passionate melody floated from the lips of the unconscious singer, until his umbrella, an Englishman's faithful friend and fellow-traveler, slipped from his forgetful hand, and fell, with a loud crash to the floor. The girl started violently at the sudden noise, and at the sight of a tall, and remarkably handsome young man, standing just behind her. Of course, the beads were equally alarmed, and rattled over the floor in every direction.

The Englishman was dreadfully confused. A pair of magnificent black eyes turned on him with startled inquiry; but he was rather reassured when, at the end of his blundering explanation, "that he was looking for Roman pearls, but the signora's beautiful voice had—had——" He observed that she was blushing much more deeply than himself. "I can find pearls here, of course?"

"Oh, yes! she could show the signor many kinds, if the signor wished to look at them to-day."

But this the signor did not feel inclined to do at that moment; he would come the next day to find what he wanted.

The Englishman found himself, an hour after, at his hotel, with a slightly confused idea of the streets between it and Santa Lucia.

"A letter for the signor Inglese," said the landlord, as he entered the door. The Englishman bounded up the stairs to his own room before he broke the seal. The letter was addressed to "Francis Trevannion, Esq., Piazzi di Spagna, No 5, Rome." It was brief.

"MY DEAR FRANCIS—I will be in Rome one week from to-day, with the girls; they are anxious to see as much as they can while the fine weather lasts."

"The deuce they are!" said Trevannion, to himself. "And then I suppose there will be nothing for me but perpetual sight-seeing with a lot of girls—all pencils, sketch-books, camp-stools, and enthusiasm I fancied I knew Rome pretty thoroughly last year, but there seems to be some part of it that I am yet to make acquaintance with, I imagine. Mr. Bradshaw has possibly something to communicate."

He drew his lounge near the window, settled his curly head comfortably on the pillows, and prepared for a thorough and exhaustive examination of the map of Rome.

II.

A RAY of soft moonlight that followed the glare of the brazen day, fell in its course on the thoughtful face of Francis Trevannion, as he sat in the little balcony that opened from his apartments, smoking his segar and watching the groups of men and women that saunter by; at the same moment a burst of music

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came from some street-singers, who turned a distant corner.

Trevannion bent eagerly forward—the music was in a second beyond hearing.

"Absurd!" he muttered, pitching the end of his segar into the street; "have I never heard a sweet voice before!"

The same ray of moonlight that illuminated Trevannion's face, as he sat smoking in his balcony, touched also two figures that stood leaning over the balustrade of the bridge of St. Angelo. A man's voice was speaking:

"Why do you listen so indifferently to all I have been saying. Have you nothing to say to me, Teresa?"

"I have been speaking, Nicolo."

"Speaking—so you have; but what sort of speaking? Short answers from wandering thoughts. Ah, you are changed, Teresa," he added, reproachfully.

"I am not changed, Nicolo," said the girl, in a low voice.

"You are growing tired of me. You have seen some handsome fellow whom you like better than your poor, rough Nicolo."

"I have not," said Teresa, quickly, with a deep blush.

"Then give me a kiss to prove that it is not so, and that bright rose that you wear in your long braids——"

"Take the rose, Nicolo," said Teresa, detaching it from her hair and tossing it to her lover, disappearing from sight as he bent to pick it up.

III.

Early the next day, Teresa sat at her work in the jewel-shop of the street of Santa Lucia. The bead-stringing proceeded slowly withal. There was no song to speed her fingers. Ever and anon the little brown hands drooped slowly on her embroidered apron, to start quickly to their work when a footstep sounded on the door-sill. Jewels did not seem to be in demand that day. Nicolo, longing for a soft glance from Teresa's liquid eyes, stole in for one moment, but met with so cold, nay, almost angry reception, that the poor fellow hastened away with a heavy heart.

Vexed and out of patience, but at what she did not know, Teresa at last threw down her coral-beads and began to arrange and disarrange various boxes and caskets of wood and pasteboard. She was reaching one to a high shelf, when a long shadow struck athwart the floor, and an English voice said,

"Let me put that in its place for you; it is too high for you to reach."

He had come, then, in reality—the fair-haired young English signor! He had not forgotten Teresa and the pearls he wished to purchase.

While Trevannion examined minutely the necklaces, ear-rings, and long strings of pearls that Teresa spread before him, the acquaintance proceeded with rapid strides between himself and the innocent and unconventional Italian girl.

He learned that her father was the proprietor of the little shop. Teresa, herself, was looking after it now, because her father, St. Catherine preserve him on his journey, was gone to nurse his brother, who was ill at Florence.

Trevannion had overhauled everything that Teresa possessed in the way of a pearl, and heaven knows how many other baubles besides; but he was far from satisfied, he felt no inclination to complete his purchases, wish a good-day to Teresa, and leave those dangerous dark eyes and that silver voice to work their charm on some olive-faced Pietro or Antonio.

"Can you find fault with that necklace, signor," said Teresa, winding it around her wrist to show its purity.

"It will do well enough, but I must have something that I do not see here—ear-rings, pin of pearls, and something blue. The lady they are for is very partial to blue—don't you understand me?"

"Hardly, signor," said Teresa, coldly.

"A pearl-drop, for instance, with a circle of blue beads and gold around it. My sister would never be satisfied without something blue."

"I comprehend perfectly," said Teresa, with a brilliant smile. "Giacomo shall make them just as you desire, and I will help him by stringing the beads."

"And a necklace—will you make that altogether yourself?" said Trevannion.

"*Si*, signor, if you will be satisfied with my poor workmanship."

"For you, Teresa! from you know who," cried a boy, who ran in, showed his white teeth, and threw to her a cluster of orange-flowers, and was gone like a small whirlwind.

"For you, Teresa, from you know who!" repeated Trevannion, with a strange, absurd feeling of positive jealousy. "That means, of course, a lover," he said, looking at her.

Teresa colored deeply and dropped her long eyelashes.

"Not *of course*, signor," she said, making the orange-flowers into a breast-knot.

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"It is a lover's gift, the orange-flower."

"We poor Italians do not know so much of symbols," said Teresa, evasively. "You have many orange-flowers in your country, doubtless, signor?"

"On the contrary, so few that I beg you will generously give me a sprig from that mysterious gift that surprised you so little."

"Impossible. I will execute your order for the pearls, signor," said Teresa, suddenly mindful that she had, perhaps, been too unreserved with this beautiful young stranger, and striving by an abrupt change of manner to make up for possible indiscretion.

Feeling himself dismissed, Trevannion took up his purchases and sauntered back to his hotel.

I need hardly say that Trevannion found himself the next day wandering around the neighborhood of Santa Lucia, doing everything he could, in fact, except the only thing he cared to do, and that was, march straight down the street and through a certain open door.

Fortune or misfortune befriended him at last, in suggesting that he had never said one word to Teresa about the size and form of the necklace she was to make. This was too important a matter to wait another day. His slow step changed to one of great alacrity.

Teresa was there, of course. A night's uninterrupted reflection over a tall, straight young figure, curly fair hair, and a frank, handsome face, made them old and dear acquaintances. So their conversation on that necklace was longer than ever.

IV.

The week fled by on golden wheels for that thoughtless pair.

Trevannion found it necessary to preside over the stringing of each pearl in the precious necklace.

They found the day vacant, cheerless, cold, when they did not see one another; so they were careful to meet.

It was not alone in the dark little shop. Who that has dwelt in Rome does not remember a thousand enchanted spots where, when the sunset flushed the sky, or the moonlight floated over all, they could sit and listen to the splash of a fountain, and smell the orange-flowers, while Teresa's voice entranced Trevannion with the love-songs of her passionate land?

There was not a word of spoken love; but Teresa knew well enough how to read Trevannion's eyes when they were bent on her perpetually, and Trevannion did not fail to interpret in his own way Teresa's changing color and capricious manner.

Poor Nicolo was gone on a cruise to the fishing grounds of Messina, and was praying every day for lucky hauls and a rapid run homeward, that he might find his fair, ungracious one, in a propitious frame of mind.

V.

One bright day, Trevannion was slowly returning through the corridor that approached his sitting-room, when that very door was opened by a little girl of about eight years. At the sight of him she shouted,

"There he is, mamma! Here's Frank!"

A chorus of voices ejaculated in vivacious keys: "Well, Frank!" "Here you are at last, sir?" "Come, give an account of yourself."

This was the last thing he could have done, so he kissed his aunt Catherine, his cousin Kate, and his sister Ella, and submitted with the best grace he could to be kissed and tumbled over by half a dozen young cousins.

"I hope you have not been seeing all the sights without us, Frank?" said Kate.

"I suppose you did as I told you?" said his aunt, and presented the letters you got in Paris to the Prince di Pozzo d'Orr and the Countess Porcupinonini. They put you, of course, in the way of seeing the best of society."

Trevannion had done nothing of the sort, as we well know; but he did not think necessary to parade the fact just then, and the voluble tongues of his female relatives found occupation enough in ceaseless questions about the fare, the accommodations, the dreadful time they had on the road the day before, how a tree broke, and the carriage was brought to such a sudden standstill that poor little Nettie, who was sitting on Kate's lap, was tumbled head foremost into the tray of luncheon that aunt Catherine was holding.

"Have you found us the Roman pearls that you were commissioned to get before we determined to pass through Rome?" asked Trevannon's sister.

"Yes, I have some very pretty ones for the girls; but I am having some set for you after a peculiar fancy of my own. They will be done to-morrow, I believe."

"Oh, thank you! you are so thoughtful, Frank."

"Bring out your pearls, old fellow," cried little Nettie, giving him an enthusiastic hug around the neck.

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VI.

It was late the following day before Trevannion could get away from his exigeante young cousin. When he entered the familiar door, Teresa was leaning against the counter, embroidering a strip of silk. Her fringed neck-handkerchief was fastened together with a knot of orange-flowers.

"What, again adorned with orange-blossoms from your mysterious admirer, Teresa!" said Trevannion, with annoyance in his voice.

"And why not?" said Teresa, coolly; for she was displeased because he came so late.

"Oh, there's no reason in the world, if you feel so indulgent to the sender as to pay him the compliment of wearing his offering."

"Poor fellow! he deserves any compliment that I can pay him," said Teresa, pensively. "He has been gone on a week's cruise, and the *very moment* he returns he hastens to send this token, to let me know that he is come."

"Indeed," replied Trevannion, with a coldness at his heart. "Then, perhaps, I am in the way of an expected audience. Perhaps you have been looking for some one, Teresa?"

"I have been expecting some one, and have looked for him all day, and he has just come to reproach me for trying to make myself look well with a few orange-flowers."

Trevannion flushed to the roots of his hair.

"Then you were only jesting, and there is no sailor whom you love, and who has a right to look for a welcome from you?"

"None," said Teresa, gravely, with a pang as she thought of Nicolo; and how true it was that she did not love him.

When Trevannion spoke again, it was with his usual voice and manner.

"Teresa, my sister, and my aunt and cousin have arrived. My sister is impatient for her pearls. They are ready, are they not?"

Teresa brought out a small box, and one some sizes larger, and pushed them toward him.

"Open them for me yourself," he said, smiling.

She took the lid from the small box, and lifted out two ear-rings, formed of an oval loop of blue turquoise beads, enclosed by a narrow thread of gold, just wide enough to keep the beads in place. In the centre swung a large oval pearl.

"Are they pretty, signor?" said Teresa, holding them up.

"Put them in your ears, and I can tell you."

In putting in the ear-ring, it caught in a strand of hair. Trevannion bent forward and disentangled it, and fastened the catch.

At the touch of his hand upon her cheek, it grew as white as marble. Silently he put into its place the second ear-ring, and then the brooch—a true lover's knot, with a pendant pearl.

"Now the necklace, Teresa."

She opened the larger box and drew out the gleaming coils. It was of three graduated strings of large pearls, purest and whitest of all.

Trevannion clasped it around her throat.

"Do I look well in them?" said Teresa, raising her innocent eyes and looking full at him.

Trevannion could not speak, she looked so beautiful, so fair, so trusting. Knowing all he did, suddenly remembering so much that he should never have forgotten, something rose unbidden in his throat. He could only bend his head.

Teresa wondered much at his pale face and utter silence, as he removed the ornaments and restored them to their caskets.

"Teresa, will you give me an orange-flower of your own free will, not because I ask for it, but because you wish to give it to me?"

She took the cluster from her boddice and handed it to him.

He bent over her hand, as if he would speak, but instead he pressed his lips to it vehemently and strode away.

VII.

"Come here, Ella," said Trevannion, calling his sister to one corner of the room. "Tell me your opinion of these."

Ella opened the boxes and fell into extasies on the spot.

"Beautiful, Frank. She will be perfectly charmed."

"*She!*" said Trevannion. "Who are you speaking of?"

"Why, what a booby you are. '*She*,' why, Evelyn, of course. Who else should be in your thoughts, fond lover? Of course, you mean these pearls for her."

"Evelyn," said Trevannion, in a husky voice. "Oh, to be sure, Evelyn."

"What is the matter, Frank? Why do you keep repeating the name with such a dazed look? Do you mean to say you have forgotten your affianced one in this year of absence? Even though Sir Gilbert would not allow any correspondence between you during this year of your foreign tour, you know Evelyn never forgets you for an hour."

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"Yes, yes," said the wretched Frank;" but take these, won't you; there's a good girl, Nelly."

"Take them, and put them away for you, in my trunk? Certainly I will; but these must go to Evelyn; you can get me some more, anywhere. Evelyn would break her heart, if she thought you had given anything to me first. Don't you remember the message she sent, when we were in Italy, in her letter to me—'If a certain person is mindful of another certain person, when he passes through Rome, he will bring home a string of Roman pearls.'"

"Oh, I remember every word of it, exactly," cried Trevannion, recklessly—"the whole lot of stuff about a certain person, and an uncertain person. Heaven knows what silly trash girls fill their letters up with."

Ella looked at her aunt, in horror at these sacrilegious words, as Trevannion left the room.

"Nothing of any consequence," said that experienced dame, placidly. "He has seen some pretty girl selling flowers on the street, or some nonsense of that kind. He'll soon forget all that when he sees Evelyn's lovely face, and touches English soil, which will be pretty soon. We must leave Rome in three or four days, now."

VIII.

Yes, it was too true. The handsome young Englishman, who kissed so tenderly the hand of the Italian girl, had a right to kiss but one hand in the world. He was bound in love, in honor, tied hand and foot, by that inexorable word, "affianced," to a woman who loved the ground he walked upon.

He had been betrothed to Miss Monckton when he and she were young; more from the ardent desire of their parents for the alliance, than from any particular wish of Trevannion's. He regarded the lovely Evelyn as his own property; was very glad to be engaged to one so much admired; really liked her—called it loving her; so went off eager and happy to his tour on the Continent.

But from the time when Teresa had turned on him her starry eyes, until his sister Ella had spoken her name, Evelyn, his bride to be, had never once been in his thoughts.

Of course, it was thoughtless; of course, it was criminal. He ought never to have gone a second time to the street of Santa Lucia. We ought, none of us, ever to do anything we ought not to do.

Ah! but it was hard on poor Teresa.

IX.

Trevannion paid dearly for that week in Rome.

He knew that the day of explanation and parting must come; but he shrunk from it.

He wandered everywhere that his cousins' fancy led them, patiently showing them their last sights; inwardly, dead despair, outwardly, silent and stern. On the evening of the second day, after seeing his cousin and sister home, he went out, determined to speak with Teresa at all costs.

On his way, he passed the open door of a church. Silent worshippers were passing in and out.

Some impulse made Trevannion enter. He passed up a side aisle to where a taper was dimly burning before the Virgin's shrine.

A woman was kneeling on the tiled floor, engaged in deep, though wordless prayer.

Yes, it was she! It was Teresa. In disquiet and uneasiness at Trevannion's prolonged absence, she had gone to her safest refuge for comfort.

When her prayer was ended, she rose and walked rapidly down the aisle, her eyes cast down, not seeing Trevannion, who gazed at her as though he would have carved every feature upon his quivering heart. He followed her to the door. As they stepped into the sunset street, Trevannion reached her side.

"Teresa!"

She did not start or look surprised. He was so constantly in her thoughts that his appearance at any time would not have startled her.

They walked for some distance, till they reached a favorite haunt—a ruined fountain, over which still presided two marble Tritons. The cool water still flowed from their carved lips. A shivered column had embedded its smoothest, whitest fragment close by. Ghostly, indeed, it looked in the waning light. Many an evening had Trevannion and Teresa made the fluted column their seat. It had listened oftentimes to Teresa's songs and his treacherous words. It should hear his confession now.

They sat down, and Teresa reached her hand into the fountain and drew it out dripping with crystal drops. And he? What did he do then? Why, he told her—he told her all—that he was going back to England the next day; that he was betrothed to an English girl there, whom he was to marry as soon as he got home; that he had tacitly deceived Teresa all this time, and been faithless to his plighted word; that he was going to ruin as soon as it was all over; but that he loved her! he loved her! he loved her!

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"Oh! spare me, spare me!" cried Teresa, at this, and fell back in a dead faint.

Trevannion took her poor, lifeless form in his arms. He kissed the blanched, beautiful face, repeatedly. He was distracted with grief and remorse.

"Oh, signor!" said the poor girl, as she regained her consciousness, "leave me! leave me! Do not speak of love to me! Go—go! Go to your English bride, who is waiting for you!"

"Teresa," said Trevannion, "I solemnly swear to you, that if you will but speak the word, I will never see England again. I will give up everything for you. I solemnly affirm, that life is nothing to me without you, Teresa."

"Do not tempt me to do what is sinful, through my love for you," cried Teresa, wildly. "Only leave me now, signor. In the name of the Holy Virgin, leave me!"

Trevannion knelt at her feet; he seized her hands; he covered them with despairing kisses; he pressed them to his heart; then, with an agonized sob, he fled from her.

X.

A HUGE English traveling carriage lumbered heavily over the Ponte Molle, that leads from the Eternal City. The morning was bright and beautiful. The sunlight flashed merrily over every bit of metal it could find on the horses' harness, and fairly danced when it lit on the postillion's brass-buttons. It turned to gleaming gold the yellow locks of a young and handsome man, whose face was seen at the carriage-window. It sparkled over the flower-tray of a beautiful girl, who was vending her wares as the carriage passed, deepening to glowing red some clusters of roses. But not the reddest rose was as red as the cheek of the flower-girl; not the sun's sparkle could match her flashing eyes.

As the young man's face at the window came opposite to the flower-girl, something white circled through the air, and a cluster of orange-flowers fell at his feet.

XI

"COME, Evelyn, you have not had Frank's gift, yet. I brought it for him with my things for safety; having done that, I think I may claim the pleasure of handing it to you, myself." Ella laid two boxes in Miss Monckton's lap. Evelyn opened them, and looked her thanks to her lover.

"How like you, to choose my color with them," she murmured.

"Frank, put them on for her, and we will see how well fair Evelyn becomes the Roman pearls and torquoise beads."

Frank obediently did as his sister directed. He fastened each ear-ring in his dear one's small ears; he pinned the brooch beneath her blushing face; he clasped the strings of pearl around her white throat, and then, stepped back from her, duly to admire.

"Do I look well in them?" said Evelyn, with a confident smile.

"Admirably," replied the lover—and then, for the first time in his life, lost his consciousness.

"Poor fellow! I don't wonder, riding all day in the hot sun. Come away, Ella, let Evelyn give him the brandy and put the cologne to his head. Who could open his blue-eyes, if Evelyn could not?"

And what became of Teresa?

Go to the Passionist Convent, that crowns the summit of the Alban hills, and ask to see sister Francisca. She will tell you.

FLOWERS.

BY MATTHIAS BARR.

I LOVE to gather the sweet surprise
Of the early dawn in your dewy eyes,
While the minstrel lark from his airy bowers
Keeps raining his soul on ye, tender flowers.

Oh, dear delights of the earth and sky!
Unknown, unnoticed, ye bloom and die;
Content to breathe out your lives unseen,
In the forest brown and the meadows green.

Nations have vanished, and ages rolled,
Since ye blossomed in Eden's bowers of old;
And yet in your hearts ye are pure as then,
But, alas! and alas! for the hearts of men.

The same great Toiler has made us both,
And ye are true to your ancient troth—
True as when first on the earth ye came
To tell of His wisdom and preach His name.

But man, proud man, with the God-like brow,
How black at his purest beside ye now.
Ah! little I ween could the wisest say,
Were it not for the hope of a brighter day.

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THE REIGNING BELLE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER VIII.

RUTH LAURENCE, though an invalid, was pining for something which might occupy the slender hands which seemed all too frail for any labor. She could do many pretty trifles, however, with those deft fingers, and in her soul lay a deep love of art, which they were patiently striving to work out, whenever a bit of wax or a scrap of paper fell in her way. Sometimes, as the wind swept through the open windows of that little room, it carried away tiny morsels of paper, on which a butterfly, a bird, or a flower was sketched, which went whirling off among the old-fashioned flowers like a living thing. Sometimes she would manage to get ravelings from scraps of silk, out of which she wrought rose-buds for pincushions, and groups of blossoms for segar-cases, which brought in a shilling or two, now and then, for the scanty household-fund, and gave her a world of happiness in the sweet power of creation.

She was lying on her couch, close by the window, with a bit of drawing-paper in her hand, on which the soft shadows of a white rose were forming themselves, when a click of the gate-latch, and the sound of strange footsteps, made her start and look through the window. She saw her brother James by the gate, and with him a tall, elderly man, whom she had never seen before. The stranger waited a moment for the boy to complete what he was saying, and then crossed the little yard, while James ran forward to open the door.

"Ruthy! Ruthy, dear! just sit up a little, if you can; I have brought a gentleman, who wants to get acquainted with us. I told him all about things, you know, and he seems to think —Well, I don't know what he thinks—but something awful kind, I'm sure, by his face."

While James stood in the doorway uttering this excited little speech, Ruth arose fully from her pillows, dropped her feet to the floor, and turned her eyes upon the stranger in breathless expectation. She saw a tall, slender man, some fifty years of age, with hair, that had once been black as the neck of a raven, large, dark eyes, full of calm sadness, a forehead as white as marble, and but faintly lined, with a firm, sensitive mouth, to which laughter seemed to come never, and smiles but seldom; still, in his face and that quiet, gentlemanly air, was that indescribable something which awakes sympathy, and verges on tenderness.

"Forgive me, young lady; I did not intend to intrude on you in this abrupt way," he said, lifting his hat as he crossed the threshold. "I have met a young lady, your sister, I think, who half gave me permission to call."

"My sister is not at home," answered Ruth, blushing; for she was so unaccustomed to the sight of a stranger that the presence of this one set her heart to beating wildly.

"I know; this good lad told me as much. He also told me some other things about his family, that made me think—that made me hope—" The stranger paused, and bent his eyes upon the girl with a long, wistful look, that seemed pleading with her for help.

"Perhaps you hoped to find some one that you knew?"

"Yes, yes; I did hope that—but it was long ago. No friend of mine could be young as you are."

"Was it somebody you wanted to find, then? Perhaps mother may help you."

"Perhaps," said the man, abstractedly, still gazing in that delicate young face, as if searching its features, one by one.

"She knew all my poor father's friends," said Ruth, embarrassed by the silence.

"Ah, yes! I should like to see your mother."

Ruth lifted her voice a little, and called out:

"Mother! Mother!"

"Well, I must be going. It's so long since I went out, and they'll miss me at the store," said little James, who had waited in silence for something strange to happen; for this advent of a visitor seemed full of importance to him. "Good-by, Ruthy; good-by, sir! I'm off."

As James ran down the front yard Mrs.

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Laurence came into the little parlor, untying the apron in which she had been working as she came in. Mr. Ross started, and turning in his chair, regarded her with a sharp, scrutinizing look, which deepened into an expression of keen disappointment.

"This is my mother," said Ruth, bending her head, while Mrs. Laurence paused to fling her apron back into the kitchen, when she saw a stranger in the room.

Ross arose, and stood a moment, waiting for Mrs. Laurence to advance; for, though everything was humble, and even poverty-stricken around them, he felt that these women were naturally far above the level of their appearance.

"I have intruded, madam, perhaps rudely," he said, at last; "but having met one of your children by accident, her resemblance to one—to an old friend—was so striking, that I ventured to inquire about her here."

Mrs. Laurence seemed more than usually disturbed by this speech; she turned a steady glance on her visitor, and said,

"I cannot remember of ever seeing you before, sir; there must be some mistake."

Ross looked searchingly at the woman, as she spoke; her voice was firm and somewhat harsh; her reception of his polite address a little repellant; but she motioned him to take a seat, and occupied one herself, putting down her sleeves, which had been rolled up to the elbows.

"I once knew a man of your name," said Ross, regarding the woman with a look of hesitation.

"Was he a policeman?" questioned Mrs. Laurence.

"Not while I knew him. We were clerks in the same store.

"How long was that ago?"

"More than twenty years."

Mrs. Laurence reflected a moment, then lifting her face, said,

"Well?"

"He was the dearest friend I ever had. When I left him, he promised to watch over my interests, to——"

"May I ask your name," said Mrs. Laurence now keenly aroused.

"Ross—Herman Ross."

Mrs. Laurence turned her eyes from the face she had been studying with a sort of terror, and her voice grew low and hoarse as she questioned him further.

"And the name of your friend—his full name?"

"Leonard—Leonard Laurence."

"That was father's name," said Ruth, in a half whisper, looking at her mother, who groaned heavily, without saying a word. Low as the words were spoken, Ross heard them, and his face kindled.

"Then, young lady, your father was my close friend, and loved me like a brother. Will you not trust and like me a little for his sake?"

"I love everything that he loved," said Ruth, with tears in her eyes; and she held out her frail little hand, which Ross took, reverently, then turned to the other woman with a look of touching appeal.

"And you aere Leonard Laurence's wife. I remember seeing you once, a fair, young bride."

The iron muscles about the woman's mouth began to quiver, and a flush came around her pale-blue eyes.

"There is a long, weary stretch between now and then," she said, turning away her face.

"There is, indeed!" responded Ross, with a sigh, which lifted his bosom with the force of a groan. "A long, weary stretch; full of desolation to more than you and me."

"It gave him a violent death, and me widowhood like this," said the woman, turning cold and white.

"The boy told me something of this, but I was not sure it was the same man. I hoped to find him alive and prosperous. This is a hard, hard blow to a man who had so few friends."

The woman looked at him jealously, as if his evident grief encroached upon her own melancholy right of sorrow. From the first, she seemed to regard him as a person to be kept at arms-length.

"Tell me more—tell me how he died?" said Ross, in a tremulous voice. "It will be a pain, I know; but this suspense and conjecture will have no end, without a thorough knowledge of all that relates to him. I must know."

Ruth looked wistfully at her mother, and was about to utter some tender protest; but Mrs. Laurence lifted her hand, as if she understood the kind impulse, but was ready to take up her hard task.

"It was during the rebellion," she said, "when the laboring-classes of the city went wild with a mad idea that the draft was intended to oppress them and favor the rich. Most of our city troops had been drawn off to check the advance of the enemy, and a fearful duty fell upon the police—as brave a set of men as ever went to any battle-field.

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"The riot came upon us unexpectedly. My husband seemed rather more than usually anxious that morning, but not really apprehensive. He was then a captain in the force, and held to be one of the bravest and most experienced men among them. You have seen him. You know what manner of man he was; but, no—you knew him in his youth—this was in his perfect prime. In the glow of health, in the might of firm resolution, he left me that day. I watched him going down the street, from that window—that very window, sir. We had just built this house, then, and were making it a home-nest for the children. The youngest was by my side; he had mounted to a chair, and was clapping his hands and shouting for his father to look back.

"Leonard was anxious, and walked on swiftly; for strange noises were in the air, while groups of men and women gathered in the street, suddenly, as if they sprang out of the earth. Still, my husband heard the shouts of his child, and turning, waved his hand to us. I saw that no smile lighted his face. He stopped, and seemed to listen. A low howl swept up the street, as if a den of wild beasts were clamoring for food. This time, he waved his club, and plunged into a great crowd of people, that choked up the street, menacing him with threats, then swallowing him up before my eyes.

"That was an awful day. He had left me in charge of our children, and I dared not leave them for a single moment. My home was in the very heart of a disinfected district. My husband was obnoxious, from his strict discharge of duty, and suspected of more education, and higher ambition, than the horde that surrounded us. Lonely as our household was, danger menaced us. Twice during the day a crowd came up the street, swarmed into our little garden, and threatened to burn the house. They would have done it, too, but for Eva, who flung the door open, and standing on the threshold, told them that she was there to protect her mother and two children, younger and weaker than herself.

"Oh, sir! if you could have seen the child standing there, and braving that crowd of fiends! How beautiful she looked, with her coal-black hair all abroad; her great eyes burning with courageous fire, hurling words of wild appeal, like bullets, into the crowd. They met her, first, with groans of derision, then with fierce shouts of applause, swearing that she was worthy to lead in their own fierce work; worthy of a place by the demoniac women who knew how to cut their way through fire and blood to the heart of an aristocrat.

"Before I could reach my child, or even cry out, a gaunt, gray-headed old woman, with blazing eyes, and lips blistered with oaths, seized her by the arm, shouting,

"'Yes, yes! let us set her on to help us! She shall tear the painted brats from out their silk nests in the avenue, up yonder, and drown them in the gutters! This is fancy work; just fit for a daring imp that isn't afraid of *us!* Them who aint afeared to fight us are bound to lead us. We want a gal, about her age, to hunt up the small fry, and fling them down for us to trample in the mud.'

"As the woman spoke, she lifted Eva from her feet, and would have hurled her into the crowd; but I pushed the children from me, and sprang upon her with the strength of a strong man in my arms. The struggle was short and fierce. I rescued Eva, and thrusting her behind me, took her place on the threshold of our home. The woman sprang upon me like a fiend; froth flew like snowflakes from her writhing lips, and a glow of blood burned in her eyes—but I had three children to save.

"How I saved them; what words were used; if the strength of desperation, that fairly turned every nerve in my body to iron, was put forth at all, I do not know; but the crowd broke, filling the air with shouts of laughter, and surged away, dragging that fiend-woman with them,

"Then I bolted the doors, and fell down, weaker and more helpless than the children who wept around me, too frightened for crying. All day long, the howling of the mob, the shrieks of terrified negroes, and the rush of crowds, sweeping by on some errand of destruction, filled us with shuddering dread. When night came we were still alone, watchful and trembling with unutterable fear. I did not think it strange that my husband was absent. While there was a duty to perform, I knew that we need not hope to see him. But, oh, the suspense was terrible!

"All night we waited and listened to the gathering storm, to the howlings of the mob, the startling crash of fire-bells, following close on each other, and the sharp shrieks of men and women, trampled under foot by the merciless rioters, whose fury it was my husband's duty to quell. Oh, that was an awful night! At each mere sound my children would creep closer to me, and while the heart quivered in my bosom, I tried to comfort them.

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"Toward morning, a messenger came from my husband. He was still at his post, and might not be able to leave it for days. We must keep bravely up, and remain quiet, otherwise his mind would be so distracted that it would be hard to go through what lay before him.

"I learned from the messenger that Leonard had tasted no food since morning, and hastily gathered up what there was cooked in the house, I sent it to him, with the children's love. Of course, we would be brave and quiet, I said, while my heart sunk within me. He must not care for us. I would mind the children, if God would only take care of him.

"The messenger promised to come back in an hour or two, and we waited for him with growing terror, for the crash of the fire-bells was perpetual now. All around us, red tongues of flame were shooting up through burning roofs, and the streets were full of straggling rioters, with the plunder of sacked homes on their backs; some of them reeling with intoxication, and cursing everything they met, as men and women cursed each other around the guillotines of Paris. These sights kept me at the window. An awful fascination drew me toward the street whenever a fresh mob came crowding along it. How did I know that he might not be there struggling against the stormy passions that filled the city with edying smoke and riotous noises?

"The sun was going down on the second day, and there we stood, carfully holding back the window-curtain, and straining our eyes to catch the first glimpse of his coming, or of some messenger who could tell us of his safety. All at once, a sound of low, growling thunder came down one of the cross-streets, and before we could tell what it meant, a group of policemen came up the street, each man armed and resolute, but white as marble, with a knowledge of the fearful odds against them. The leader of these men, towering above them all, was my husband. He never once looked toward the house. Perhaps he feared the sight of it would unman him. With a loud, ringing voice, that reached us where we stood, he gave some orders to his men, who ranged themselves across the street from which danger threatened. In a moment they were swept back by a throng of rioters—swept back and scattered by a rush of overpowering numbers. A shot was fired, and one man fell—the tallest, the grandest. Oh, God, help me!—the bravest of them all. I saw him go down. I saw the mob trample over him with yells of rage. His groans, his death-agony was unheeded as the stones under those brutal feet. I never knew how it was done, but in a moment I was struggling and buffeting my way through that avalanche of human fiends, as drowning men fight with the surging waters of a flood. Perhaps they had some compassion; or, it may be, that my white face frightened them, for the crowd broke where he was lying, and scattered away, tracking his blood upon the pavement as they went. I fell down on my knees by his side. I laid my hand on his heart, and drew it away wet and red. His eyes were open, but they could not see his poor wife; his lips were parted beneath the shadow of his beard, which the wind stirred, and it seemed to me that he was speaking. But, no; those murderers had done their work well. I knelt down upon those hot, dusty stones a widow.

"Eva had followed me, and the little ones had clung to her shivering and crying as she pressed through the crowd. We were all together—his little family, wife and children—but he was dead. They would not believe it, but called upon him with feeble cries to look up and say that he was not much hurt. *I* knew that he was dead; that they were orphans, and I, his wife, a widow."

The woman ceased speaking. During her whole narrative she had shed no tears, but her voice was low and cold, like the air that comes from a tomb. Her lips never quivered, but they grew white as death. While her mother was talking, Ruth had partly risen and drew the window-curtains softly together, hoping thus to shroud something of the grief which this man had so painfully aroused. Then she sunk back upon her couch, and gazed at the stranger reproachfully through her tears. Mr. Ross sat gazing upon the floor, with trouble in his eyes. He felt all the pain he had given, and the thought was full of distress.

"Yes," he said, at last. "I knew Laurence well. He was brave, noble, well-educated. How comes it that he took a position which proved so fatal to him and to you?"

"He could get nothing better to do," said Mrs. Laurence, drearily, "and I had no power to help him. But for the children, I might have obtained my old position as a teacher; but they needed all my care. At first, he did not intend to remain in the police, but time reconciled u' to it, and he would soon have laid up enough capital for a start in business. It is all gone now; for I would not let the children go out into the world without education, and they loved study."

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"I can easily believe that," said Ross, glancing at Ruth, who still kept her position, with tears trembling on her eye-lashes—a delicate, fair girl, with the refinement of a cultivated intellect in every feature. "At least you are blessed in the children my friend loved so well."

"They are good children," answered the woman, wearily; for the excitement of her narrative had left her cold and weak. Still, the stranger looked as if something was unexplained. He moved across the room, and in a vague way took up the bit of drawing-paper, on which Ruth had sketched her white roses. The delicacy of the touch, and free unfolding of the buds, seemed to arrest his thoughts, and turn them into another channel. His eyes brightened, and bending them upon Ruth, he asked if she had ever attempted anything in oils."

Ruth blushed, and casting her eyes down, that he might not remark the longing wish that spoke there, answered, "No; it had been impossible."

He seemed to understand the craving wish that had never yet been expressed, and after a moment's hesitation, observed,

"I sometimes paint a little." Then, after hesitating a minute, he added, "There must be an upper room in your house which would give sufficient light."

"Yes," answered Ruth, vaguely, comprehending his idea. "But mother was in hopes of letting that, if she could find a nice person."

The flash of a sudden thought came into those dark eyes, and Ross seemed about to speak; but he checked himself, looked at the sketch again, and laid it down.

"Is your sister anything of an artist?" he inquired.

"Oh, Eva can do almost anything!" said Ruth, and her white face brightened out of its mournful look.

"She is older than you, I should think."

"Older? Oh, yes! And a thousand times brighter than I ever shall be. But, then, there is no one like our Eva."

"She is, indeed, a bright, beautiful creature."

"Everybody thinks that of her."

The man looked earnestly at Ruth. Some thought was in his mind which he did not know how to express. The girl before him was very lovely, but part of this arose from that extreme fairness, which exclusion from the sun and frail health had imparted, and was in extreme contrast with the dark, rich beauty of her sister. Ruth read something of this thought in the man's face and answered it, smiling.

"And everybody wonders that we are so unlike; but that is in all respects. She is strong, cheerful, splendid, while I—Oh, sir! you can see how different I am."

"I can see that you are doing yourself injustice," said Ross, taking his hat. "But excuse me, that I have intruded so long, as your father's old friend."

Mrs. Laurence bent her head, and her visitor departed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IDEAL AND REAL.

BY MRS. CLARA B. HEATH.

Say what you will, in a romance or story;
Make all your heroes to prosper at last;
Crown all your martyrs with honor and glory,
While their misfortunes are things of the past!

Maidens, half buried in tulle and illusion,
Pure as the pearls from the ocean's deep bed,
Come up from hovels—a simple conclusion!
And by "Apollos." or "Stewarts" are wed.

Children, long lost in the world's kind opinion,
Always to tasks and to poverty bound,
Never grow vicious—and, gaining dominion,
Prove millionaires, at the least, when they're found!

Such things do happen as pleasant exceptions;
But, and alas! they're by no means the rule;
It must be clear to the dullest perception,
That there are crowds who are always at school.

Always at school, where the text-books are blotted,
And the dull rules are distractingly long;
Happy the few, who, by patience allotted,
Finish the lesson in time for a song.

Life has a side that's as cold and as bitter
As the north wind of a December day!
For who are clad in its tinsel and glitter,
Pity the mourners in sable and gray.

Hill upon hill, rising ever before them,
Each seeming steeper than those they have passed;
Bearing for years the chill winds that sweep o'er them,
Only to faint by the way-side at last.

Truly, the "Righteous are never forsaken!"
He who takes note of the sparrows that fall,
He can give more than a cold world has taken—
Blessings and mercies await but His call.

But 'tis not always with garlands He leads them,
Sometimes, in fetters, they falter and fall.
'Tis not alone upon manna He feeds them—
Many have sickened of wormwood and gall!

Say what you will, in your romance or story,
Life has a side like a December day!
Many a martyr knows nothing of glory—
Many a soldier has died by the way!

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, a very pretty dress, entirely new, although a reproduction, with some alterations, of a favorite style of two years ago. It

will be very suitable for early Spring suits, and is to be made of any light-colored material, say gray, pearl, or lilac, Summer mohair, such as can be bought for thirty-seven and a half or forty cents per yard. The trimming in the design is of black velvet; but we would suggest, in its place, silk, cut on the bias, or fine black alpaca. The latter makes a very pretty and effective trimming, at a trifling cost, and if stitched down on both edges, with the sewing-machine, nothing could be neater.

Cut the under-skirt in the usual way. There is as yet no alterations, except all dresses for the street are made longer, in fact just to touch the ground. Therefore, for the lower-skirt, cut the front breadth gored—two side-gores, and two full breadths at the back—and trim with two bias bands, four inches wide. The over-skirt is quite short and scant, twelve inches long on the front, slightly sloped toward the back breadth, which is twenty-two inches long; one width forming the back. One front width, narrowed and gored, just as wide as the top part of the under-skirt, as are also the side gores. The waist is plain, with coat-sleeves. The cape is simply a circular one, falling about nine inches below the waist. One huge, double, box-plait is laid in this cape, at the waist, which plait is fastened to a belt on the under side, passing around the waist, thus drawing down the cape into the waist, where a double bow is placed on the outside, and the

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ends underneath. The trimming for the over-skirt and cape should be a trifle narrower than on the bottom of the under-skirt. Twelve yards of double-fold material will make this costume.

We give next, a walking-suit of black alpaca, or summer mohair; the latter very nice in grays, or black-colored ones, for high colors are apt to fade. The under-skirt is to be cut as described in the preceding dress. The trimming is of the same material of the dress, and is arranged in large blocks of box-plaiting: one width of alpaca to each block. The trimming is seven inches deep, and is scalloped and bound on three sides, as may be seen in the design; then plaited, and where sewed on, one row of narrow, black velvet is placed. The over-skirt is open in front, and consists of four straight widths, three-quarters of a yard long, simply scalloped and bowed, one row of the velvet ribbon all round. The waist plain. Coat-sleeves. A small, round cape, not coming together in front, and trimmed to match from the throat all the way down the front, a straight piece, four inches wide, is scalloped, and trimmed also with the velvet; and there is one row of velvet buttons. A belt at the waist; no bows or ends at the back. Fifteen yards of double-fold material will be required.

We give, now, back and front views of a walking-dress for a Miss of twelve years. This cos-

tume is of white or gray mohair, and consists of an under-skirt, trimmed with two plaitings of the material, headed by a narrow quilling of black or colored silk or ribbon. The over-skirt

has an apron front, sloping off into a point, quite long at the back, and open, as seen in the design. It is trimmed to match. The waist is high and with the trimming put on square in front, and rounded off at the back. Small, open sleeves. Sash and ends. Twelve yards of double-fold material will be required, if the trimming is put on in plaits; but it will look very pretty gathered, and only slightly full, and will then require only about eight yards. But some half-worn silk dress of mamma's would make a charming little dress.

In the front of the number we give a Sash for evening or in-door dress, made of striped or plaid ribbon. Made up in this way, a sash is far more economical than if you were always to tie the ribbon, for tieing and untying tumbles and creases the ribbon. These sashes, also, have the advantage of being ready at the moment required.

We also give, there, a yoke-blouse for a girl from two to four years old. It should be made of Nainsook, Bishop's lawn, or cambric, and braided. Any simple pattern will look well, Long sleeves can be added at pleasure. These blouses are much worn, both for dresses or aprons. If made of linen, they are cool, and always look well to the last.

Also a fichu, or a pretty article to wear over a high-neck, long-sleeve dress, for a dinner or evening. It is made of French, Swiss, Cluny, or Valenciennes insertion; narrow, black velvet ribbon, and edging. To make one less expensive, trim with a puff and ruffle of the Swiss,

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with a ribbon run under the puff. It can easily be cut from the engraving. One yard of French muslin, two yards wide, will make the whole cape and trimming.

We give, in this illustration, a walking-costume for a young lady. It consists of a dress and over-sacque, which is of a different material. The under-skirts of walking-dresses still continue to be made quite long. This dress may be made of alpaca, mohair, summer poplin, or any of the vast variety of early spring goods. Any of the above named can be bought for from thirty-seven and a half to seventy-five cents per yard. Fifteen yards will be required. Make the under-skirt after the usual mode, and trim with a slightly-gathered flounce, something more than a quarter of a yard in depth, put on with a heading, and drawn with a cord. The over-skirt is quite short in front, and not longer in the back. Loop up in the back, and this makes the puff. The waist is cut with the postillion basque. The over-sacque may be of either cashmere or black silk. It fits almost close to the figure, and the skirt of it is slashed up the back and side-seams to the waist. Trim with fringe and bias bands of silk. Loose, open sleeves. One and three-quarter yards of black French cashmere, or three and a half yards of black silk will be required. Either material will look well with almost any dress. Cashmere costs one dollar and seventy-five cents per yard. Silk from two dollars upward.

In the front of the number, we give a very pretty design for a flounce trimming. It is on the same page as the sash for an evening-dress. We also give an engraving of a linen-collar, which can easily be made from the engraving. The cut shows, also, how it is worn.

We conclude with a house-jacket of merino, trimmed with frills of the same, and plaiting of silk, the engraving of which we give in the front of the number. It is slashed on the sides and at the back. Two yards of merino, at a dollar and a quarter per yard, will be sufficient. The silk frills, or plaitings, can almost always be cut out of some half-worn silks; if not, a quilling of ribbon would be less expensive than to buy silk for the frills.

HIGH BODICE AND BASQUE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

In the front of the number we give an engraving of a walking-dress, with a high bodice and basque, and we add here diagrams from which to cut it out. There are four pieces, viz:

1. Front.
2. Side-Piece.
3. Back.
4. Sleeve.

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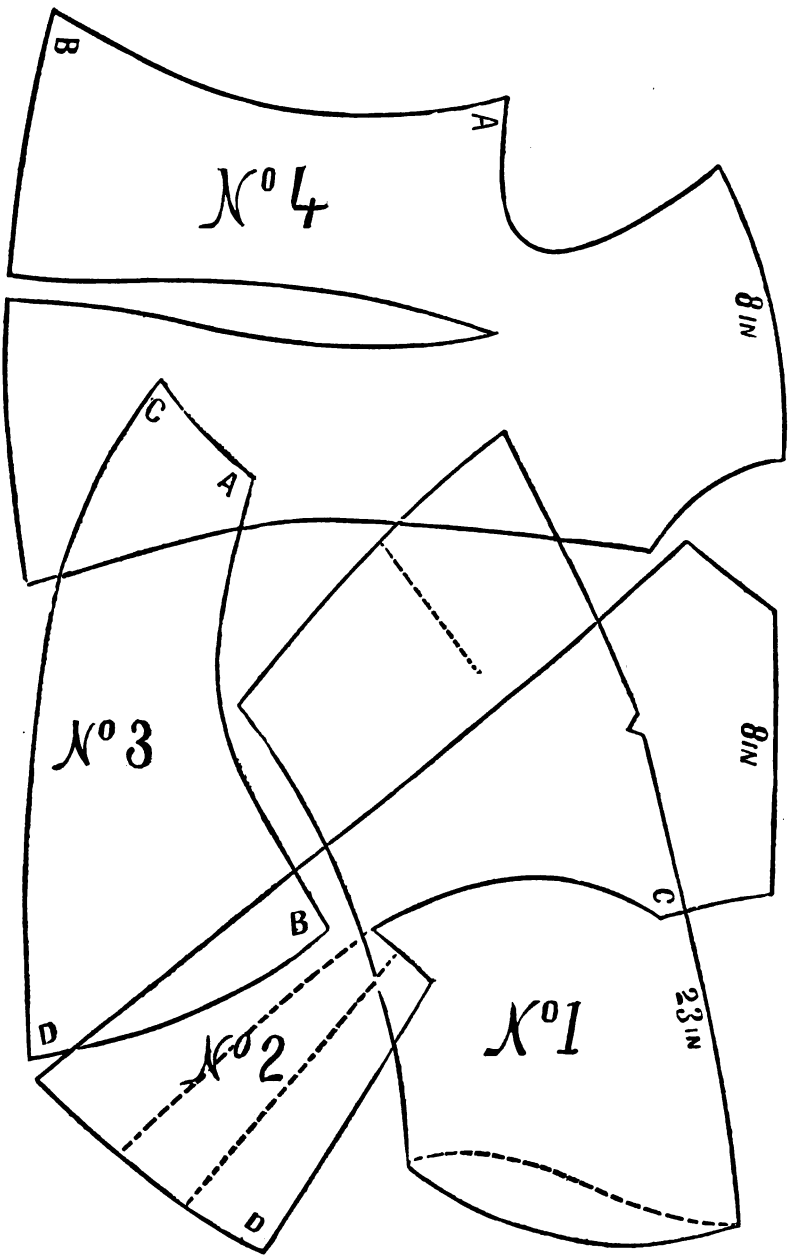

The materials for this dress may be satins or reps. The high bodice has basques in front and back, and is trimmed with silk buttons and Brandenbourgs. The puffed tunic and flounced skirt is trimmed to match. The sleeve is open and cut up at the place indicated by the notch on the sleeve. Bands of black velvet buttons may be introduced on this costume, and form a more economical trimming than that of the silk Brandenbourgs and buttons.

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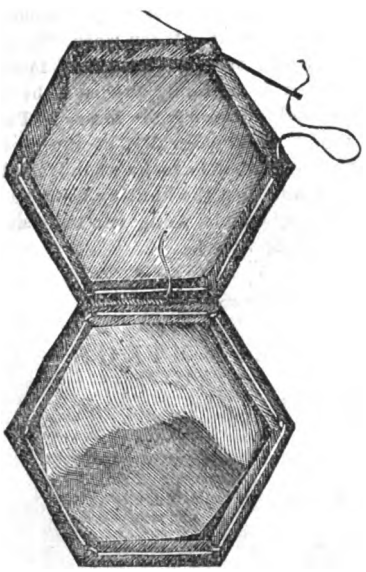
WINDOW-BLIND IN MOSAIC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the number for March, we gave an illustration of a pretty Window-Blind in Mosaic, which is quite a new affair.



The materials are silk, or glazed calico, in various colors, cardboard, wool, wooden tassel-heads, and filoselle.

This Blind consists of hexagons, joined together, as seen in the illustration in front of March number. Each hexagon is of the size here given. Seven hexagons of three colors, forming a contrast, are inclosed in the white ground, forming a rosette. According to our model, the colors are irregularly placed, and in every possible variety. A dark-red middle is surrounded by yellow and blue alternately; a mauve color by green and pink; a light-yellow middle is surrounded by dark-red and blue; a blue center by two shades of yellow; a red by two greens; violet by blue and yellow; gray by blue and yellow. In this manner the colors may be varied, according to taste. The joining hexagons of the separate rosettes are white throughout. With this, and all mosaic work, the greatest accuracy must be observed with regard to the size and form of the hexagon. For each hexagon, the silk must be fastened over cardboard, the two straight side edges lying opposite to each other. The edges of the silk must be turned over on the wrong side, as shown in our second illustration, and carefully fastened at the corner with a stitch. The two are then exactly fitted and sewn together, according to design. The even stuff edges represent the lead that unites the panes of glass in colored windows.

The piece of cardboard is pushed out with the thumb, and may be used for other hexagons as long as it remains stiff. The whole blind is lined at the upper cross end, and at the two long sides a dark-brown hem is placed an inch broad. At the bottom, the lining is cut to the pattern. The tassels are of bright-colored wool, and the wooden tops are covered with filoselle.

CAPUCHIN MANTLE AND HOOD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a pattern, printed in colors, of a new and pretty Capuchin Mantle and Hood, to be made of white and green Shetland wool.

Materials.—Eight ounces of white Shetland wool, three ounces of green (or any other solid color) single zephyr, large wooden needles, measuring nearly an inch in circumference.

With the Shetland wool cast on eighty-four stitches. Widen one stitch at the commencement of every row. Every alternate row widen twice in the middle of the row, leaving four stitches in the middle, that is, between the two places where you widen; for instance, on the first row knit forty stitches, then widen once; then knit four stitches, then widen; then you

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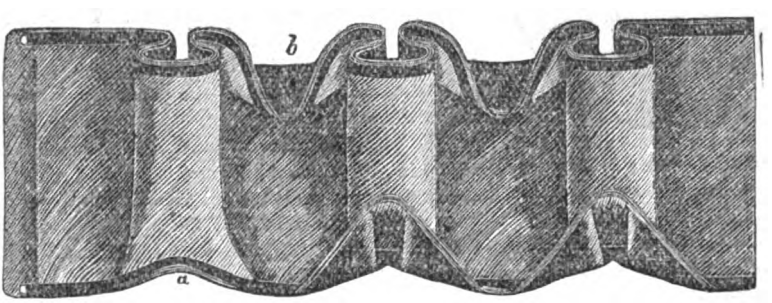
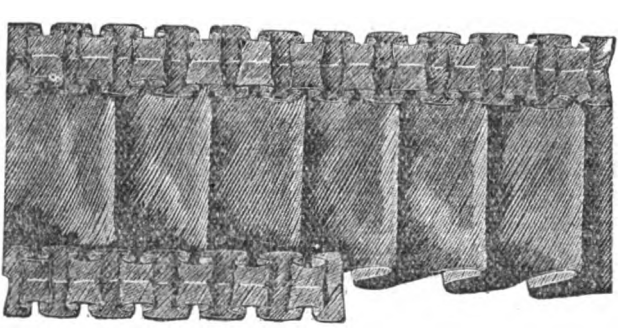
have forty stitches on the needle to knit to the end of the row, but always observe to widen one at the "beginning of every row." Then second row knit plain, that is, without widening in the middle of the row. Third row; now count the stitches, and widen on this row as on the first, leaving the four stitches in the middle. All the knitting is perfectly plain. Continue this for sixty rows, then knit six rows without widening, with the colored wool, and using somewhat smaller needles; knit three rows plain, one row of holes, made by widening and narrowing; three rows plain, one row holes; three plain, one row holes; three plain, one row holes; two rows plain; then put on the Shetland wool, and use the large needles, and knit sixty rows, only decreasing, or narrowing, when you widened on the first sixty rows. This completes the lower cape, and makes it double. Second cape of hood; with the Shetland wool, cast on eighty-four stitches; widen as at first to forty-eight rows, two rows plain. The same border, two rows of white; then begin the same border, two rows plain; then knit forty-eight rows with the Shetland wool, narrowing where you widened on the first forty-eight rows. The narrowing side is the right side. This makes the hood double, as was the first cape. Crochet, with the colored wool, one row of shell up the front and around the neck. A ribbon is to be put around the neck to tie in front. When worn, the upper-cape is thrown over the head, and forms the hood, which is certainly the most becoming wrap of the kind we have ever seen. Pink or blue would, most generally, be the prettiest. The Shetland wool is to be wound single on two balls, and then the knitting is to be done with the wool double, using two balls at once for the Shetland wool.

PLAITINGS FOR DRESS-TRIMMINGS

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, two new and pretty patterns of plaitings for Dress-Trimmings. These plaitings are now very fashionable. By following the engravings, any lady can make these plaitings for herself. If anything, the one we give below is prettier than the one at the head of this article; but these are matters of taste: one plaiting would suit one style of dress best, and another would suit another. The choice ladies must decide for themselves.



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DUSTER-POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—Silver canvas, chenille, satin ribbon an inch broad, silk lining, red sewing-silk, small silver beads, thick cardboard.

The back wall of this Pocket is made of cardboard, covered with red silk, forming a kind of scalloped triangle, sloped off at the under-part and sides. The breadth at the widest part is sixteen inches, the middle thirteen inches and a half, and the height at the sides twelve inches; a piece of cardboard of the same breadth, six inches high in the middle, and one inch at the sides, forms the front wall; the under-part is a little less sloped than the upper where the trimming is put on. The pattern consists of three red chenille stitches and one silver bead, arranged in reversed lines, and three canvas holes distant from each other. The back wall is sewn to the front wall At a distance of two inches from the under-edge the silver canvas is not filled up with any pattern. Our model is ornamented with a satin ruche and bows to match; and at the back of the back wall is placed a ribbon loop five inches long, for hanging up the pocket.

NAME FOR MARKING.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Colors in Dress.—As most of the costumes now worn consist of a long tunic dress, looped up at the sides over an over-skirt, but train-shaped at the back, and as these two parts of the dress are frequently two different colors, if not of two materials, it may be as well to give our fair readers a few hints as how to choose these colors.

One reason why English women, as a class, are never well-dressed, is that they appear to be utterly deficient in the sense of color. French women, especially, get it, apparently, by intuition. Next to them, perhaps, American women have it in the greatest perfection. Still, there are thousands, and tens of thousands, of the sex, even in the United States, who spoil their costumes by illy-assorted colors. Half the money, if spent with an eye to the judicious arrangement of colors, would make such ladies look infinitely prettier.

Now it is a maxim of universal application, that, in every dress, there should be a predominant color, or character. If this ever seems contradicted, it will be found that the combination of colors is of a kind that produces an effect equivalent to that of a dominant character, and comes under the order of a predominant character. The co-existence and contiguity of two colors of equal intensity and equal in quantity, is a barbarism repugnant to good taste, and opposed to every principle of art. But where there are more than two, the discordance, though equally real, does not seem to be so obvious—at least such an arrangement is more often seen. Only when the colors are somewhat numerous, and so arranged in small quantities in patterns, or otherwise, as to produce on the eye the general impression of blended and harmonized tints, can it be tolerated.

The next rule is of very general application, and is, that the secondary, or subsidiary colors, should be employed, not for their own sakes, but as subsidiary to the predominant color, and with a view to strengthening the impression intended to be produced by it. It is by no means meant by this to increase the brilliancy of the prevalent hue, or to attract attention; on the contrary, the purpose may be to increase the quiet purity of its aspect, or to lower its brilliancy. From these rules it naturally follows that the subordinate or subsidiary colors should be in well-considered proportions and proper relation to the principal color. Next, the prevalent color, or character, should be adapted to the person, season, and occasion. The rule reaches beyond glaring instances of inappropriateness, and applies equally to personal peculiarities and special places—to the conditions under which the dress will be seen, and the character of the surroundings.

The next rule, that where the predominant color is vivid in tone, subordinate colors may be larger in quantity in proportion as they are tender, neutral, or broken in character, does not accord with the rules laid down in works on color generally, and is not universal in its application, but it is in accordance with the practice of the great colorists, and will be found, we believe, to accord with the practice of the most successful cultivators of the art of dress. Another rule, that the contrasting colors should be larger or smaller in proportion to their intensity, may appear only another way of expressing what we have just laid down in the preceding paragraph. They are, in fact, corollaries from the same principle; but the former may apply either to extension by harmonious views, or to contrast; this applies to contrast only. The rule is given here because it is commonly said in works on color that the contrasting colors should be of equal intensity, and it is left to be implied that their masses may also be equal. But this would be absurd in a dress. The contiguity of two contrasting hues of equal intensity and nearly equal quantity would be felt at once to be crude and unpleasant, even by an uneducated eye. In small quantities the contrast, by its sharpness and force, may serve to give strength and clearness to the rest, just as a point or small quantity of a stronger color may serve to correct the excess of a color or hue. If, for instance, there is an excess of yellow, a small portion of a deeper yellow will probably cure the evil, or if the particular color be too much diffused, serve as a focus to it.

Should these rules be attended to, there is no fear of any glaring contrasts or jarring of ill-matched colors offending the eye. Should they be neglected, you may spend money, even to extravagance, on your dress, and yet never look well.

How to Wash Lace.—A fair correspondent asks us how lace ought to be washed. We have frequently answered this question before, but, as our correspondent is a new subscriber, we will reply to it again, especially as there may be other new subscribers who would like to know also. The first thing to remember is that lace, and all such fine materials, should be washed in hot, soft water. Well soap them and squeeze and shake out, but on no account rub them. Repeat the squeezing and shaking out again till they are clean. Rinse them in some more clean, hot water, and well soap them again, and put them into a sauce-pan, with enough hot water to cover them. Soft water is best, but if that cannot be procured add a piece of soda—say a quarter of an ounce to half a gallon of water, or according to the hardness of the water. Boil for half an hour. Then wash them out again, and rinse in cold, blue water. Hang them on a clothes-horse till dry, when they can be starched. Lastly, roll them up in a dry cloth for two hours, by which time they will be fit to iron.

Paris has been the head-quarters of fashion for hundreds of years. In the middle ages, just as much as now, Paris gave the law to Europe in matters of dress. The queen of William the Conqueror followed the French fashions. So did the lovely Philippa, wife of Edward the Third. So did Queen Elizabeth. And so the queens, and duchesses, and countesses of Europe, and the queens, and duchesses, and countesses of America (for are not our ladies all royal and noble here?) will continue to dress after the French fashions for generations to come; for, whatever faults, if any, the French have, they lead all modern people in that something which is called taste.

A Choice of Six Engravings, all large-sized for framing, is given to any person getting up a club for "Peterson's Magazine." The engravings are, "Bunyan in Jail," "Bunyan on Trial," "Washington Parting from His Generals," "The Star of Bethlehem," "Our Father, Who Art In Heaven," and "Washington at the Battle of Trenton." When no choice is made, this last is sent, as being the newest. For large clubs an extra copy of the Magazine is sent in addition. But see the Prospectus on one of the last pages of this number.

The Circulation of this Magazine for 1871 is already greater than that of all the other ladies magazines together. So much for being the "cheapest and best."

Where No Premium is asked, we will send three copies of this Magazine for $4.50, as we did last year.

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It Is Still in Time to get up clubs for "Peterson" for 1871. Additions, too, may be made to clubs at the price paid by the rest of the club. When enough names have thus been added to make a second club, the sender will be entitled to a second premium, or premiums, as the case may be. Thus, for five subscribers, at $1.60, we send an extra copy, and also "Washington at the Battle of Trenton," as premiums. Now the person sending us such a club, may add subscribers at $1.60 each, at any time during the year, and when enough have been sent to make five additional ones, then the sender will be entitled to another extra copy, and a choice of either of our premium engravings. At $1.50 a subscriber, eight, in all, must be sent, to entitle you to the extra copy and engraving.

We Give an Unusual number of full-sized fashion-plates in this number, for now is the time when every woman is thinking of spring dresses. Since Paris has been opened again to the world, a perfect flood of beautiful costumes has poured upon us. The siege seems to have stimulated the *modistes* there to new exertions.

Remember that for two dollars and a half we will send both a copy of "Peterson" for 1871 and either of our splendid premium engravings.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Hans Breitmann As An Uhlan. By Charles G. Leland. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—It was a happy thought for Mr. Leland, when the Franco-Germanic war broke out, to transfer Hans Breitmann to the plains of Loraine, and make him there re-enact the scenes of swagger, plunder, deep-drinking and buffoonery, for which he had become famous, when a "bummer" in America. Nor is the redoubtable Hans any less amusing in France than he was here. The description of his descent, with one or two other Uhlans, on the town of Nancy; the consternation of the Mayor and inhabitants, who saw in them the forerunners of a huge army of plunderers; the demands of the hero for a dozen cart-loads of champagne, and for three thousand diamond rings to send home to the sweethearts of his comrades: all these, and other things, as well as the conduct of the terrified functionaries, are told in the very best vein of the mock-heroic, and in a polyglot style that is simply inimitable. Since Scott invented the character of Dugald Dalgetty, we have had nothing, in literature, as good, in the same line, as Hans Breitmann.

Fair France. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is the narrative of a short trip through Normandy, made two or three years ago, by the author of "John Halifax," "Olive," etc., etc. The province in question is one of the most picturesque in France, and is, besides, full of historical associations, especially interesting to Englishmen and Americans. The author seems to have come away from Normandy with much more favorable impressions of the French than she entered it with; in fact, in some respects, she gives the inhabitants the precedence even over her own countrymen.

A Manual of Ancient History, from the Earliest Times to the Fall of the Western Empire. By George Rawlinson, M. A. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is the best summary of Ancient History that has ever come under our notice. It gives, in broad outlines, the history of the nations of the ancient world, from Chaldea, Assyria, and Egypt, down to the Fall of the Roman Empire in the earlier years of the Christian era. The account of the rise, development, and decline of Rome, is especially good. For anybody, except a student, it is better than Mommsen's, both because, in some respects, it is more accurate, and because the narrative, from being shorter, is easier to understand. This "Manual" is a capital book to refresh the memory with, and ought, therefore, to be in every well-assorted library.

The Sealed Packet, By T. Adolphus Trollope. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—We have here another of those charming novels of Italian life of which we have so often spoken. This is a story of 1848. It is full of vivid pictures of the then abortive struggle for independence. But it has, also, many delightful chapters of love and romance. The scene lies partly in Bologna, partly in Florence, partly among the Appenines, and partly on the Po. It turns on a disinherited heir and his final restoration to rank and wealth. The heroine, Stella, is a most exquisite creation. The descriptions of Italy so vividly recall it to a traveler, that one seems almost to breathe again the air of that lovely land. The story has that great recommendation of a novel, it ends happily, at least for the principal characters. The volume is handsomely printed, in a style to match "Gemma," "Beppo," "Leonora Cassaloni," and others of the series.

Notes, Explanatory and Practical, on the Gospels; Designed for Sunday-School Teachers and Bible-Classes. By Albert Barnes. 2 *vols.*, 12 *mo. Revised Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This work, originally begun in 1832, was revised and finally republished in 1868. It contains all the latest results in Biblical criticism, presented in a clear and condensed style, and gives, in addition, full topographical and other details relating to the Holy Land. Numerous maps, engravings from recent photographs, and other illustrations, greatly enrich the volumes. Beyond any other work on the Gospels, this one recommends itself to clergymen of every Christian denomination, Sunday-school teachers, etc., etc., for its thoroughness, honesty, simplicity, and impartiality. There are few persons, however well read, who will not find much that is new to them in it.

The Mystery of Edwin Drood. By Charles Dickens. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—We have here the last novel of this great humorist. The sudden death of Mr. Dickens has left the story incomplete; but this, to many minds, adds a strange interest to the tale. Thousands will read these pages, and try to puzzle out the mystery, who, perhaps, would never have read the novel at all otherwise. There are bits of "Edwin Drood" quite up to Dickens' best days. The descriptions of the old town of Rochester, of the Cathedral, and other parts, will at once commend themselves to the critic. The present volume is uniform with the other volumes of the "People's Edition," the cheapest, and on the whole, the best of the many offered to the American public.

The Works of Alfred Tennyson. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is the only really complete edition of Tennyson, the only one that contains everything the Laureate has written, including the "Loves of the Wrens" with the original music. It is, moreover, the only one that has the Arthurian poems arranged in the proper sequence; for as they were the work of widely different years, one of the very last in the narrative having been first in point of time, they have not appeared in this sequence even in England. The type is clear and legible, and the price marvelously low. This edition, on these various accounts, must supercede all others.

Phantastes. A Fairy Romance for Men and Women. By George Mac Donald. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Loring.*—Mr. Mac Donald is one of the younger generation of English novel-writers, and is, therefore, as yet, comparatively unknown in this country. But he has many and great merits. His moral aim is always high, and he is full of imagination. "Phantastes" is a fairy story.

The Cryptogram. By James De Mille. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This belongs, strictly, to the class of sensational novels. It is imitated after Wilkie Collins, and though not up to his best efforts, is still a very creditable production. The volume is profusely illustrated.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

ASBESTOS ROOFING.—This new roofing material is coming into general use in nearly all parts of the country, and deservedly so. The fact that it received the first premium at the American Institute, in November, 1870, and that it is endorsed by the American Institute, the Farmers' Club, the N. Y. Tribune, American Agriculturalist, the Scientific American, and other reliable authorities, constitutes a sufficient proof that this roofing is an article of great value, and that the long-sought for cheap substitute, for the more expensive articles heretofore used for roofing purposes, has been produced.

We are favorably impressed with an article manufactured for coating roofs. It consists of asbestos, ground into a kind of flock, or shoddy, and is mixed with oils, and other substances, to a proper consistency, to be applied with a brush, which forms, seemingly, a felting on any surface to which it is applied. The fibrous nature of the asbestos confers a great degree of strength, on the same principle as using hair in mortar. This article is used as a finishing coating for the asbestos roofing, and must be invaluable for repairing and preserving old roofs.

Mr. Johns has patented the use of asbestos for the above-mentioned purposes, and also as a body for paints, fire-proof coatings, etc., etc. While we rarely call attention in our columns to any article of manufacture, we feel, in this instance, we are doing our readers a service, in directing them how to use this mineral for roofing purposes, in which so many are interested.

ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE'S NOVELS.—T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, publish the whole of this writer's novels of Italian life, viz: "Gemma," "Leonora Casaloni," "Marietta," "Dream Numbers." and "Beppo." Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, one of the most competent critics in this country, says, in a recent review, "Anthony Trollope is eclipsed by his brother Adolphus. The latter has a stern energy of passion, contrasted with a natural and sometimes pathetic tenderness, which scarcely any other living writer equals." This is decidedly our own opinion.

A WONDERFUL NOVELTY.—The Combination Pocket-Mirror, Writing-Tablet and Pin-Case. A perfect little bijou. An absolute necessity for the porte-monnaie, pocket, or work-box, of every lady and gentleman. *Needed by all.* In elegant gilt case, *neat, pretty* and *useful.* Try one. Sent prepaid, carefully packed, for only 25 cents; 5 for $1; 12 for $2, by addressing the sole proprietors, HUNTER & Co., Hinsdale, N. H.

THE CATALOGUE of books published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers is one of the fullest in the United States. It is especially good in the number and variety of its Cook-Books, and also in its novels, among the latter being the works of Scott, Dickens, Marryatt, Dumas, and all the best writers. This firm publishes its books at very low rates, so as to be in keeping with the times. Send for a Catalogue.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ROSES AND ROSE-GARDENS.

MANURE FOR ROSES.—In our March number we spoke, at some length, on this subject. We now conclude it.

If only one application of manure is considered to be expedient, we would advise a liberal supply of farm-yard dung, well decomposed, and that this should be dug in, or, still better, (in the case of light soils particularly,) left upon the surface, after the rose-trees are pruned in March. If not dug in, we should be inclined to defer the fruition of this powerful diet for a month or so; that just as the lanky school-boy outgrowing his strength, is placed upon a regimen of boiled eggs and roast beef, so the rose-trees may have "good support," these nursing-mothers of such beautiful babes, when they require it most. "It is believed," writes Morton, "by observers of nature, that plants do no injury to the soil while they are producing their stems and leaves, and that it is only when the blossom and the seed require nourishment that the plants exhaust the soil." Under no circumstances must manure be applied, externally or internally when the ground is saturated with wet.

Mr. Rivers, a very celebrated rose-grower, in England, says:—"I have found night-soil, mixed with the drainings of the dunghill, or even with common ditch or pond-water, so as to make a thick liquid, the best possible manure for roses, poured on the surface of the soil twice in winter, from one to two gallons to each tree; December and January are the best months: the soil need not be stirred till spring, and then merely loosened two or three inches deep with the prongs of a fork. For poor soils, and on lawns, previously removing the turf, this will be found most efficacious. Brewers' grains also form an excellent surface-dressing; they should be laid in a heap two or three weeks to ferment, and one or two large shovelfuls placed round each plant, with some peat-charcoal to deodorize them, as the smell is not agreeable."

Mr. Cant, another celebrity, says:—"In planting roses, a hole should be made about eighteen inches deep, and large enough to contain half a wheelbarrow of compost; two-thirds of this should be strong, turfy loam, and one-third well-decomposed animal manure. These should be mixed thoroughly together." Mr. Cranston writes, in his *Cultural Directions for the Rose*, which may be followed by amateurs with a sure confidence: "I have found, after repeated trials for some years, that pig-dung is the best of all manures for roses; next night-soil, cow-dung, and horse-dung. These should stand in a heap from one to three months, but not sufficiently long to become exhausted of their ammonia and salts. Pig-dung should be put on the ground during winter or early spring, and forked in at once. In using night-soil, mix with burnt earth, sand, charcoal-dust, or other dry substance. Apply a small portion of the mixture to each plant or bed during winter, and let it be forked in at once. Soot is a good manure, especially for the tea-scented and other roses on their own roots; so are wood-ashes and charcoal. Bone-dust or half-inch bones forms an excellent and most lasting manure. Guano and super-phosphate of lime are both good manure for roses, but require to be used cautiously."

Mr. Keynes, of Salisbury, recommends "a good wheelbarrowful of compost—two-thirds good turfy loam, and one-third well-decomposed animal manure." He adds—and the words of one whose roses, in a favorable season, cannot be surpassed in size or color, should be remembered practically—"It is difficult to give the rose too good a soil." Messrs. Lane, of Berkhampstead, write thus: "The best method of manuring beds is to dig in a good dressing of stable or other similar manure, this being the most safe from injuring vegetation in any soil, and it never does more good to roses than when it is used as a surface-dressing. When placed, about two inches deep, over the surface in March, the ground seldom suffers from drought; but this is, perhaps, by some considered unsightly." Mr. George Paul, advises that "in planting, the ground should be deeply trenched, and well-rotted manure be plentifully added. If the soil be old garden-soil, add good loam, rich and yellow; choose a dry day for the operation, and leave the surface loose. Stake all standards, and mulch with litter, to protect the roots from frost."

Mr. William Paul, in his interesting work, *The Rose-Garden*, gives, in the introduction, the results of his experiments with manure. "In the summer of 1842," he writes,

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"six beds of tea-scented roses were manured with the following substances; 1, bone-dust; 2, burnt earth; 3, nitrate of soda; 4, guano; 5, pigeon-dung; 6, stable manure, thoroughly decomposed. The soil in which they grew was an alluvial loam. The guano produced the earliest visible effects, causing a vigorous growth, which continued till late in the season; the foliage was large, and of the darkest green, but the flowers on this bed were not very abundant. The shoots did not ripen well, and were consequently much injured by frost during the succeeding winter. The bed manured with burnt earth next forced itself into notice; the plants kept up a steadier rate of growth, producing an abundance of clear, well-formed blossoms; the wood ripened well, and sustained little or no injury from the winter's frost. The results attendant on the use of the other manures were not remarkable; they had acted as gentle stimulants, the nitrate of soda and bones least visibly so, although they were applied in the quantities usually recommended by the venders. . . . I think burned and charred earth the best manure that can be applied to wet or adhesive soils."

We conclude this part of our subject, by saying, that the rose cannot be grown in its glory without frequent and rich manure; and again, we recommend that the best farm-yard dung be dug in toward the end of November, if the ground be dry, and that the compost dressing be administered in May or June.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Whooping-Cough.—This usually sets in with all the symptoms of an ordinary cold, the characteristic whoop developing itself in the course of ten or twelve days. The cough is prolonged and convulsive, and returns in fits, that terminate in vomiting or expectoration. Whooping-cough is both epidemic and contagious. Children are most commonly the subjects of it, and the patient is generally attacked but once in his life. Sometimes there is an absence of the whoop altogether; but if the child cough until the face becomes swollen and red, and each attack ends in vomiting or the spitting of a ropy mucus, it may be pronounced to be the same affection.

So long as the case is attended with a loud whoop, and the child on recovering from the attack returns to his amusements, or, asking for food, partakes of it greedily, he is comparatively safe; but if the whoop should suddenly cease, the breathing become hurried and difficult, and the skin hot and dry, then the danger will be in proportion to the severity of these symptoms. Fits and bleeding from the nose and ears in whooping-cough is occasioned by the return of the blood from the head being interrupted. Uncomplicated with pneumonia or bronchitis, whooping-cough is seldom fatal, except in very young infants.

Treatment.—Paregoric and all preparations of opium should be carefully avoided, especially during the first stage of the disease. Emetics have been found the most useful of all remedies in whooping-cough, and may in any case be resorted to, however weak the child, once or twice a week.

A popular remedy for whooping-cough, and one which is universally used at the present day, is a mixture composed of cochineal and salts of tartar, in the following proportions: Take of bruised cochineal one scruple, salts of tartar two scruples, barley-sugar half an ounce, water half a pint. Give to a child twelve months old a dessert-spoonful every four hours,

Another excellent remedy for whooping-cough is: Take of ipecacuanha-wine one drachm, Brandish's solution of potash forty drops, syrup of tolu half an ounce, water to one and a half ounces. Give to a child twelve months old a teaspoonful every four hours.

A stimulating liniment applied to the chest and spine is sometimes attended with the best results, and one of the most useful will be found in the following: Take of compound camphor liniment two drachms, oil of cajeput one drachm, tincture of opium one drachm, belladonna liniment two drachms, soap liniment to two ounces; to be applied to the chest and spine every night and morning. Accompanying whooping-cough there is generally disordered stomach, or, perhaps, obstinate constipation, which may be corrected with a dose of rhubarb and magnesia, stewed prunes, roasted apple, etc.

Children afflicted with whooping-cough should wear flannel, to guard against cold; they should be so placed in bed as to lie with the head raised, and their diet should be very light and easy of digestion.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Rissoles.—1. Chop the meat very fine; if mutton, a little parsley will be an improvement; season it, and rub some butter in. Make up the rissoles in the form of a sugar-loaf, beat an egg and roll i in, and then in bread-crumbs, very fine, twice; fry them a nice golden-brown, and serve up with good gravy in the dish. 2. The meat must be chopped very fine. Take an equal quantity of bread-crumbs, a tablespoonful of flour, a little allspice, salt, and half an onion, chopped very fine, indeed. First mix the bread-crumbs, flour, and spice together, then mix the meat well with it, sprinkle the onion over, stir all well together, and stir in two tablespoonfuls of bacon fat, or a rasher or two of bacon, finely minced. Make the mixture into balls with a very little milk, press them flat, roll each in flour, and drop them one at a time into a sauce-pan of boiling dripping, frying each simply in this way. When brown take it out with an egg-slice, let the fat drain from it, place it on a pad of paper before the fire, so as to become quite dry.

Pigeons Stewed.—Take a white cabbage, cut it as for pickling, then rinse it in clear, cold water, drain it well, and put it into a sauce-pan with equal quantities of milk and water; boil it, strain off the milk, and take a portion of the cabbage and lay it in a stew-pan; soak the pigeons for half an hour in cold milk and water, season them well with salt and pepper, adding a little Cayenne; then place them in the stew-pan with the cabbage, cover them over with what remains, add some white broth, stew slowly until the pigeons are tender; thicken with a little cream, flour, and butter; let it boil, and serve up the pigeon with a puree of the cabbage.

Pigeons—Pigeons are better for being freshly cooked; their flavor passes off in a day or two. When cleaned and ready for roasting, prepare some stuffing of bread-crumbs and about three oysters to each bird, a spoonful of butter, a little salt and nutmeg. Mix these well together, and fill the belly of the bird. They must be well basted with melted butter, and require thirty minutes careful cooking. When full grown, and in the autumn, they are best. For a sauce, take the gravy which runs from them, thicken with a very little flour and some chopped parsley. Serve hot. This bird is in perfecteon when it has just done growing.

CAKES.

Plain and Crisp Biscuits.—Mix one pound of flour, the yolk of an egg, and some milk into a very stiff paste. Beat it well and knead it quite smooth; roll the paste very thin and cut it into biscuits. Bake them in a slow oven till quite dry and crisp.

American Biscuits.—Have ready half a pound of butter, four pounds of flour, and a full pint of milk. Rub the butter into the flour, and add the milk. Knead the dough well, and divide it in small biscuits, which should be baked in a hot oven.

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Almond-bread Cake.—The requisite ingredients are three ounces of sweet and one ounce of bitter almonds, some new-laid eggs, the rind of a lemon, one pound of loaf-sugar in fine powder, two ounces of flour, and a little icing, made according to the next receipt. Blanch the almonds and dry them; beat them fine in a mortar, adding an egg previously well beaten, and if a little more egg be required to prevent oiling before the almonds become fine, add it. Grate into the almond the rind of one lemon, and add the sugar. Mix in a well-beaten yolk of egg until the mixture becomes a soft batter, and then add two ounces of flour. Mix all well together, and pour the batter into little shapes with edges, two inches high; bake them in a warm oven, and, when they are cold, ice them over, and sprinkle on them some nonpareil sugar-plums—those bright little comfits that we used, when we were children, to call hundreds and thousands. They are very nice cakes for evening parties, and look pretty mixed with a few rout-cakes.

The Icing.—Beat up the whites of four new-laid eggs, and beat in a sufficient quantity of finely-sifted white sugar to make the mixture of the consistence of thick cream; continue to beat it. Beat in, by little and little, the juice of one lemon, and beat it until it hangs to the spoon, when it will be ready for use. Smooth it well over the cakes, and place them in a cool oven for a few minutes, or in a dry room until the next day. Before the icing is dry, any candies or ornamental figures you please can be placed on the cakes.

Lemon-Sponge.—Simmer in half a pint of water, half an ounce of isinglass, the rind of one lemon, and loaf-sugar according to taste, for about half an hour, stirring one way all the time; but it should not boil. Then strain it through a piece of muslin, and let it stand for a few minutes, adding the juice of one lemon; after which, whisk it, without stopping at all, till it is quite a thick and almost solid froth; rinse the mould with cold water, and be particular to put the sponge in before it is congealed.

Almond-drops on Macaroons.—Quarter of a pound of sweet almonds, and the same quantity of butter, half a pound of lump-sugar. Beat the almonds in a mortar, with a little water to keep them from oiling; the whites of eggs beaten to a froth. The whole of the ingredients must be well beaten. Drop them, about the size of a walnut, on paper, and sift sugar over them. They must be baked in a very slow oven. Cocoa-nut, instead of almonds, is very nice.

Hard Biscuits.—Warm two ounces of butter in as much skim-milk as will convert a pound of flour into a very stiff paste. Beat it with a rolling-pin and work it very smooth. Roll it out thin and cut it into round biscuits; prick them full of holes with a fork, and bake them for about six minutes.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Clean Paint.—Provide a plate with some of the best whiting to be had, and have ready some clean, warm water and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water and squeeze nearly dry; then take as much whiting as will adhere to it, apply it to the painted surface, when a little rubbing will remove any dirt or grease. After which, wash the part well with clean water, rubbing it dry with a soft wash-leather. Paint thus cleaned looks as well as when first laid on, without any injury to the most delicate colors. It is far better than using soap, and does not require more than half the time and labor.

To Red a Yard.—Many persons put red on a yard to cover green bricks. The green may be removed by pouring boiling water, in which any kind of vegetables (not greasy) have been boiled. Persevere in this a few days, and all green will disappear. For red color, make a solution of one ounce of common glue to one gallon of water; while hot, put in alum about the size of an egg, half a pound of Venetian red, and one pound or more of Spanish brown. Try a little on a brick, let it dry, and add color, if too light, water, if too dark.

Items Worth Committing to Memory.—A bit of glue dissolved in skim-milk and water will restore old crape. Half a cranberry bound on a corn will soon kill it. If an ink-stand is turned over on a white table-cloth, throw over it a mixture of salt and pepper plentifully, and all traces of it will disappear.

To Wash White Cashmere so that it will not Turn Yellow.—White soap must be used, and the cashmere must be washed with not too much of it and cold water. When quite clean, it should be well rinsed in cold water, with a little blue in it, then ironed while very damp with a not very hot iron, the ironing to be continued until the cashmere becomes perfectly smooth.

To Clean Marble.—Take two parts of common soda, one part of pumice-stone, and one part of finely-powdered chalk; sift it through a fine sieve, and mix it with water; then rub it well all over the marble, and the stains will be removed; then wash the marble over with soap and water, and it will be as clean as it was at first.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF MAIZE-COLORED FOULARD—The skirt has two flounces of black silk, scalloped and bound, separated by three narrow ruffles of pinked silk of the foulard, and headed also by three pinked silk ruffles; the basque is close-fitting, and reaches to the top ruffle on the skirt; it is cut square at the neck in front, and is trimmed with a ruffle of black silk. Straw hat, ornamented with black and maize-colored plumes.

FIG. II.—SHORT HOUSE-DRESS.—The petticoat is of blue silk, trimmed with one deep flounce, made of an alternate bunch of plaits and a plain piece; on the plain piece is a bow of the silk, fastened down by the narrow bias band which heads the flounce. The upper-skirt is of blue and white striped Algerine gauze, made short in front and long at the back, where it is a good deal looped up; it is trimmed with a floss fringe, and bows of blue ribbon down the front. The blue silk body is high but open, square in front, and has a white gauze basquine over it, which does not meet in front; the sleeves reach to the elbow, and are edged with a fall of deep lace; blue ribbon trimming on the sleeves.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIN.—The skirt is rather long, and is made with a court train, which is trimmed with a plaited ruffle of muslin, edged with a narrow valenciennes; the front part has three white muslin ruffles, alternating with three ruffles of lilac, organdy, or lawn. The body is high and plain; the sleeves long and wide, with lilac ruffle at the bottom: a lilac ribbon is tied loosely on the outside of the sleeve; broad lilac silk sash, edged with fringe.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF VIOLET-COLORED FOULARD, WITH WHITE MOHAIR OVER-DRESS—The flounce on the foulard skirt is laid in full plaits, and is deeper at the sides than at the back or in front; it is headed by two narrow, white muslin ruffles, and a tiny silk ruffle above them; a rosette ornaments the sides where the flounce is deepest. The mohair over-dress is cut in Polanaise style, fitting close at the waist. It is rather long in front, and deeper at the back, caught up at the sides with violet rosettes. It is trimmed with two ruffles, one of white mohair and one of violet silk; the large square sleeves are trimmed to correspond. Hat of white straw braid, ornamented with sprays of Wisteria.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF CASHMERE, OF A NEW SHADE OF GRAY.—The skirt is trimmed with five flounces, three wide and two narrow ones, which are put on with but little fullness. The basque is cut quite deep at the back, in points at the sides, and opens wide in front. It is trimmed with a narrow standing-up ruffle of cashmere. This basque opens in a point low down in front, the sleeves are half-wide, and

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trimmed with a ruffle at the hand. Straw hat, ornamented with poppies.

FIG. VI.—HOUSE-DRESS OF GRAY SUMMER POPLIN.—The long skirt is quite plain; the upper-skirt is cut short, and square in front, is open part way up the side, longer at the back, but not very full, and is pointed by a narrow bias band of the poplin, edged with blue silk cord. The waist and sleeves are high and plain; over the waist is worn a sleeveless basque of blue silk, open at the sides, with two plain, square flaps back and front. This basque is edged with a white Maltese lace, put on to turn up. Sash-bows, without ends, of gray ribbon.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS.—The petticoat is of black silk, with one deep flounce. Tunic and jacket of gray, trimmed with velvet. The tunic has one deep flounce with a high heading of fluted velvet. The jacket is double-breasted, and fastened with velvet buttons, velvet waist-band, flat basques in front, long, draped puff at the back. Tight sleeves to the elbow, from thence cut to simulate a revers unbuttoned, trimmed with velvet, and buttons to match. Black straw bonnet, trimmed with lace and feathers, and black velvet strings.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING COSTUME OF SCOTCH POPLIN.—Tartain plaid skirt, with one deep flounce perfectly plain. Bodice and tunic of black silk, draped into a large puff at the back, and forming four flounces in front. Jacket with basques of poplin to match the dress, with silk collar and bow, and with deep, square-cut sleeves. Velvet hat, English riding-shape, with the D'Orsay curved brim, and ostrich plumes.

FIG. IX.—SHAWL-MANTLE OF SCOTCH WOOL, WITH BORDER AND FRINGE WOVEN IN THE TISSUE.—This mantle is formed by a draped tunic and jacket, with long, open sleeves. Plain dress of brown poplin, with high, tight-fitting waist, and close sleeves.

FIG. X.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF ASHES OF ROSES SILK, TRIMMED WITH SILK CORDS AND BUTTONS.—High, tight-fitting waist, with basques in front and puff at the back. Sleeves open at the wrist, and cut up at the side. Tunic skirt, rounded and flounced in front. Round skirt, with double flounce.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The new Spring goods are as fascinating as if there had been no war at the very home of fashion. Of course, but few new silks or fancy goods have been imported, as so many workmen were called away from the looms to the battle-field, and all trade seems demoralized just now. Still Marix, of Lyons, went on manufacturing, and his house supplies most of the new fine goods. As usual the narrow-striped Spring silks are deservedly popular They are always serviceable, lady-like, and dressy. For the more expensive silks, brocaded stripes are the fashion, if anything can be more fashionable than the lovely, single-colored silk, which is ever charming. These last make the most lady-like costume, and one does not tire of a dress of one color as soon as if it is more pronounced. But the brocaded silks are very superb. They are composed of a very wide stripe of satin and a stripe of silk, upon which are thrown wreaths of shaded flowers. They are made in all colors, but particularly in that peculiar shade called ashes of roses, in sea-green, and salmon-color. The silk stripe is always white.

Since the engagement of the Princess Louisa, of England, to the young Scotch Marquis of Lorne, plaids have become wonderfully fashionable with her majesty's loving subjects. Of course, all this is out of compliment to the bride elect; but plaids are not becoming, nor seasonable-looking at this time of the year, and we do not prophesy a "great run" for them in America.

MOHAIRS, poplins, foulards, and alpacas, are all to be seen in plenty on our counters, though there is not so great a variety of the French goods as we have had for many seasons back.

SHORT DRESSES are much trimmed, but the longer ones are less ornamented than formerly. We often see an elegant silk with no trimming on the skirt, and the pannier not necessarily so much exaggerated as earlier in the season.

NEW CORSETS are made with decidedly longer waists. The introduction of the jacket-waist has hastened the increased length of waist.

SLEEVELESS JACKETS of velvet are made with deep basques, and are trimmed with Greek or Maltese lace; these are worn without waistbands, but the waistband without bow or trimming is allowable for young and slender figures.

SLEEVES are all open or *mousquetaire*. The sleeve *a coudre*, with the flounce springing gracefully from the elbow, where it is confined by a bow and band of ribbon or velvet, is very pretty.

BONNETS have altered but little since the winter, but the variety was sufficiently great then to satisfy any one. The close half-cottage, half-gipsy, is the favorite, and is taking the place of the round hat. For spring, bonnets of black lace, or of light-colored crepes, are the most popular, whilst straw is reserved for later in the season.

THE STYLE of dressing hair is undergoing a gradual change, and becoming more classical. For a short period the hair was worn low on the neck behind; but again there is a slight alteration. Wearing the hair low at the back, allowing it to fall over the top of the dress, is not cleanly; even where pomatum. hair-oil, etc., are not used, the natural grease from the hair must soil the dress in time; therefore any fashion that leads to the hair touching the dress should not be encouraged. Happily, there are indications of a return to the antique style of arranging the hair; chignons, out of all proportions with the form of the head, are beginning to be abandoned, and the hair is being arranged more in style of the Psyche, with the hair waved and drawn from the temples, and having the small plaits of a cluster of ringlets fall gracefully, but not low, behind.

Many ladies are wearing a cluster of plaits at the top of the head, and a few ringlets escaping from below. Chignons of cascades of curls are very generally worn in the evening, and a small bow, or aigrette, is invariably added at the side. With the ordinary chignons of thick plaits the bow is always worn in the center over the forehead.

If the forehead is low, the hair is drawn back over a Pompadour roll, and the hair that has become short from much frizzing is curled over a slate-pencil, then combed out to look fluffy, and laid back on the roll. For high foreheads, short, drooping curls are retained.

FLOWER COIFFURES have a single cluster for the left side, or for the center of the head, and a broad, trailing vine that hangs amidst the curls between the braids.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF BLUE CASHMERE FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—This dress is quite simple, and is suitable for out-doors. It has a narrow plaited flounce around the bottom, close coat-sleeves, and a small, pointed cape, trimmed with a plaited, silk ruffle.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF LIGHT YELLOW-BROWN POPLIN FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The skirt has one narrow flounce, with a standing-up ruffle above it, lined with a shade of silk lighter than the dress; this lining shows plainly, and the nounce is put on with a narrow bias band of this silk. A row of brown velvet ribbon is placed a few inches above this flounce; above this row of velvet is another narrow ruffle of poplin, lined with the lighter shade of silk, and put on in the middle by a bias band of silk. The high, plain vest, and long sleeves, correspond with the skirt.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF GRAY DELAIN, FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The skirt has one ruffle around the bottom, headed by two rows of blue velvet. Waist and sleeves plain. White apron, trimmed with a band of blue chintz, and fastened at the waist by a band of the chintz, and a rosette.

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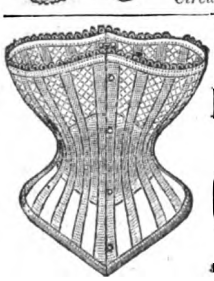

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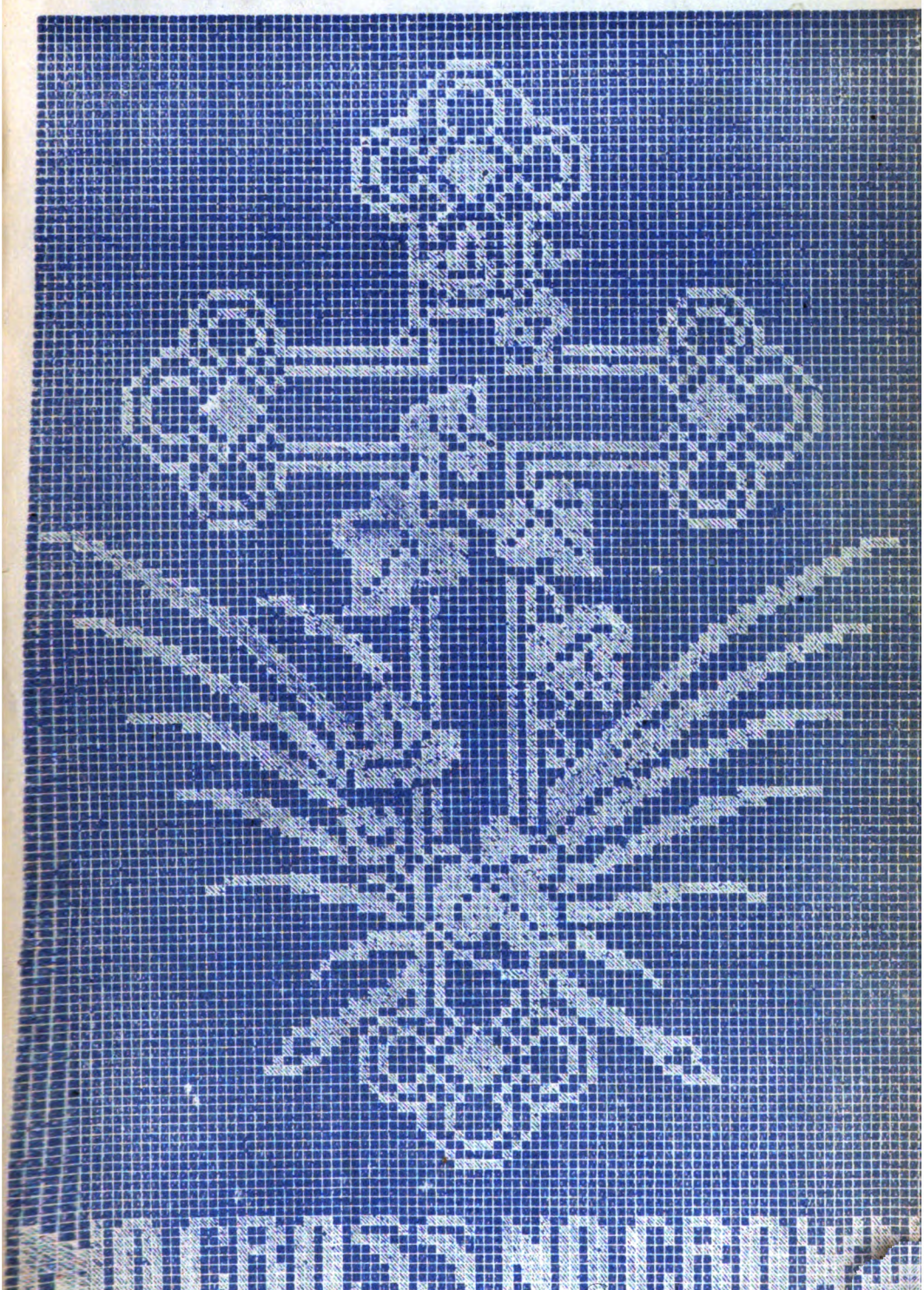

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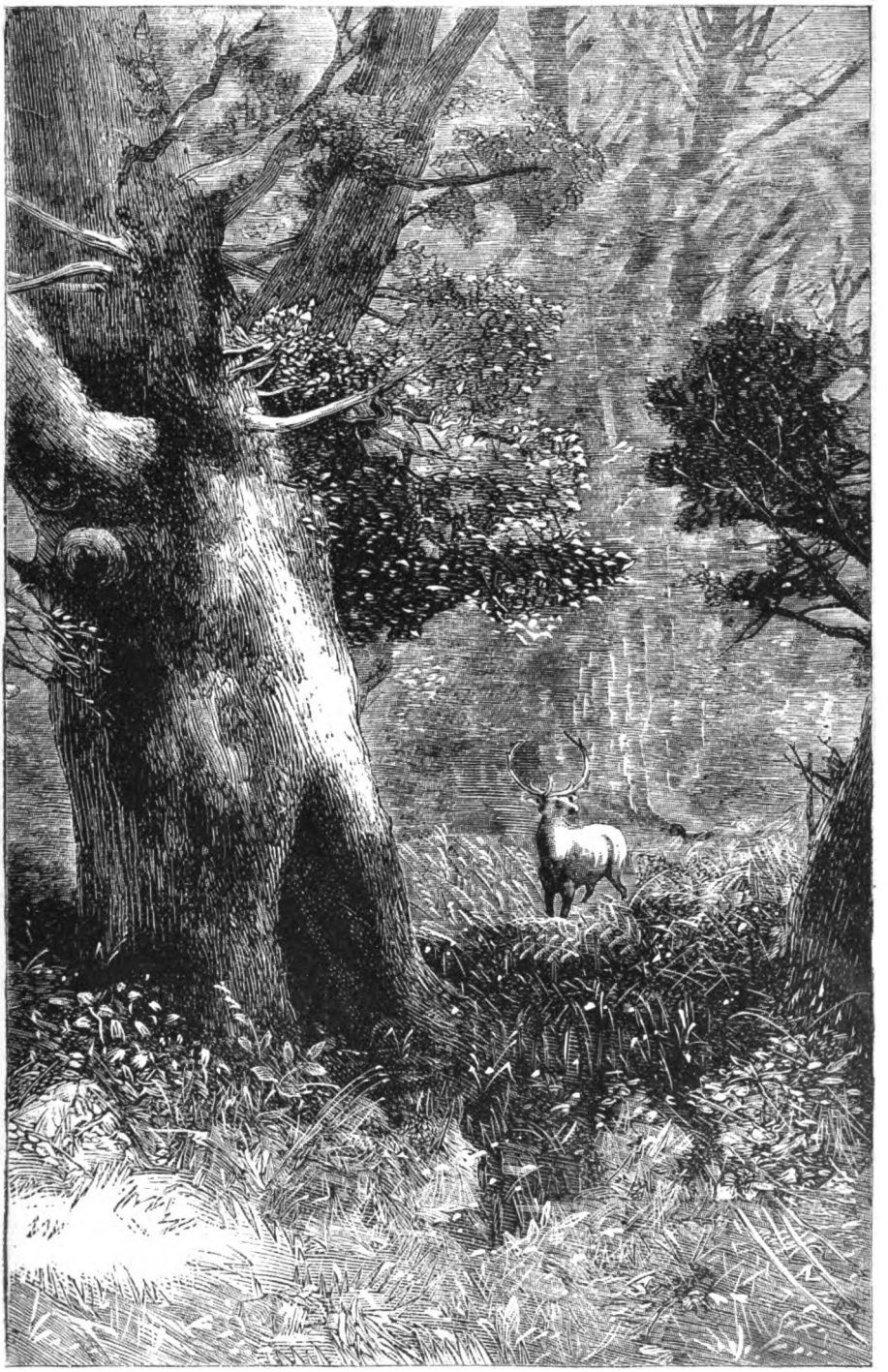

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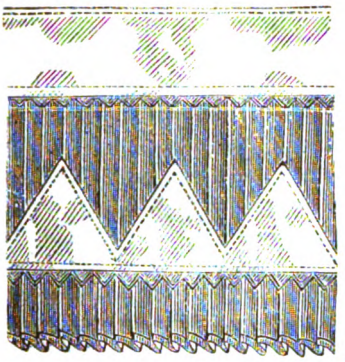

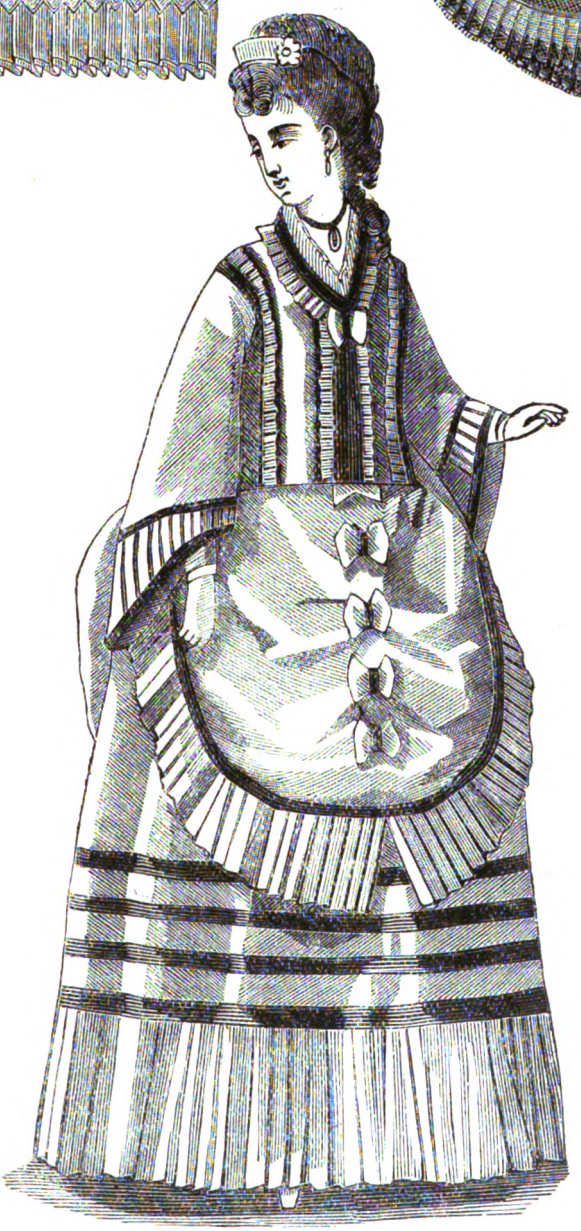

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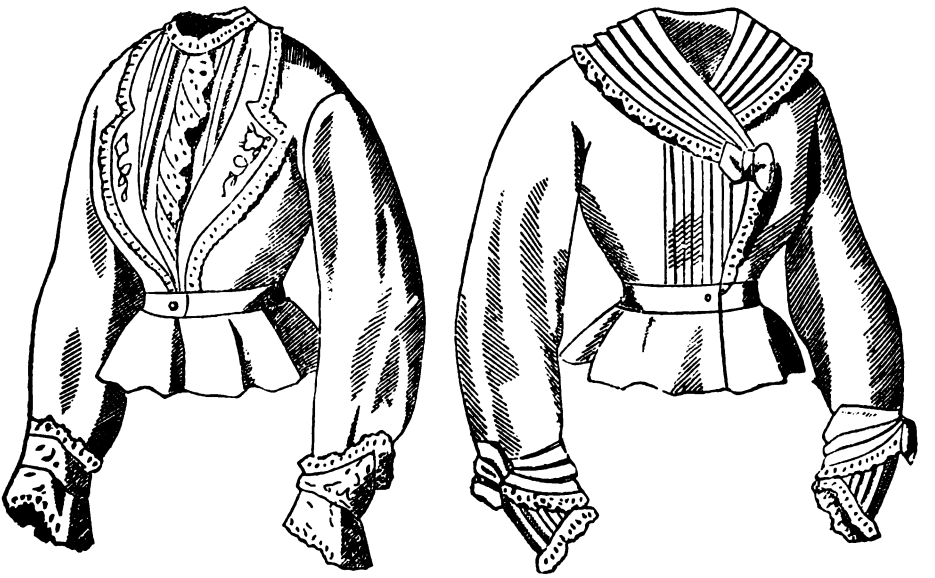

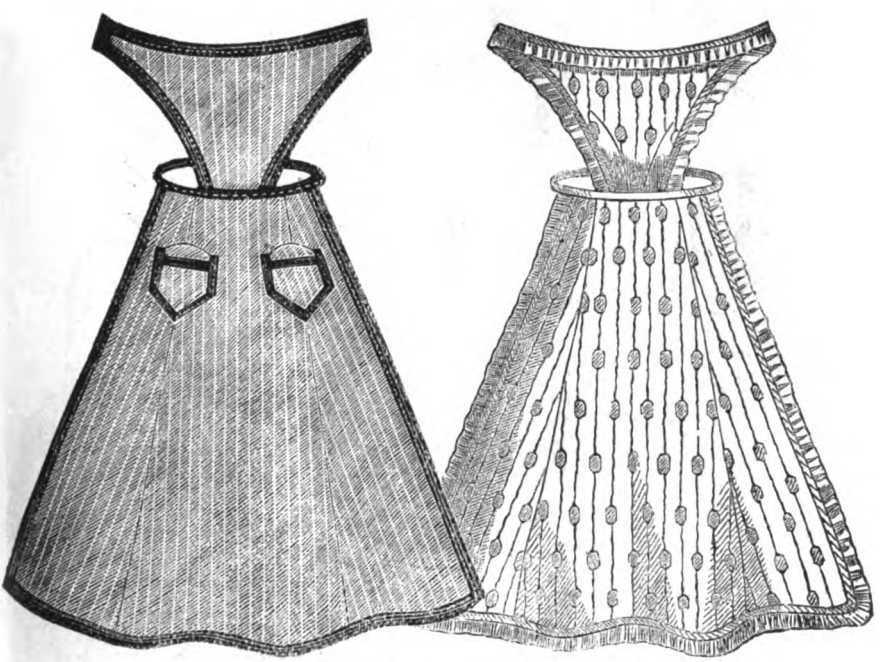

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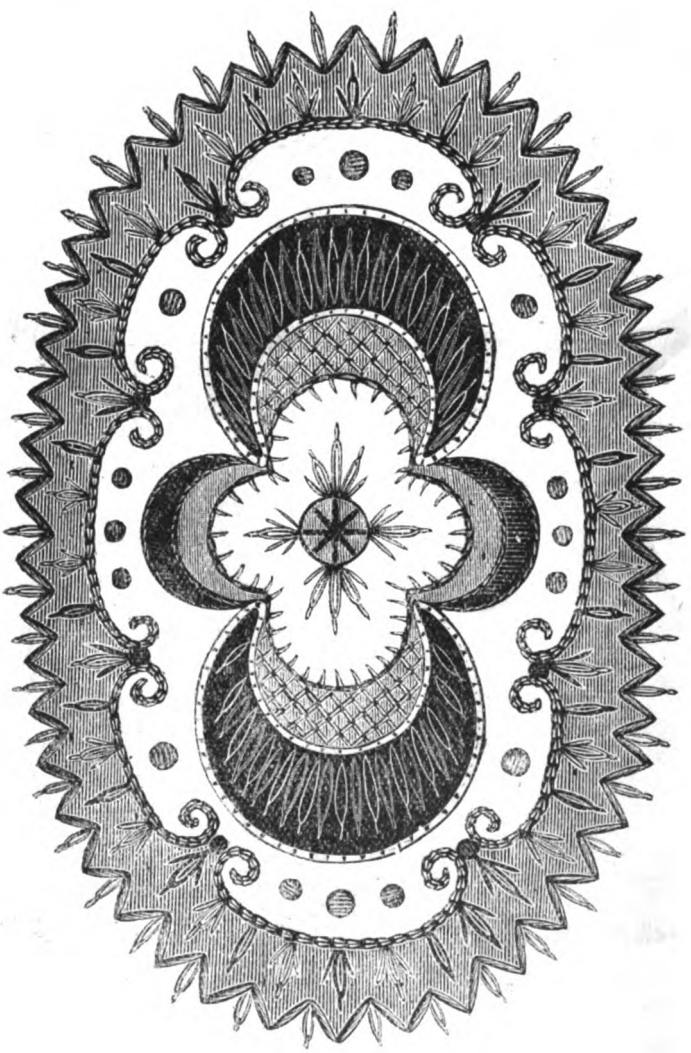

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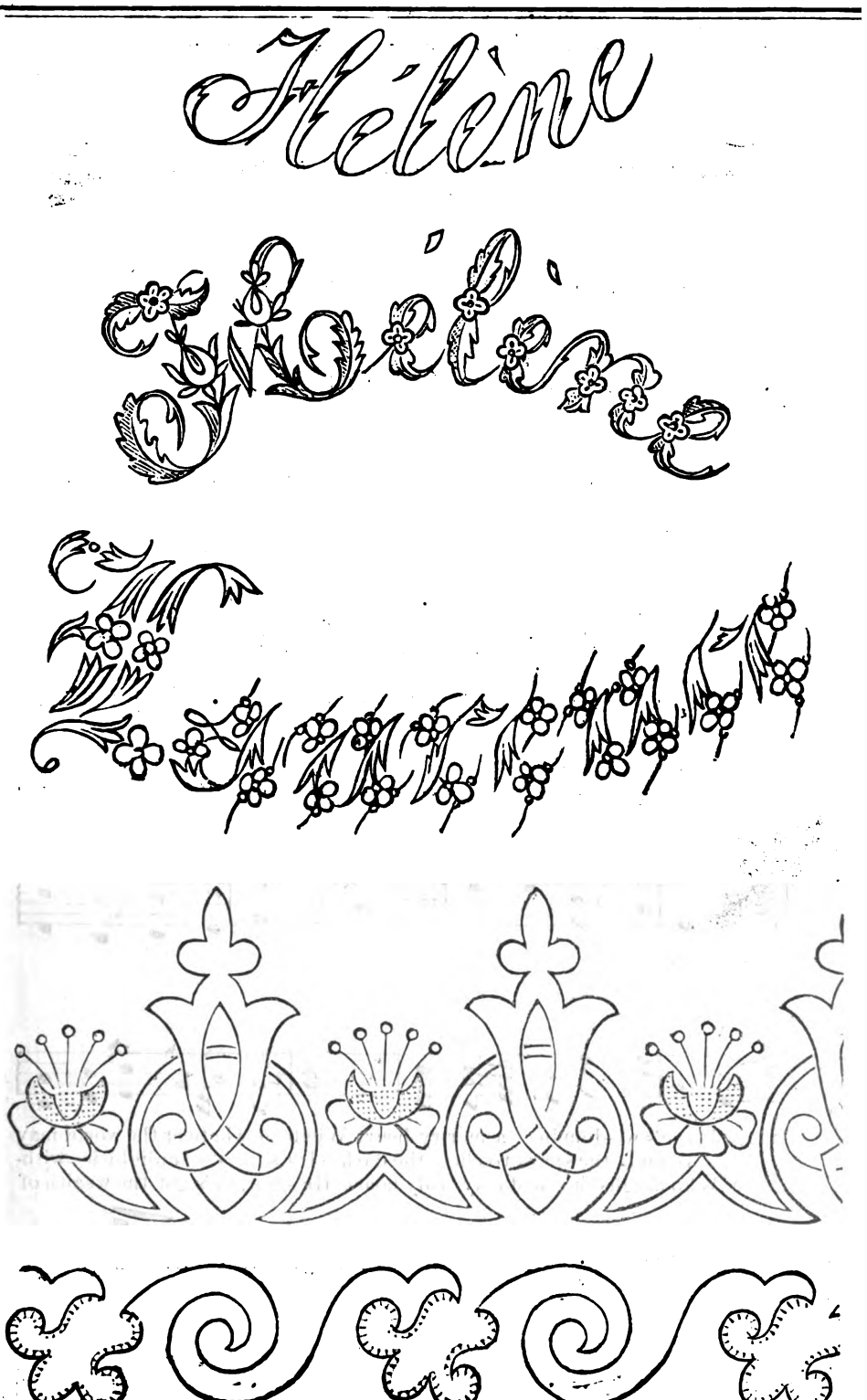

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By JEAN LOUIS.

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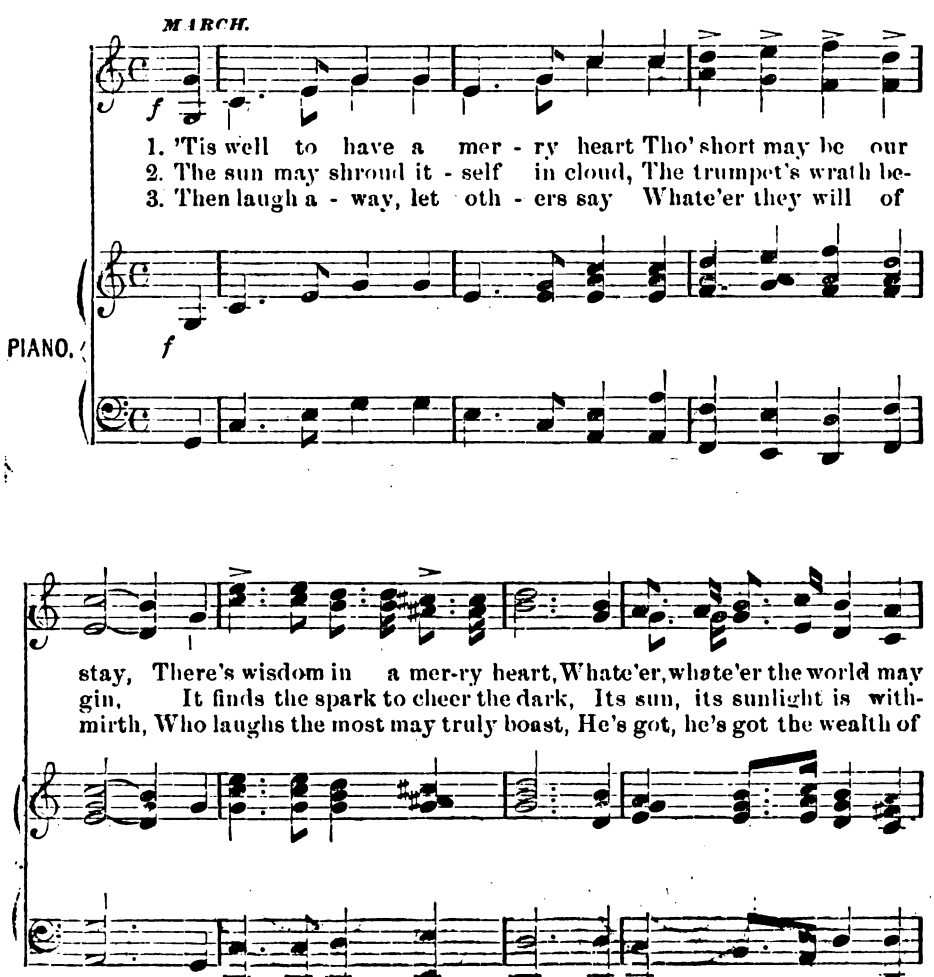

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p | *dolce.*

say. There's beau - ty in a mer - ry heart, A mo - ral beau - ty,
in; Phi - lo - so-phy may lift its head, And find out many a
earth. 'Tis well to have a mer - ry heart, Tho' short may be our

p *dolce.*

f

too,..... It shows the heart..... is an hon - est
flaw,..... But give to me, to me a mer - ry
stay,.... There's wis - dom in..... a mer - ry

f *cres.* *sf* *sf*

ff

heart And pays, and pays..... each man his due.
heart That's hap - py, hap - py with a straw.
heart What - e'er, what-e'er..... the world may say.

sf *ff*

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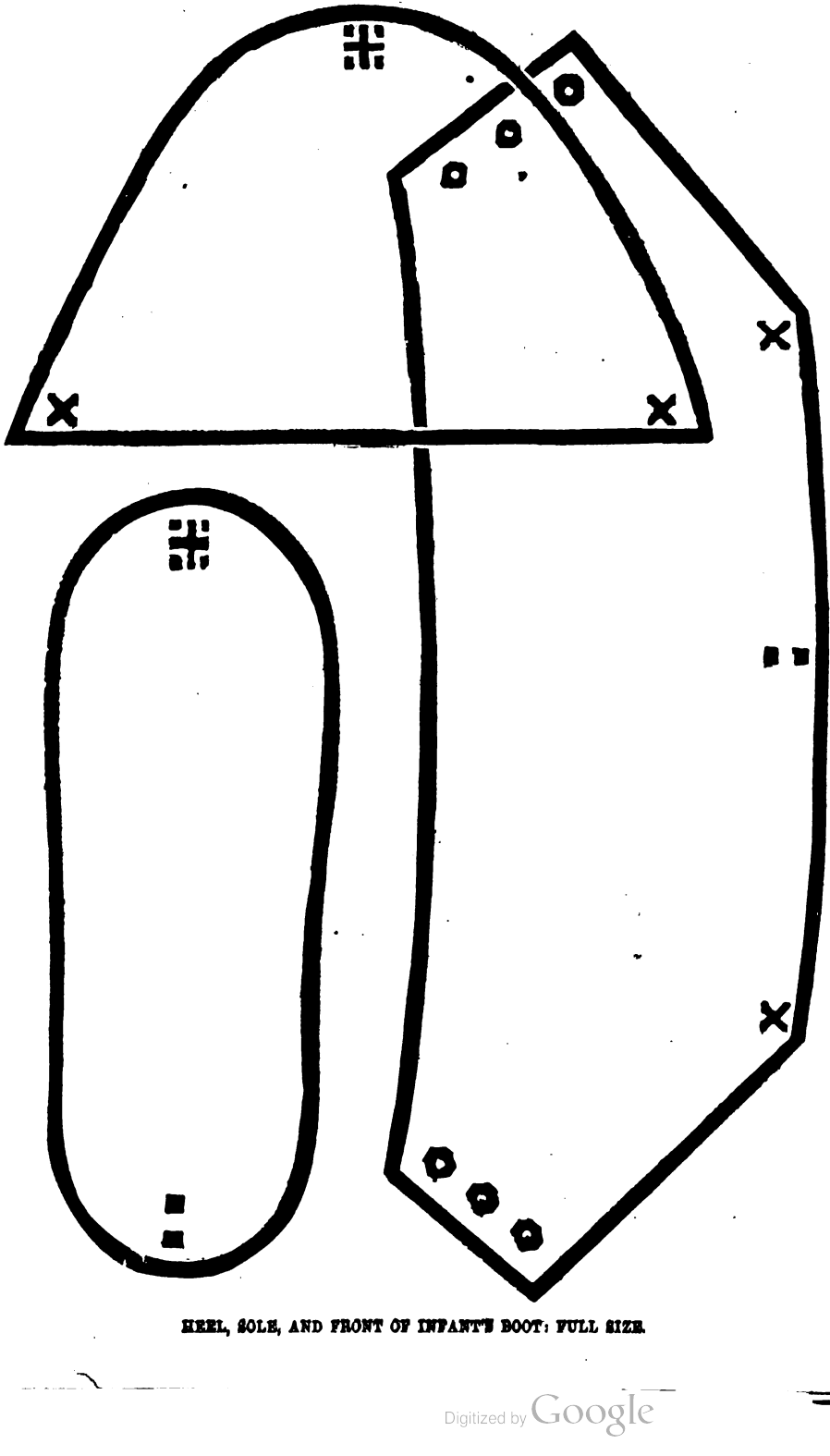

HEEL, SOLE, AND FRONT OF INFANT'S BOOT: FULL SIZE.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LIX. PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1871. No. 5.

THE WAY TO WIN HIM.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

"WILL you never learn," said Mrs. Wallingford, angrily, addressing her daughters, Clara and Augusta, "to be dressed in time for morning callers? This is not the first occasion I've had to speak of it."

"Nor will it be the last," answered Clara, pertly. "It doesn't pay to dress so. soon, especially when one isn't sure anybody will call. The footman told Mr. Murray to wait."

"But gentlemen don't like to be kept waiting. Nothing disgusts them more. And the 'catch' of the season, too! It's useless for me to work and plan for you, if you act in this way."

Clifford Murray, the hero of our story, possessed every advantage that man could desire. He was young, eminently handsome, finely educated, and the heir to large estates. Murray House, his father's residence, was one of those fine old mansions that still linger here and there, as mementoes of the past, even in New York; it was grand and sumptuous, in a stately way, quite different from anything that is built now-a-days; and it was adorned everywhere with works of the rarest beauty and costliness. It was principally for his sake that Mrs. Wallingford had issued cards for what she intended should be the ball of the winter. No wonder, therefore, she lost her temper when she found, the morning he called, that the niece she had taken in from charity, had accidentally met Mr. Murray, and proved to be an old acquaintance. But for the dilatoriness of her daughters, she said to herself, this would not have happened; and though Clara and Augusta laughed at the idea of rivalry on the part of Claribel, Mrs. Wallingford was not so sure of their superiority. But let us go back and tell how it all happened.

Clifford Murray was going up the broad walk that led to the imposing front entrance of the Wallingfords', and was admiring the gorgeous green-house bloom and tropical splendor that met his eye on every side, when his attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of a woman's voice, or a girl's voice, rather, singing a simple, but most exquisite strain. He was an ardent lover of music, and paused involuntarily at the base of the marble steps, and listened, while the clear, liquid notes floated out on the frosty air. He thought it the sweetest voice he had ever heard—and he smiled unconsciously in his delight.

Just at this moment, the drawing-room window flew up, and a tuft of feathers fluttered in and out, and the wondrous singing seemed much nearer than before. Clifford Murray was a gentleman, but for the life of him he could not refrain from looking up, and as eh did so, a pair of very brown eyes looked down, and the singing ceased all of a sudden.

"Why, dear me!" cried a pretty, plaintive voice. "Wait just one moment, please, Mr. Murray."

Mr. Murray ran up the steps, and the door was opened as he reached it.

"Good-morning, Mr. Murray!" said the same pretty voice. "You have forgotten me, no doubt; but I remember you. Walk in, please."

He walked in, and seated himself amid the splendors of the Wallingford drawing-room.

"I was dusting off the furniture when you came," continued his companion, smoothing down a pair of very dainty cuffs as she spoke, "and the drawing-room is a little cold. Won't you sit closer to the fire?"

Murray was at his wit's end. This was neither of the Misses Wallingfords he had seen on his first call. Who could it be? He looked at her narrowly. A trim, graceful figure in deep black, save the spotless white at the throat and wrists, and the sweetest young face, and the brightest, sunniest hair his eyes had ever beheld. She looked up, and her brown eyes twinkled.

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"Ah, you have quite forgotten me, Mr. Murray!" she said, mischievously.

Clifford Murray cudgled his memory as he never did before. Presently a sudden flash lit his gray eyes.

"No, I haven't!" he exclaimed, rising to his feet. "You are Caribel Willoughby, the rector's daughter,"

The young lady smiled, and extended her hand.

"Miss Willoughby," he continued, "I am very glad to meet you. How is your worthy father, and my old friends?"

Her eyes filled with tears immediately. He saw his mistake in an instant.

"Forgive me," he entreated, glancing at her mourning robes, "I did not think; and I have pained you so——"

"No, no!" she replied, struggling bravely for self-command; "it does not pain me. I love to speak of poor papa; it is the greatest pleasure I have; but sometimes it all comes so sudden."

"Ah! I often look back to those happy evenings at the old parsonage. How long since?"

He paused, fearing to give her pain.

"Over a year now," she replied, quietly, "and I have not been home since. Auntie took me away immediately after poor papa's death, and she is very good and kind; but I do so long for my old home. This city life is very dull and prosy, I think. Do you know," she added, with a sudden smile, that made her face fairly dazzling, "that I grow weary for want of work, Mr. Murray—a plebeian instinct that must be uprooted, aunt Wallingford says, and I dare say she knows."

Mr. Murray laughed, and made some pleasant response, which Claribel failed to hear, for she started up, exclaiming,

"But, dear me, I had quite forgotten! You call to see my cousins, no doubt; and here I sit appropriating your visit to myself. Pray excuse me. Here, Sanford, take this card to the young ladies, and tell them Mr. Murray is in the drawing-room."

"My dear Miss Willoughby," said Clifford, as the servant left, "you mistake. If I had dreamed of finding you here——"

But Claribel cut him short.

"Not a bit of compliment, please, Mr. Murray," she laughed. "I don't appreciate it at all, and we are old acquaintances, too."

"So we are," responded Clifford, heartily, "and on the strength of that I am going to ask a favor. Will you sing for me the ballad you were singing when I came?"

She went to the piano without a word, and began to sing in a voice as sweet as the note of a nightingale. Clifford was enraptured, but his pleasure was of short duration, for she had scarcely ended the first stanza, when Mrs. Wallingford came bustling in, with a look of such utter surprise on her face, that the young man found it hard work to maintain his gravity.

"Why, my dear! why, Claribel!" she began, as soon as she had given Mr. Murray a gushing welcome, "what is this? You surely——"

"Oh, auntie," cried Claribel, as she rose from the piano, "I used to know Mr. Murray when he was at college; he was a friend of dear papa, that's all."

"But your dress, my love—how could you?" continued the lady, with an anxious, angry light in her eyes.

Claribel glanced down at her neat apparel with artless surprise.

"I did not think of that," she said, innocently. "But it doesn't signify, Mr. Murray called on my cousins, you know. I bid you good-morning, Mr. Murray."

She left the drawing-room with a grave courtesy as she spoke. Clifford Murray was guilty of the gross impoliteness of staring after her, to the utter neglect of what his hostess was saying.

Mrs. Wallingford grew very red, and the angry light in her eyes deepened, and just at that moment her daughters sailed in. Fresh from a hurried toilet, as the most unobservant eye could see at a glance, and over-dressed for the occasion, yet very handsome and showy girls withal, Mr. Murray did the devoted gallant to the letter, and expressed his pleased anticipation in regard to the approaching ball; but despite his pleasant manner, he was heartily glad when the call was ended. And walking back to Murray House, he found his memory wandering back to his college days, and to the quiet evenings he was wont to spend in the little library at the old parsonage; and he marveled within himself that he had not sooner recognized Claribel Willoughby, having thought so much of her in the intervening years.

The Wallingfords' ball was a great success. The Misses Wallingford were absolutely too dazzling for description. To play the agreeable to both at the same time, thought our hero, would be rather a wearisome task. But mamma Wallingford was too skillful a diplomatist to put him in such dilemma.

"I shall leave you to entertain Mr. Murray, Clara, my love," she said, when the salutations

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of the evening were over. "Come, Augusta, I promised to present you to Mr. Falkland."

And fairly white with anger and disappointment, Augusta was forced to obey, while her elder sister sailed off with the prize. Mr. Murray did his utmost to be agreeable. He waltzed, he promenaded, he talked all manner of pretty nonsense—and Miss Wallingford was in the third heaven of triumphant bliss. But not so her companion. His eyes wandered, and his heart belied the words his tongue spoke. At last, when patience began to desert him, he ventured to ask if Miss Willoughby was well? She was quite well, Miss Wallingford said. "But I do not see her," hesitated Clifford. The young lady arched her lovely brows in well-bred surprise. "No, mamma could not induce her to come down; she has an idea that it isn't proper to dance so soon after her bereavement. She's an odd kind of a child, you know, Mr. Murray," added the beauty, confidentially. "Mamma is really worn out with efforts to improve her; but they seem to effect nothing."

The ball went on, with its glittering throng of dancers, and its bewildering music, but, for Clifford, much of the interest and enjoyment was gone. Other girls than Clara and Augusta strove to attract his attention. But, though he was well-bred to all, he was impressed by none. Every face had the same stereotyped look, of which he was already tired; that look, half of discontent, half of envy, which prevails so in fashionable society. The fresh, sweet, innocent face of Claribel rose up before him continually. He remembered how it had fascinated him in other days. In his memory, all through those long years, had lived a portrait. It was that of a young girl, dressed in white, sitting musing. He had surprised her in that position, one day, and he had never entirely forgotten the picture. It was innocence and loveliness enshrined in one. Often and often it had come up to him, in his student-days abroad. It was the same face now, only more matured, and, therefore, even more beautiful. Full of this memory, he stepped out into the garden, for the glare and noise of the ball began to jar on him. Pacing up and down the fragrant walks, he saw an open casement high above him, and a fair, sweet face, and still girlish figure, dimly defined in the uncertain light. It was Claribel, he knew. But the figure disappeared immediately, and the light was put out.

Clifford was punctual in making his "party call" at the Wallingfords'. But he failed to see Claribel. He had asked for "the ladies," as was proper, but only Mrs. Wallingford and her daughters appeared. When he ventured to inquire "if Miss Willoughby was well," the elderly lady replied, "yes," indifferently, and let the subject drop. Again and again Clifford called, but nearly always with the same result. If he saw Claribel at all, it was when he surprised her practising in the parlors. These interviews soon came to be the great objects of his life. They were always the result of accident, but he regarded them as triumphs, and went away thinking of every word Claribel said, and how she looked; and on this food he lived till he saw the sweet girl again. Once or twice he overtook her in the street, and attended her home. She was always the same, innocent, fresh, and unpretending, attired with striking simplicity and neatness; in all things the greatest possible contrast to her dashing, insincere, fashionable cousins. It was this difference that won Clifford's heart. He was heartily tired of the shams of polite society; of the managing mammas, and the scheming daughters—and the very frankness and naturalness of Claribel was a charm that was irresistible.

Claribel little suspected the conquest she was making. She remembered Clifford as the friend of her childhood; she felt always pleased to see him; nay, in secret, she began unconsciously to think of him a good deal; but she had no idea that she was falling in love, or that Clifford was in love with her. Pure, innocent darling! There are a dozen Claras or Augustas, we fear, where there is one Claribel.

At last Clifford determined on a *coup d'etat.* Convinced that the Wallingfords were deliberately keeping Claribel away from him, he drove to the house, one morning, quite early, and boldly asked for Miss Willoughby.

"Miss Willoughby done took a long walk this morning," said the old black woman, who answered the bell, for it was too soon for the fine footman to be about. "Sun never catches her in bed."

"Then ask her to come down, please."

And in one brief moment Claribel came, neat, fresh, and smiling, with a sparkle in her brown eyes, and a rose-bud in her bright hair. Clifford held out both hands to welcome her.

"Sit down, Mr. Murray, please," she said, "my cousins are not up yet."

"I am not calling upon your cousins, Miss Willoughby. My carriage is at the door," he answered. "I have come to take you for a

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long drive, away out into the country, if you will go."

"Oh! thank you so much!" she cried, delightedly. "I haven't seen the country for ever so long."

"Then get ready at once."

She tripped away, and in a few minutes reappeared very tastefully arrayed. Clifford led her out, and seated her in his elegant carriage, little suspecting that indignant eyes watched him through the blinds of the upper windows.

And then they whirled away. Hours after, on their homeward drive, Clifford gave his high-stepping grays the reins, and watched Claribel, who was intent upon arranging the evergreens they had gathered on their journey. After awhile he broke the silence.

"Claribel," he said, "what I am about to say may seem hasty and premature to you; but I have lately discovered a secret that has lived in my heart ever since my happy, old college days. Claribel, I love you!"

She dropped her evergreens, and looked up, her brown eyes wide and startled.

"You were not expecting a declaration," laughed Clifford, seeing her evident surprise; "but please think it over, for I am very much in earnest, Claribel. I am something over five-and-twenty, and I have seen a great many charming women, but never one before that I wished to make my wife. What do you say, darling? Can I hope?"

"Why, Mr. Murray," she stammered, her fair cheeks all aflame, "what can I say, it is so sudden; and you forget that I—I—am very, very poor."

"Money is no object to me, Claribel; I have enough, and to spare. I only want you to love me. Do you think you ever can?"

She looked up again, as if to read his face, and its passionate tenderness dazzled her. She clasped her hands, and sat for a moment in intense thought.

"Speak to me, Claribel," urged the impatient lover. "Can you learn to love me?"

She broke into a childish little laugh, though her eyes were swimming with tears.

"Indeed, Mr. Murray," she replied, artlessly, "I never thought of such a thing in all my life; but dear papa thought so much of you, and—— Well, I don't think the task will be so very hard. I really believe," she added, with charming confusion, and putting out her little, fluttering hand shyly, "since you have made me think about it, that I love you already."

Clifford caught the little hand, and covered it with rapturous kisses; and that was the end, or the beginning, rather. And just here we will drop the curtain, for language would be inadequate to portray the amazed wrath, the bitter disappointment that overwhelmed the house of Wallingford, when it became known that Claribel had won the prize.

MY CASTLES IN SPAIN.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

I HAVE castles and castles in Spain,
  Stately with turrets, and tall;
And I go, with a gallant train,
  Right royal, to visit them all.
When I come to the outer gate,
  I blow on my horn a blast,
And straight! the noble and great,
  Throng up from the mighty Past.

At the summons, from East and from West,
  From North and from South they start—
King Godfrey, with cross on breast,
  And Richard the Lion-Heart;
Great Alfred, with Saxon glaive;
  And William, with Norman mace;
St. Louis; and Bayard the brave;
  And Sidney, the last of the race.

All the heroes of olden romance—
  The Cid, on his war-horse again;
The Kaisar, from ages of trance;
  The peers of the weird Charlemagne;
King Arthur; the Round-Table Knights;
  And Launcelot, flower of all—
With music, and splendor, and lights,
  They greet me in bower and hall.

For beautiful women are there,
  From the magical realms of old—
Pale Sappho; and Helen the fair;
  Cleopatra, barbaric with gold;
The lovely and lost Guinivere;
  Clorinda, crusader and knight;
Sweet Una; and Rosalind dear;
  And Beatrice walking in light!

The bards of the Vikings they sing,
  And the minstrels they chaunt their lays,
'Till the oaken rafters ring
  To the deeds of the grand old days.
Oh! there's never a sorrow or care,
  But flies from the heart or brain,
When I visit my castles in air,
  My beautiful castles in Spain.

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NO CHOICE LEFT.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 278.

PART III.

"No, not angry! You would not have me see or fancy what you had not chosen to reveal——"

Juliet Minturn began her sentence in a tolerably assured voice, but left it unfinished, and stood looking wonderingly at Darral. If he could have seen his own haggard face, he would not have been surprised thereat.

He knew that he must speak now; he had said too much or too little to make it possible that the conversation should end here. He strained sight and hearing to catch another glimpse of Janet Ashmore's white dress, or the sound of her voice, with an odd feeling in his bewildered brain that it was for the last time—but she was gone. He saw Miss Minturn regarding him with that glance of pity and wonder. He must speak; he had sealed his fate; at whatever cost of suffering he was bound to go on now.

He was trying for words—any; conscious of a wondering rage at his own weakness under all that horrible despair, when Miss Minturn spoke again.

"I am behaving as foolishly as a girl of fifteen," she said. "I don't know why I can't speak freely, I have waited so anxiously for this time since we first met. I believe if I had not been afraid of you, I should have plunged into it weeks ago."

She gave him a kindly, reassuring smile, but he was too utterly confused by this time to be able to articulate.

"You may speak with perfect candor, Mr. Darral," she continued, "understand that. I don't think you possess a friend in the world who has your welfare more truly at heart. I have tried to show you that from the first of our acquaintance. I knew, of course, all the wise people about us would call it a flirtation; but I did not care for that, if I could only be the means of clearing up matters somewhat."

Darral felt the oppression of growing imbecility settling down over the tumult in his head and heart. He could only stand there conscious that a perfectly insane expression was gathering in his face, such as an idiot, whose highest faculty was braiding straws, might be expected to wear. What did she mean? Was she so full of pity for what she considered his embarrassment that she was making the proposal herself? Was she trying to tell him there was no hope. What was it? Each question that flitted through his mind was more utterly imbecile than those which preceded it; but he had no more power to control his mental faculties than he had his face; he had begun with insanity and ended in idiocy. If he banged his addled brains out against the stone-pillar where he leaned, perhaps it would be the most fitting conclusion to the ridiculous business.

"Please, don't look at me in that odd way," he heard Miss Minturn expostulate; "it makes me feel as if I had been horribly imprudent, or impertinent, in owning that I understood what you began to say."

"You cannot feel that you have been either," he replied, and knew that was as senseless as all that he had said before. Were they reversing the natural situation? Was he to blush and encourage her to proceed? I am sure no man ever called himself more uncomplimentary names than Clancy Darral did during the next few seconds.

"Frankly, I cannot," Miss Minturn said. "I have been so certain from the first that you understood me and my motives for rushing so fast into a friendship. I have only been surprised, as the days went by, that you did not speak out and get my valuable advice."

She laughed a little. He felt an almost overpowering inclination to utter or bellow like a mad bull from sheer stupidity, but, luckily, was able to overcome it.

"I came here with a grand determination," continued Miss Minturn. "I knew all sorts of things that Janet had no idea I was acquainted with, and I wanted to do something."

Now that woman's name was dragged in to make the matter more bewildering and disgusting. Miss Minturn did know the old story. She was expecting an open confession from him before he went on with his love-making. He muttered something in the anger it roused to

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have Mrs Ashmore's name spoken, but whether it was Greek or Choctaw, his listener could not have told. But, though he did not know it, there had been from the moment he first spoke, such pain and trouble in his face that Juliet Minturn's mind was too full of pity and sympathy to be amused by his hesitation and inability to talk.

"For awhile," said she, "I almost feared that my fine plans for meddling with what prudent people might consider none of my business, would prove a failure—you did the indifferent so well; but I watched. Oh, I have been a capital spy! I didn't lose a look, not an expression of your face. I saw that I had not been mistaken, and I tried in every way to show you that I would be a faithful ally."

Must he propose; or should he tell her the truth, and ask her to despise him?

"You watched?" he repeated. "Then if you have studied me so carefully, you know——"

"A good deal," she interrupted; "but not all I want to, of course; as you are only a man, it was easier to see through you than a woman. I knew it was useless to hope to find out anything from her——"

"From her?" muttered Darral.

"Yes; she had been silent all these years, and would go to the stake, naturally, before she would give a sign."

Oh! she did expect a confession! She wanted him to propose, but her woman's vanity wished to make him own that he had forgotten an old love and its disappointments the moment he looked in her face. He had meant to offer his hand, in hopes to prove to a false woman that she was nothing to him, and he had fallen into the hands of one meaner than the creature whose duplicity had crushed his heart.

"I think you will make me do something desperate," cried Miss Minturn. "Why don't you talk frankly—you know you want to! Oh! you are worse than Janet!"

"Don't speak her name," he said; and the moment the words were uttered, he felt that he had exposed himself.

"I thought so," she retorted. "I never knew such a pair of bats! Here you are in a diabolical passion. After my trusting that these days of solitude would work wonders, I come back and find that between you matters are in a worse muddle than they were at first."

"You know——"

"Almost everything, I tell you. Now, look here, Mr. Darral, either I am a fool, or you set out to have a plain talk with me."

"A plain talk? Yes!" glancing hopelessly toward the pillar—he should have to come to the head-banging yet before they were through!

"Then I can say what is in my mind outright. I can't fence—I have not the address. I know you are suffering cruelly, but I am very angry with you, notwithstanding—how could you behave as you have done?"

Oh! the head-banging would not answer, he should have to take refuge in the Sound! Now she wanted excuses because he had made love to another woman instead of waiting for Fate to bring her within his reach.

"I can't help what is past and done," he said, and hoped that seemed a little more presentable than his former speeches—somewhat more romantic and dreary.

"You could have helped it—you must have been mad! You can help it now; at least you can say that you were crazy—anything, anything rather than——"

"Then listen to me," he interrupted, and had a vague idea that he was going to burst into blank verse to express his devotion—that seemed to be what she wanted; and now that he had begun, he must go on until she graciously signified that they had done modern Shakspeare enough.

"No, I shall not listen till I have said my say," replied she, resolutely, shaking her head at him, but looking very sympathizing all the while. "You'll not speak freely if you begin, so let me tell you that I know everything, and then you will be quite at ease. There is nothing to explain——"

"Thank heaven for that!" muttered poor, dazed Darral.

"What did you say?" demanded she.

"I said—I said—— Well, go on, please."

"Wasn't I doing it? I say there is nothing to explain. Mr. Darral, I never heard Janet mention your name till we came here—believe that. I knew—no matter how—that you had once been engaged—that she seemed to have thrown you over from coquetry, or for a meaner reason, because she wanted wealth and position."

"Seemed!" thundered Darral, quite beside himself. "She did do it."

"She didn't do any such thing," retorted Miss Minturn. "You ought to be ashamed to think it; though, to be sure, you could not well think anything else under the circumstances."

"It is very kind of you to show so much leniency," said he, sneering, and trying to be cool and sarcastic.

"Now, don't do the Byronic," said Miss

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Minturn; "for I am in earnest, and mean to clear this business up before I leave it. How you act must depend on your own feelings, and you are perfectly free to choose. If you were not, for Janet's sake, I would be silent."

"She deserves so much consideration at my hands," he growled.

"She does. Never woman deserved more from any man—and how you have treated her—my poor, proud Janet! Oh, how could you humiliate her as you did? I can see what you thought. It seemed a deliberate scheme for revenge to her; but I understood that you mistook her words, and only wanted to hide your real feelings, and then went so crazy, that it was a satisfaction to be diabolical."

"What are you talking about?" cried Darral. "Did I prove false? Did I leave her without a word——"

"Oh, let that old story rest for a moment! I'm talking about day before yesterday."

"Ah!" said Darral, catching a gleam of light at last; "so, you have had that scene rehearsed."

"Don't speak like that, don't; you will be sorry. See here, Mr. Darral, I can't talk of Janet, if you receive it like this. I can't expose her secrets, unless I am certain they will be received with respect. Perhaps I ought not to say a word; but I can't be silent, when I see so plainly how a few words can right all this doleful business."

"Perhaps, you will good-naturedly speak them," said he.

He could not tell what she would be at. There was to be no proposal. His perceptions, dulled as they were, could understand that. At least, there was some comfort.

"I will," said Miss Minturn. "Janet tried, the other day, to explain to you the cause of her conduct in the old time, and you, with a lack of generosity—for which I should like to box your ears—you chose to think she was warning you against falling in love with her again, and asked her not to refuse before she was asked."

"And that was what she was doing."

"For shame! Oh, how shall I make you see? Wait! Was it a plan on your part, from the first, to lure her on so that you might mortify her more cruelly than ever woman was? Did you plan it for revenge?"

"No, no!" he exclaimed, in a white-heat of passion.

"It looked so. What else could she think? But let that convince you she had no such motive as you ascribe to her. Mr. Darral, she was in earnest. She had longed for years to make her explanation; she could have no peace till she had done it. You seemed so friendly and forgiving, she ventured to begin——"

"By warning me not to fall in love," broke in Darral.

"She never dreamed of that——"

"She told me——"

"She meant to tell you why she could not marry you—a reason that had nothing to do with coquetry. Oh, how can I talk, if you are so hard and unbelieving? I'll tell you the reason of her marriage. When she left you, at the close of that summer, she found her brother in terrible disgrace. It took all her money to save him. It took more. She had to have my brother's help, and he was not generous. He loved her, and used that means to secure her. Now, do you understand? Her family told her it was the only way to save Edward. They showed her how wicked it would be, after her money was gone, to encumber you with a wife. Every way she was urged on, and she married him."

He stood gazing at her, in silence. The light had broken so suddenly that he was blind and faint.

"Believe me—you must believe me!" And she added a few details, in a hurried voice, which showed so plainly that the girl had acted as she did, believing that it was best; trusting, as women so often do, that the hardest step must be right because it is the hardest.

"In one way and another, I knew the whole," continued Miss Minturn. "How I pitied Janet in my girlish heart; she tried so hard to be content. She must have been somewhat so as a reward. When my brother made his will, something of the old jealousy flamed up, for it was a terribly unjust one. She had full control of his fortune, unless she married; in that case it was to come to me. If I refused it, then it must go to a charitable institution."

Darral tried to bid her continue. He only groaned.

"That was what Janet meant, the other day. She thought that you wanted to be friends; that you had forgotten anger and love alike, and she wished for your pardon. She wanted to say it was now easy to ask it, because her motives could not be misinterpreted. It was out of her power to marry you——"

"Why out of her power?" he cried. "I am rich——"

"For that very reason," interrupted Miss Minturn. "If she had cared ever so dearly,

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she would not marry you, since she must come to you poor. Don't you see that it would look like another mercenary marriage?"

"If she had cared for me, that thought would not have weighed with her for an instant."

"If it was another's case, you could see plainly enough that it would."

"Does she care? Answer me—does she?"

"I cannot answer you. If I could, I would not. Janet is a very proud woman. She would have borne this last trouble, as she has all the rest, in silence; only, when I came back that night, she was so utterly broken down, that she had to have help. When she found that I knew all about the old story, she could talk freely."

"And she believed that my miserable behavior was a deliberate plan to gain revenge?"

"Confess that it looked very like it, Mr. Darral."

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed; "just as she spoke I was going to tell her that I loved her; had never ceased to love her. She drove me mad. I thought she had been playing with me—trying to lead me on, and, growing tired, made that scene, just to end it."

"I knew you thought that," returned Miss Minturn. "I showed her that as plainly as I could. I knew what she did not. I knew that you cared for her, in spite of your distrust and anger."

"Always!" he groaned. "Always!"

"You had taken no pains to hide it from me. I knew that you meant some day to confide in me. I thought I could tell you the whole story then. So I was glad to see that we grew friends so rapidly."

There was nothing to be said just here.

"How can she ever forgive me?" moaned Darral.

"Well," said Miss Minturn, "women are silly creatures; they always forgive just when they ought not."

"If you had told me this at first."

"My dear creature, how dreadfully unreasonable! Could I rush up to you the first night we met, hold you by the button-hole, and say, 'You were engaged to my sister—you thought she behaved ill—this is the explanation.' We are not quite near enough the millenium for such frankness."

"I see! I see!"

"How could I know that you loved her?"

"But I do, with all my heart and soul!"

"How can I tell now that she cares for more than your friendship?"

"Do you mean there is no hope?" he exclaimed, ready for a new paroxysm of despair.

"I mean that I can give no information in regard to Janet's heart; but I do know what gave her courage to speak was the fact that she could not marry you, owing to that stupid will."

"The will be—burned!"

"I wish it had been, with all my heart. But you can see what her decision was. If she had not regarded any thought of marriage out of the question, she could not have spoken. It would have looked like asking for a renewal of your affection."

"Oh, I have been the blindest idiot!" cried Darral.

"No; people are always perverse and do the wrong thing. Why, that first night at dinner, I was so anxious to be at my mission, that I gave you an opportunity to ask a question, which would have cleared up matters."

"I don't remember."

"Naturally. But I don't forget my own shrewdness. I told you positively and mysteriously that Janet could not marry. If you had asked questions, as you ought, I should have told you why."

"But after——"

"Very well; I wouldn't speak. I thought you were biding your time; trying to find out if Janet cared for you; ready to flirt a little with me, in hopes to make her betray some concern, and not to mystify me, because I knew you must see that I understood how matters were."

He could look back and recall scores of things that proved that this had been her idea; but, in his blindness, he had failed to comprehend.

"And now I have said I was going in the morning. I can't stay. It would look absurd."

"Of course. Besides, Janet takes that as a little grace to herself. She asked you to go."

"Does she want to be rid of me?"

"After your conversation, the other day, and the opinion she thinks you have of her, you don't suppose it is very pleasant for her to be thrown in your society?"

"I must see her. I must explain. I must ask her forgiveness."

"Now, that is English!" cried Miss Minturn.

"Where is she? I saw her walking with that man——"

"What a tragic tone! She is gone into the house; she is not at all well."

"Can't I see her? Do help me! I can't rest until she has forgiven me. If you think she will not listen to me, do you tell her."

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"Impossible!" laughed she. "My mission ends here. The fates direct me no further, and I should be as unfortunate as Joan of Arc, if I tried to act by myself."

"Don't tease. I am suffering horribly. Go to her. For God's sake, ask her to see me."

"I will do my best. I will tell her that your reason has come back; that you are her friend——"

"I am not," he broke in. "I love her with my whole heart and soul."

"Bless me! it's not in my province to hear that," cried Miss Minturn, and was ready to go, because she had heard the very words she waited for. "Go straight into the library, there is never anybody there in the evening, and wait patiently. I'll do my best."

With some incoherent words of thanks, Darral rushed away, and Miss Minturn entered the house.

She went up stairs, and into their dressing-room, and could hear Janet walking back and forth in her bed-chamber. Miss Minturn went into her own apartment, opened her writing-case, and took out a New York paper, which she had put there that morning in hopes of being able to use it. She went to Janet's door and knocked.

"Who is it?" asked an impatient voice.

"It's I," said Miss Minturn. "Do let me in."

"I'll be down stairs, presently," said Janet.

"I want to speak to you before you go down. You must let me in, Janet."

Janet turned the key, with an audible sigh at the intrusion; but Miss Minturn entered without scruple.

"Did you read the paper to-day?" she said.

"You know I never read it."

"I have found out what Mr. Darral's telegram meant. Don't you know somebody was speaking of the failure, this morning; it is the banking-house of Darral & Oldson. Here it is in the paper."

Janet took the journal, turned to the window, and read the paragraph by the dim light.

"It is absolute ruin," said Miss Minturn.

"I did not know that he was a banker," said Janet.

"But isn't it dreadful?"

"Dreadful, indeed! Have you seen him?"

"Yes."

"Did he tell you?"

"Not a word; he is so reticent. But he was so horribly cast down—as white as a ghost. Oh, I pity him so!"

She could hear Janet's hurried breathing.

"Why don't you speak?" cried Miss Minturn. "Are you not sorry?"

"God knows I am. But he would not even accept sympathy from me."

"He would. He wants it. Look here, Janet, he talked with me about what happened the other day. I was right in the construction he put on your words."

"But you told him what I meant."

"I did. I thought I ought. I told him, too, just what you had meant to explain. Was I right?"

"Yes. Thank you."

"And now he wants to see you, Janet, dear; he wants to tell you how sorry he is."

"And we may be friends again. I am glad of that," cried Janet. "Where is he?"

"Down in the library. I told him if you would forgive him, I knew you would come."

"And this dreadful business! Oh, Juliet, if we could only do something. At least, I may tell him how I grieve—assure him of my friendship——"

She was turning away, when Miss Minturn caught her dress.

"He'll not be satisfied with that," she whispered. "He told me that he always loved you—always; even when the most angry. Dear Janet, when he is in trouble, you'll not be stately; you'll do anything to comfort him, I know you will. Never mind if it is odd—unusual. If there is a feeling in your heart of tenderness, let him see it. There will be more true womanliness in that than in any reticence now."

Janet broke away from her without a word, and when she was gone, Miss Minturn laughed slily to herself.

Clancy Darral was sitting in the gloomy library, when the door opened, softly, and Janet Ashmore entered. He darted forward, and clasped her hands, crying out,

"Only say that you forgive me—one word."

"As freely as you have forgiven me," she answered.

"I ought to have known there was some powerful reason for your actions. I have been very unjust and very wicked; but I loved you, I always loved you."

She allowed her hands to remain in his; the voice in which she spoke trembled a little, but was clear and distinct. "And in this hour of trouble I may be bold, and say what I could not otherwise—I have loved you, Clancy!"

She would have pulled her hands away, but he caught her in his arms, calling her his love, his pride, uttering laments for the past and

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protestations for the future. For a time, she could only listen to his dear words, and make an effort to give the answers that he would have. At last, suddenly recollecting the direful news in regard to which she had meant to offer her sympathy, she said,

"I am so sorry—so sorry; yet I can't be, for if it were not for these dreadful losses, I should not have dared come near you."

"Losses!" he repeated.

"Yes; it's in the papers. Juliet showed it to me, though you did not tell her You see I could be bold and almost offer you my love, now that you are as poor as I must be if I come to you."

"But—but I have met with no loss, darling. I have just hopes of gaining the one prize the world has worth possessing."

"But the money is gone. I read about the failure of your banking-house."

"Never had one in my life," pronounced Darral. "My money is safe enough, thank goodness! and, oh, my darling! my darling! you shall be so happy!"

He gave her no time to think—to be confused. He told her over and over of his love, his devotion; the dreariness of the past, and begged her to have pity on him.

"And, after all, I shall seem to accept you because you have grown rich."

"My darling, such folly!"

"Oh, that wicked Juliet! I believe she knew all the while it was not you."

"Bless her! You would not have listened to me. You would have held fast to your foolish scruples, if you had not thought I was in trouble. But it's too late, too late; you have admitted that you care for me."

"Oh," she said, half laughing and half crying at once, "I believe I proposed to you, after all. That dreadful Juliet!" And she was so hysterical by this time, that she uttered the objurgation rather loudly.

The door opened, while she was speaking, and Miss Minturn entered.

"So he is not ruined, after all," she said, mischievously.

"I believe you knew it was not so," exclaimed Janet, not very steady in her nerves yet, and speaking half angrily.

"Why, it's his name, and it's in the paper; it must be so," persisted Miss Minturn. "I shall buy you a chintz frock, to-morrow, Janet. You must learn to economize."

Then they all laughed; then both women sobbed a little; and I would not swear that Darral's eyes were perfectly dry.

"And now listen to me," said Miss Minturn. "There's a codicil to the will that Janet never saw. My brother added it the last day of his life. She keeps half his fortune, whoever she marries. Thank me, Mr. Clancy Darral, for having this ending in my mind from the first, and so keeping the secret from that obstinate girl, or she would never have consented to marry you. Now she has *no choice left.*"

She did not add that it was her persuasion which had induced her brother to make the change. They were happy, at last, and that was all she wanted.

A little more incoherent talk; a rush and whirl of delightful sensations, such as one has in a dream, then Miss Minturn said,

"Ring down the curtain! Come back to the prosaic, good people. We shall all be missed. Come away at once."

They obeyed her suggestion. But Clancy Darral refused to accept a penny of Mr. Ashmore's fortune—somewhat Quixotic, most people thought—but I own I admire him for it. Janet did endow a hospital with her share, and her sister followed her example. So the charity got the benefit of Colin Ashmore's wealth, after all; and Clancy Darral and his wife no more remember it than they do the trouble and suffering of the past.

ONWARD! STILL ONWARD!

BY D. NOEL RANDOLPH.

And thus it is, from spot to spot,
Our weary footsteps go;
By few beloved, by more forgot,
And homeless here below.

No place so calm, no scene so sweet,
That we may linger there;
Our stay is brief, our pleasures fleet,
For we are strangers here.

The friends that aid our toilsome way,
And cheer its deepening gloom,
Too bright for earth, pass day by day,
Before us to the tomb.

While robbed of rest, condemned to rove,
We tread life's weary path,
We raise our weary eyes above,
As strangers in the earth.

By ills beset, by dangers pressed,
By fearful tempests driven,
Our cheering hope is promised rest,
A home prepared in Heaven!

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ERMENGARDE.

BY JOHN E. PENRHYN.

A DULL, leaden gray sky, overhanging a long stretch of rolling park land; copses thickly grown with underbrush; trees, some gnarled and untrimmed, and others mouldering where they fell; a belt of forest in the distance; a neglected garden close at hand: and brooding over all, the gray mist and unwholesome damps, characteristic of the gloomy English climate in the winter time. So much of my domain I see as I lean against the window-sill and look without. And if I turn my eyes within—what then? A long and lofty-paneled room, with faded window-hangings, a fire smouldering in the huge old fire-place, a piano open, and littered with music, plentifully besprinkled with segar-ashes, a table with ditto; and on floor, and chairs, and sofa, packing-cases of every size and shape, bursting with books and music, engravings, and bric brac, and clothing of every description, from a costume *bouffe*, worn long ago at a masked-ball in Paris, down to the sombre Benedictine habit, with girdle and scapulary, which, within a few weeks, will be all the dress of Brother Augustine, Sauntiner Nevil, Baron Edmunstyne. What a strange future for an English peer? What a dreary dwelling? What a neglected domain this, for an English landholder, with forty thousand pounds a year?

My heir, in whose behalf I have signed away my English estates, and who received the gift with an enthusiastic gratitude which shamed me, since I gave it not for love of him, nor valued what I gave, looked on, I said, amazed at all this waste and ruin, and shivered at the empty, echoing dreariness of this great house. He will change it all, however. As he leant, yesterday, against the window-sill where I lean now, looking alternately at the gray vastness without, and the comfortless solitude within, some bright visions of future changes chased the awe-struck pity from his face. Pity inspired by me, Nevil, Baron Edmunstyne, still young in years, as men count youth, for I am but thirty-nine, still well and strong, for I have wooed death in vain; still handsome, too, if ladies looks speak truly. Pity for me who, if I willed it so, could dig, and plant, and drain, as he will do; see this grass once more velvet-soft, these trees pruned and trimmed, this unweeded garden bright and sweet with roses, and musical with fountains; who could light great fires to roar in these cold chimneys, and make these deserted rooms soft and warm with silken hangings and Eastern carpets, gay with paint and gilding, and the thousand pretty trifles which women love; who, if I willed that also, could marry, as he will do, and win beauty and worth to smile on me, and light up my cold hearth there; and as the years roll on, could take my own children on my knee, as he will do.

Yet not so, either, for the lad loves and is beloved, and therefore hath warmth and color for his dreams. Well, let him dream. I, too, dreamed dreams, and saw visions when I was but twenty-four. How is it with me now? For the peer's coronet, the tonsure; for the velvet robe, the religious habit; for the wide lands, the convent-walls; for the marriage-bed, the monk's hard pallet; for the wife's embraces, the knotted scourge; for the children's voices, the sound of chants and litanies. It is best so, for I should sit cold and gayless as the skeleton of old at life's banquet now. That part of me which once loved, hoped, rejoiced, is lying buried in a grave beneath the Russian snows. Come, still, gray life, the outward type of inward death to earthly hopes and joys; welcome calm contemplations of eternal truths—contemplations which will banish bright, sad memories and restless longings, and starve and kill this craving, passionate ego locked within my breast, which cries for what I cannot give it, and will not be appeased. Yet, ah, suffering Christ! Incarnate God! the jeweled image of whose last scene of human agony I wear! Thou knowest, if, indeed, Thou knowest all things, that not for love of Thee, nor for Thy sake, do I throw wealth, and rank, and liberty aside, and close the convent-doors between me and the world. Thou knowest, too, that not out of remorse for the wild waste of life behind me, the hours squandered, the talents buried in the dust, do I reclaim this latter part to Thee. No; I must speak the truth. It is but to change to another posture in "Life's long sickness;" it is but in the hope that the cloistered calm will quiet certain aching nerves which nothing has yet availed to soothe, that I seek its shelter.

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Dare I, then, hope for God's blessing? He knows that in seeking rest I am not seeking Him; that only in weariness of other paths have my feet turned into that *Via Crucis*, which is, alas, the only *Via Passis*. Shall I find Him, then? and in Him peace? It may be so, for He is gracious, my abbot says, full of pity for human sorrows, since He knew them here below; swift to reward those who seek Him as He would be sought, in poverty, chastity, renunciation. But having nothing that I value, I can renounce nothing for His sake. And would I if I could? I do not know. Not happiness, if I had it. No; for one brief day I possessed it, and then it fled away forever; but by the memory of that time, so exquisitely blest (because no happiness is so suited to our mortal state and human needs as earthly happiness) I know that I would not, that I could renounce it. Then it is well, perhaps, that He tore it from me, and took what I could not give. And now, at the last, I would find Him if I could.

Come memory, though thou dost pierce my heart, for the last time we will sit down together.

Ermengarde, turn upon me once more that fairest face, which was my ruin. A few more days and it will be a sin against my vows to remember thee, and then, perhaps, I may forget. But once more, and "that the last;" the loveliness which had such power to sway my soul shall rise, star-like, out of the mists and shadows of the past, and bring with it again the days and hours of my youth.

Back, back! over the years to the time when these grizzled locks were dark and soft, when I was but twenty-four, and life stretched before me fair, fresh, dewy; a vast enchanted land, when over mountain and valley, stately river and deep, unruffled sea, youth's golden sunshine glowed; when Hope from gardens bright with fadeless flowers, called in a thrilling voice, "Come, come!" when Fame held up her laurel-wreath, and Joy her brimming cup; and young Love, crowned with roses, held out passionate, tender arms. Ah! love faded first; and when love is gone, all is gone. But I will not recall that now. Love sprang into being when I saw her first in that old cathedral-tower beside the rushing Rhine. All Europe heard that voice then, saw that fair face, drank deep draughts of delight from its unequalled loveliness—and I—— The fifteen years which lie, a desert waste, between me and the supreme moment when first I saw her, melt away at the touch of memory, and its mingled agony and rapture return to me once more. The vast, dim cathedral arches above me; the life of the eager, expectant multitude which waited for her coming, throbs in my consciousness; the deep hush of strained expectation, "aches" upon my ear. I lift my eyes to the organ-gallery, and as the first long, low chords of the Mass peal out, she rises as if in visible embodiment of their deep pathos and solemn beauty. The mighty organ behind her, with its wilderness of silver pipes, rising tier above tier; its carved angels, phalanx upon phalanx; the vast, dim arches above her head, dark with age, seemed the only setting for her beautiful face, which shone in its marble paleness, fair as a lily, out of the surrounding gloom. I had seen beauty before, but never such beauty as this; so passionate, yet so pure; so tender, yet so beautiful; so human, yet so divine—a face which blended the faultless symmetry of the antique model, with the majestic sadness of a later era, the era in which suffering has been made Divine. The dark eyes, deep as dark, were uplifted, as if looking into the heaven at which her voice was to intercede for us; and those eyes alone seemed to live, until the divine lips parted, and tones, entrancing, yet heart-piercing, more than human for their purity, yet all human for their sadness, dispelled the silence which had deepened as we gazed upon her. When first her face, in its immortal beauty, dawned upon me, I had struggled with myself, lest I should shame my young manhood by sudden tears. But not of that did I think now. Scarcely breathing—scarcely living, but in her life—I hung upon the tones which rose and swelled throughout the vast cathedral, fell thrilling upon each ear, and gathering in intensity, seemed to bear upon their rise and fall the heart of every listener. When it was over, when somewhere, far above our heads, at the gate of heaven it seemed to be, the last divine note melted into stillness; when the fair face faded out of sight, I returned to life once more, but not to the old life, for—I loved her.

That night, sitting at my window, with the sound of the rushing river in my ears, I heard from a man who had loved her well, but vainly, the story of her life. Something I had known, for the fame of her transcendant genius went hand in hand with the fame of the spotless purity which encircled that genius with a halo of whitest lustre—but that night I heard the story of her life. She had lived and loved, and the passion and the pain of her early youth lent their pallor to her beauty. The husband, whom

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she had passionately loved, and as passionately wept, beautiful and gifted, and a singer, like herself, slept, far away in his grave in Italy, and two, out of the three children she had borne him, slept at his side. Her father, old and worn—worn, alas! as much by degrading debauchery as by age—alone was left to her. He had been chapel-master, and still played whenever a transcient gleam of sobriety enabled him to display his really wonderful powers. Her deep shame, her deeper sorrow for him; her ceaseless, trembling anxiety, gave to her face its divinest power, that look which, in my journey through life, I have seen but in few faces, and in none as I saw it in hers—the look of sorrow which innocence wears for the guilt of which it is altogether guiltless; sorrow, of all others, most divine, because most like the sorrow of heaven.

The day following, I went to the theatre, and saw her rehearse for Alceste. She sat, until it was time for her to sing, in an arm-chair, at one of the wings, muffled in a long, black cloak, her little son leaning at her knee. I shall never forget the grace of that picture, as she sat absently drawing his golden curls through her long, white hands, and listening with unwearied gentleness to his childish prattle. Until then, I had really seen nothing of her but the heavenly face, which I now carried ever in my eye, sleeping or waking; but as she rose, threw aside her mantle, and advanced to begin her aria, a new sense of delight was opened to me. The Grecian dress which she wore harmonized perfectly with her tall, slender figure, the faultless moulding of which threw her drapery into long statuesque lines, and when she moved, it was with a free, stately step, and a consummate grace, which was as expressive as beautiful.

Then, for the first time, I learned what art might be, when beauty and genius were its handmaids, and supreme enthusiasm inspired it. Night after night, as she rose upon the scene, she drew my mind, my soul, my heart, to her, as the moon draws the tides. And, day after day, I studied my music—to me divinest art, and dearest—dearer than ever now, since it was her mistress, too. And when I wearied of the study, I went to the Grafin strasse, and lounged about an old hotel there, looking up at the windows in the third story, where white curtains hung, and gay, many-colored flowers bloomed in the blackened balconies. Sometimes I caught a glimpse of her dark, noble head, or heard a burst of childish laughter, and sometimes of glorious singing, and as the deep, rich tones floated out upon the air, the passers-by paused to listen, the children hushed their play; her voice held all hearts there, even as it did mine.

And sometimes I would see her issuing from the door-way at her father's side, her hand upon his arm, her noble head bent toward him, her dark eyes full of a sad, tender anxiety, keeping her graceful way at his side, like some watching guardian-angel, through the crowded, busy streets.

But when night came, when the foot-lights blazed before her face, when the vast audience hung breathless upon her tones, then she was all my own. She lived for everyone of her hearers then, thrilling the coldest, refining the coarsest, purifying, for the time, even the basest; but she lived for none as she lived for me; for me she was all of life, the essence of its passion and its pain, its aspiration and its joy.

Those still, calm days of the late summer shine calm and bright in my memory, like stars over a tossing waste of waters. No such days preceded, no such days followed them, in my sad life. With the dim dawn I awoke each morning, and the sweet dreams which had lapped me all the night dissolved into sweeter hopes; for the passion which was rising in my breast bore upon its bosom, I thought then, an argosy of fairest promise. And as the matin-bells pealed out, as morning blushed red in the eastern sky, a new love of the sights and and sounds of this fair world possessed me; a strange ecstasy of living, born of the bliss of loving. Ermengarde! if for your sake life has been a long agony to me, yet to that life you lent its only joy—joy transient as the morning dew, yet sweet as that alone is sweet.

Before the summer-days had all run out, I had been received by her father as a pupil, and saw her daily in her own home. Destiny willed it so—destiny, and a young man's passion; for on the very day I first mounted the stair-case, which led to their apartments, trembling lest the chapel-master should refuse to receive me as his pupil, I heard a cry of terror above me, a fall, and a child's voice in distress. The next moment I had caught the child, and restored him to her, safe and unhurt. I was turning away, but a gentle touch withheld me, and all that beauty of face and voice addressed itself to me for the first time, and in *gratitude*. A moment after, she had drawn me into her apartment, and put the boy in my arms, bidding him thank me. It is long years ago, but I can feel still the clasp of those tender, child-

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ish arms; I recall distinctly the aspect of the long room, with the organ at one end, the piano, the piles of music, the music-stand in the window, with a low chair before it, and a square of carpet, littered with toys and flowers. I see old Barsheim rising from the organ, and lifting his black scull-cap from his gray locks; I hear myself preferring, in hesitating tones, my request to be received as his pupil; I hear a sweet voice seconding my request, and then his low assent; and I feel hope bounding once more like fire through my young veins as I descend the stairs.

Day after day, I came, and it was a master-musician who guided me, though he was old and broken down. He learned soon to look eagerly for my coming, and to welcome with his slow smile, a pupil whose enthusiasm brought back his youth. Little Hermann always sprang joyously into my arms. And she? She always turned upon me those wonderful eyes, which lit up at my approach, with a smile which seemed a grace from heaven.

If I had loved her before I knew her, I loved her a thousand times more now.. The beautiful, even tenor of her life, her gracious household ways, gave to her loveliness its crowning charm. I was but a boy then, and she had past her first youth, and had attained the splendor of that maturity which youth adores: but what to me were the ten years which lay between us?

I was happy then. I could see her day after day, and offer her my silent homage in a thousand harmless ways; and as time wore on, I had the deep delight of hearing her beloved voice interpret my own melodies. There they lie before me now, that bundle of songs, which first made me famous, with the E. and H., her initials and mine, emblazoned on the cover of each, and fancifully intertwined with garlands of immortal flowers. How long it seems since I sat playing her accompaniments, and she stood behind me, blending her glorious voice with the passion of the strain, and interpreting my thoughts like a second self. Since the day, when, for the last time I heard her sing these songs, I have not looked at them, I would have forgotten them, if I could; but, last summer, in the streets of Paris, I heard a girl, singing one of them, in a shrill, high-pitched voice. She rattled her tambourine as she sang, and the tinkling bells and harsh street noises drowned all but the loudest notes. Alas, poor melody! Divinest lips—lips curved like an archer's bow—once parted to give utterance to thy notes; a deep, pathetic voice caressed, and lent passion to them, as it poured them forth; and now, this is thy fate, to be sung by a harsh voice to a coarse audience, who rattle their coffee-spoons against their cups in time with the music.

Well, it is best so! Those sweet lips are dust; the youth, the hope, the gladness of that time, are dead; but as I sit here alone, to-night, the winter wind wailing at my window a dirge, sad enough for the burial of my lost youth, I forget, for a moment, that it has been dead so long. It returns to me again, crowned with the glory of those brief, bright days. That fair vision, too, is at my side once more, and hope points to her and whispers that she may be mine; and a proud joy thrills my heart at the thought of the princely possessions, the ancient name, the mighty love which I can lay at her feet. And yet, I am silent. I dread to disturb the calm which enfolds us both, and in which that dearest face is gathering peace and repose. And I was still silent during the days which followed, when death knocked at her door, and bore away her father, and my master, to his last home. Through long days and longer nights, I shared her watch beside that couch of pain. I could linger, if I dared, over the very moments of those last days, so strangely sweet to me, (although she suffered,) because we were together for the last time. And when the end came, and Hermann Barsheim's soul went out into the black night which swallows up alike success and failure, I alone was with her. I alone, stood beside her, holding her quivering, shaking hand in mine, when the clods fell heavy upon his coffin. I alone, witnessed the burst of anguish with which she sank upon his grave, when all was over.

Ermengarde! I would have sold my soul for one of the crystal drops which poured from your dear eyes upon that heap of clay; and, yet, I was silent, even then. But not for long. As she sat, that evening, calm and still, her pale, weary face turned toward the setting sun, I told her all the history of my love, and plead for love, or at least for pity in return. What sad, amazed, compassionate eyes she turned upon me! How gently and tenderly she remonstrated with me, for what she believed to be but a boyish passion; and at length, alas! with what deep blushes, in what a trembling tone did she falter forth that she loved and was beloved; that if he, that far-distant lover, was faithful to her, he would be with her before another week ran out.

And to the possibility of his faithlessness, the very thought of which made her voice

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tremble and her cheek blanch, I clung for all my hope. I refused to obey her, when she bade me go. I stifled the voice of terror in my own breast. I multiplied my prayers for pity. Her very hesitation made me love her more, and when I left her, I had wrung from her an unwilling permission to return after six weeks and sue once more for pity. Oh, my lovely one! She was full of tender conpassion for me then, and through that compassion I hoped to win her. When reason whispered that a wife so won would bring no blessing in hand, I silenced the gloomy warning. For me, to live, meant to love her; to hope, meant to struggle to possess her. And I would possess her! How often, during the six weeks of my absence, did I swear that she should be my wife! and I believed that she would be; it seemed to me so impossible that any other man could love her as I loved her. In youth, hope clasps hands with love, and it is easy then to persuade ourselves that what we long for must be ours, through the mere power of that longing. Strange delusion! and sweet as strange. With what bright dreams, with what wild hopes, it whirled away the weary hours of my banishment; how closely it clung to me to the very last; what power its memory has to torture me still!

The last day of my probation expired, and I returned home. It was late in the afternoon when I reached there, and I went to the cathedral, where I knew that she would be singing. As I approached, the crowd came pouring out. Vespers were over, and stillness reigned within. But I heard her voice once more. Clear and pure, as an angel's note, it severed the silence, and poured about me in fullest measure, that intense ecstasy that is almost pain. It ended all too soon; and when the last echo died away, I rose and began to ascend the choir stairs. My heart was beating violently, but not with fear. Hope reigned supreme within me, even then. On the first landing of the stairs I paused and waited for her, as I had waited often before. She was long in coming, but she came at last, graceful and stately as ever, her beautiful head turned away, her dark eyes raised to the tall, fair-haired man, who followed her, carrying her music books.

She was at my side before she saw me, then—— Ah! she could not have known that I loved her with more than a boy's love, or she would not have smiled so radiantly as she drew him forward, saying to me, "He has been faithful, you see; shake hands with my English brother, Alexis." I did extend my hand to the man who, all innocently, as I was just enough to acknowledge, had robbed me of all I held dear. A noble face he had—fair, open, steadfast, looking as if he were worthy of all her love. But I could not linger there to pierce my heart with their happiness. I could not be her friend, her brother, as she prayed me. No! either her lover, her husband, or nothing. One long, last look I fixed upon the face which I knew I must see no more. The shadows of evening were gathering fast, but where she stood, a ray of sunlight passing through a stained window, and dyed crimson in its passage, lit up her youthful beauty with a strange mystic glory. How long I stood gazing at her I do not know. The anguish of the moment mastered me at last, and I pressed my lips to her hand and fled. Night saw me far on my way to Paris, struggling vainly with the despair which I was destined never to vanquish or forget. I plunged into dissipation, but I could not drown that fair face in wine or revels. I relinquished dissipation then. It had no draught of Lethe in its golden cup. And then from country to country I fled, seeking rest and finding none; seeking in wild adventure to forget, and seeking in vain. The vast forests of Africa, where lions roar, and foot of man has rarely trod, hold many a stream in their dark depths, but not one of which, drinking, I could forget my fatal love; that love which was myself, and which, unsatisfied, rent me in its agonized efforts to be free.

The years crept on, I know not how. I saw her no more. I did not wish her to be unhappy. I would not have torn her from the man she loved with such deep love, even if I could. I did not wish him to die; to have done that would have been to wish her to suffer; but still I waited, since, while she lived on earth, the future held some possibility for me.

If he had died—God knows I did not wish him to die—but if he had died, she must have loved me then; she must, in pity, have listened to me. And had I waited years ere she was free; yes, until she was old and faded, still I would have taken her to my arms, and brought back youth with love.

Oh, Ermengarde! how much of hope lived still amid despair I did not know until they told me you were dead; that in the flesh I might look upon your face no more.

And then my life was ended, my restlessness forever stilled. I went then to the land of her adoption—the land where she had lived and loved. In the cold winter evening I stood without the house where she had lived her

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married life; where she had borne children, wept, smiled, suffered, been happy. Through the windows I saw the fires glow, and childish faces gathered round. I could not look at that. I turned away to where, a few yards off, in the church's shadow, she had found her last home. The bells were ringing the Angelus; their silver voices borne through the cold, still air, alone broke the silence of the spot. Even my footsteps, falling on the deep snow, made no sound. Then, midway between her church and home, was the casket of my lost jewel. No head-stone marked the mound; a fall of snow, cold as her chastity, covered it. As I approached, two men passed out. I knew them both, one was Hermann, the other her husband.

Their hands had laid that garland of fresh flowers upon her grave; their footsteps were upon the surrounding snow. Even here she is not mine alone. No! The red gleam which rests upon the foot of the grave, comes from the home where she lived and died; where he, that man she loved, lives still. There sit her children—his and hers—close at his side, the sweet memory of years of married life clinging to everything he touches.

Oh, Alexis Sankavitete! Alexis Sankavitete! you could afford to lose, for you once possessed her! It is I, despised, unloved, unsatisfied, who have the right to violate this monumental calm with cries and tears, to rave against this barrier of earth and snow, which divides her from my arms.

She is cold, but I would warm her in my breast; pale, lifeless, but I would bring roses back to those blanched cheeks with kisses. I would keep death, corruption, at bay with a love stronger than either. Am I raving? I would not rave. I would drink in calmness the last dregs in my cup of woe. It is true, she is dead, this earth at my feet received her fair body, the heavens above a soul as fair. Strange mystery of our humanity, this linking of crumbling dust with the high heavens; the breath of God with perishable clay; yet not so strange in such an one as she, where a supreme genius and a soul of fire inform so fair, so transparent an earthly tabernacle. In the resurrection she will wear, I think, unchanged, though stripped of its mortality, the outward beauty which I held so dear. But that mystic reunion is ages distant, and the loveliness I so longed after, is resolving into dust. Once more I turn my glance toward heaven. Oh, Ermengarde! in which of those bright spheres do you dwell? Where is that paradise where, far and safe, God keeps his saints until the resurrection-day? I, too, would drop my body in the cold earth; I would cross the river of death, and search throughout the ages of eternity if, at the last, I might hold you once more in my arms. Vain hope! In the highest heaven; in the farthest sphere to which the souls of the redeemed attain in their progress onward, you would turn from me to him you loved here on earth. Neither on earth nor in heaven, then, shall I call you mine! Sweet love of all my years! bright vision of "excelling excellence!" God sent you here on earth to show how fair a thing true womanhood could be! And with a great love I have loved you; with a love undying as my soul, I love you still.

Yet I may not glory in that love. All men who saw you, loved you well; worshipped you with worship wild and deep as mine; but, perhaps, never loved you as I have loved you. Others, perhaps, who failed to win you, may have loved some other woman, I but you alone forever. No other has so longed after you, adored you. No other has poured out youth, and hope, and genius, all he had of life and love, in one libation at your feet.

And I would not recall it, even if I could, Ermengarde!

TEACH ME TO FORGET.

BY ELLEN STANHOPE.

Oh! ask me not to sing the songs
I sang in former years;
I could not sing those songs to-day,
Except through falling tears.
In calmer hours their tones may dwell
Within my memory yet;
But, oh! to-day my heart is sad,
And fain would I forget.

You tell me to forget the past,
And all its wrongs forgive;
And never shall a thought unkind
Within my memory live.
But still the thought of happier years
Will linger with me yet—
'Tis easy to forgive the past,
But not so to forget.

'Tis vain to think of former days
We now can know no more,
Or seek again the happy hours
We passed in days of yore.
The years that dimmed my eyes with tears
Will linger with me yet:
As thou hast caused those tears to flow,
Now teach me to forget.

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A MARRIAGE NOTICE.

BY E. B. RIPLEY.

I.

At her father's death, everything devolved on Margaret. Her mother was utterly overcome by the shock, and, far from affording the young girl the least support, was but another burden on her hands. The boys, hastily summoned from school and college, looked in their bewilderment and grief to her. In the midst of her own sorrow, she soothed, as far as she might, the bitterness of theirs.

The funeral over, came the inevitable discussion of affairs. Mr. Leighton's income had been good, but the greater part of it died with him; very little property had been accumulated on which the family could rely. As this became evident, one cherished plan after another was given up. Edmund must leave college, it was plain, and devote himself to some remunerative pursuit. Margaret felt this almost as much as did the youth himself, for she had great pride in his talent and faith in his future. She tried, but in vain, to discover some feasible method of continuing him at his studies. Robert was willing enough to give up school and accept a situation in the counting-house of a friend. But then there were her mother and the two little girls—the helpless, invalid mother; the children, who were still to be educated, brought forward to an age when they could care for themselves. The means for doing it were utterly inadequate, and as Margaret recognized this fact, her own part in the sacrifices of the time became painfully apparent.

It was just six months since she had engaged herself to Philip Hearn. How entirely happy had been the first days of that engagement! Through all the sorrow of these weeks what solace she had found in his affection! And now to give it all up! How could she? She racked her brain for an alternative and found none. If it were in any way possible, the little capital must be preserved intact; and to do it, some means of eking out the income must be contrived. The boys had, for the present, enough on their hands—upon her the responsibility devolved. She could not forsake them and seek happiness in her own way; it was a selfishness of which she was incapable. And to take them all with her to a new home—to impose such a burden on a husband; that, too, was impossible. One simple solution of the difficulty appeared—to sacrifice herself. Then she could stay at home, could care for them all; husband, to the utmost, their scanty means, and earn what she could to add to them.

She had not expected that Philip would acquiesce, quietly, in this arrangement, but she was hardly prepared for such determined opposition. How much it cost her to argue against him, and herself! He urged, first, their immediate marriage; finding her unyielding on that point, he took another tone.

"I will wait, then," he said, "and you yourself shall set the limit. How long will it be before you consider yourself at liberty? before your sisters can take charge of the house and of your mother?"

Margaret shook her head, sadly. "Too long for you to wait," she said.

"That is not an answer to my question."

"Helen is eight, and Gracie ten; you can see it is hopeless."

"Not at all. Six or seven years will surely be sufficient; and I will wait ten, if you say I must. Anything, rather than give you up."

Margaret's eyes thanked him, though her lips still refused assent.

"And you leave unconsidered all the fortunate chances," he continued. "Your mother may regain her health and be able to guide her own house and the children. The boys may so prosper that no efforts on your part will be necessary. Wait and see. I ask nothing of you but delay."

It was hard for Margaret to resist the temptation. But, no! she would not hold him, all through his youth, to an engagement that promised so little to his advantage. If he should see any whom he could prefer, he should not feel himself fettered and give up his wishes for her sake—should not come back, when the ten years were over, to keep faith with a dowerless and faded bride. She was firm in her decision. Philip, not unnaturally, was indignant; he accused her of self-will and of indifference. Self-will! when she would have given the world to yield. Indifference! when her heart cried out, every moment, against her reasons.

He went away—not tenderly; and Margaret

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was left to find what consolation she could in the belief that she had acted for the best.

II.

Occupation is said to be the surest remedy for grief. If so, Margaret's should soon have been allayed. But, busy as she was, she found time to remember and to suffer.

"Philip Hearn has not been here for a long time, it seems to me," Mrs. Leighton observed, one day.

"No, mamma."

"It is very strange that he should choose such a time to neglect you, Margaret."

"It is not neglect, mother; it is by my own wish that he has ceased to come. I have not liked to trouble you with it, or you should have known before." And she briefly explained the new aspect which their relations had assumed. Mrs. Leighton's mind was divided, as she listened. Philip was a promising young man, and it was a pity that Margaret should give up her prospects; still, the convenience of the arrangement struck her very acceptably. Margaret could now devote herself to her own family, who had certainly the best claim upon her; and there would be no outside considerations or interests to interfere. "I must have been mistaken, though," she thought, "in fancying her so attached to Philip. If she had been, she could not have given him up so readily. *I* never could have done it; but then, Margaret isn't like *me*. Well, these cold-hearted people have the most comfortable time, after all."

"I hope, mother, you do not disapprove what I have done," said Margaret, anxiously.

"Disapprove? Oh, no, dear! I think it was all for the best, if you could do it. I am sure we shall be glad to have you to ourselves again. But you might have left him a little hope, Maggie; you might have said that, in case of any fortunate circumstance occurring, or some unlooked-for turn in our affairs, you would renew the engagement."

"But don't you see, mother, that it would be only another way of binding him? He would have been very glad of such an opportunity, and would have considered himself still pledged and waiting for better times."

"Very well, dear; you know best what suits you. I must speak to the doctor about my drops, the next time he comes. They are affecting my appetite; and yet I don't know how I am to rest without them. There is the difficulty—what helps in one direction, hurts in another. Be thankful, Margaret, that you keep your health, at any rate."

"I am, mamma," she answered, kissing the pale, pretty cheek. Mrs. Leighton had been beautiful in youth, and still retained many traces of her charms. Perhaps she had never a fonder admirer than her daughter.

"I believe I could sleep now," she said. "Draw down the curtain, please, and throw a shawl over my feet. I'll not keep you any longer; and don't trouble yourself to come up. I will ring if I need anything."

Margaret went down. She had told her story and received her sympathy—all she was likely to receive, if not all she longed for. Perhaps it was for the best, she told herself; perhaps any warmer expression might have overcome her, unfitted her for all she had to do. Poor mamma! She had been ill so long that anything outside her own room seemed strange and foreign to her; probably to any one who suffered much bodily pain, mere matters of feeling did not look very important. Her thoughts flew back, how sadly, how fondly, to that last happy evening with the dear father—the evening before that dreadful day which had seen him cut down in the midst of health and strength. Could it be that all that love had vanished utterly from the world? That he, safe in the serene heavens, cared no longer for the sorrows of those he had left behind? Oh! to see him just once more! To feel once again the rest and protection of his presence!

III.

Margaret's life soon assumed its routine. With the aid of her little sisters she performed the labors of the household, and found, or took, time to give lessons in music to a few pupils. With the means thus saved and earned, she hoped to get through the year without trenching on their slender capital.

The invalid's room was the center of the family; everything was arranged with reference to it, that mamma might not feel the discomforts of their altered fortunes. Margaret could no longer devote her time to the work of nursing, but Grace and Helen were trained to fill her place. Mrs. Leighton, little as her thoughts were busied with ordinary affairs, had shrunk from having Margaret undertake domestic labor. It was such a coming-down in the world, such a confession of poverty! Could she not take more scholars, and contrive to keep, at any rate, one servant? But Margaret, who had looked the field carefully over, was convinced that her own plan was the safest. Moreover, she was unwilling to expose to a stranger the economies she was obliged to prac-

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tise. Of these her mother knew little. It was not difficult to keep them from her; her recluse life gave her few opportunities of observation, and she did not inquire closely into the details of the *menage*. While her own little repasts were served as usual; while she missed no comfort to which she had been accustomed, it never occurred to her that the ways of the remainder of the family were different from what they had always been. The children bore the change well; but they could not help casting wistful glances, sometimes, at the delicate fare which contrasted so strongly with their own. Margaret felt for them, and contrived, as often as she could, some simple little treat; or if this was out of her power, seasoned the plain viands with a extra portion of cheerfulness and companionable talk: comforting herself with the thought that what they lost in material gratifications they gained in self-discipline and thoughtfulness for others.

From their brothers she heard often. Robert had taken kindly to the change in his prospects, and wrote in buoyant strain of all he meant to do, ere long, to advance his own and the family fortunes. Edmund, less confident, still hoped, another year, to lighten his sister's burdens. Both wrote affectionately; to both, home was still the chief place, the most to be desired; and in that home she was supreme. It was she who planned, provided, decided all; to whom the rest looked as their authority and protection. There was comfort in this, surely; it was much to be so useful, so important. But was it enough? Could it quite fill a young heart and content it utterly? Perhaps it would not have done so but for a secret, half-acknowledged hope. Philip had left her, as has been said, in some displeasure, but a little reflection made him do her justice. He wrote then a long, earnest letter, saying that she could not, at any rate, prevent his constancy. He should wait, and watch for the first ray of hope. Meanwhile, he kept up a correspondence with Robert, through whom he learned and communicated any news of importance.

Margaret had read the letter a hundred times, more or less; and every time she said to herself, "He thinks so now, but will he in six or seven years? He may see many who are a great deal more attractive than I—and those who have fortune and connections—to marry whom would aid and advance him. Not that he would ever marry for such reasons; but he might like such a person. And I shall be getting older; when he sees me, he may find me changed. No; it would be most unwise to depend upon it. It is only reasonable to suppose that he may tire of waiting. Dear Philip!" And then she thought how good he was, how constant, and how generous; and, spite of all these prudent resolutions, kept her faith in him.

He came to the place within a year, visiting an old friend of his family. "I shall not lose sight of you," he said, to Margaret, "though you are such a despot. I suppose you will hardly forbid me the town."

"No," she answered, smiling. "I have not the least desire to do so."

"I don't trust you. I believe you would like to pass a sort of five-mile act, forbidding me to come near any city, village, or fortified town that contained you. Oh, Margaret!" he added, more seriously, "how cold and discreet you are! Can't you bestow just a crumb of encouragement? I give you everything—not much, perhaps, but all I have, and get nothing in return. Do you call that generous?"

Margaret trembled. It was easier to be firm in Philip's absence than when his voice sounded in her ears, and her own wishes all the time seconded his pleading. This time, however, circumstances decided for her; some one came in, and the conversation was interrupted. When they next met, she had resolved afresh.

"It is the merest matter of form," he declared, at length. "I am engaged to you; and all you gain is to deprive us of the pleasure we should have in belonging openly to each other."

IV.

Four years went by. The children grew tall and helpful. The boys, in their separate ways, were prospering—with a modest prosperity, it is true, but such as they were eager to share with those at home. Margaret's efforts sufficed, as she had hoped, to meet inevitable wants, and the means which her brothers contributed, served to add to the comforts of the household, and give the girls the advantages which their increasing years demanded. Economies, though strict, were no longer so grinding as at first. Margaret had become accustomed to her position, and a hundred things, once difficult and perplexing, were now met with perfect ease. In Mrs. Leighton's health there had been some slight improvement, and the daughters were left more at liberty than for years previous. Altogether, the world was brighter, the prospects more cheering than at any time since their great calamity. Margaret sometimes allowed herself to think that in another year or two, if all went well, and Philip still wished

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it, there need be no serious obstacle to their marriage.

She sat, one afternoon, busy with her sewing, her thoughts straying involuntarily toward the future, when Helen came in. There was something peculiar in her manner.

"Why do you look at me so mysteriously?" Margaret asked, half smiling.

Helen was troubled. "I don't like to tell you," she said; "and still, perhaps, you ought to know. I have been at the Seymours, this afternoon, and Julia has just come home from spending a week at A——, with Emily Deane. Emily has been in Chicago for two or three months past, and she heard a good deal about Philip. She did not see him, for she never knew him here, and her friends were not acquainted with him——" She paused.

"Very well," said Margaret; "go on."

"But she heard—oh, Margaret! I hope it isn't true; I don't believe it *can* be—that he was attentive to a young lady there, and people thought they would be married very soon."

Margaret turned deadly pale, but controlled herself. "Did you hear more?" she asked.

"Only a little—about the girl. That she was very pretty, and accomplished, and very young; only just out of school. I shouldn't think Philip would want any one like that."

"Why not?" said Margaret, trying to smile. "There is no harm in being young, surely."

"No; but—no matter. Her father is very well-off, it seems, and she is an only daughter; so that people said it would be a good thing for Philip. Oh, Maggie, I hope it isn't true!"

"There is no reason why it should not be true," said Margaret, slowly, balancing the probabilities in her own mind. She had told herself, many a time, that this was what she had to expect. And yet—oh, how foolish she had been—she had hoped on, trusting in Philip's love for her. It was her own fault. She would not allow him to bind himself, and he had only used his freedom, Yet the very last time they met—but it would not do to think of that. He might have told them, though; they were old friends; they should not have been left to learn such a thing from common rumor. The next moment she owned in candor that it was not a topic he could well broach to them. Such a young girl, too! Ah, yes! there was a charm in that first freshness of youth, and she, with her twenty-five years, had lost it forever. Then sudden incredulity came over her. It is not so; it cannot be so, she thought. There was some mistake; reports were so little to be trusted.

If she could but know the truth! And she looked with anxiety for Robert's next letter, which must, she thought, throw some light upon the question.

It came at last—a newspaper with it. "I wonder what he has sent this for?" exclaimed Grace, opening it, as Margaret read the letter. "It must be something especial. Oh, here is a marked paragraph!" She laid down the sheet, with a look of dismay.

Margaret had no need to ask. She had learned already from her letter why the paper was sent, and what it contained.

"My dearest sister," Robert wrote, "I don't know how this will affect you. Without talking much of the matter, Philip always gave me to understand that he considered himself engaged to you, and should urge you to marry him as soon as home-cares left you more at liberty. I own I never supposed that he would urge in vain, and looked upon the affair as settled. Perhaps I was mistaken; I am sure, I hope so. I cannot but think he has behaved ill to us—very ill. His last letter, dated not a week ago, contained not the slightest intimation of anything of the kind. I had not answered it, and shall never do so, now. If he could leave us to learn this event from the newspapers, our correspondence cannot be very valuable to him."

Grace and Helen echoed the exclamation. They looked again and again at the little paragraph, as if something new could be elicited from it, but found nothing save the one uncompromising fact, that Philip Hearn, of Chicago, had been married, on a certain day, by a certain clergyman, to Mary, etc., etc.

Margaret made no comment. Suspense was now ended, indeed; but till this moment she had not known how her whole future had been identified with Philip; this moment, which forced her to relinquish even his friendship; to feel that she had no longer right to any interest in him. She was devoid of neither pride nor courage; she made no moan over her sorrow, even to those who felt for and with her. After the first shock, she gathered up her strength and went resolutely about her duties. Nothing was omitted—nothing slighted; but the heart was gone out of all; the world looked so weary and hard.

Thus a week or two went by—long, dreary weeks. Then, as she sat one day in her room, trying to fix her thoughts on the letter she was writing, Helen came in, greatly excited.

"Oh, Margaret!" she exclaimed, "do you know what has happened? Philip is down stairs."

Margaret sank on a seat almost fainting.

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How was she ever to meet him? Why couldn't he stay away and spare her this, at any rate? Yet, since he was here, it would be best to see him, not to appear to dread the meeting; best too, to have it over as soon as possible.

He came forward to greet her, just as of old. He seemed the same Philip she had known and loved all these years. She wished to show no coldness—nothing that should lead him to think she felt a right to complain; but it was impossible that the constraint should not be visible in her manner Philip speedily observed it.

"Are you quite well," he asked.

"Quite well," she replied, trying to be natural and at ease. "Have you been here long?"

"Only an hour or two, as you might have guessed," he said, smiling. "I am never here very long without making you aware of it."

And he could speak thus, as if nothing had happened! It was quite time, Margaret thought, to remind him of their altered relations.

"Mrs. Hearn is with you, I suppose?" she asked, in a voice which she strove to render perfectly calm and steady.

"Excuse me," said Philip, perplexed, "I don't understand,"

She repeated the question.

"Margaret!" he cried, excitedly, rising and standing before her, "what do you mean?"

"We saw it in the paper," she explained, rather confusedly, "and I thought you would not be here alone."

Philip put his hands behind him and looked at her with a bitter smile.

"Yes, you saw it in the paper! and that was enough, of course. If you had seen that I committed forgery, or murder, it would never have occurred to you to doubt it. Being printed, it must be true!"

"Oh, Philip, you know we would not! But this was so different."

"Different? Yes! But you ought to have felt the impossibility even more. Is this all your faith in me, Margaret? all I deserved of you, after these years of constancy?"

"Don't be angry," she entreated. "Then it isn't true?"

"It is true that a Philip Hearn was married, in Chicago. I don't know him, but he is a very good fellow, I believe. Once or twice we have received each other's letters. I read the notice, myself, and thought that by-and-by—— Certainly, I could not have dreamed that any friend of mine would suspect me of being the person. Robert, too," he added; "he has not answered my last letter. I suppose he saw the paper, also."

"Yes," Margaret admitted. "Don't blame us too severely. There was your name, your residence—what could we think?"

"You ought to have thought anything, rather than have credited an impossibility."

"I am very sorry," she said, humbly, holding out her hand.

And she was sincere in saying so; she regretted to displease him. But it was a sorrow so light in comparison with what she had been enduring for the last few weeks, that it seemed very like happiness.

Philip was propitiated, in time; but would accord his full forgiveness only upon one condition—Margaret must consent to marry him, as soon as the necessary preparations could be made. He should never trust her out of sight again, for any length of time, since it was impossible to foresee what dreadful things she might be imagining against him. It was requisite that he should be always close at hand, and ready to explain away any suspicious circumstance that arose.

Margaret laughed at this reasoning, and suggested numerous objections to the plan, but Philip overruled them all. She should arrange as she chose; leave her mother and sisters, or take them with her; receive them into her own home, or provide another for them, near at hand. Only, one thing was settled—she could be allowed such dangerous liberty no longer. And Margaret protested against such despotism—but submitted; and then, of course, there was another MARRIAGE NOTICE.

SONNET.

BY T. C. IRWIN.

THOSE days of settled Autumn, warm and rare,
Are sanctuaries of memory and prayer;
For when by morning roads the rustling leaves
Gleam in the sunlight, cheery and simple-clear,
Lo! soon the village church-bells' swinging sound
Floats undulating over the dry sheaves,
Just as of old we heard its solemn sound,
When life was new, and when our friends were near.
All day the soft sun-dials peace around
From blue hill, tree, and shrub; the heart all day
Beats low with pleasing sadness, and at times
Pulsates to early pleasures past away,
Then melts in prayer, when come again those chimes
Across the quiet evening, starred and gray.

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THE CROQUET SLIPPERS.

BY LAURA MELVILLE.

I.

It was a warm, dusty day in June, when father, having found a good seat on the shady side of the car, and deposited my bag and wrap beside me, kissed me "good-by," and, with an admonition, "not to get into any more scrapes," left me to myself and my thoughts.

Having cried a little, not enough to make my eyes red, I began to get impatient for the train to start; even in my then state of mind the gloomy depot was anything but agreeable.

I was going, (I may as well confess the truth at once,) I was sent to Massachusetts, by father, to spend the summer with an old couple, farmers, with whom my mother, being in ill-health, had once boarded. A sort of intermittent correspondence had existed until mother's death, which happened some two years before the time of which I write. Since then we had heard nothing of them till father wrote, asking if it would be agreeable for them to receive his daughter into their family for a few weeks, as, owing to a slight delicacy of health, etc., etc., he wished her to spend a short time in the seclusion and quiet of the country; then a letter came with a hearty invitation for me, and father also, if he could spare the time, to make their house our home for as long a period as we could be contented.

I had no idea of being "contented," sent off as I was in order to break up what father called "a sentimental, childish fancy," that had sprung up between my cousin Charlie and me.

Charlie was studying medicine with father, and lived in the same house with us, and, of course, we were thrown much together. I do not think father would have hindered the match, for Charlie was talented, fine-looking, comparatively rich, had he not been my cousin. But father had a dislike, almost a horror, of cousins marrying; and the very day he found we were "making eyes" at each other, he wrote that letter to Mr. Henderson.

As I sat thinking—having just come to the determination to remain true to Charlie forever, in spite of persecution—I became conscious of the fixed gaze of a pair of dark eyes, which were visible over the top of a newspaper. Now, I should not have cared a speck about those eyes, had they belonged to one of my own sex; but, unfortunately, they didn't, so I blushed, (I always did blush ridiculously easy,) and tried to look very unconsciously out of the window.

My thoughts once diverted, Charlie and all my troubles were soon forgotten, and, after a few minutes, I could not help stealing a glance to see if that impudent fellow was still staring at me. No; his eyes were fixed upon his paper, and the long, dark lashes, too handsome for a man, lay against his cheek. After several covert glances, I began to wish that he would lower his paper, that I might see the rest of his face—it must be handsome with such a pair of eyes.

Pshaw! What had I to do with any man's eyes, except Charlie's; so I looked out of the window again, and tried to bring my mind to a proper degree of melancholy. It would not do, however, and my eyes stole back to my neighbor across the aisle. There! he had lowered his paper, and his face was plainly visible—not a handsome one, I was a little disappointed in this at first—but a fine, strong face, with a nose slightly Roman, and a heavy, dark-brown mustache. I enjoyed looking at him, being something of a physiognomist, and remained scarcely conscious that I was the one who now "stared impudently," until he again raised his eyes.

As I turned away, I saw that he was rising, and I felt instinctively that he was going to speak to me; my heart leaped to my throat, I clenched my hands together, and felt the blood surge into my face. He crossed the aisle, and bending over, said, gently and respectfully, even now I recall the gentleness and perfect respect in his tones,

"You looked so lonely, that I thought I would venture to offer you this magazine."

As he held it toward me, my self-possession returned, and, throwing back my head with what I considered a very dignified gesture,

"Thank you," I said, "I have literature in my satchell if I wish to read."

He bowed, smiled slightly, bit his lip, as if to hide the smile, and returned to his seat. I felt very uncomfortable, I scarcely knew why. His manner had so well revealed the perfect gentleman, that I need not have been afraid to

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receive his advances with a little more graciousness. He laughed at me, too; I had made myself ridiculous in his eyes. Bother! I was always doing something that I afterward regretted.

I sat and quarreled with myself, while the minutes passed and lengthened into hours. I never moved. It seemed as if I could think of nothing else but the full tones and handsome eyes of the stranger.

"Stop twenty minutes for dinner!" roared the conductor, and slammed the door violently. I started. Dear me! I was so hungry! How good a cup of coffee would taste; but I was afraid to go into that great eating-room alone. I sighed, and leaned my head upon my hand. I expect I looked weary and disconsolate, for "Mr. Impudence," as I had mentally designated him, who was just going out, stopped, looked at me rather doubtfully, and then, in spite of his former repulse, approached.

"If I can be of any service," he said, "pray, command me." Then, before I could reply, "would you go into the saloon with me, or shall I bring you something?"

"It seems so much trouble to give you," I said, blushing; "but if you could get me something to drink—tea or coffee—I should be exceedingly obliged; I so dislike going in there among all the crowd."

He smiled fully now, showing a set of white teeth, and owned that it was disagreeable, especially to a lady.

As I looked after him, I wondered if he was going as far as "Melford," it would be so pleasant to know that there was some one near who took an interest, however slight, in me. Instinctively, I felt that I could trust him.

While he was gone, I took a hand-glass out of my bag in order to have a peep at myself. Horrors! what a fright! My dress was covered with dust, my hat was awry, there was a black dab across my nose, and my neck was as grimy as a coal heavers. I straightened my hat, brushed myself off with my handkerchief, and endeavored to remove the black from my nose; but the more I rubbed the larger it grew. I was in despair. Suppose "Mr. Impudence" should come just at this critical moment? I moistened my handkerchief with my Cologne-bottle, and tried again. He was coming! A few more vigorous rubs and the smear disappeared; but a red nose was decidedly unbecoming.

I expect I looked guilty, for he eyed me curiously as he handed in by the window a couple of biscuits and a cup of coffee.

Presently, he came again to take my cup and plate; he seemed to wish to linger, but the "all aboard!" of the sturdy conductor started him off.

How I wished that I could ask him to sit beside me, but it would not be proper. What would Charlie say if he knew how my thoughts were wandering. Poor Charlie! Was I becoming fickle? I, who had always so strongly professed and advocated constancy! Nonsense! Charlie possessed my love; but was that a reason that other men should not claim my admiration and respect.

All day the air had been exceedingly oppressive, and now black clouds began to gather in the west, and low, distant murmurs were heard at intervals, forboding a thunder storm.

My only hope was, that it would not break until I arrived, at least, at the station. Vain hope! The clouds grew larger and blacker till they obscured the whole sky; lightning darted hither and thither, followed by peal after peal of thunder, and the rain poured in torrents.

I thought that, the storm being so violent, it would soon expend itself; but there had been very little rain for a fortnight, and it seemed determined to make up for lost time. Instead of abating, the storm grew worse, and, in the meantime, I was fast nearing my destination.

"Stramwell!" shouted the conductor. I consulted my time-table, and found that Melford was the next station, with about forty minutes between.

Would the rain never stop! Suppose they had an open wagon; or suppose there was no wagon there at all to meet me. But why anticipate trouble, it was time enough to fret when it came.

Only five minutes more! I put on my "water-proof," and gathered up my various articles of luggage. Even in my nervousness I noticed that the stranger arose and walked out on the platform—to view the weather, perhaps!

"Melford!" I gathered my skirts about me, pulled the hood of my "water-proof" over my head, and hurried out of the car.

"Mr. Impudence" assisted me to alight, and held an umbrella over my head until I was under shelter.

"Do you expect a carriage here to meet you?" he said, kindly.

I shook my head, and looked about me. The station was very small, and very desolate; one room with three large windows, through which the rain beat as freely as if they had had no sashes. There was no sign of a vehicle of any

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kind, though I scanned the road as far as eye could reach. We had stood but an instant, when the locomotive gave a snort and a whistle, and began to move.

I stretched out my hand to my friend. "You have been very kind to me," I said, my voice trembling at the thought of his going, "and I thank you very much. The train is leaving, and you must leave also. Good-by."

He took my hand. "Do you think I can leave a lady in such a plight? I cannot go till I see you safely on your way."

I expostulated; I insisted he should go; but he was obdurate, and in the meantime the train whisked out of sight and left us.

I was embarrassed. I think any young lady of seventeen would have been embarrassed under the circumstances; but my friend (how pleasant the title sounded) was as cool as a cucumber. He asked me what distance I had to ride. I did not know; but thought about five or six miles.

I suppose a family lived over head, for we heard a great trampling of little feet.

My companion knocked on the wall, and brought from the upper regions, not an angel, but a burly man, in cowhide boots and black corduroys. I kept as far from him as possible, for I never could abide the smell of corduroys. He apologized for not coming down sooner; said he "thought Bill was here." He gave the information that the nearest farm-house was two miles distant, and no conveyance to be had any nearer. If we waited till six o'clock, we might be accommodated, for old farmer Green had a "tew-seat consarne" that he called a "buss," and he sometimes came to the station of an evening, to see if there "moughn't be someun what wanted a lift."

My friend consulted his time-table. "There is a train stops here at six," he said, "which I must take, if possible, and I want to see you safe before I go." Turning to the countryman, "How far did you say it was to the nearest farmhouse?"

"Wall—let's—see: There's farmer Green, as I told you on, he lives nigh on tew miles over there, and then there's them Higgenses, they live tew miles and a piece in tother direction; but I wouldn't advise yew to try 'em—them Higgenses be an awful set; an' there's the widder Briggs, yew ken see the 'ouse ef yew speer over the hill. Now she mought let yew hev her ole dapple nag and rockaway. Be ye goin' fur?" he added with an inquisitive glance at me.

"I am going to Squire Henderson's," I answered, "do you know where that is?"

"Oh! law sakes, yes! He lives nigh on six miles, and old marm Henderson was took with the gripes last night, an' mebby thet's the reason they didn't send to fetch ye."

I turned away to hide a smile, and my companion's voice was unsteady with suppressed laughter, as he said he thought he would try the "widder Briggs."

I did not, at first, comprehend what he was about to do, until he buttoned his coat tight across his chest, tucked the legs of his pantaloons into his boots, and asked me if I could wait there for half, or perhaps three-quarters of an hour: then I understood that *he*, and not the countryman, was going out in the driving storm for me.

"I cannot let you go," I said, earnestly, "it is too much to expect of any one; you will get wet to the skin. I will wait here until farmer Green comes, or, if he should fail, I am sure this man will get some kind of a conveyance for me."

"Pshaw! It is nothing; and if I should leave you thus, you might be obliged to remain here all night. Do not think anything more about the 'trouble,' but wish me 'Godspeed!' I shall be back as soon as possible."

He touched his hat and was gone. I watched him over the hill. What a fix to be in! Father's parting words, "Don't get into any more scrapes," occurred to me. Certainly, this scrape was not of my own invention.

How slowly the time dragged along! I looked at my watch every two minutes, and at the brow of the hill in the intervals. The corduroys had ascended to the upper regions again, and I heard a gruff voice in lively dispute with a shrill female one. At length the rain ceased, the sun came out with renewed splendor, and the birds began to sing, and hop about in the trees that surrounded the station.

Something appeared on the top of the hill; I strained my eyes to the utmost. It was a top-wagon. Was that the "widder Briggs' consarn?" It wound slowly down the hill, and drove up to the station. On the front seat was my friend, and by his side a bright-looking farmer's lad of about my own age. How much older girls are at seventeen than boys.

I went out upon the platform to welcome them. "Did you have much trouble in getting the wagon?" I asked, more for the sake of saying something than from a desire for information.

"No," he answered, springing out "the w'dow Briggs lent me it immediately she heard there was a lady in distress. Allow me."

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As he assisted me into the carriage, I expressed my gratitude for his services, and my regret that he would lose so much time on my account. "How can I thank you enough!" I said, warmly.

"By accepting my card, and giving me a hope that our acquaintance may be renewed at some future time. Do not be offended," he continued; "but I have known your father for a number of years, and he has often spoken of making me acquainted with his daughter. Had I dreamed that the acquaintance would be so pleasant, believe me, I should have sought an introduction long ago."

I could not choose but acknowledge the compliment, although I was considerably "taken aback" by his announcement; and, as he bid me "good-by," he pressed a card into my hand.

The whip cracked, the old horse started, and we were off, leaving my friend alone. I secretly watched him until we passed over the hill, then I looked at the card: "Edwin H. Gray, barrister." So this was "Gray, the lawyer," of whom father was always talking. I wondered how he knew me. He must have seen father place me in the car.

My thoughts were so busy with my new acquaintance that I failed to note how time was passing, and, before I thought we had gone half the distance, my charioteer drew up before a large, old, stone house, which stood without even a wooden fence between it and the road, and announced "Squire Henderson's!"

II.

It was about a month after my arrival at the farm-house, when I determined, after dinner, to have a long ramble in the green woods adjacent, and to meditate upon the hard fate that had separated Charlie and me so long.

Strange to say, I had noticed, lately, that I was thinking less and less of Charlie, and that I was also feeling less compunction at the change than I had been wont to feel. Formerly, when I noticed that my warm love was cooling, I always became very much alarmed, and devoted myself constantly, for the next few days, to thoughts of my absent love; now I even became impatient when my conscience upbraided me with a want of constancy.

This day I had decided to devote to him, and to the books which he had praised. So, I tucked a volume of "Tupper" under my arm, and, throwing a thin scarlet-cloak over the other arm, I set out.

It was intensely warm, until I reached the wood, and, by contrast, I found its cool shade delightful. I kept near the border, for I had a wholesome fear of being lost. When I was a child, the story of the babes in the wood always affected me to tears, especially the part where the wolves howled so dismally.

Presently, I found a lovely, shady place, through which flowed a pellucid stream, that murmured over a pebbly bottom. By its side was a fallen tree, which served as an excellent seat, and spreading my cloak over it, I prepared to enjoy myself.

I considered that I had devoted enough time to Charlie during my walk; so, now I established myself upon the stump, and composed my mind to comfort and "Tupper."

Some people do not like "Tupper;" but I must confess I do; he lays down the law so forcibly, and lets people know what they should and should not do, (in his opinion,) so definitely, that it is impossible not to feel a satisfaction in reading, although you may not intend to follow his advice in a single particular.

I wished I had a friend such as he describes. I wonder if "Edwin H. Gray, Barrister," would not make such a friend? I was sure he would fulfill the requirements more nearly than any one I ever knew. What! more nearly than Charlie? Yes; lovers were not friends.

As I sat musing, I thought I heard a rustling in the bushes near me; I turned, startled, but could see nothing. However, this broke my revery, and I gathered my thoughts back to the present.

The sun was nearly setting, and the air had grown quite cool; I shivered, threw my cloak about me, and tucked my volume of "Tupper" again under my arm, as I turned my face homeward.

While I wended my way out of the woods, I reflected that I was some distance from home; that I was alone; that even if I reached home unmolested, I would almost certainly catch cold, as my shoes were thin, (I had on a pair of croquet slippers,) and the dew began to fall so early.

Now, my fear of being molested was nonsense, as I was as safe in that quiet country as in my parlor at home; but, you see, I was used to the "wicked ways" of a city, and did not stop to reason on the subject.

My last objection was more serious, as a cold always settled in my head, and I would go about the house, with a pocket full of handkerchiefs, perpetually weeping, yet never able to drain my "well of tears." I wept not only like a woman, through my eyes, but like a man, through my nose.

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Taking all these things into consideration, I concluded to make a short cut across the fields, and, accordingly, I climbed a fence into a nice meadow, where some harmless cows were quietly grazing at a distance. I always liked cows, and never felt that senseless fear of them which some people display; they look so meek and gentle with their soft, dark eyes and sleek skins.

I had gone nearly across the meadow, when I heard, behind me, a heavy trampling, and a low, growling sound, like the rumbling of distant thunder.

I turned, quickly, and beheld, coming toward me, full tilt, one of the *harmless cows*, with head down, heels flourishing in the air, and tail lashing the reeking sides. I knew in an instant that it was a bull, infuriated by the sight of my red cloak, and, with a cry, I made for the nearest fence. I dropped my book; lost my hat; my comb came out, letting my hair fall upon my shoulders; and my cloak streamed upon the air, waving a signal of combat to my pursuer. On—on he came! tearing up the ground with his hoofs; bellowing and roaring, till even nature caught up the sound and echoed it back from hill to valley, from sky to plain; while to my horrified ears, it seemed that forty bulls were after me.

Nearer and nearer came the enraged animal—faster and faster I flew. If I could only reach the fence! He seemed almost to touch me. I felt his hot breath upon my neck. Oh, that I had wings! The very air seemed to beat me back as I ran. The fence was gained at last. Springing on it, I stood upon the top; but, as I essayed to jump, I became conscious that the tiny heels of my slippers had caught in a crevice of the board, and I was held fast. With one wild shriek of despair, I reeled slightly backward; but, summoning all my powers, I regained my balance, threw myself forward, and consciousness fled.

As my senses slowly returned, I became aware that some one was chafing my hands, and pouring, what seemed like fire, down my throat. I opened my eyes a little way, but quickly closed them again. Was I dreaming, or was I in the rail-cars? Surely, this was the face of "Edwin H. Gray, Barrister." I opened my eyes again—this time a little wider: it was that face; but where was I? I glanced about. There was the field, the fence, my scarlet cloak upon the ground. I shuddered at the red color, as everything rushed back upon me, and starting up, I exclaimed, wildly,

"Oh! I'm so glad you're not the bull!"

"Mr. Impudence," (I must still call him so,) laughed merrily, though his face was very white, and said, he "thought I was fast recovering: did I not think I could rise?"

I did rise, with the assistance of his strong arm; but what made my feet feel so queer? I glanced down at them: I had no shoes.

My companion laughed again, seeing my look of blank amazement. "There are your slippers," said he, pointing to the fence.

Sure enough, there sat my slippers on the fence, as coolly as if they had not nearly been the cause of my being gored by a mad bull.

Mr. Gray disengaged them from the board, and brought them to me.

Alas, poor slippers! they were both slit from top to toe, right down the instep, and the lovely rosettes, with their great steel buckles, that I had so prided myself upon, were dangling from the rent.

I could have cried from regret, had I not been so mortified.

"I was near by, when your first cry startled me. Seeing your danger, I ran as fast as possible to your assistance. I reached the fence just in time to catch you as you fell. You came bodily out of your slippers," (his eyes twinkled,) "leaving them as a butt for the bull."

"I think *you* are making a butt of them," I said, pouting; "but pray, how am I to get home? I can't walk over these stubbly fields without shoes; and see, the sun has already set."

"True," he said, thoughtfully, "what will you do? Why, I could carry you."

I laughed at the idea; but, at the same time, a little, queer thrill throbbed at my heart.

"You would repent of your bargain before you were half-way home," I said. "Besides, I don't want to be carried. I am almost too large a child for that."

"Could you not manage to keep the slippers on until you reached home? Try."

I did try. At every step the slippers went flop, flop, beneath my heels. At last, having walked about two yards, I stumbled, and nearly went over on my nose.

"I don't think I *can* walk with them," I said, dolefully, and sank down upon the ground.

"Let—me—see—" said Mr. Gray, "I have it! We'll tie them on."

He fumbled in a game-bag that was slung over his shoulder, and brought out a piece of twine. Making some holes in the kid with his penknife, he laced the string back and forth over the instep, thus fastening the slipper on securely.

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At the touch of his fingers on my foot, I felt the same strange thrilling at my heart I had felt once before, and my eyes filled with unaccountable tears.

When he had tied the last knot, I rose, and walked with perfect security.

"You have lost your hat," he said; "wait an instant, and I will get it."

He placed his hands upon the top of the fence, and leaped lightly over. If I could have leaped as easily, I would have been saved all this bother; men always do those things better than women.

I called to him that I had lost my book also.

"Yes," he said; "I know"

I wondered how he knew. He soon returned with book and hat, and we walked slowly home. Mrs Henderson stood in the door waiting for me.

"Well," she said, "I thought you was never a coming: tea's been ready this hour, and you two wandering around as if there was no such thing as tea this side of China. How, for goodness! did you meet?"

I looked at Mr. Gray. He seemed to be better known to my hostess than he was to me. "By what chance was he here?"

"We will tell you all about it, after tea, aunty," he said; "but we are both ravenously hungry, and I have no doubt that Miss would like to retire to her room before she sits down to eat."

I ran quickly up stairs, bathed my face, fastened up my hair, and untied my shoes. As I I picked out the knots of cord, I kept wondering how *he* came to be here, why he called Mrs. Henderson "aunty," and, last of all, what he thought of me.

I learned at tea that Mr. Gray had once spent some time, when he was about twenty years of age, at the farm, sketching, studying, and recruiting his strength, after a long college course, for his anticipated practice in the city. He had become a great favorite with the old people, and had often since spent a couple of weeks at a time with them He had long called Mrs. Henderson "aunty," although there was really no relationship between them

"Come," said the above-mentioned lady, as we sat upon the porch in the moonlight, "you haven't told me yet how you came to meet each other."

"Well, aunty," he answered, "it came about in this wise. I was wandering about in the woods, ever there, in search of squirrels and rabbits, when I saw the glinting of something white through the trees. I made my way cautiously along, until I approached a lovely, shady nook, through which a stream murmured softly, and here I saw, not a rabbit, but a young lady seated upon a fallen tree, over which was flung a scarlet cloak. Her white dress fell gracefully about her; her head was bent, and one white hand lay beautifully defined against the purple binding of the book upon her lap. It was a lovely picture."

He paused, and looked steadfastly out in the moonlight. I leaned my head upon my hand, and felt so thankful that he could not see me blush. Presently he began again.

"I sat down quietly on an old stump, took out my pocket portfolio, which, you know, I always carry, and began to sketch.

"I was just finishing off the drapery, and the little foot in its high-heeled slipper, that rested upon the turf, when I accidentally dropped my pencil-case. As I stooped to pick it up my sleeve caught in the underbrush, and made a great rustling. This startled my unconscious model, and she glanced hastily around, but, fortunately, I was completely screened by some laurel bushes. She seemed, however, unwilling to renew her revery, so she rose, threw her cloak about her, and walked slowly away.

"I followed, until we came to the open ground, then I kept in the shadow of the wood, unwilling to let her know she had been watched. She climbed a fence into a field where some cattle were grazing, and went quietly on. I had lost sight of her for an instant, as I pushed through the bushes, and just then I heard a scream. I ran out and saw what I had dreaded; she was pursued by a bull.

"I dropped my gun, and ran for the fence, toward which she turned. The bull was so close to her, that I felt as if it would be almost impossible for me to reach her in time. She gained the fence, sprang on it, and attempted to jump; but her heels caught in the board, and held her fast. She gave one shriek, and fell forward. I was just in time to catch her. She came right out of her slippers, leaving them upon the fence."

"Mercy!" interrupted Mrs Henderson, "it's a wonder she didn't break her ancle!"

"It is a wonder; but she only fainted. I gave her a little French brandy, which I had in my flask, and she soon revived; then I tied on her shoes, which, for reasons best known to her, would not stay without tying. Then like good children, we came immediately home."

Mrs. Henderson gave a sigh of relief. I

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laughed the matter off as best I could, and soon returned to my room.

Mr. Gray had called me "fair," and said I made "a lovely picture." I looked in the glass. I was fair, as far as complexion went; but was I *fair* in the other acceptation of the word?

Light-brown hair, brown eyes, a good mouth and nose, and a well-shaped head set on a medium long neck: not bad-looking, certainly.

He had praised my hand. I laid it out upon the bureau-top, and inspected it with more interest than that member had ever before awakened. It was pretty, and very white; thanks to gloves. And yet, with all his praises, he seemed, half the time, to be secretly laughing at me.

I went to sleep, and dreamed that Mr. Gray sat beside me on the tree in the woods, when, all of a sudden, he turned into a bull, with croquet slippers instead of horns, tossed me upon his back, and plunged into the stream, which had become a mighty river.

He swam with me like Jupiter did with Europa, but, *unlike* the fable, when we reached the middle of the river, he sunk, dragging me with him. I struggled, and awoke to find my head rolled up in the bed-clothes.

The days passed delightfully. Mr. Gray and I became excellent friends; we walked, talked, read and sang together. I had been taught, from a fancy of father's, to play on the harp, and he had sent my instrument up to me. Mr. Gray was no mean performer on the violin; and we had some concerts to which any one might have been pleased to listen.

How swiftly the days went by! It was the middle of August, and Mr. Gray had not even proposed going home.

I stood in the porch looking at the moon, which was again at its full. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson had gone to a weekly meeting, Mr. Gray on business to a neighboring town, and I was left alone, except for the "help" in the kitchen.

As I stood dreaming, a figure came swiftly along the road, in the moonlight. I retired into the shade of the porch, and strained my eyes to see what it was. As it came nearer, I recognized the figure, and then the face of Mr. Gray.

"I thought you were not going to be home till late," I said. "You quite startled me."

He took my hand.

"Were you lonely? I thought, perhaps, you would be here alone, so I hurried through my business, and took an earlier train."

I acknowledged that I had felt lonely, and sat down upon the steps. He sat down, too, throwing his hat on the floor. Presently, he spoke.

"I am going home to-morrow."

I was startled, but I felt his eyes upon me, so I sat quite still.

"Yes, I am going home; yet I am loth to go; do you know why?"

He bent forward, and laid his hand softly upon a curl that fell over my arm. My heart throbbed so, that I could not have replied, even if I had known what to say, so I shook my head, dumbly.

"Because," he continued, with a subdued intensity of passion that frightened, while it thrilled me, "because I love you; have loved you from the first; and because I want you to be my wife. Oh, my darling! My darling! Do you, can you love me?"

Was I doing wrong to listen to his words? Was I not, in God's eyes, bound to Charlie, though no form had passed between us? Yet I loved Mr. Gray: loved him with a fervor of passion, compared to which, my feeling for Charlie was as a summer breeze to a whirlwind.

He had taken both my hands, and was bending forward, waiting for his answer. I could feel his breath stir my hair; and the hands that held mine trembled like aspens.

What should I do? I would tell him all—that would be the best. So, drawing away from him, for I could not speak calmly while he held me so close, I confessed everything.

He did not seem to be the least disturbed.

"I have known it all, for a long time," he said. "When I returned to the city, after meeting you in the cars, I went to your father and asked his permission to pay my addresses to you. He granted my request, saying that he would be glad to have me for a son, could I gain your love; and then he told me about your liking for your cousin. Charlie is paying attention to a young heiress, to whom your father introduced him, and you are free as air. Will you now tell me if you love me?" and he drew me toward him.

"You know I do," I said, resting my head upon his shoulder.

"Thank God!" he said, reverently, as he bent his head, and kissed me.

We are to be married in a month; I shall be over eighteen then.

One of the first presents that my future husband gave me, was a pair of croquet slippers.

Among my treasures is another pair, slit down the instep, and some old white cord in them, just as he knotted it.

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WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY MARY P. NAUMAN.

"WOMAN'S RIGHTS! The greatest humbug of the age! I, for one, don't believe in them."

"You don't, don't you?" Jack said, puffing rings of smoke from his segar, and admiring his feet, daintily arrayed in slippers, with a brown dog's head on a scarlet ground; said slippers having been embroidered by my fingers, and a Christmas present to their wearer. "You don't, Kitty? Considering how many times you have stood up for your rights, and, what is more, have won them, that is an uncommonly strange assertion for a strong-minded woman like yourself."

"I am not strong-minded; and in the next place I spoke the truth."

He put down his segar to stare at me.

"A queer way of doing it, Kitty! To my certain knowledge you have stood up for your rights time and again."

"I can prove the contrary, Jack! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Why? Come, I'll leave it all to you, Kitty. Here are pen, ink, and paper; make out your case, and we'll see who'll win. I think there will be no doubt as to the results."

"If you only would let me explain——"

"You certainly may—on paper." And with that Jack resumed his segar, actually turned his back upon me, picked up the newspaper, and left me make out my case as best I might. So I sat awhile and nibbled my pen-holder.

"Jack!" very quietly and shyly—*that* was all pretence, too! "How am I to make out my case? Goodness knows, I am no lawyer."

"A good thing you're not, you stupid Kitty! What I want is a sketch of your own experience."

"Oh, is that all? Here goes, then, and I know already who will win the case."

"So do I."

"We shall see." So I gave Jack's hair a pull as he went back to his book, and dipped my pen into the ink. And here is what Jack asked for—the brief, uneventful story of my life:

Six years ago, I, Kate Lee, was just twenty-one, and, what is worse, alone in the world. My aunt Katharine, whose name I bore, had died, and the little annuity which had supported her expired with her life. With strict economy, it had kept her; and out of it she had given me what she justly considered better than money, the best education she could afford. Left an orphan—doubly so, for father and mother had died before I was two years old,—I had known no parent but aunt Kate, and she had been in truth a mother to the child left to her care, the one legacy of her only brother. In losing her I lost everything. She was the only person, save a distant cousin, on whom I had any claim, and her death, depriving me as it did of my home, of her protecting care and love, was a crushing blow to me. She could leave me nothing save the memory of all she had done for me, and the careful, thorough teaching I had received; and so I was forced to put my grief aside, and cast around me for ways and means to live. My time had come to bear my part in the great and ceaseless struggle for existence which goes on continually in the world. Like others, I must live, move, and breathe. There must be some place for me to fill, else I never would have been brought into existence, I said. So, putting aside my grief, I resolved to win my bread in the one way left open to me, by teaching. Possessing youth and health, and a fair share of perseverance and determination, I answered an advertisement which I found in one of our daily papers, headed "Nursery Governess Wanted," and, as everything fortunately proved satisfactory, Mrs. Morris, to whom the advertisement directed me, engaged me to superintend the education, and take the entire charge of her two children, little girls, aged, respectively, eight and ten years.

It was bread hardly earned that I ate there, for Mrs. Morris was a worldly, fashionable woman, hating trouble, and not fond of children. She had bought and paid for my time, and so the little girls were left wholly in my hands. I had not a moment to myself. The children were pretty; but having, till my arrival, been left to their own devices, and to the servants, they were spoilt, and were unmanageable, and looked upon me, at first, as a sort of jailor or ogre, whose only object was to punish and make them uncomfortable. Aided and abetted, as I have reason to think, by the ser-

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vants, who resented my presence in the house because my position, paid dependant though I might be, was yet better than theirs, these two children managed between them to make my life anything but a life of ease and pleasure. I fairly earned my living, and earned it, too, by hard work.

Of course, I was dissatisfied. Perhaps this was, in part, my own fault. I cannot say. My pupils and I had two rooms in the back part of the house, looking out upon back-buildings and attics, to which we were expected to confine ourselves closely. Mrs. Morris entertained a great deal; scarcely a day passed, scarcely an evening came, that her handsome parlors were not thronged with company: but all I knew of the gay party there assembled was occasionally hearing their merry voices. I was apart from them, and I learned, at last, to look upon the gay world below, of which Mrs. Morris was the presiding spirit, as a sort of enchanted fairy-land, whose magical borders I could never, wish it as I might, cross; and I began to wonder why I was not, and could not be, as happy as the richly dressed and beautiful women and handsome men who were admitted into this seeming Paradise, and of whom I occasionally caught glimpses, as I went to and fro along the brightly lighted passages.

And then——but Mrs. Morris would never have dreamed of inviting *me* into her parlors. In her eyes I was only a sort of upper servant, a paid menial; and although she always treated me with scrupulous politeness, it was a politeness which made one feel that in her eyes I was only a governess, not a woman, like herself.

Yet it was hard for me, very hard, accustomed, as I had been to the freedom of my home, where aunt Kate had so gently presided, and where I had equal privileges with herself: it was very hard to sink to my appointed level in my employer's house. It seemed to me that I ought to have a right to, and a share in, the same pleasures and enjoyments of life as Mrs. Morris. Only a longer purse!—there lay the difference; and I could not understand why this should be.

At last, whenever the increased stir and bustle in the house, attendant on one of Mrs. Morris' receptions, came to my ears (I had forgotten to say she was a widow, rich, handsome, and only twenty-eight) at last, I would, on these occasions, close my doors, so as to shut out from my hearing all sound of the gayety in which I could not share. I knew I was expected to keep the children quiet—they must be neither seen nor heard. They were, by-the-way, becoming more manageable, and a sort of affection was growing up between us. To keep them quiet, I would tell them stories by the hour, till my memory was exhausted, and I was compelled to use my powers of invention.

But, oh! what a dreary, weary, monotonous life it was! One day so like another that they seemed cast in one mould; one ceaseless, unchanging routine—one unvarying round of duties. To get up in the morning; to dress myself and the children; to teach for hours; give each a music lesson, (for my skill at the piano secured me better wages than a nursery governess can generally command;) to dine; to walk in the park at an hour when there was nothing to be seen in it; to come back to the house, and never to be separated from my two little charges; to know that all around me were life, love, pleasure, in which I had no part nor share, and which no one more than myself would have enjoyed, though, by a mere accident of fortune, an invisible, unsurmountable barrier, I was cut off from them. I thought it all over till I became more discontented than ever, and asked myself if I had not as much right to be happy, and as much capacity for enjoyment as any other woman in the world.

And yet, with it all, I was too conscientious to neglect my duties. Nellie and Louise grew fond of me; and after awhile, as I began to love them—for you cannot work and care for anything without becoming fond of it—I became a little more contented. But now I began to notice that Mrs. Morris was brighter and gayer than she ever had been before; and as people who live in the same house, and under the same roof, little as they may be thrown into contact, see and hear a great deal about one another, I soon found, from a word here, a rumor there, that it was all owing—all this brightness and gayety—to the visits of a certain Dr. Haynes, a distant cousin of the lady, to whom—so said the gossips of the servants' hall, which I could not prevent at times reaching my ears, through the talkative maid who waited on Mrs. Morris and her children—she would some day be married.

Now, strange as it may seem, I had heard of this Dr. Haynes before. I have not mentioned it, but I had a cousin living in the city, with whom I spent my few precious, leisure afternoons. She kept a small school for girls, and my intention was to join her as soon as I should save five hundred dollars, and between us, to make the Misses Grants' school an educational power in the city. A castle in the air, of course; yet it pleased cousin Rachel, woman of forty-five though she was, as much as myself.

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We enjoyed talking it over. Through her I heard of Dr. Haynes, for she had become acquainted with him by meeting him occasionally at the bedsides of the poor—for poor though she was, she yet managed, by careful economy, to taste the blessedness of giving to those poorer than herself. She was never weary of speaking in his praise. Consequently, I had been somewhat anxious to see him; I was now even more curious on the subject.

My curiosity, "after many days," was to be gratified. Late one evening, as I sat over the fire reading, for the children were asleep, and I was at liberty, Mrs. Morris came to the nursery. Surprised at seeing her at this hour, for I knew she had company that evening, I sprang to my feet, wondering what she could possibly want with me. She did not waste many words on her explanation.

"Miss Grant, you play, I know. My pianist has failed me, and having promised my friends a dance, I cannot disappoint them. You will oblige me by coming to the piano."

Courteously enough spoken, yet equivalent to a command. I had no choice but to obey; and a few moments later I stepped into the parlor, and unnoticed, unheeded, I seated myself at the piano.

A list of the dances desired lay on the instrument, and I played on, and on, not daring at first to raise my eyes from the keys. At last I did look up, and, oh! how I longed to enter the bright scene before me—it was such a pretty picture! The women, in their rich dresses, moving gracefully over the soft velvet-carpet, looking under the dazzling gas-light, as though toil, care, and trouble were things wholly unknown to them; as if pleasure and enjoyment were the only things to be desired and lived for—the men, handsome, gallant and refined; is it wonderful that seeing this, all my old discontent returned, and that, as the rapid galop and voluptuous waltz-music flashed from my flying fingers, I should rebel in spirit at the thought, that I, a woman like other women, should be thus cut off from the life they lived, and for which I thought myself as well fitted as they?

That they heeded me no more than they did the piano I played, I soon found. A gentleman was standing by the instrument—I heard his name mentioned by his partner, it was Dr. Haynes—and I took advantage of this to examine him closely. I liked his face—not handsome, but manly; but I had soon something else to think about. He was talking to his [illegible], never thinking I could, if I chose, overhear every word. At last I did hear the lady say,

"Where did Mrs. Morris find her musician?"

"I don't know; but she plays very well."

"Like all professionals—no credit to her; yes——"

"Hush!" Dr. Haynes said. "She may hear you."

"What matter? She would consider it a compliment, and a good advertisement. But, doctor, rumor says many things, and predicts more, touching you and our fair hostess."

"Rumor knows and repeats many things incorrectly. We are cousins, you know."

"Cousins will marry. Witness Miss L——'s last novel. She writes well, don't she?"

"Her pen has done wonders," Dr. Haynes said. "One year ago she was unknown and poor; now she has secured for herself a most enviable position, and makes, I am told, a comfortable livelihood."

I heard no more. These few words had given me, as it were, a glimpse into the future—a hope for something better. One short year ago, and Miss L——, now so well known, had been as humble and insignificant as I, Kate Grant, was now. The way she had trod was as open to me as it had been to her. Could I not follow where she had led, and win myself a name? I thought over this while I played. I do not know how the rest of the evening passed. My new idea absorbed me. I longed to carry it into execution. I could scarcely wait for my release to come. It came at last; but it found me with hands and wrists aching so wearily that I could do nothing—only bathe them in cold water to relieve them. Writing that night, for I had resolved at least to try it, was simply out of the question. It was only deferred, however, and, to make a long story short, after two or three weeks, during which I devoted every moment I could spare to my pen, I succeeded in producing a short story, which I sent to an editor, and then I waited.

Easily told, less easily borne. It is far from pleasant. Only those who have tried it know how much patience simple waiting requires!

But my waiting and patience bore fruit. A letter to "Miss Grant"—the first letter I had received in my year's life at Mrs. Morris' house—came at last. It was opened tremblingly—fearfully; but out of its enclosure fell—not what I feared to see, my manuscript returned—but a ten dollar bill!

But it was worth far more than its face to me; it was a promise of better things—an earnest of the future. It was not spent—'t was

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far too precious for that. No; it was looked at, admired, even kissed! and then placed in the Savings Bank. How proud I felt of it! I had never before been able to deposit so much at once, and I called it a nest-egg for my future: for I had a right, surely, to a fortune, if—hateful word—if I could make one.

Encouraged by this beginning, I went on with my work. The more I wrote the better I liked it, and it was all the better for my writings that I could only devote a limited time to my pen. Yet I was not always successful. Articles would come back marked "unavailable, returned with thanks," as, I suppose, happens at times to every one who writes. But I was not discouraged by this, for every now and then a story or sketch would be not only accepted but paid for. I took no one into my confidence, except cousin Rachel; there was no one else I could have told; and, to avoid remarks, I had all my correspondence sent to her house. She was much interested in my literary efforts, and at last she advised me to try my hand at a novel. I hesitated at first, but the more I thought of her suggestion, the better I liked it, and finally I began my story. It, too, was finished; written, most of it, late at night, during lonely watchings; for little Louise was delicate, and a low, lingering fever hung about her; and, loving the child as I now did, I could not leave her to the care of the servants. In the very midst of her illness, my book was finished and accepted.

I had not, at first, spoken to Mrs. Morris, thinking that perhaps the child's illness was but trifling; but at last I begged her—she was rather reluctant, too—to call in a physician, and Dr. Haynes was sent for. He came; looked at Louise, spoke encouragingly to her and her mother, and then called me aside, under pretence of preparing a prescription.

"That child will need careful nursing," he said. "If you are willing to undertake it, Miss Grant, you will be her best nurse, as she seems fond of you, and Mrs. Morris cannot stand it."

That was all. I doubt if Mrs. Morris ever realized how ill her child really was. I am sure she did not wish to see Louise. There was no acute suffering; only a low fever, attended with constant restlessness and irritability, trying alike to the nerves and patience of nurse and child. Dr. Hayne's visits were frequent, as I thought, because Mrs. Morris, at certain hours, hung devotedly over Louise's bed. She looked the loving mother, in her becoming morning dress, to perfection; and had only been admitted to the nursery occasionally, instead of being there at all hours, I should have greatly admired the maternal solicitude, which, as I sometimes suspected from certain saucy flashes in Dr. Hayne's black eyes, did not wholly impose upon him.

And so it happened that, seated by Louise's bed, my book was written and its proofs corrected. It was but a simple story; nothing sensational, dramatic, or romantic in it. Yet it pleased the public fancy, and was read, and—which is probably more agreeable to authors and publishers—it sold well. I heard the book discussed, one day, by Mrs. Morris and Dr. Haynes. They wondered greatly who the unknown author could be.

I enjoyed my growing reputation. I rather liked the little excitement about the mystery attending it. What girl would not? But, meantime, my close confinement and constant attendance upon little Louise, was beginning to affect my health. Cousin Rachel urged me to give up my situation, and make my home with her. I was strongly tempted to consent. My health required it. Mrs. Morris, never more than barely polite to me, had of late treated me more coldly than ever, and in a way, which, a few months before, would have made me resign my situation, and shake the very dust off my feet in leaving the house.

But I could not conscientiously leave Louise while she was so helpless. The child clung to me, refusing to allow any one else, even her mother, to perform the simplest duty for her. So, though I saw plainly enough, that Mrs. Morris would willingly have parted with me; for the child's sake, I swallowed my pride, and remained. But—let the truth be told—I was influenced in part by another motive.

I had seen much of Dr. Haynes—coming in and out, as he did, at all hours, during these long months. The best test of a man's character, is in his conduct to a child; and before I fully realized what I was about, I began to admire Dr. Haynes, for his gentle treatment of Louise, and to enjoy hearing him talk. And, so, by slow degrees, unconsciously to myself, admiration ripened into respect, respect into interest, and interest finally changed—must I tell it?—into love!

But I do not think that Dr. Haynes even suspected this; though occasionally he spoke to me. But women are very clear-sighted under such circumstances. I saw that Mrs. Morris not only disliked this, but that she had discovered my secret, and this had caused her changed manner to me. What heart she had, was given to Dr. Haynes. Rich, talented, young, sought

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after, as he was, no other woman should win him: she had selected him for herself: so, what right had I—I, Kate Grant, to look at him—even to think of him? What right had I? The right of womanhood; the right to win love, if I could—happiness, if I might! But the golden glory I longed for was as far off from me, and as unattainable as is the sun from the flower which lovingly follows it. Like it, I might look at him—long for him—never win him. He might not stoop to me.

But meeting as we did, every day, a sort of acquaintance grew up between us. Over and over I asked myself, if, had we met on equal terms, should I have won his friendship? One morning, Dr. Haynes came an hour earlier than usual. Mrs. Morris was out, and he sat, talking to Louise, who was now slowly recovering, and to me.

Presently, Mrs. Morris came in, and she saw the situation at a glance. She was a woman of marvelous tact. She sat down quietly, talked to her cousin, wholly ignoring me. Yet I knew at once that my fate was, as far as it lay in her hands, decided. But she waited—she was polite; she would not confess, even in action, (thoughts may be concealed,) that she, Mrs. Morris, need fear anything from the rivalry of Kate Grant. Things followed their usual course for a week, and then I was informed that my services were no longer needed. I was not surprised; had Mrs. Morris' dearest friend stood in her way, she would have set her aside, unhesitatingly. I could expect no consideration for my feelings—no regard for my future

Of course, I could make no appeal from this decision. Silent obedience alone was left to me; yet knowing, seeing, conscious of all, I would have been willing to lay aside my pride, to bear and suffer anything, to remain where I was, for the mere chance of sometimes seeing or exchanging a word with the man whose love, to Mrs. Morris and to myself, was the one thing in the world we most desired.

Cousin Rachel received me with open arms, yet I never told her why I came. She thought—and I rather encouraged her in the thought—that it was in compliance with her wishes. I had one consolation—that, though I was thus dismissed, it was because Mrs. Morris feared me—feared, lest some of Dr. Haynes' thoughts might wander from her to me, and that was why I was sent away.

So I waited. What else could I do? My reputation increased. I kept my secret, still. I had no wish to be known; it was enough for me that only cousin Rachel and I shared that knowledge.

I hoped, yet I had small grounds for hope. Only this, that among the letters sent through my publishers, was one bearing Dr. Haynes' signature—a letter thanking the anonymous author for the pleasure her book had afforded him; praising it in words I will not here repeat, and concluding with the hope that some day, the friend my pen had won me, might know me personally. I gave the letter, much as it gratified me, no reply. I laid it aside among my few treasures. I kept it as a sacred relic, because his hand had written it; it was all I had of *him;* he had thought this of me, yet not of me!

Only a piece of romantic folly, after all! As Kate Grant, Dr. Haynes had probably never wasted a thought upon me. Yet I built, and enjoyed my castles in the air; though what fruition would ever crown my hopes? I had worn my laurel-crown—ah, me! how faded and worthless it seemed, compared with the fragrant myrtle-wreath, only to be given by love!

Yet I was not unhappy. My time was fully engaged; and I enjoyed, as only those wh have been deprived of it can enjoy, the hom cousin Rachel shared with me. And so, da after day went by, till six months had passed, in a sort of tranquil calm.

Then the calm was broken. Returning fro market, one morning, cousin Rachel slipped o the icy pavement, and broke her leg. She w brought home, and no physician would s have but Dr. Haynes! Send for him I mus She had seen him; she knew he was kind a gentle; and have him she would. So, on more, Dr. Haynes and I met at the bedside one of his patients.

He was surprised, I think, at meeting me but no question did he ask till the broken l was set, and his patient made comfortabl Then, as he gave me such directions as he co sidered necessary, he said,

"I know you are a good nurse, Mrs.——"

"Miss Grant," I said, "if you please: I ha not changed my name, if I have my residenc

"Strange!" he said, "I understood from M Morris that you had left her on your marriage.

"Mrs. Morris was mistaken," I said, quietly. "How is Louise?"

"Louise is well, once more. It's a pity you left her. She often speaks of you."

"I could not do without her, doctor," cousin Rachel said. "How could I get along now without Kitty?"

And "Kitty's" hands were full for the n six weeks. Cousin Rachel was patience

goodness itself, but she was as helpless as a baby. But if my hands were full, my days busy, the latter were brightened by Dr. Haynes' visits; and I learned presently that he enjoyed those hours as much as I did; for at last he asked me, Kate Grant, to be his wife. He would have spoken, he said, while I was still with Mrs. Morris; but, leaving her unexpectedly, and being told I was married——"

I did not say "yes." I said my heart was no longer mine to give. It belonged to—would he like to know to whom? He called me heartless, cruel, unkind.. At last I began to laugh, and opening my desk, I selected a letter, which I requested Dr. Haynes to read, as he who wrote it had long possessed my heart.

It was his own letter to me, as an authoress.

Explanations are such stupid things! I will only give the grand finale.

Mrs. Grundy scolded Dr. Haynes for marrying a nobody, said "nobody" being Kate Grant. But everybody called on her, and even Mrs. Morris is polite.

And Jack—Dr. Haynes' name is John, but I call him Jack—and I are very happy. So is cousin Rachel, who has made her home with us, and who thinks us a model couple.

"Convicted, by your own confession!" and Jack laid down my manuscript, triumphantly.

"Can't see it," I said. "I've surely proved my case."

"Yes, in my favor," Jack laughed. "Here are 'woman's rights,' in plenty."

"Not one, I'm sure."

"Humph!" turning the leaves quickly. "'To live,' 'to be happy,' 'to enjoy,' 'to have a home——'"

"Jack! Jack! if those are 'woman's rights,' I do believe in them!"

"And claim them, Kitty, as your own."

"Thanks to my husband, yes."

DISENCHANTED.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

Oh! cruel fate, one year ago
My life was crowned with rare content;
Now all my bliss is turned to woe,
My heart with mortal anguish rent.

Her soft, brown eyes are cold and strange,
Her red lips wear a mocking smile;
Oh! whence has come this sudden change?
Could that sweet voice deceive, beguile?

We stood beneath the starry night;
She softly pledged herself as mine;
The moon, with silvery shafts of light,
Illumed the face I thought divine.

My pulses throbbing wild with joy,
I clasped her closely to my breast;
Oh! must all pleasure know alloy?
Can mortals ne'er on earth be blessed?

I felt a thrill of sudden pain;
A dim foreboding stirred the air;
A mist seemed clinging to my brain—
Was this prophetic of despair?

I shuddered. Soft she raised her glance,
The evil spell at once was o'er;
She held me in a dizzy trance—
The future golden glamour wore.

The glory of that hour is dead;
The woman that I worshiped cold;
To hoary age her youth is wed—
An old man bought her with his gold.

Well, be it so; why should I moan?
Is false-love worth such fearful cost?
Shall I regret enchantment flown?
Was not her heart a thing well lost?

PLEASANT SOUNDS.

BY A. S. ELLIS.

The sound of the church-bells pealing
In the crowded city's way,
Speaking peace to the weary spirit,
And bidding it rest to pray;

The chime from the hoary belfry
O'er smiling valley and hill,
When the reaper rests from his labors,
Or the busy plough stands still;

The rush of the rain in Summer
On the parched and thirsty earth,
Like the tears that lighten the bosom
Of the sorrow that gave them birth;

The drowsy caw from the elm-trees,
The song of the lark at morn,
And the sound of the breezes rustling
The billows of russet-corn;

The echo from breezy uplands
Of the tinkling sheep-bell's chime;
The hum of the bee as it goeth
To and fro o'er the fragrant thyme;

The song from a lip thou lovest;
The sound of the simple lays
Thou hast warbled and loved in childhood,
And the voice of infant praise.

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THE REIGNING BELLE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 310.

CHAPTER IX.

"MOTHER! mother! come here!"

Ruth lifted her sweet voice a little, and spoke with some excitement, for she was taken quite by surprise by the appearance of a magnificent carriage before the gate; a carriage that seemed half made of translucent glass. Two pretentious menials in livery sat between the glittering lamps on each side the coachman's seat, and a pair of chestnut horses arched their necks, tossed their heads, and made their gold-mounted harness rattle again with their proud, impatient movements, while one of those solemn personages let himself to the ground and opened the carriage-door.

"This is the place, ma'am. It doesn't seem possible, but this *is* the place. I only hope Battles will be able to hold the hosses; but they don't like it."

"Just stand aside, keep my dress from the wheels, and mind your own business, Jacob," said Mrs. Carter, with an imperious wave of her hand, as she roiled herself through the door of the carriage, and lighted heavily on the pavement. "If I know myself intimately you were hired to open doors, and shut your own mouth. So this is the place, is it? And a lovely place it is! Quite a rustic cottage! There, now you may open the gate!"

While she was delivering this reprimand to her servant, Mrs. Carter shook out her flounces, drew the lace shawl more jauntily over her shoulder, and swept through the gate with all the magnificence and glory of an empress about to honor some subject by her presence. Half-way up the path she remembered what was due to herself, and stepped back into a flower-bed, waving Jacob forward with her hand.

The tall footman cast a look of unutterable disgust at his fellow-servant on the box, and, striding up the path, gave a pull at the humble little bell that filled the whole house with its tinkling. Mrs. Laurence came to the door, grim and gaunt, but neat in her dress, and composed in manner.

"Does Mrs. Laurence live here?" inquired the tall footman, striking his gloves together, as if the bell-handle had left offensive dust on them.

"I am Mrs. Laurence."

"Ah, indeed! This is the lady, marum."

Mrs. Carter came forward, smiling blandly, and holding out her straw-colored glove with an air of sublime condescension.

Mrs. Laurence took the tightly-gloved hand stiffly enough, and let it fall from her clasp without a smile. She had suffered, this poor widow, and smiles did not come easily to her face; but if cold, she was well-bred, and stood aside that her strange guest might enter the little passage-way, and pass through the open parlor-door.

"How cozy—how exquisite!" exclaimed Mrs. Carter, glancing around at the snow-white muslin curtains and the neat furniture, which would have been poverty-stricken in other hands. "No wonder my dear brother was so charmed. 'Such a contrast!' he said, when he found me in my boudoir-bower; 'chamber,' he says, 'they used to call it, in old times. Such a contrast,' says he, 'between you and them—between this and that! You wish everything grand and sumptuous; they nothing but taste—pure, æsthetic taste! Their little room is a parlor!' Just as I find it!"

Mrs. Carter seated herself as she spoke, and turned her full-blown, smiling face on Ruth, who answered her appeal with a look of gentle welcome; while her mother stood by, evidently waiting to learn why her humble home had been so grandly invaded. Mrs. Carter observed this, and waved her hand benignly.

"Sit down! sit down, Mrs. Laurence; have no hesitation about it. I have been a poor woman myself; so, never mind the apron, but sit down. My call is for you as well as the young people!"

Mrs. Laurence took a seat near the door, and muttered something about being "a hard-working woman," which Mrs. Carter took up at once.

"'Hard-working!' Don't mention it, my dear

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madam! Your little housework here is nothing to what I have thrown upon me. What with receptions, shopping. promiscuous calls, regulating servants, the torment of dress-makers, and entertaining Carter's friends, I am just worn out. Sometimes I think the happiest time of a woman's life is when she lives in two rooms, and carries her baby about on one arm, while she does her work with the other!"

"Still," said Ruth, with a quiet smile, "we seldom find ladies willing to give up prosperity and go back to that life."

"Well, n—no!" answered Mrs. Carter, glancing through the window at her two servants perched high upon the carriage, and softly pluming herself under the thought of all they represented, "one can't quite expect that. When a dog gets his day he likes to keep it, of course. Besides, it's awful hard to come down."

"Yes," said Mrs. Laurence, in her dull, low tone, "it is hard."

"But this young lady is not all your family? My brother spoke of another."

"That is so," said Ruth, with animation. "She is busy in the day-time."

"Yes, yes!—now I remember: of course, she could not be here now. An awful bright girl. I saw her once: pretty as a pictur! took a fancy to the turn of her head. My! how she does carry off a shawl! That girl is what I call superb!"

"She is good!" said Mrs. Laurence, with hard emphasis.

"Yes, good as gold, I haven't no doubt," chimed in Mrs. Carter. "That is why I have called. 'That girl is a born lady,' says I to Carter, when we were making out a list of invitations for my great party, 'and I'm bound to have her come.' So here is the invitation! Brought it myself, because brother Ross said a call was necessary, and I want to do everything *comme il fou!*"

Here Mrs. Carter took a squarely-folded envelope from her pocket, on which was a flaming monogram in red and gold, which she held out to Mrs. Laurence, who took it gingerly, as if she feared the fiery letters would burn her.

"If this young lady ever goes out, I have another for her," said the visitor, beaming with satisfaction.

"I never do," said Ruth, with a faint quiver of pain in her voice.

"Spine?" questioned her visitor.

Ruth bent her head a little from the pillow, and a look of sadness came into her eyes.

"Don't look down-hearted about it, my dear; you'll soon get about again. I feel sure that I've got a receipt for spine complaint somewhere, and I'll send it to you."

Ruth smiled very mournfully, but thanked her.

"It's you, I suppose, that's beginning to make picters. Ross told me about it, and I promised to have some done for my boudoir. Those I have cost ever-so-much, but he don't seem to like 'em. 'Something small and delicate,' he says; such as you can do beautifully if I'll only give you time—which I'm bound to do."

The warm, pure blood flashed over that gentle face, and Ruth half rose from her pillow in overwhelming surprise.

"You do not mean it! Did the gentleman in truth think anything of the little things I sent to him. He asked me, or I would not have dared."

"'Think anything!' Of course he did: 'Gems,' he said, 'they would be, with a little touching-up,' which he meant to show you about. Though how a bit of canvas can be turned into 'gems,'—which are rubys, and diamonds, and such like, I take it, beats me. But that was what he said; and where picters is concerned, Ross aint to be disputed, let me tell you. It was all I could do to keep him from turning half of my picters out of doors; though mercy knows the frames, alone cost Carter enough to break a common man: for we bought good-sized ones, generally, meaning to have enough for our money."

Ruth lay on her couch while the woman was speaking, lost in a soft glow of gratitude. The one dream of her life gave promise of realization. How diligently she had worked out the little knowledge of drawing and color, which had been a part of her education, when she was able to study, and before the great affliction fell upon her. How much thought she had given, how earnestly she had toiled, in this one pursuit, because the passion and forlorn hope of her life. Oh, it was heavenly! God had given some power even to her! Those delicate fingers which she clasped over her bosom in a sudden rush of gratitude, had the subtle craft of creating beautiful objects, which, in their turn, melted into gold. Could this be? Was the woman yonder, with all that flutter of lace and fringe about her, a reality?

The girl lifted herself slowly from her cushions, and looked around the room. Mrs. Laurence had left it. Something in the kitchen required her presence, and she was getting restive under the infliction of that gorgeous

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woman's conversation; so she had glided out like a shadow, scarcely caring whether she was missed or not.

"She has gone—mother, I mean."

Mrs. Carter turned her head with a little, disdainful toss.

"Yes, I see. Not very good manners; but to be expected."

"Mother is so much alone, she sometimes forgets."

"I should think as much. But that is neither here nor there. If old women choose to cut up rusty they are welcome for anything I care. But we were talking about the picters for my boudoir. How long will it take you to paint 'em?"

"Then you were really in earnest? You meant it?" cried Ruth, catching her breath, and clasping her hands in an ecstasy of delight.

"Meant it? Of course I did. Ross has just ripped every one of my picters off of the wall, and says they aint worth the frames, which are lovely, Miss; and I'm sure the paintings were just as bright as red, and green, and yellow could make them. But, hoity-toity! my gentleman just pitched them into the coach-house; and I solemnly believe they are hung up in Battle's room this minute. 'Now,' says he, 'fill them empty frames with something worth looking at.'

"'But where are they coming from?' says I, huffy as could be, for I didn't like them empty frames lyin' in a heap on the floor. Then he brought down two or three of the things,—'rough gems' he called 'em,—that you had sent to him, and put them in the frames. I aint no judge perhaps, (so don't be offended!) but, really, now, they did not make half the show that the others did; but he said, there was 'downright genius in them,' and I gave in about it. So, if you could come to my house,—which, of course, you can't,—them four picters are all you would see in my boudoir, instead of them he had turned out of doors. Now, my dear, how much am I to pay you for them?"

"How—how much? Oh, madam, I—I——"

Then Ruth put both hands to her face, and burst into a passion of warm, sweet tears, that shook her slight frame from head to foot.

"Well, now, I never did," said Mrs. Carter, half starting from her seat. "He thought you would be delighted."

"And so I am—the happiest, happiest creature that ever lived. Oh, madam, you seem to me like an angel."

Mrs. Carter lifted her head and plumed herself like a bird.

"I'm sure I don't pretend to anything of that sort, being just a trifle stout, and not given to flying. But if you like to think so, and it makes you happy, I won't disturb the idea, because it reminds me of things Carter used to say years and years ago, when we first went to housekeeping in two rooms, with a closet in the cellar for wood and coal. Then—then——"

All at once, even to her own astonishment, the woman broke down, her eyes filled with tears, and her bosom heaved with sobs. Impatient with herself, she snatched a handkerchief from her pocket, and swept its rich lace across the redness of her eyes, and gave out a gurgling, hysterical laugh.

"I wonder what's come over me," she said, at last, shaking out her moist handkerchief. "There is no telling about me. Carter says I always was a sensitive cretur. Well, Miss Laurence, we were speaking about them picturs. How much now? Ross thought that twenty-five dollars apiece would be little enough."

"Twenty-five dollars!" exclaimed Ruth, and her large eyes widened like those of an astonished child. "Oh, madam, you cannot mean it!"

"What! you don't think it enough? Well, say thirty; though I have seen picturs twice their size sell for less. Will thirty satisfy you?"

"Oh, madam, I know you are too kind; but it seems as if you were mocking me. The amount you mentioned first is so much that I can scarcely believe it."

The poor girl really could not believe in her good fortune; she trembled all over. Her great eyes were bent on Mrs. Carter, with pleading entréaty, that this cruel, cruel trifling might cease.

Mrs. Carter could not understand all this, but had a vague idea that the price she offered was satisfactory.

"Well," she said, drawing a reticule-purse from her pocket by its gold chains, and taking from that a roll of money, "if you are content with twenty-five, I don't mind throwing in a trifle, so we will make it thirty. There it is—six twenties; and I must say, it does me good to pay it over. Just roll it up, and buy yourself something nice with it. There! there!"

Mrs. Carter came close to Ruth, and bent over her with the money fluttering from her gloved fingers; but, instead of receiving it with smiles, as the good woman expected, the young creature, half rose from her cushions, wound both arms around that short neck, and kissed the smiling face with a passionate outburst of grati-

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tude, which awoke all the warm, genial womanhood of Mrs. Carter's nature into active life.

"Why, why, dear child! what have I done, that you should smother me with kisses, and hold on to me as if—as if you were my own child? There, there! Don't set me off again. Does a little money make you so happy? Well, just at first, I remember, it does. But then one gets used to it. By-and-by you won't care. Come, now, put up your money, and the next picturs will be worth more. Ross is going to show you how to touch 'em up; and he can do it, if any one can, for he belongs to some great pictur academy across the seas, and is A, number one, at painting."

In a soft, motherly fashion, Mrs. Carter laid the young girl back upon her couch, and began smoothing her beautiful hair with one plump hand, answering back with broad sympathy the smiles that came around those parted lips, and the look of ineffable happiness that filled those dove-like eyes, with something more beautiful than sunshine.

"It is true! it is real! and I *am* good for something!" murmured Ruth, holding the money up that she might feast her eyes upon it. "Oh, madam! God sent you here! I was weak and helpless; while others worked, I could only pray. See how the good Lord has answered me! I know it is not my poor little pictures, but your goodness that has done this—my prayers and your goodness!"

"You are just a lovely little darling, anyhow; but here is some one coming. There, now, we are ready."

Mrs. Carter gathered up the floating notes, crushed them into a ball, and hid them under the pillow; then she wiped Ruth's eyes with her cobweb handkerchief, passed it over her own wet lashes, and called out, "Come in!" as a vigorous knock came from the front door.

The door opened, and Mrs. Smith stood in the passage. From her place behind the counter she had seen the splendor of that carriage before Mrs. Laurence's gate, and could stand the cravings of her curiosity no longer. She had held herself as a sort of proprietor of the Laurence family after that famous supper, and felt that any visitor who stopped at that little gate was a guest for herself. At first she rather hesitated to put in her claim; but when a half hour, then an hour went by, and that glittering mass of black and gold still kept its place, the position became tantalizing. Leaving Boyce behind the counter, she tied on her best bonnet, flung a shawl over her broad shoulders, and made her way down the street, burning with curiosity, and just a little jealous that so much distinction had come to her friends, in which she had no part. Standing there in the entryway, she hesitated, overpowered by a first glance of the richly-dressed lady who seemed to fill up the little parlor with the splendor of her presence.

Mrs. Carter had hastily put on her company-manners, and sat in state, fanning herself with her still moist handkerchief. All at once, Mrs. Smith started forward, her eyes glistening, and the shawl floating away from the grasp of her hand.

"Mrs. Carter! Well, I never did——"

"Mrs. Smith! Is this you?"

For the moment, both women were natural. Mrs. Carter forgot herself and her finery in the honest delight of meeting an old friend. Mrs. Smith, a little dazzled and bewildered, came forward with both arms held out, and would have embraced her former crony, but for a sudden consciousness of the silks, laces, and heavy gold bracelets with which the latter was metamorphosed. This brought the arms slowly down to her side, and left her lips, from which the broad smile was vanishing, half apart.

Mrs. Carter broke into a mellow laugh, and held out both hands.

"So you didn't more'n half know me, Mrs. Smith? No wonder! Sometimes I don't know myself. But how do you do? How are the children and Smith? Is he stout and jolly as ever?"

Mrs. Smith remembered that she had been cutting cheese just before she left the grocery, and wiped one hand on the corner of her shawl before she gave it into the clasp of those straw-colored gloves, smiling gingerly, as if she were afraid of hurting them. But Mrs. Carter was herself that day; a breath of secret human sympathy had swept the chaff from her really good heart, and, for the time, her magnificence was forgotten.

"Well, now," said Mrs. Smith, recovering herself under this hearty treatment. "It's good for weak eyes to see you again, Mrs. Carter; I went round to the old house, nigh on to a year ago, and inquired about you, but they said you had moved away, no one knew where; so I gave you up for a bad job."

"A bad job, ha! Well, I wonder what Carter would say? *He* don't think it a bad job, you bet! Just look out there, Smith, and tell me what you think of that?"

Mrs. Smith leaned toward the window, and took in a view of the carriage, with the two men sitting impatiently in the coachman's seat.

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"Do you really mean that, Mrs. Carter?"

"That, and an open-carriage, besides a couper for Carter, and two saddle-horses, in case Carter and I might want to take lessons, and ride in the Park together."

"But how, Mrs. Carter, how?" inquired Mrs. Smith, open-mouthed with wonder.

"You know Carter got into the feed-business; that led him to hosses and mules, and sich. Well, the army wanted hosses; Carter went in under contract. Then the hosses wanted feed, he went in under contract again. Then he got into produce, which kept a running up and down, for ever-so-long; there he made and made, keeping his eye-teeth sharp, you know."

"Mercy on me! You take away my breath, Mrs. Carter!"

"No wonder; it took mine away more than once. After this, he hooked in with a clothing-house, and that was the best of all. Everything substantial but the clothes. Well, these things rolled up, till this is just what it has come to."

Here Mrs. Carter spread her two hands, and rustled her garments with a jovial laugh, while her old friend stepped back and surveyed her from head to foot, with glowing admiration.

"And you don't seem a bit different," she broke forth at length.

Mrs. Carter flushed red, and drew the lace-shawl about her with emphatic protest.

"You think so, Mrs. Smith; but others are of a different opinion."

Mrs. Smith, for the first time, felt rebuffed, and answered, meekly,

"You were asking about Smith. He's been a-doing very well—very well, indeed; in the grocery-line, though. You can see our store from the front-yard here."

Mrs. Carter leaned out of the window, and took a survey of her friend's place of business, which had a respectable show of prosperity.

"That looks like living," she said; "and I'm right-down glad of it."

"We live over the store, snug and comfortable," answered Mrs. Smith, highly pleased.

"Children all alive?" inquired Mrs. Carter, with hesitation.

"Alive and hearty, thank goodness!"

Mrs. Carter heaved a deep sigh. "Smith," she said, "I should like to take a look at your young ones I'm not used to seeing children, in these days, crowding the doors by dozens, as they did in our old neighborhood, where Smith and Carter were such friends, and you and I—— Well, never mind about that. I haven't forgotten it. Wait a minute, I'm going home with you. Good-by, little girl. Don't she look like a lily, lying there?"

"She's got a lovely color," answered Mrs. Smith. "I never saw the like of it on her cheek before. But where is Mrs. Laurence? Always at work? Mrs. Laurence, I say! My friend, Mrs. Carter, is going."

Mrs. Laurence came into the room, stiff and cold as marble. The softening effects of her illness had worn off, and so had the little gleam of sunshine, brought to her door by the kind woman who had called her from the kitchen, to which she had retreated the moment Mrs. Carter became interested in Ruth; thus she was entirely ignorant of the event which had so suddenly lifted the invalid into Paradise.

"I had something to do," she said, by way of grim apology, as Mrs. Carter held out her hand.

"Never mind that! I know what it is to do my own work—don't I, Smith?"

"I should rather think so," answered Mrs. Smith, bowing with intense satisfaction.

"With regard to the young lady, of course, we shall expect her, I will send the carriage round, and Ross shall come with it. Be sure that she is ready. He has set his heart upon it, and so have I."

Mrs. Laurence muttered something about being hard-working people, and quite out of the way of such things; but Ruth interposed, and made confident by the money in her bosom, lifted her sweet, radiant face, and said, with a thrill of triumph in her voice,

"Oh, yes, mother, dear! Eva will go. She will like it. Please do not refuse till we have talked it over."

"That's right! I leave it all with you, my pretty darling; so, good-day; I mean to call again, very soon. Come, Mrs. Smith, we'll drive round the block, and see how you like it."

Mrs. Smith settled her shawl with great anxiety, and going up to the little mirror, smoothed out the bows of her bonnet-strings, which, certainly appeared all the better for it. Then the two old friends went out together, and the tall footman came down from his seat with a thunder-cloud on his august brow, and opened the carriage-door with a protest in every gesture, at which his mistress chuckled inwardly, and gave Miss Smith the seat of honor. She, good soul, drew a deep, deep breath, as her calico-dress came into contact with the bright silken cushions, and sat bolt upright, as if afraid that their yielding springs would swallow her up, and leave Jerusha Maria an orphan.

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"Dear me, how it gives!" she said, casting a half-frightened look at her old friend, who laughed with glee, and leaned back in her own luxurious corner, while the carriage moved on.

The ride was brief but glorious. Seldom did a turn-out of that description come within blocks and blocks of the corner-grocery; and Mrs. Smith had the satisfaction of knowing that every window, which bore upon that point, was occupied when she came through the carriage-door and swept into her husband's place of business, side by side with that gorgeously-dressed lady.

Boyce, who was behind the counter, posed himself at once for an unlimited order; but Mrs. Smith passed him by with a wave of the hand, and led the way up stairs to her own apartment, where Kate Gorman was busy frying ham for dinner, and James Laurence was carrying in Jerusha Maria in his arms, trying to hush her into silence, if not sleep.

"Our last," said Mrs. Smith, taking the child into her motherly arms, and jerking down its long frock with one hand, as she presented the young lady, who began staring at the stranger with all her might, and, finally, broke into a smile, as a watch, set thick with diamonds, went swinging to and fro before her face.

"Give me a kiss now, and you shall hear it tick," said Mrs. Carter, gathering the child to her own bosom, and throwing the watch-chain over its neck, where it fell in glittering links adown the low frock. "Give me another; there now, take it in your tointy, tointy little hands. Smith, this is splendid! Such a weight! Oh, you little rogue, biting at the diamonds, ha? If you were only mine, I'd feed you with 'em!"

Here Mrs. Carter dropped into a Boston rocking-chair, and laying the child's face close to her arm, began to sing, and chirp, and kiss her into sleepiness, after which she still cradled her lovingly in both arms, dropping in a word of gossip, now and then, with the mother, while her chair kept in motion.

"That brother of yours—whatever became of him, Mrs. Carter? I remember how anxious you and Carter were. How did he turn out?" inquired the mother, when Jerusha Maria had dropped off.

"That brother? Our Ross? Why, Smith, he's back again, the most perfect gentleman that you ever set eyes on, You know I told you often how he was given to books, studying night and day; how he painted picters, and went into the country, every year, making sketches, as he called it. Never was worth a cent for business; but so handsome, and so wonderfully good! Well, he went off all of a sudden, and, somehow or another, got beyond seas, where they think more of picters than we do, and made a wonderfully great man of him; but not under the old name. He took out a nom-de something, as such people do, now and then, and left off the last end of his name. So, instead of Herman Ross Baker, we call him Herman Ross, which cuts him loose from the old poverty-stricken life, that makes him shudder when you mention it."

"Proud, I suppose?"

"No; that isn't it. He's the last man on earth to care about being poor. We are none of us mean enough for that, high as we hold our heads among rich people. But there is something that I don't quite understand about Ross."

"A love-secret, I should not wonder!" said Mrs. Smith.

Before Mrs. Carter could answer that, Gorman put her head into the room.

"Dinner's ready, and Mr. Smith not home yet."

Mrs. Smith arose, blushing and embarrassed.

"Only ham and eggs," she said; "but would you, just for the sake of old times——"

"Would I?" cried Mrs. Carter, huddling the baby into its cradle, and taking off her gloves. "Won't I?"

CHAPTER X.

Ruth Laurence kept the secret. An idea had entered her head which she was resolved to carry out, unaided and alone. At first she longed to tell her good fortune to her mother; but Mrs. Laurence was never sympathetic or impulsive enough to win that loving confidence which Ruth longed to give. She had thought her own thoughts, and suppressed her natural impulses, so long, that this precious secret became as gold to a miser, after she had dwelt upon it, unspoken for a few hours. One thing was certain: Eva should go to this great party dressed like the lady she was. Enough of the money under her pillows should go for that. Her own frail fingers had earned this great happiness for her sister. Tears came into her eyes as she thought of it; tender, sweet tears, such as the good and unselfish alone can shed. She murmured to herself: "Yes, it shall be snow-white, and fleecy as foam. I have the idea in my mind, with a contrast something brilliant and rich. Still, she does not need that to make her the most beautiful of them all. Dear Eva! what a surprise it will be! Here she comes, looking *so* tired!"

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Eva came into the little parlor weary and sad; for the duties of her position were frequently galling to the pride of a high-spriited girl; and every hour some painful contrast was forced upon her which disturbed her sense of justice. While the family had been in absolute want, this feeling was held in abeyance by all those active sympathies that trample down minor causes of grief under great afflictions, but now the proud nature of the girl asserted itself, and strongly cynical and bitter feelings were rooting themselves in her heart.

Eva took off her bonnet, and, kneeling down by her sister's couch, kissed her tenderly.

"Why, Ruthy, how warm your cheek is! How your arms cling to me! What is the matter? It seems like joy—but how can that come here?"

"A pleasant thing has happened, Eva, dear. You are invited to a splendid party in the Fifth Avenue. Look here!"

Eva caught her breath. An invitation to her! She took the square fold of paper, and, dazzled by the monogram, began to examine it with that nervous curiosity which makes so many people hesitate to learn the truth at once.

"It is from Mrs. Carter, the sister of that gentleman who looked over my drawings. Such a cheerful, kind woman! She brought it herself, that there might be no mistake, and will send her own carriage for you. Isn't it delightful?"

"Oh, how I wish it was possible!" exclaimed Eva, dropping the invitation from her hand with a pang of absolute despair. "That is what so many people were talking about: all the customers were full of it. I think Mr. Harold has an invitation. But it is of no use; I wish she had not brought it."

"Oh, Eva!"

"It is just cruel," answered the girl, throwing herself into a chair, and clasping both hands over her eyes to hide her tears.

"But you are going, Eva. I promised it."

"*You* promised! poor darling!"

"I did, indeed. So just wipe your eyes, and let me tell you something. Look here! Hush, now! do not cry out!"

Here Ruth took a twenty-dollar note from under her pillow, and held it up before Eva's eyes.

"Ruth, Ruth, where *did* you get that?" cried the girl, in utter amazement.

"Oh, *I* have been doing bits of work for it on the sly. Eva! Eva! I won't keep anything from you. Look here! and here! I have earned it all with my pictures, that you thought so pretty. This is for you. Stoop down, and let me whisper what I mean to do with the rest."

Eva stooped down, and lifted her head again, all in a glow of delight.

"Oh, Ruthy! it seems like fairy-work! You fairly take away my breath!"

"They will take more; and that gentleman will teach me how to give them greater perfection. You see it is no dream, sister!"

"And it was your genius that got me this invitation, Ruth," said Eva, with grateful enthusiasm. "I could not understand it before. It seems almost possible that I may go!"

"Almost! It is quite possible! I have been lying here, with my eyes on the ceiling, thinking over the dress. It must be lovely, you know, but not cost more than this one bill. White tarletan, I should say, with a long train, a flounce or two, and rows on rows of broad, puffy, ruches. Crimson tea-roses in your hair, and a little cluster on your bosom. No! it shall be one, fragrant and perfect, on the left shoulder. No other ornaments."

"Of course not, you foolish darling! How am I to get them?"

"Not a thing!—just the white and red. To think of it is like painting a picture. I can see you now, with your black hair falling in broad, heavy braids nearly to the shoulders; two or three long ringlets sweeping almost to the waist; just a little coronal of red roses over the forehead; and the dress sweeping away, fold after fold, like dancing white poppies over drifting snow. I tell you, Eva, it will be superb."

"But how is all this to be done, Ruth?"

"I shall be bolstered up, and sew on it in the daytime. You will help me at night. I tell you, dear, it will be charming."

"And you, poor dear, will be left at home, and see nothing."

"What, I! Indeed, you know nothing about it. I shall just lie here, with my hands folded, so, and my eyes shut, thinking over everything as it happens. The way people will look at you, and whisper, 'Who is that? Isn't she——' But I won't tell you all that I shall see. Be sure you will not enjoy it more than I shall. Then there is James!—won't it delight him?"

"But mother! what if she forbids it?" said Eva, with sudden dismay. "She might, you know."

"We must get Mrs. Smith on our side," said Ruth, faltering a little. "Mrs. Smith, and our James. She cannot stand out against them. But hush! she is at the door."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY

We give, this month, such dresses as will be suitable for this particular season, with suggestions, that, by a little variety of material, the dresses and walking-costumes may be applied to the different latitudes of this great and varied country.

The first is a home-dress for a young lady It is made of white alpaca, serge, or mohair, either of these materials can be bought for from fifty to seventy-five cents per yard; and if made in white, the dress will be beautiful either for dinner or small evening-party, and not too dressy to be worn at home, after the first freshness is worn off. Make the under-skirt, or petticoat, just to touch the floor. This is cut after the usual way, and trimmed with a deep plaiting of the material all the way around. This plaiting must be three times as full as the width of the skirt, and cut straight: fold down the plaits, making them about one inch deep, and not quite to touch each other, then press with an iron; place the plaiting upon the skirt, tacking it at every plait at the bottom. Above the plaiting is a band of black velvet ribbon, one inch and a half wide, or a band of silk, or ribbon of any one color. The over-skirt has the front width cut quite short, square across, as may be seen; then come the side-gores, which just fall as long on the sides as the petticoat; then two full breadths, only nine inches longer in the back; this is trimmed with a box-plaiting, five inches wide, of the material, headed, the same as the under-skirt; plain, round waist, trimmed to simulate a square yoke; coat-sleeves, belt, and no sash-ends; a small bow on the left side. Sixteen yards of double-material will be required. This design, carried out in white muslin for warm weather, or if designed entirely for a home-dress, let it be some of the pretty gray mohairs or poplinettes. If made of gray, trim with brown, green, or black, and it can be easily converted into a walking-costume by looping the over-skirt in the back, so answering a double purpose, and one very desirable where economy is required.

We give also, but in the first of the number, a walking-dress of pearl-colored mohair. It has a pretty little jaunty sacque, it will be seen, that is especially desirable at this season. The lower-skirt of the dress has one plaited flounce six inches deep, cut on the straight: line this with crinoline, before plaiting. Three times the fullness of the skirt will be required. Four bands of black alpaca, cut bias and put on with the sewing-machine, completes the lower-skirt. The upper one is cut with an apron front, caught up at the sides, and longer in the back. Trim with a narrow plaiting, say three inches and a half or four inches, put on the edge. Five rows of the material, crossed with the black, up the front of the apron; one row of the black trimming to head the plaiting. The waist is perfectly plain and round, with coat-sleeves. The sacque is simply a loose one, and quite short; its beauty consists in the manner of putting on the trimming. Cut surplice at the throat, continue the plaiting one inch and a half down both sides of the bias band in front, and the trimming, which goes over the shoulders, is continued down the back. Open sleeves. Any black trimming may be substituted for the

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alpaca, say silk, velvet, ribbon; but for cheapness, the alpaca is the thing, and the effect good. From sixteen to eighteen yards of the pearl-colored mohair, and three yards of black alpaca, or three and a half yards of silk, will be required. Plenty of those light summer mohairs add in the stores for fifty cents, and so upaccording to quality.

The next is a very pretty walking-dress for either a young or a married lady. Something quite novel and charming for its simplicity.

Only one skirt, which is made entirely open down the left seam of the front breadth, trimmed down this seam and all round with a band of silk, one inch and a half wide. This upper part of the skirt comes within ten inches of the bottom of the dress, where a slightly-gathered flounce is put on underneath the trimming of silk. Buttons and button-holes fasten the skirt, as seen in the engraving. A plain, round waist, with coat-sleeves, is worn under the half-tight fitting sacque, which has a turn-over collar, slightly open in front, trimmed like the skirt, to which is added a bullion silk fringe, three inches deep. This, made of any light-colored summer poplin, trimmed with black, or a darker shade of the material, will be pretty and inexpensive. Also a good design for white pique, trimmed with black velvet, white cotton bullion, or twisted fringe, can be used on piques, twelve yards of double-fold poplin, or ten yards of pique. Any of the pretty striped Percales, at twenty-five cents per yard, would be charming, made after this model, putting on the bias band of plain, solid-colored Percale to match the prevailing color of the other part of the dress; and it would be pretty to substitute bows of the solid color to fasten down the side of the skirt, and the front of the sacque, in place of the buttons. The bows to be taken off when washed, and easily made up again and replaced. Silk bullion fringe costs, for three inches deep, ninety cents per yard for black, one dollar for colored; but a slightly-gathered ruffle, to match the bottom of the skirt, would look equally well, and cost less.

Next we have a traveling-dress of gray linen. The lower-skirt is trimmed with two rows of black worsted bullion fringe, two inches deep, headed by one row of black alpaca braid. Waist and skirt cut together as a pelisse, over

which the little cape may be worn at pleasure. This pelisse is buttoned down the front with jet buttons, trimmed with one row of fringe, headed by four rows of the braid. A sash of

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the linen, fringed at the ends, confines the pelisse at the waist. Either coat or flowing sleeves—we prefer the coat-sleeve for a traveling dress. These linen dresses will be very much worn for the street, in the early morning, during the hot weather. Ten yards of linen, at thirty-one or thirty-five cents, thirteen and a half yards of fringe, one long piece of alpaca braid. White braid fringe will look very well if only intended for a walking-dress; but for traveling the black is preferable. In either case the fringe should be removed at washing.

This cut affords some little variety in the cut of a basque for a house-dress. The back part is cut full and plaited in on box-plait, and the

side-bodies and fronts are simply plain, and somewhat shorter. Fringes are very much used for trimming, but nothing worth wearing can be bought under fifty cents, and they go on up to two dollars per yard. Sashes are now useless, since the basque and postillion waist have become so popular.

We give in the front of the number, a pique walking-dress for a young lady, something quite novel. It is made with one skirt only, the first design we have had dispensing with the over-skirt. This skirt is cut to touch, and three yards and a quarter wide at the bottom, and trimmed with three ruffles of Victoria lawn, hemmed, and put on in plaits; or they may be gathered, and ironed down in flat plaits, headed by four rows of either Marseilles braid, in white, or black alpaca braid. Waist made with a basque, trimmed to match, below which, sash-ends, cut pointed, appear; two narrow, looped bows at the waist. The neck is cut surplice, under which a muslin chemisette is worn. Straw hat, with black lace and field flowers. Seven yards of pique will be required, and four yards of Victoria lawn. Beautiful, French corded pique can be bought at fifty cents; at sixty-five cents very fine. The lawn, at forty cents, is quite fine enough. Select a thin one, as it thickens some in washing.

We give, in the front of the number, a home, or evening toilet, for a young lady, made of white, dotted muslin. A gathered flounce, headed with two rows of black velvet ribbon, trims the bottom of the skirt, which is a trifle longer and fuller than the ordinary walking-dress. Waist with long, pointed basque, open behind, and trimmed with a flounce and two rows of velvet. Coat-sleeve with a deep frill falling on the wrist. Rosette of the velvet at the waist, both before and at the back Nothing could be prettier than this for a young lady's evening toilet, and as it is so simple, any one can make it at home. It will require about fifteen yards of dotted muslin, or plain white Swiss, and two pieces of velvet ribbon, three-quarters of an inch in width.

We give next a Scotch suit for a little boy four years old. It is made of Gray-Scotch

casimere. The pants are plain, and cut straight at the bottom, with two rows of worsted braid

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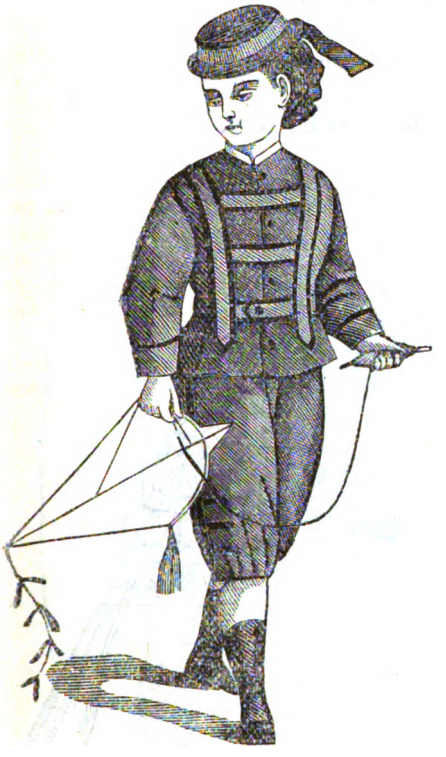
around the bottom above the hem, and continued up the outside. The pants are buttoned on to an under-body of muslin. A long sacque, cut all in one, belted in at the waist, and trimmed with three rows of wide braid, with narrow braid in between. A scarf of the material worn over shoulder, and tieing at the left side. One yard and a quarter double-width material will cut the suit.

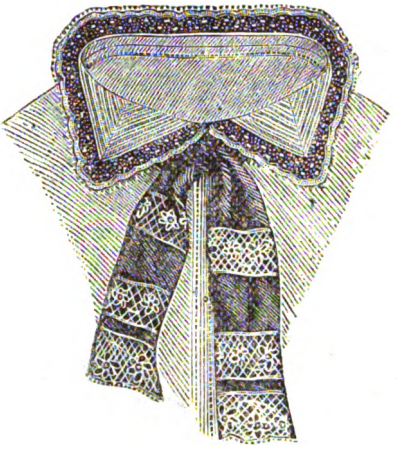
We give, next, a Knickerbock-suit for a little boy of four to six years. In this design, observe an entirely new style of trimming for the



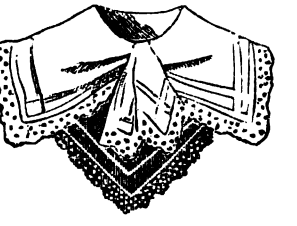
jacket of the suit. Light-gray casimere should be used, or pique or duck for summer wear. The white suits look remarkably well, made in this style, and trimmed with black worsted braid, though some give the preference to all white.

In the front of the number, we also give an evening frock for a little girl, from five to six years old. This dress may be made of pink-washing alpaca, or any other seasonable material. The skirt is bordered with a flounce, headed with a band of black velvet, and above the band with another row of velvet and an upright plaiting of alpaca. Body and sash to correspond. We give back and front views of this dress.

We also give, in the front of the number, two engravings of housewife's aprons, simple, cheap and useful articles. The material may be chintz or gingham. They require no description.



We give, here, a pretty and new design for a linen-collar, which can be made, from the engraving, by anybody. Also a very elegant style of collar.



Next we give, also in the front of the number, two patterns for white French muslin bodices. The first has narrow bias bands of fine linen, stitched down with the sewing-machine, and edged with a narrow Cluny lace. The other is cut to simulate an under chemisette The lappets of the over-waist are ornamented with embroidery, and edged with Valenciennes lace. Coat-sleeve slightly gathered at the hand, with a cuff to turn back, and a frill to fall over the hand, trimmed to match.

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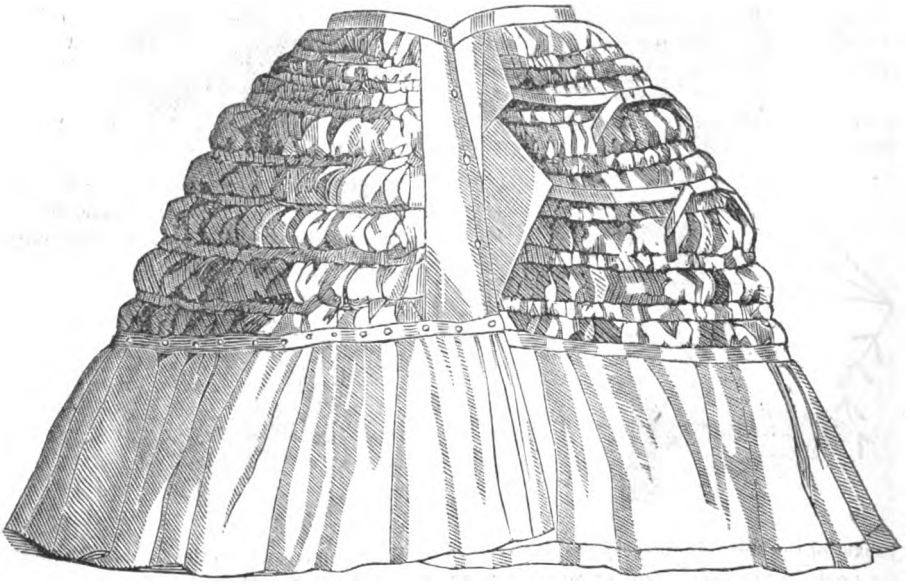
MEDALLION IN APPLIQUE AND EMBROIDERY

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an engraving of a medallion in applique and embroidery, for ornamenting baskets, port-folios, etc., etc. The middle is of white cloth or velvet; the center small circle is scarlet, veined with black, and the leaves are green. The inner crescents are scarlet, the outer black velvet The ground-work is white, and the edge-applique is scarlet. The small bar-work is in white, with green stitches across; the arabesques are violet, the outer-points green and gold; to the outside, light yellow; to the inside, gold and black silk stitches; black-edged yellow and small green raised dots

A USEFUL CRINOLINE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



Here is the most useful crinoline that has come under our notice, as by simply changing the flounce, it can be made available for either an ordinary costume or an evening toilet. We give, also, on the next page, a diagram. The portion represented comprises the upper part, and there are five pieces which represent one half of it. These pieces are front, back, two pieces for fastening the elastic straps to, and the band. They may be distinguished thus: The front has one notch, and is plain, the back (which is to be joined to it) has seven pricked horizontal lines; these indicate the position of the steels; the smaller of the two triangular pieces is joined to the top by the one notch, the larger by two notches. Elastic straps are to be sewn to each of these pieces, and they fasten to the corresponding straps on the other side with sliding buckles. The belt is made with drawing-strings at the back, plain in front, and fastening with a button. To the pattern here given a flounce is to be added. This flounce should measure four yards fourteen inches in width, and eighteen inches in

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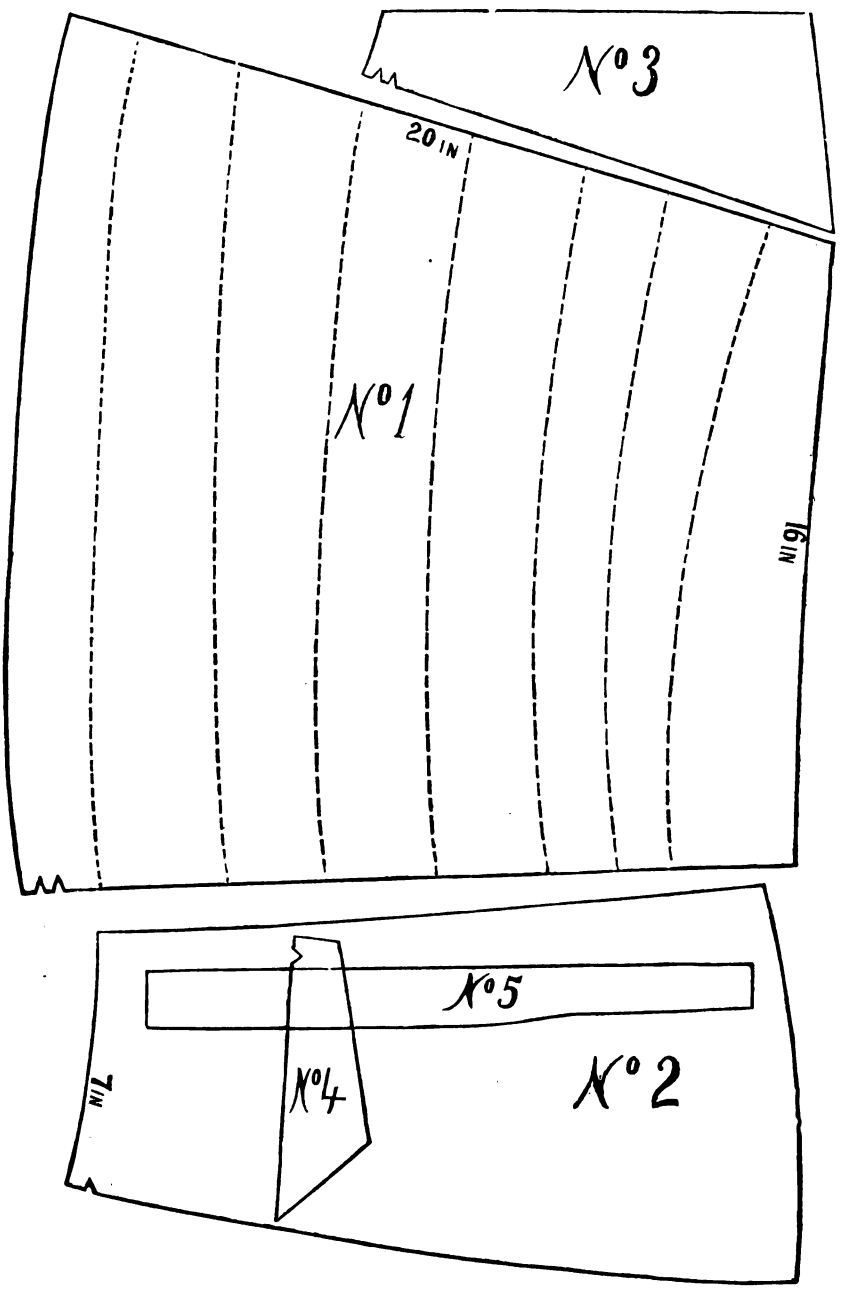
depth, terminating with a hem of five inches. It is gathered into a band the width of the skirt, and has button-holes about a finger apart, out the upper part coming to pieces. The material of the model petticoat is white *briliante*, but scarlet camlet for the upper part,



the buttons being sewn on the line which marks the second steel. The flounce can therefore be taken off and washed when requisite, with- and a white starched flounce for the lower also would answer. Both an inside and outside view is given.

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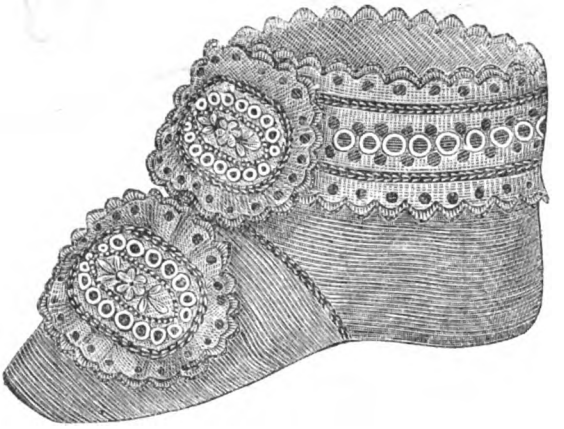
INFANT'S BOOT.

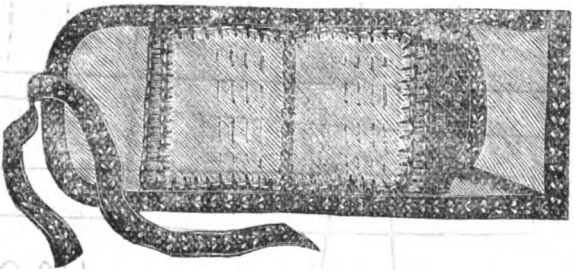
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, an illustration for an Infant's Boot, and in the front of the number a pattern, full size, by which to cut it out. The pattern represents the heel, sole and front. Any little pieces of silk or velvet will form the foundation of this boot. It should be neatly lined. The rosette and trimming round the upper part of the boot are worked in button-hole and satin stitch embroidery. The boot is tied in front with a lace or narrow ribbon under the rosette

NEEDLE-BOOK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The Needle-Book, in our design, is shown both open and closed. It may be made of silk, velvet, or cashmere, and is bound with a little fancy ribbon, half an inch wide. The outer part of needle-book is six inches and a half long, and two inches and a quarter wide. A lining of light silk of the same size is needdd.

At one end of the book a little pocket is placed, to put in whole packets of needles; and little flaps of fine flannel, worked with button-hole siitch at the edges, and fastened to the silk by herring-bone stitehes, are put in for needles.

The design at the head of this article represents the needle-book open, and shows the flaps of flannel for the needles. The other design is the needle-book closed.

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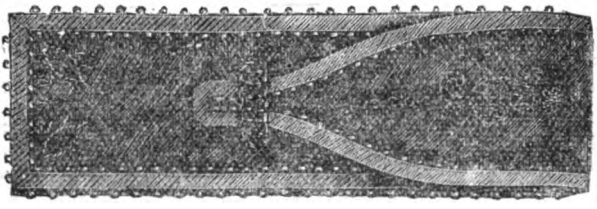
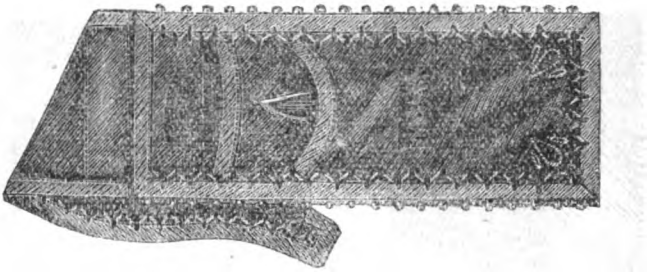
CASE FOR POCKET-COMB.

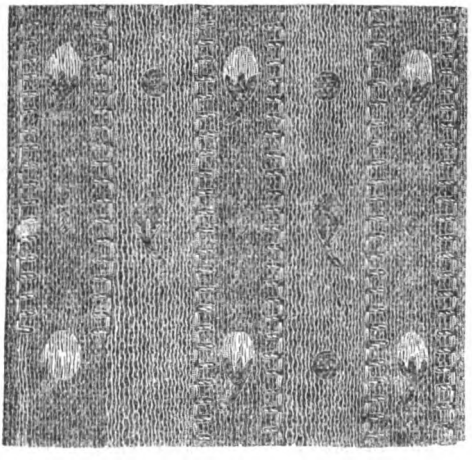
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Some thin cardboard must be chosen and cut to the required size, in four pieces of separate lengths, cut according to the pattern below, and covered with silk or velvet, according to taste. These pieces are sewn together at the edges, and the edges are bound with braid, and little embroidered designs ornament the corners. The two long pieces serve for the pincushion. Initials may be embroidered on the flap, according to the pattern above.



EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.



We give, here, a very pretty design for embroidery on flannel. It will serve equally well, however, for braid-work o ticking or on drilling.

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BOOK-MARK FOR CHURCH-BIBLE, ETC., ETC.

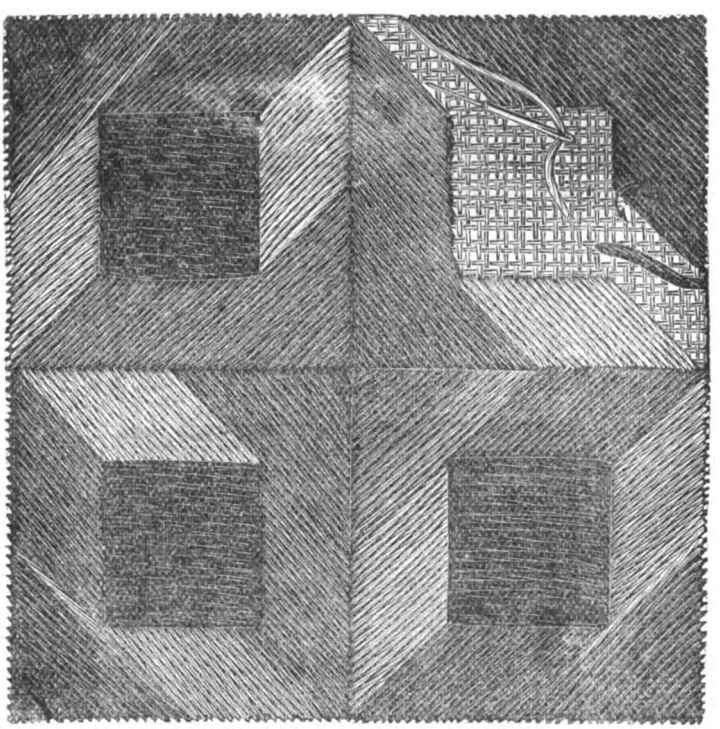
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for a book-mark, to be used in church, in a large Bible, hymn-book, prayer-book, etc., etc.

Work the design on velvet or satin, in fine gold, silver, or opaque glass beads. Or, work on fine canvas, and fill up the ground with yellow floss, or any other color to correspond with the church-furniture. It is much the easiest way to work on the canvas than upon the velvet or satin, as the latter requires an experienced hand. The design may be used for a great variety of purposes.

CUSHION IN BERLIN MOSAIC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The materials are Berlin wool in black and several colors, always two shades of one color; medium-sized canvas. No. II. gives the finished cushion, and No. I. represents a nearly finished square in full size, from which the size of the canvas and the slanting and straight lines may be easily worked. Sixteen of these squares, arranged in four rows, close together, are sufficient for the cushion, which is fifteen inches square, as clearly shown in placing the close, loose stitches over, which only cover the upper side of the canvas, and at the back appear like separate back stitches. The needles with the working thread, is always carried under a canvas-thread, alternately on one side and then on the other side edge, so, as shown in No. I.,

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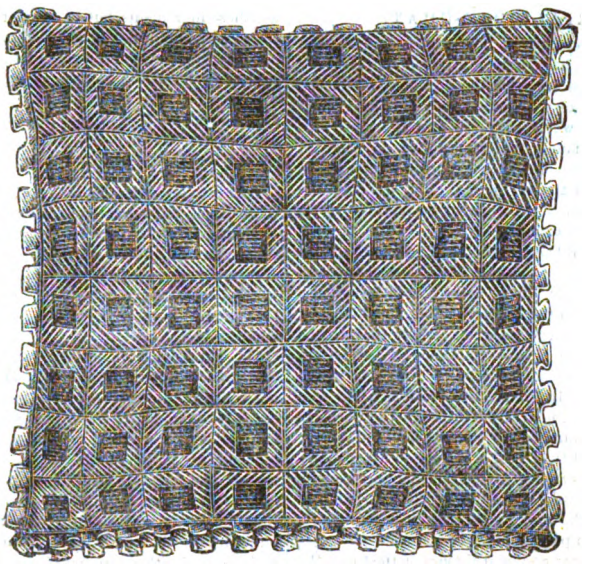
always to leave a canvas-thread untouched between each stitch. There must be shade of four or eight colors, in order to have light and dark alternately, or an entirely colored arrangement separated by black squares. The whole makes a beautiful cushion.

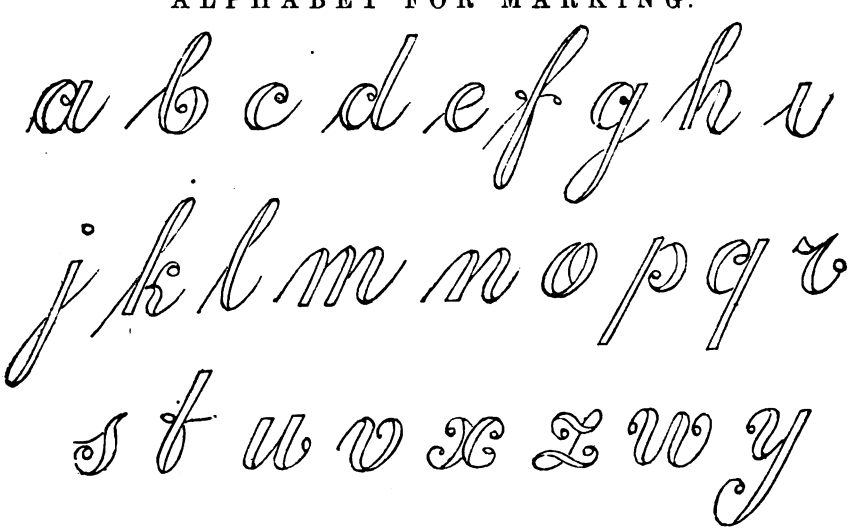


POCKET FOR TATTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an engraving of a pocket for tatting. For the groundwork, white cashmere, silk, or velvet may be used; and the little leaf-pattern may be worked with floselle or embroidery silk. Some lining will also be needed. The pocket is five and a half inches wide, and eight and a half inches long. It is joined together at the sides, and left open at the top to put the tatting in. The arrangement of strings is shown in design.

ALPHABET FOR MARKING.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

ECONOMICAL COOKERY, FRENCH BOUILLON, ETC., ETC.—The siege of Paris could not have been protracted half as long as it was, if it had not been for the economy which the French practise in cookery. For not only are the French the best cooks in the world, they are also the most economical. A French family will almost live on what an American family wastes. One of the things most famous in the French kitchen, is the *pot au feu*. But, perhaps, the reader asks what is this? The *pot au feu*, we regret to say, is almost unknown in this country.

The Scotch, owing probably to their ancient close connection with France, learned something of the culinary art and the use of *pot au feu*. In almost every Scotch farm-house and kitchen is to be seen the big earthen pot, in which bits of mutton, pork, beef, every vegetable almost that can be named, together with a liberal allowance of barley, are thrown. This furnishes the nourishing broth for which the Scotch are famous. In France, this broth develops into *bouillon*, one of the most nourishing dishes in the world, as well as one of the pleasantest to the palate. Bouillon is made as follows. Any quantity of beef, from one to five pounds, must be put into an earthen jar or pan, having a close-fitting lid, with a little salt, and water in the proportion of a quart for each pound. Boil it so as to skim the grease off, and then add carrots, a parsnip, leeks in abundance, turnips, celery, four ground cloves, and let it simmer on the top of the oven for from seven to ten hours. Only simmer—for a bouillon boiled is a bouillon spoiled. The meat and vegetables may be served on one dish, and the soup in another, with bread. The beef, when cold next day, can be eaten with shalot or tarragon vinegar.

As an illustration of what is done in France, with the simplest materials, we give the following story. "I was stopping at a humble little inn," says a traveler, "in the South of France, and saw a French gentleman empty his game-bag, the contents of which hardly attained in value to the achievements my earliest of school-days. There was certainly one quail, two or three jays, and what looked like a tame pigeon that had been starved; the rest were tomtits, wrens, and, I fear, one or two robin-redbreasts. Nevertheless our hostess joyfully announced her intention of making a *salmi* therewith, and I watched the operation with real interest. The birds were first cleaned as carefully as fowls; they were then rolled in thin pieces of fat bacon, and roasted for about twelve minutes. Afterward the wings and breasts were cut off and put aside. The rest was cleared off the bones and minced very fine with some shalots, garlic, cloves, salt. To this was added about half a bottle of white *vin du pays—vieux Barsac*, I think—and a few truffles and small mushrooms. This was all simmered together for a quarter of an hour, the wings and the breasts in reserve were thrown in, and it was served up on dry toast. I was invited to partake of it, and can conscientiously affirm that I have never before or since tasted anything more delicious."

The French are also famous for a fish soup called "the bouillabaisse," which Thackery has celebrated. It is composed of onions, tomatoes, oil, saffron, bread, flavored with herbs and garlic, and to be perfect, should contain specimens of thirty different kinds of fish. But it can be made of any kind of fish whatever, salt-water, or fresh-water, such as our coasts, lakes and rivers abound with: and fewer, or greater varieties may be used, according to the season, or locality. The chief thing is that it is a fish-soup, and that it can be made, so to speak, of odds and ends in fishes. Nor is the saffron, or even oil, necessary. The Marseilles fishermen use those ingredients, but to our taste "the bouillabaisse" is better without them. M. Francatelli, the famous authority in cookery, gives the following receipt: "Shred into a saucepan four onions, six tomatoes, thyme, and savory oil, and a wineglass full of vinegar, pepper, salt, and a pint of water for each person. Boil this for fifteen minutes, throw in what fish you have, cut in pieces, and when the fish is thoroughly cooked, serve with bread."

PERSONAL BEAUTY.—There is nothing, says a late medical writer, more unfavorable to female beauty than late hours. Women who, either from necessity or choice, spend most of the day in bed, and the night at work or in dissipation, have always a pale, faded complexion, and darkly rimmed and wearied eyes. Too much sleep is almost as hurtful as too little, and is sure to bloat the person with a pallid, unwholesome fat.

The diet also has a marked influence upon personal beauty Generous living is favorable to good looks, as it tends to fill out and give color and sleekness to the skin. A gross and excessive indulgence, however, in eating and drinking, is fatal to female charms, especially where there is a great tendency to "making flesh." Regularity of time in the daily repasts, and scientific cooking, are the best means of securing not only good health, but good looks. The appetite should never be wasted during the intervals between meals on pastry, confectionery, or any other tickler of the appetite which gratifies the taste but does not support the system.

Exercise is, of course, essential to personal beauty. It animates the whole physical life, quickens the circulation of the blood, heightens the color, develops the growth, and perfects the form of each limb and the entire body. It also gives elasticity and grace to every movement.

"THE DEER AMONG THE FERN."—Spring never comes that we do not think of a verse in the old ballad of Robin Hood, which our principal wood-engraving illustrates so well this month.

"In Summer when the shaws do shine,
And leaves be large and long,
It is full merry in forests fair
To hear the wild-bird's song.

"To see the deer draw to the glade,
And leave the hills so high,
And shadow them 'mid leaves of fern,
Under the greenwood tree."

In England the fern grows, in some places, about as high as a man's head, in the parks and forests, and you see the deer half buried in the huge leaves, as in our picture.

OUR STORIES AND NOVELETS attract universal attention. Says the Ithaca (N. Y.) Democrat:—"Peterson always continues to have something especially good in every number." Says the Richfield (N. Y.) Springs:—"Its stories are always first-class." Says the Shieldsboro Gazette:—"None but the most chaste articles appear in its columns." Says the Buckeye State:—"With such contributors as Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, the author of 'The Second Life,' the author of 'Kathleen's Love Story,' etc., etc., it cannot be other than popular."

VARIEGATING FLOWERS.—A really pretty effect can be produced on any colored flower—peony, rose, fuchsia, etc.—making them beautifully variegated, by holding the flower in the hollow of the inverted hands, and lighting a match underneath it, being careful not to let the flower get close enough to get scorched. It is the fume of the brimstone that does it, and the effect is sometimes so startling as to deceive a botanist into thinking he has discovered a new variety.

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It Is Still in Time to get up clubs for this Magazine. Back numbers to January, inclusive, can always be supplied. Additions may be made to clubs at the price paid by the rest of the club; and when enough additional names have been sent to make a second club, a second premium will be given.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems. By Lucy Hamilton Hooper. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—The author of these poems is evidently a woman of rare accomplishments. Her translations prove her to be as familiar with French and German as with her own language. These translations have very unusual merit. But they are of quite secondary importance, as even the best translations must be, when compar d with the original poems. These latter show rythmical ar d emotional power, ideality, and culture of the very highest kind. An atmosphere, so to speak, of thorough womanliness, pervades the book. It is eminently a healthy one. Some poets take us through gloomy caves, dark with night and horror; some into stifling laboratories, where human souls are put into retorts and analyzed; but this author leads us where fresh breezes blow, and free birds chirp and sing, and waters laugh and dance in the summer sunshine.

We copy "The Modern Belshazzar: Paris, July, 1870." The author appears to have been present in the French capital, when the Emperor declared war against Prussia. Her poem seems a prophecy.

"Fair rose Belshazzar's palace 'neath the sun;
Those who once entered there, with dazzled eyes,
Cried, 'Having seen this marvel, nought remains
To see save Paradise.

'For all enchantments human sense hath known
Herein we dream of loveliness combine;
We turn from all the other haunts of earth
To hail this spot divine.'

And in that regal hall a feast was set
And garlands wreathed, and 'neath the golden flame
Of countless torches rose exulting songs
That hymned Belshazzar's fame.

Pleasure was there, and luxury and sin,
Unhallowed aspirations, lust of pow'r;
These were the guests Belshazzar smiled to greet
In that triumphal hour.

But lo! the wine his minions poured was red,
Not with the healthful ruby of the Rhine;
Dread was the dull opaque that dimmed the cup
Beneath the torches' shine.

And at Belshazzar's side there sat a shape
Shadowy, shrouded, terrible to see,
To whom the monarch: 'Brother King, this feast
Is spread to honor thee.

'Behold, I turn from all my other guests,
Though fair of face and sweet with scented breath,
To bid my slaves pour forth thy fav'rite wine,
Thou mighty sovereign, Death!'

E'en as he speaks, the lights in golden flame
Leap up and vanish, in a rayless gloom,
And that which was the banquet-hall of kings
Seems but a mighty tomb.

And o'er the wall, lit by supernal light,
There stray the fingers of a spectral hand,
Tracing in flaming characters the doom
That waits the fated land.

And pale Belshazzar totters from his throne,
An abject, terrified, discrowned thing;
Sceptre and crown fall clashing to the floor,
And Death alone is King!

The songs are hushed, all guests, save one, are fled.
The spilled wine steals in red streams through the hall;
O'er withered wreath and shattered flagon flames
The writing on the wall!"

The book is handsomely printed. A portrait of the author embellishes the volume.

Our Girls. By Dio Lewis, A. M., M. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this work is already favorably known to the public as a writer on health. His "New Gymnastics, for Men, Women and Children" is an excellent book of its kind. So also is his "Weak Lungs, and How to Make Them Strong." The present volume is full of good precepts, and though some of Mr. Lewis' notions are rather crochetty, the book, on the whole, is meritorious.

The Black Tulip. By Alexander Dumas. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A capital story, founded on the rage for rare tulips, which, in a former day, existed in Holland. Few novelists enjoy a popularity equal to that of Dumas. In vivacity of style, in the skill of his plots, and in the never-ending fertility of his invention, he is without a rival. His recent death has given a new impetus to the demand for his writings.

The Apple Culturist. By S. E. Todd. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—An excellent and very thorough treatise, to aid in propagating the apple and in cultivating and managing orchards. It is full of illustrations, that add to its practical value. Every farmer should have an apple orchard, however small; and whoever has an apple orchard ought to have this book.

Wonderful Escapes. Revised from the French of F. Bernard, and Original Chapters Added. By Richard Whiteing. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: C. Scribner & Co.—Just the book for boys. It forms part of the "Illustrated Library of Wonders" of which we have so often spoken. There are twenty-six illustrations.

In Exile. Translated from the German of W. Von. St. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A very interesting story, full of love and adventure. The translation is well done. The volume is handsomely printed and bound. "In Exile" will be one of the most popular fictions of the season.

The Old Mam'selle's Secret. Translated by Mrs. A. L. Wistar. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A new and very handsome edition of the best of Marlitt's novels. The translation is so well done, so exceptionally well done indeed, that the story reads as if originally written in English, instead of in German.

Notes, Explanatory and Practical, On the Acts of the Apostles. By Albert Barnes. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—What we said of the "Notes on the Gospels," in our April number, we can repeat in reference to this volume. The edition is a revised one.

Earl's Dene. By R. E. Francillon. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A reprint of a novel that has been running through Blackwood's Magazine. It is by a new writer, and is full of action.

Charles O'Malley. By Charles Lever. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A new edition of the best novel of Irish character that ever was written. It is in double column and in legible type.

Irene, a Tale of Southern Life: and Hathaway Strange. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—Two stories, each of considerable merit, published together in a handsome octavo volume, with paper cover.

Heavenward Led. By Jane R. Somners. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: Porter & Cootes.—A novel of the good old school of perfect heroines and immaculate heroes. It is well written, however, and will have many admirers.

Thistle-Down. By Esmeralda Boyle. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A volume of poems by a new aspirant for fame. One of the best of the poems is "After the Battle."

Daisy Nichol. By Lady Hardy. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A reprint of a late English novel, by a comparatively new writer.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

SILK FINISHED MOHAIR.—A very nice material, which we can recommend to our readers, is the Beaver Brand Trade-Mark-Patented, Silk-Finished, Pure-Black Mohairs. They are finished alike on both sides, have a charming lustre, and are that rarity, a pure shade of a fast black. We know of no more desirable dress-goods for the season. Peake, Opdycke & Co. are the sole importers, but all first-class retail dry goods dealers sell the article.

A WONDERFUL NOVELTY.—The Combination Pocket-Mirror, Writing-Tablet and Pin-Case. A perfect little bijou. An absolute necessity for the porte-monnaie, pocket, or work-box, of every lady and gentleman. *Needed by all.* In elegant gilt case, *neat, pretty* and *useful.* Try one. Sent prepaid, carefully packed, for only 25 cents; 5 for $1; 12 for $2, by addressing the sole proprietors, HUNTER & Co., Hinsdale, N. H.

KEEPS ITS PROMISES.—The Mechanic Falls (Me.) Herald, speaking of this Magazine, says:—"It is certainly the ladies favorite all over the country. Among the many similar publications which present themselves as candidates for the approval and patronage of the ladies, we have seen no one which is so very excellent, and in which the promises of the publishers are kept with such scrupulous fidelity."

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE LEADING JOURNAL.—The Bloomington (Ills.) Democrat says of this Magazine:—"It is just the thing for ladies, being the leading journal of fashion in the United States." The New Lisbon (O.) Patriot sums up, by saying, "it is the best Magazine published."

IN OUR ARTICLE on Asbestos Roofing, in Arm-Chair of April number, we intended to give the address of the manufacturer for the benefit of our readers. We now supply the omission. Mr. H. W. Johns, 78 William street, New York, is the inventor, and will furnish any desired information.

THE CELEBRATED BRAND BLACK ALPACAS, the trade-mark for which was patented in 1868, still hold their place as prime favorites in the market. If you have not tried these Alpacas, try a dress, made of them, this season.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

SCARLET FEVER.—The Medical Board of London has issued the following directions on the measures necessary to arrest the spread of this disease. As the rules apply equally to all countries we give them here.

"It is quite possible," says the Board, "to check scarlet fever, if adequate means be taken to destroy the emanations of the sick, so that they shall not infect the healthy. For this purpose the sick must be separated, either by putting them into rooms apart, or by sending them out to a sick-house, or, which is better, by removing the healthy to another house. The infecting matter of the disease resides in the excretions of the mouth, throat, and lungs, of the bowels and kidneys, of the skin, and of the suppurating surfaces common toward the close of the disease. Disinfection should be applied assiduously to the mouth, nose, and throat, as each case may require, by gargling, swabbing, or syringing with a teaspoonful of Condy's Fluid to a pint of water; the excreta of the bowels and kidneys should be well dosed with carbolic acid before they leave the bedside; the air of the sick-room should be occasionally freshened by dispersing Condy's Fluid (diluted as above) by means of a vaporiser, and the door-way should be hung with a sheet well sprinkled with carbolic acid, so that there may be no mixing of tainted air with that of the body of the house. It can do no harm to oil the skin during the height of the fever, but what is of real consequence is the persevering use of warm soapy baths, as soon as the patient can take them, and through the convalescence, till the skin has done peeling and the throat and nose are healed. All handkerchiefs, towels, and linen, before leaving the room should be steeped in boiling water, containing a teaspoonful of chloride of soda or of Condy's liquid to a pint; and when the disease is over, the bedding and clothing of the patient and his attendants, all floors, walls, and ceilings, and the surface of all furniture on which infectious matter may have settled, should be scraped or cleansed with a disinfectant and fumigated. Moreover, disinfecting fluids (as carbolic acid) should be poured freely after the slops from the sick-room into the closets, sinks, drains, and sewers, and into every place around the house where decaying organic matter can be harbored.

"The persons attending on the sick should wear glazed or smooth dresses by preference; they should often wash their hands, especially before eating, and should mix as little as possible with the family.

"For fumigating infected rooms and their contents, nothing is better than sulphur. A quarter of a pound of brimstone, broken into small pieces, should be put into an iron dish (or the lid of an iron sauce-pan turned upside down,) supported by a pair of tongs over a bucket of water. The chimney and other hangings are then closed with paper pasted on, and a shovelful of live coals is put upon the brimstone. The door is then quickly shut, the crevices covered with paper and paste, and the room kept closed for five or six hours. After this a thorough cleansing should be effected; everything washable should be washed, and all other things be cleansed by proper means.

"Fumigating of clothes, etc., may be easily carried out on a small scale by burning a sufficient quantity of brimstone matches.

"Provided there be no unsuspected drain, sewer, gully, water-closet, pipe, or cistern, or other source whence the houses receive fresh infection, scarlet fever can be and daily arrested in private houses by the above means carried out in detail; but only by persons having space, wealth, intelligence, and the wish to save life. It is far otherwise in the crowded houses of the poor, where the healthy are mixed with the sick and even with the dead."

ROSES AND ROSE-GARDENS.

SELECTION OF ROSES, ETC.—In our two preceding numbers, we spoke of the best manure for Roses. We shall now have a few words to say about selections, etc., etc. But, first, we will remark, in addition to what we have already laid down in relation to laying out a garden, that, if the garden was to be extensive, we should desire a piece of broken natural ground, surrounded on all sides but the south with sloping banks, on which evergreens above should screen and beautify by contrast the roses blooming beneath; and in the center we would have, at irregular intervals, mounds high enough to obstruct the view even of Arba, great among the Anakims, which would enable us to surprise, to vary, and to conceal, according to the golden rule, which we have before quoted. On the level from which these mounds arose would be the beds and single specimens; at the corners, our bowers and nooks. The inner walks should be grass, but there ought to be an outer promenade of gravel, smooth and dry for the thinnest boots, when the turf is damp with rain or dew, and when the queen wears her diamonds of purest water, as in the days

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of Mary and Anna. We would have the approaches to a rosary made purposely obscure and narrow, that the visitor might come with a sudden gladness and wonder upon the glowing scene.

The best climbing rose, after all, is the Gloire de Dijon, commonly classed with the tea-scented China roses, but more closely resembling the Noisette family in its robust growth and hardy constitution. Planted against a wall having a southern or eastern aspect, it grows, when once fairly established, with a wonderful luxuriance. Its flowers are the earliest and latest; it has symmetry, size, endurance, color (fine tints are given to it in the Rose-catalogues, buff, yellow, orange, fawn, salmon, and it has them all,) and perfume. It is good in every point for wall, arcade, pillar, standard, dwarf, in a mass, or as a single tree. It is easy to cultivate, out of doors and in. It forces admirably, and you may have it, almost in its summer beauty, when Christmas snows are on the ground. With half-a-dozen pots of it, carefully treated, and half-a-dozen trees in your garden, you may enjoy it all the year round.

As to treatment. In pruning, take away all weakly wood, and you may then deal with the strong as you please. If you want to increase the height of your tree, cut boldly and low. If you desire short flowering laterals you may have them, a dozen on a shoot, or from as many "eyes" as you like to leave on it. Keep a sharp look-out, when pruning, for wood diseased or decayed; and all crippled limbs and unhealthy flesh should, of course, be amputated.

We are inclined to award to climbing Devoniensis the second prize in its class. This offspring of, or, as we technically term it, "sport" from the lovely tea-scented rose, Devonientensis, has all the beauty of the mother—form, complexion, sweetness—without that tendency to rapid decline which the parent exhibits sometimes in our climate.

Since the time when, a baby in floriculture, we first began to "take notice" of roses, more than twenty years ago, three new stars of special brightness have glittered in our firmament—Gloire de Dijon, Charles Lefebvre, and Marechal Niel. The latter is, we think, the greatest acquisition, because we had, previous to its introduction, no hardy yellow rose, realizing, as this does—in the wonderful beauty of its flowers, their size, shape, color, fragrance, longevity, abundance, in the amplitude of its glossy leaves, and the general habit of the plant—our every desire and hope. We possessed some approximations to Gloire de Dijon in our tea and Bourbon roses. Charles Lefebvre was a development of General Jacqueminot; but of a hardy golden rose, more precious and more welcome a thousand times than those golden roses which popes have sent to favored kings, we saw no harbinger. The beautiful old yellow province was all but extinct. The few splendid petals of the Persian yellow only increased our *sacra fames auri*—the egg-cup made us long for the tankard of gold. Solfaterre had not depth of color, and its flowers were faulty in shape; cloth-of-gold was not meant to be worn out of doors, and was quickly tarnished by rough weather; and even the Marechal's own mother, Isabella Gray, had displayed such feeble charms that no one mourned her sterility. Suddenly, unexpectedly, she produced a paragon. Having grown the Marechal Niel, both in beds and on a wall—and this, we rejoice to say, in the fullest phase of its beauty—we believe it to be perfectly hardy, and likely to be the king of climbers. A climbing rose-tree is the one which should be the least accessible to destructive influence, seeing that the sad signs of decay and death are more painfully and prominently displayed upon it, and the harm done less quickly repaired. At first, this rose was budded on the Manetti, but it is now found that it grows and blooms most vigorously when budded on the brier. The Banksian rose is also a most genial stock for the Marechal Niel, and if any of our readers are the happy proprietors of the former, *under glass*, we advise them by all means to bud the latter upon it.

Lamarque, the parent of cloth-of-gold, well deserves a place on some sunny wall, growing very rapidly, and being one of the earliest roses to charm us with its refined and graceful flowers. These are large and full, the outer petals of a soft pure white, the inner of a pale straw-color.

None of the roses which we have just described are classified in the catalogues, or by writers on the rose, among the climbers; but we have ventured so to consider and to commend them, for the obvious reason that they are as capable of climbing as Jack's Bean-stalk, and that they produce more beautiful roses than the other nomad or wandering tribes. These are the Ayrshire, the Evergreen, the Banksian, the Boursault, the Multiflora, and the Hybrid Climbing.

The Ayrshire and Evergreen roses—it should be *Evergreen, if the weather permit*—have many claims upon our grateful admiration. If we have an ugly, red-faced, staring wall, which seems to glory in its ugliness, they will hide its deformities more quickly than any other rose, or any other creeper with which we have acquaintance. With their shining leaves and their pretty clusters of white, pink-tinted flowers, they will flourish where no others can grow—in the waste places of the earth, in damp, dismal corners, under trees and up them, if you wish. Other members of these two families are alike successful in surmounting hardships—*e. g.*, among the Ayrshires, Dundee Rambler, Queen of Belgians, Ruga, (with its faint odor of the ancestral Tea, which intermarried, it is said, with the roses of Ayr,) and Thoresbyana, and among the Evergreens, Adelaide d'Orleans, Felicite Perpetuelle, (who would not desire to have a rose so named upon his house?) Myrianthes, and the two Princesses, Marie and Louise. These roses are also most appropriate for covering bowers in the rosarium, or arched entrances leading to it. They are very effective upon banks and slopes, which they seem to flood with a white cascade of roses; and budded upon tall standards of the Brier, they may soon be trained into weeping-roses—into fountains of leaves and flowers.

The Banksian rose is, indeed,

> "A miniature of loveliness, all grace
> Summed up and closed in little;"

and both the yellow and white varieties—the latter having a sweet perfume, as though it had just returned from a visit to the violet—should be in every collection of mural roses. The plants should be on their own roots, and these roots should be well protected during the winter months. It cannot be warranted perfectly hardy, but with careful [illegible]ing there is scarcely one frost in a lifetime which will kill it. [illegible] be injured even to the ground, but it will come [illegible]ith wondrous rapidity. Under favorable circumstances, the growth of this rose is most luxuriant. [illegible]rench writer on roses tells us of a tree at Toulon, which covered a wall seventy-five feet in breadth and fifteen to eighteen in height, and which had fifty thousand flowers in simultaneous bloom; and specimens may be seen in our own gardens and conservatories, which repress any unbelief. The trees should be pruned when they have flowered in summer, so that a fresh growth of laterals may be well ripened before winter, and bloom in the ensuing spring.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

TO COOK LOBSTER.

Lobster-Salad.—Boil four eggs hard; when quite cold, carefully open and take out the yolks; mash them with a fork, then add two teaspoonfuls of mustard and the same quantity of salt, some white pepper and a little Cayenne, mixed well together, add four dessert-spoonfuls of vinegar, and one of lemon-pickle. To this mixture, when quite

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smooth, add the spawn of the lobster and half a pint of cream. Having boiled the lobster, cut the meat into bits, and stir it in the sauce, with a white onion, nicely minced. Cut your lettuce, with small salad, or any other kind, and place it upon the lobster, garnishing with the whites of the eggs, sliced. *Cutlets.*—Take out all the meat of a large boiled lobster, mince it, and add to it two ounces of butter, which has been browned, with two spoonfuls of flour, seasoned with a little pepper, salt, and Cayenne. Add about half a pint of strong stock, stir it over the fire until quite hot; put it in separate tablespoonfuls on a large dish. When cold, make these into the shape of cutlets, brush them over with the beaten yolk of an egg, dip them into grated bread-crumbs, and fry them of a light-brown color, in clarified beef-dripping, and dish them with a little fried parsley in the center. *Stewed Lobster.*—Pick the lobster from the shell, when boiled, and put the spawn into a dish, with a spirit-lamp under it, and rub it down with a piece of butter, two spoonfuls of good gravy of any sort, one of walnut catsup, a small quantity of salt and Cayenne, and a spoonful of port wine. Stew the lobster, and cut into bits, in the gravy. *Another kind.*—Put the lobster into a stew-pan, with vinegar, claret, butter, suet, and nutmeg; stew it rather dry, then take it up and place it in a dish, pour butter over it, and garnish with slices of lemon. *Lobster Cake.*—Pound the meat of two boiled lobsters with some lean of raw ham, some beef-marrow, the yolks of four eggs, a bit of bread, soaked in cream, a little mace, pounded, Cayenne pepper, and salt. Color the whole with lobster-spawn, then line a mould with thin slices of fat bacon, press down the mixture into it, cover it with thin, fat bacon, and put on the cover of the mould, and let it bake an hour and a half, and then stand till cold; turn it out of the mould, take away the fat, and serve up with a garnish of parsley and savory jelly round it. *Broiled Lobster.*—When the lobsters are boiled, split their tails and chines, crack the claws, pepper and salt them; take out their bodies, put them again into the shell, and then on the gridiron over a clear fire, also the tails and claws; baste them with butter, and serve with melted butter for sauce. *Lobster Curry.*—Take them from their shells, divide into neat portions, and lay them in a pan; make a liquor for them in the following manner: Slice two large onions, and lightly fry them, add about four teaspoonfuls of curry-powder, some flour and butter for thickening, and a pint of good gravy, with part of the bodies of the lobsters, pounded. Boil for half an hour, skim, and pass through a fine sieve over the lobsters in the pan, and add lemon-juice and salt. Simmer half an hour, and just before serving add two spoonfuls of cream, then serve quite hot with plain boiled rice. *Roasted Lobster.*—More than half-boil it, take it out of the water; while hot rub it well with butter, put it in a Dutch-oven, baste it well till nicely frothed, and serve with melted butter.

VEGETABLES.

Potato Snow-Balls.—Take the white mealy kind of potatoes; pare them, and put them into just boiling water enough to cover them; add a little salt; when boiled tender drain off the water, and let them steam till they break to pieces; take them up, put two or three together in a strong cloth, and press them tight, in the form of a ball; then lay them carefully in your dish so as not to fall apart. Potatoes are very nice, and more healthy, roasted in the oven. Sweet potatoes require, at least, a third more longer time to boil, than the common potato, and should never be pared before cooking. They are better roasted than boiled.

Potato-balls for Breakfast.—Pare and boil dry the potatoes as directed, then put them into a hot pan and mash with a lump of butter and a little salt; beat this well, and make it into little cakes, or roll it into balls, and dip them into egg, and sprinkle with bread-crumbs; fry a nice brown.

Another Mode.—Select good-sized potatoes, wash them, but do not pare them; put them in a clean sauce-pan, but do not drown them with water, as is usually done; let only an inch of cold water be in the pot, and cover up the pot to prevent the steam from escaping—most boiled things are spoiled for want of water, but potatoes require very little; let them come to a good boil, then set them aside to simmer, until they are soft enough to admit a fork, then drain off all the water, uncover the pot, but set it not too near to burn, and all the moisture will then evaporate; moderate-sized potatoes will, if attended to, be done in twenty minutes.

Potatoes a la Maitre d'Hotel.—Boil the potatoes; before they are quite done take them up, place them aside, and let them get cold; cut them in slices of moderate thickness; place in a stew-pan a lump of fresh butter, and a teaspoonful of flour; let the butter boil, and add a teacupful of broth; let it boil, and add the potatoes, which you have covered with parsley, chopped fine, and seasoned with pepper and salt, stew them five minutes, remove them from the fire; beat up the yolk of one egg with a tablespoonful of water and a little lemon-juice. The sauce will set, then dish up the potatoes and serve hot.

Fricasseed Potatoes.—Pare and slice, half an inch in thickness, into cold water, the required quantity of potatoes, wash them well, put them into a clean sauce-pan, pour over them cold water enough to half cover them, close the pot tightly, and let them cook fifteen minutes; drain off every drop of water; have ready half a pint of cream or new milk, a large spoonful of good butter, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and some salt; pour this over the potatoes, shake them around, and just heat up. Serve hot.

Cold-Slaw.—Cut a cabbage in half and with a sharp knife shave it down very finely. Make a dressing of one egg, well beaten, half a gill of vinegar, salt to taste, and a teaspoonful of butter. Beat the egg light, and add to it the vinegar, salt, and butter. As soon as the egg is thick, take it off the fire, set it away to cool, then pour it over the cabbage, and mix it well together. Some prefer a little sugar in the egg and vinegar.

Spinach.—Wash and pick it well, then put it into a bag of coarse muslin, pour over it plenty of hot water, with a little salt in it; boil fifteen minutes, take it out and shake off all the water, chop it finely, and put it into a sauce-pan with a large spoonful of good butter, a little pepper, and grated nutmeg; stew it five minutes, dish it, and garnish with a hard-boiled egg, sliced, and laid on the top.

Hot-Slaw.—Cut the cabbage in half, and shave it very finely. Put it into a stew-pan, with a piece of butter, and salt to the taste. Pour in just enough water to prevent it from sticking to the pan. Cover it closely, and let it stew. Stir it frequently, and when it is quite tender, add a little vinegar, and serve it hot.

DESSERTS.

Caromel-Pudding.—Seven ounces of sugar, dissolved in a pan in water, and burnt; take a tin, and line the inside with a coating of it; in another pan one pint of new milk, sweetened to your taste, the yolks of seven eggs and whites of two, beaten well together; when the milk boils, pour it upon the eggs, and mix it; pour it into the tin, and put it into a pan with three inches of water, and steam it for three quarters of an hour; when quite cold, turn it into a dish.

Solid Custard.—One ounce of isinglass, two pints of new milk, one dozen of bitter almonds, pounded, the yolks of four eggs, sugar to taste. Dissolve the isinglass in the milk, add the pounded almonds, put the mixture on the fire, and let it boil a few minutes. Pour it through a sieve, then add the yolks of the eggs, well beaten; sweeten to your taste. Put it on the fire until it thickens, stir it till nearly cold, and put it into a mould.

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Puddings without Eggs.—Brown Charlotte Pudding.—Butter a pudding-mould thickly, sprinkle brown sugar over the butter, and line the mould with slices of bread, thickly buttered; cut some baking-apples into slices, place them in the mould in layers, with grated lemon-peel, candied-citron, and orange-peel to taste, and a little sugar between each layer of apples; fill up the mould, cover it with a slice o bread, soaked in a little warm water, bake three hours in a moderate oven, turn it out of the mould, and serve it hot. *Cup Puddings.*—Beat three ounces of butter to a cream, add to it two ounces of pounded sugar, stir in three ounces of flour, and then a pint of milk; put the mixture into buttered cups, and bake it twenty minutes. *Gingerbread-Pudding.*—Grate six ounces of stale bread, and mix with it six ounces of suet, chopped fine, and two ounces of flour; add a teaspoonful of ground ginger, and mix all well together with half a pound of molasses; put it into a mould, and boil it two hours. *Leicester Pudding.*—Mix a teaspoonful of soda with two teacupfuls of flour, a quarter of a pound of suet, half a pound of stoned raisins, sugar, grated lemon-peel, and nutmeg to taste; mix all well together with a pint of milk; put it in a mould, boil for two hours and a half, and serve with sweet sauce.

Lemon-Sponge.—I think "A Berkshire Subscriber" will find the following an excellent recipe for lemon-sponge:—Soak half an ounce of gelatine in a pint of water for an hour, then add a quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar, the rind and juice of a large lemon; put in a pan and simmer on the fire until the gelatine is dissolved; strain into a large pitcher, let it remain until it is quite a jelly, when the white of one egg must be added, and the whole whisked thoroughly well for an hour; put into moulds previously rinsed in cold water. When turned out it should look like snow.

Cre m Sauce.—Boil a half a pint of cream; thicken it with a teaspoonful of flour, and put in a large lump of butter; sweeten to your taste; and when cold, add wine, or brandy, if you desire.

Snow Pudding.—Half an ounce of gelatine to half a pint of water, half a pound of pounded sugar, whites of two eggs, and the juice of two lemons; whip for twenty minutes, then put into a mould.

Whipped-Cream.—In skimming the cream for whipping be sure to take up none of the milk. Whip always the one way, and do not add your sugar or flavoring till your cream is half-whipped. I have never known this fail.

SANITARY.

Excellent Dentifrice.—Procure a lump of whitening, and scrape off as much in fine powder as will fill a pint-pot; take two ounces of camphor, moisten it with a few drops of brandy or spirits of wine, and rub it into a powder; mix this with the whitening, and add to it half an ounce of powdered myrrh; put the whole into a wide-mouthed bottle and cork down. If too strong of the camphor it will be easy to add a little more whitening.

Toothache.—The Lancet says toothache can be cured by the following preparation: To one drachm of collodion add two drachms of Calvert's carbolic acid. A gelatinous mass is precipitated, a small portion of which inserted in the cavity of an aching tooth, invariably gives immediate relief.

Oil for Thickening the Hair.—Sweet oil, three ounces: oil of lavender, one drachm. Apply morning and evening to those parts where the hair is wanting, in consequence of a deficiency in the moisture of the skin.

Pippermint Cordial.—Pour one quart of boiling water upon half a pound of loaf-sugar; stir till the sugar dissolves; add twenty-four drops of the oil of peppermint. Bottle while warm.

Curling Fluid.—Melt a piece of white wax about the size of a nutmeg, in one ounce of olive oil. Scent it with a few drops of ottar of roses.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED SILK, WITH A CREPE OVER-DRESS.—The silk skirt is made with three graduated ruffles, put on with a narrow bias band of silk. The crepe over-dress is trimmed with wide, knotted fringe, looped high up on the hip by a bow, with long ends of crepe of a darker shade than the dress. The crepe-basque is open at the sides, and also trimmed with fringe. Straw hat, trimmed with wheat and ribbon.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF PEARL-COLORED PONGEE.—The skirt is trimmed with three scant flounces, put on beneath a plaited heading of the same material; plain waist and tight sleeves. Black grenadine tunic, trimmed with black lace and velvet; it is looped high up, far back, with bows of black velvet; the waist of the tunic is trimmed with bretelles of velvet and lace, and the wide, open sleeve is ornamented to match. Straw bonnet, trimmed with violets.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLUE SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with five flounces; these flounces being of a lighter shade of blue than the body of the dress, the other two being of the same color; these flounces are edged with a narrow, white lace. The deep basque reaches nearly to the top flounce, and is of the lighter shade of silk, with a ruffle of the darker shade; the square neck and coat-sleeves are also trimmed with the darker silk. Straw hat, trimmed with blue velvet and long white plume.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF VENETIAN-GREEN SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with five plaited ruffles of white muslin, edged by a narrow imitation Valenciennes lace; at a little distance above each ruffle is a band of green velvet. The waist is low in the neck, with short sleeves; over this is worn a white muslin basque, with long sleeves, trimmed with a plaited ruffle and green velvet ribbon; a series of white ruffles and green velvet bows is placed at the back of the basque. Straw, half-gipsy hat, trimmed with green silk, in a fan-like shape, and large cluster of violets.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF MAIZE-COLORED FOULARD.—The skirt has one deep ruffle, scalloped at the bottom, and headed by a full ruche of silk; the tunic is trimmed in the same way, with a narrow ruffle, and is looped up at the sides; the basque is cut open, and square in front, is deep at the sides, but very short at the back, where it forms only a coat-basque, and, like the very wide sleeves, is trimmed to match the skirt.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF PEARL-COLORED MOHAIR.—For a full description of this, see the article, "Every-Day Dresses, etc.," on a preceding page.

FIG. VII.—PIQUE WALKING-DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY.—For a full description of this, see also the article, "Every-Day Dresses."

FIG. VIII.—HOME OR EVENING TOILET FOR A YOUNG LADY.—For a full description of this, see also the article. "Every-Day Dresses."

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give, in addition to our steel plate, numerous wood-cuts, including several children's dresses, also hats, bonnets, etc., etc.

Old materials with new names appear on the counters of our best stores; a wool serge, that is very finely twilled, and has a satin stripe near the selvedge, with a fringe attached, which is to be used for the trimming, comes in all the new and pretty shades; the trimming sometimes being of a darker shade than the dress, sometimes of a contrasting color; then there is an English mohair at a less price, which is a wiry combination of cotton and wool; the Japanese silk, which has been worn for several seasons, a silk and linen article which looks temptingly beautiful in the store, but which does not wear well, as it very soon crumples; the gray serges formed of alternatives of black and white; buff and gray linens; lawns and muslins, French, and English, and American chintzes; grenadines, gauzes, organdys,

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etc., etc., too numerous to mention. In fact, the difficulty is what to choose out of so vast a collection.

As to the Styles of making, there is but little change yet; the new dresses that have come out are not very much varied from those of the past winter. As to the Berlin fashions, which some of our cotemporaries have been trying to introduce, they are unutterably ugly. Paris is, and must always remain, the fountain-head of fashion. Nobody, with any pretensions to style, will dress after any other models. The deservedly popular black silk costume is as much worn as ever; black, gray, and light-brown cashmere over-skirts and paletots are in high favor for spring; but will have to give place to something cooler as the season advances. For walking-dresses the looped-up over-skirt is still made; flounces and ruffles are also worn; black lace is used on black dresses, but not much on lighter ones; fringe is a good deal worn, but is too expensive ever to become common; gimp is a great deal used to head ruffles, lace, fringe, etc., but the handsome sort is very expensive. Black grenadine suits are being made in great numbers; they should be worn over black silk under-skirts; all costumes are made long, too long, and lie on the floor two inches at least, some three or four inches.

Evening-Dresses are decidedly long and full at the back, quite train-shaped, and with large panier rising quite high behind, while in front the skirt is perfectly plain and rather short. Few sashes are worn, excepting by very young ladies. but bows are large and numerous in most of the ball-dresses. There is always, or nearly always, a very full bow upon the bosom; these corsage-knots, as they are called, correspond, of course, to the trimming of the dress.

A Beautiful Dress for a young lady has just been made in Paris. It is of milk-white gauze, made with three skirts, the under-one flounced, the two upper-ones looped-up with bunches of blush roses and lilies of the valley; the draperies of the waist were looped-up with sprigs of the same flowers, and edged with a soft fringe of floss silk; coiffure to correspond.

If the Crinoline is going out, the *tournure* has increased more than ever. It is now quite a large panier, rising high above the waist, and altogether of vast dimensions. The skirts of dresses have to be made very full and ample at the back and sides, so as to fall gracefully over this panier.

The Passementerie Trimmings for dresses and mantles are excessively rich and elegant. Many are made in very large detached patterns, and intended to cover the whole of the front breadth of a skirt. We lately saw a very rich black silk trimmed in this manner. It had two skirts; the under-one, merely touching the ground, was ornamented with a splendid pattern of fern-leaves and lilies, interspersed with jet, entirely covering the tablier. The train had a very handsome border of the same, seven inches wide all round, and running up each seam to the waist where it became so narrow as to be merely a delicate tracery. The postillion basque bodice and sleeves were also very profusely trimmed.

Plaitings of white tarlatan are again in great favor for trimming silk dresses, and exceedingly well they look when the dress is black. Sometimes black lace is added above the tarlatan, and sometimes black Duchess lace is to be seen over white blond. Tarlatan plaitings, although economical to commence with, are not cheap in the end, for when once their freshness has departed they are useless. Embroidered muslin is, therefore, used in their stead, as it can be washed and come out as good as new; whereas tarlatan must be consigned to the rag-bag. The white muslin plaitings are used on black silk dresses, and likewise on dresses of fancy materials, but in the latter case black lace is not added above them. If tarlatan is used, it is mounted as a plaiting; if white muslin, it is gathered into a flounce.

The New Veils are made extremely large. Imagine a goodly-sized square of lace; it is now worn over the bonnet in such a way that one of the points fall in front in the center of the chest, and another at the back. The two points at the sides are raised, crossed, and then tied over the hair. The advantage of this style of veil is that it preserves the head and face from the cold winds. These novelties are called Mantille veils, and are made in Chantilly or Spanish blond, and likewise in net, with a deep border of flowers embroidered in flat or untwisted black silk. They are likewise made in white tulle, for evening wear, more especially at theatres, and in colored tulle for wearing with light-blue or light-pink bonnets; but these are infinitely less pretty and characteristic than the black Mantille veils. The bonnet over which they are worn should always be decorated with a rose or some bright flower, so as to impart to the head-dress the veritable Spanish effect. These squares of lace can also be used as Marie Antoinette fichus. A great many fichus *a la Puysanne*, are worn over high bodices, so as to render the toilet more dressy. These fichus are double, and have a double trimming. They are frequently made of some bright, light-colored China *crepe*, and are trimmed with feather-fringe to match, or with Flemish lace.

Nothing can be prettier than linen collars and cuffs, worn with costume dress and morning toilet. The collar is what is known as the sailor's collar, but much smaller than those worn last summer. The cuff is made to be fastened with one button; the corners turn back, and the button comes in the back of the wrist.

Lockets and Crosses, tied round the neck with colored ribbon, the ends of which are very long, are the almost indispensable adjuncts of evening toilets, unless a necklace is worn. The richest style of necklace is that formed of various precious stones, chased in gold, and united by chains of gold; pendants of precious stones and pearls, add much to the beauty of such necklaces. The ear-drops are worn to match, and sometimes one bracelet, though the parure may be complete without the latter.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—Boy's Sacque and Pants of Pique, or very Light Casimere.—The pants are plain, open at the bottom and fastened to an under-waist or skirt-body, over which is worn the sacque or blouse, open from the shoulder sideways from left to right; belted at the waist; rosette and ends; all trimmed with two rows of braid. This dress is suitable for a boy from four to six years.

Fig. II.—Walking-Dress for Little Girl, Ten Years Old, Made of Solid-Colored Mohair, or Pique.—The lower-skirt has on it two plaited ruffles, when made of mohair of the material, headed by three narrow rows of ribbon, or velvet-ribbon. If made of pique, the ruffles should be made of Bishop's lawn, and gathered in. The over-skirt is cut precisely like the under one, only long enough to touch the upper ruffle; trimmed with a narrow plaiting or ruffle, and a wider band of ribbon or velvet; it is only looped-up at the back, as may be seen. A little jacket, cut square, and slashed up the back and at the sides with open sleeves, trimmed to match. Of pique, eight yards will be enough, and two yards of Bishop's lawn for ruffling. Of mohair, or alpaca, ten yards will be enough, or eight yards, if made without the plaitings; only trimming with bands of ribbon or velvet. Good French pique, yard-wide, can be bought for sixty-five cents; mohair, at fifty cents; and some old silk-dress would cut up nicely for the trimmings for a little Miss.

Fig. III.—Suit of Gray-Poplin for a Small Boy.—The skirt is made plain, in front, and ornamented with large black velvet buttons; at the back it is laid in full, wide plaits. The jacket is nearly tight-fitting behind, like the old-fashioned roundabout; in front, it is cut away, so as to show the black velvet pieces like a vest; rolling-collar, of black velvet, opening over a white shirt-front; black buttons and cord. The short, white drawers must not be seen, and the stockings ought to be gartered above the knee.

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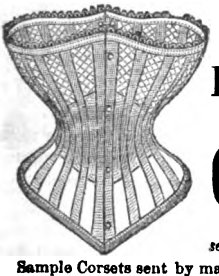

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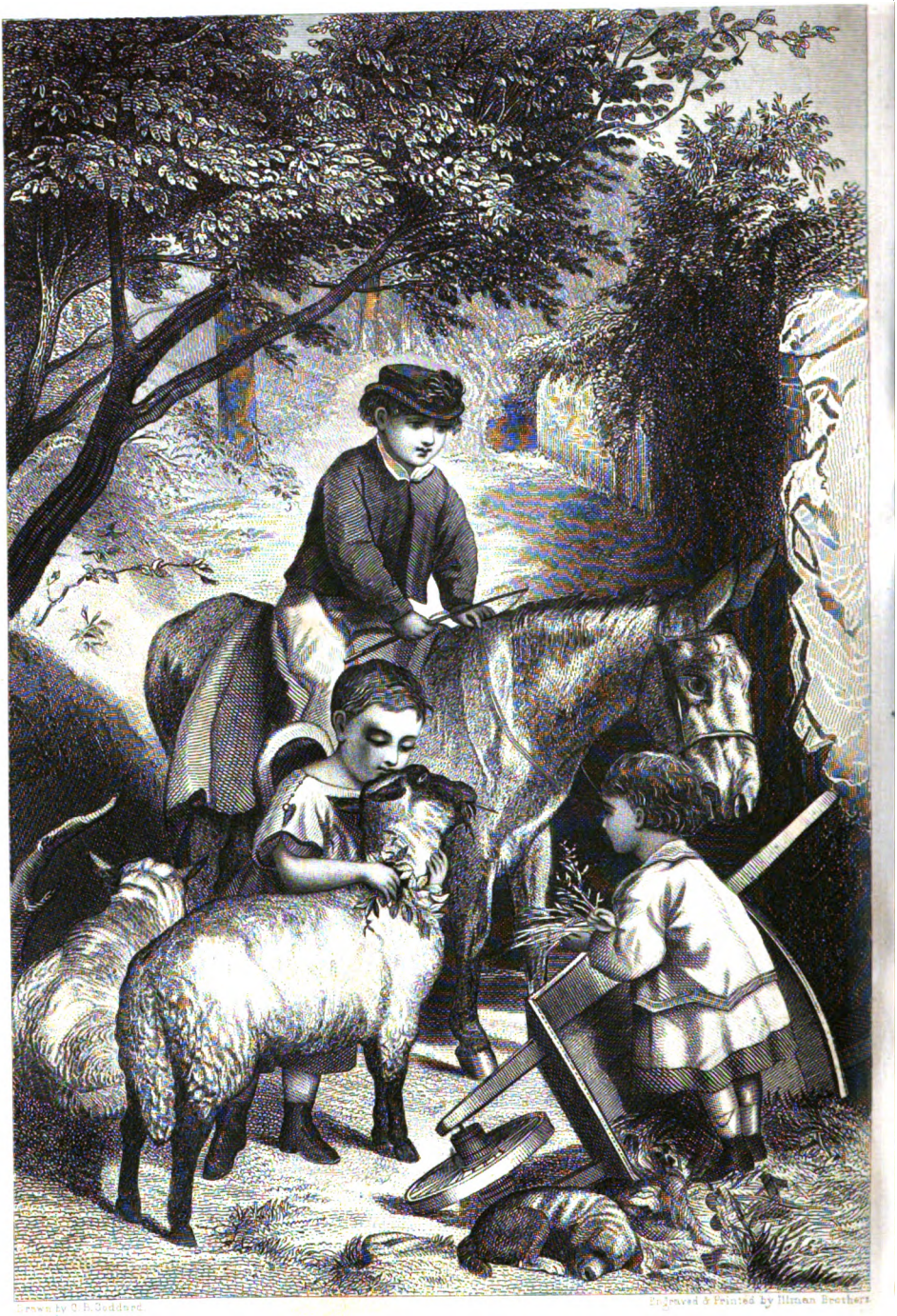

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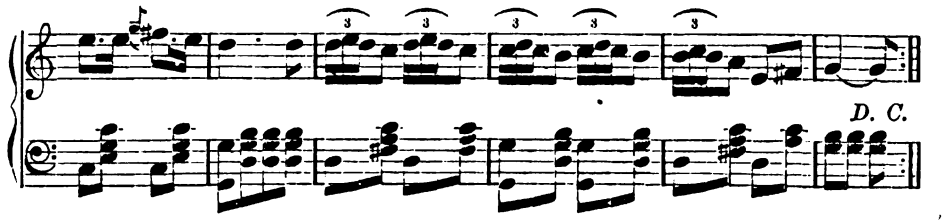

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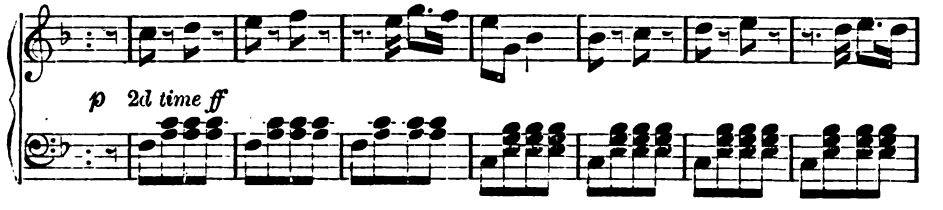

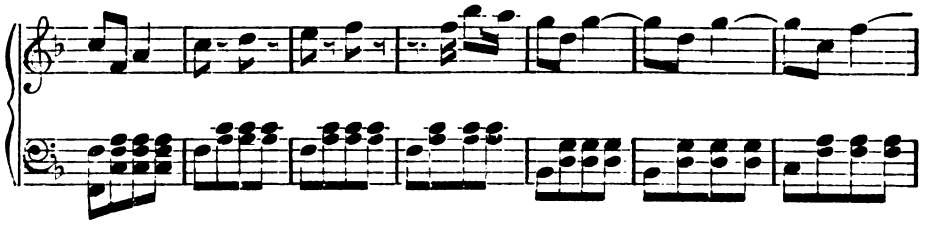

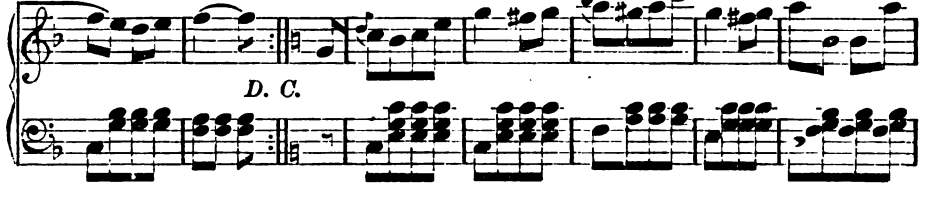

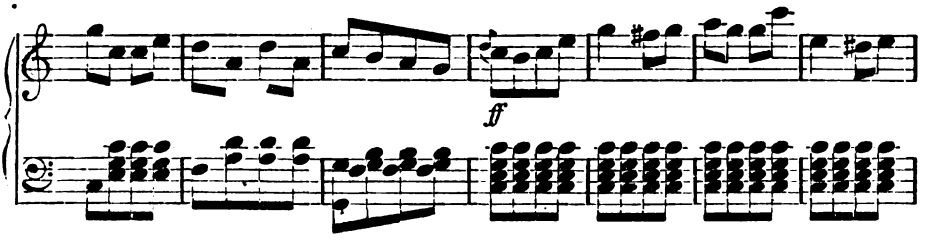

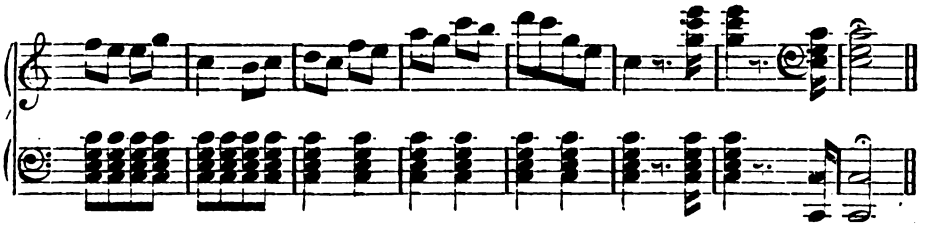

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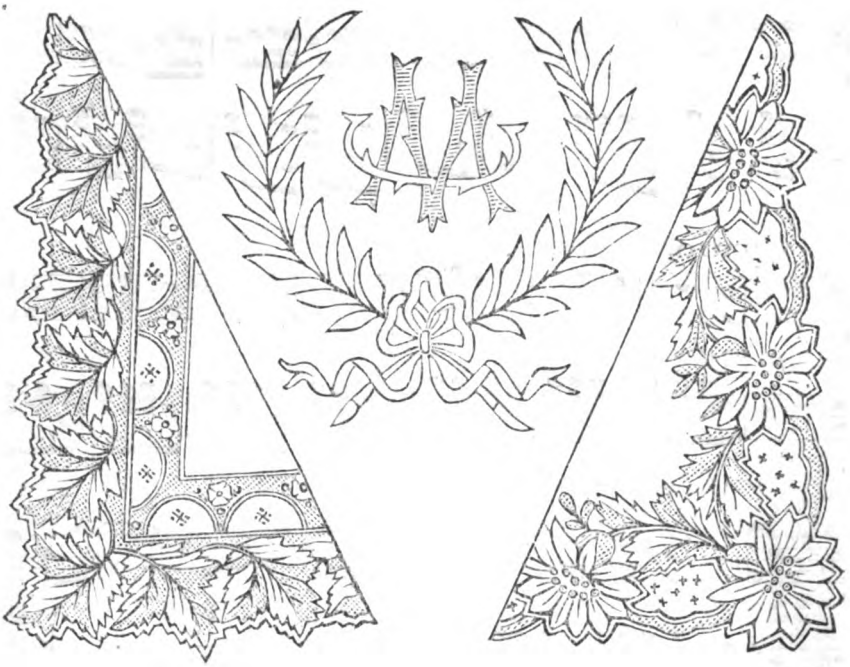

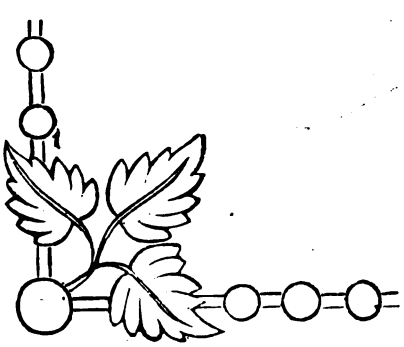

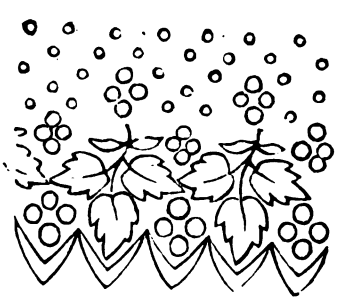

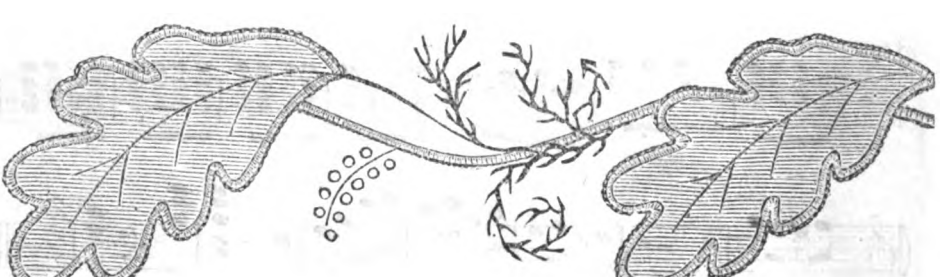

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LIX. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1871. No. 6.

OUR TRIP TO LONG BRANCH.

BY ETHEL GALE.

"WE'VE been wanting to spend a day at Long Branch all summer, and now that cousins Mary and Lucy are here, we *must* go. The ocean breeze will do Mary 'heaps' of good, and we'll carry bathing-dresses, and a luncheon, and have a good old-fashioned picnicing sort of day."

That was big cousin George, rubbing his hands as he spoke in his kindly, genial way, while seated at the breakfast-table, in the most delightful of bay-windowed, old-time dining-rooms, his bright, dark face glowing over us all, with a most particularly inspiriting glance at his noble, sweet-faced wife, Dora, who was ready, as she always is, to sympathize with every emotion of "her George."

Here the beautiful, sunny-faced baby-boy chattered his satisfaction at the happy countenances around him, with vigorous strokes of his spoon upon his plate, while his bright-eyed sisters, Elf and Fay, were casting little sober, wistful glances from one to another of their elders, perceiving that they had not been included in the general plan.

"Now," continued George, "I'll take the first train over to the city, and get my matters arranged for the day, and meet you at the boat for Long Branch at ten o'clock." And then he added something to his wife about the train we were to take, which I was too absorbed in the *coos* of baby-Ben to notice. Ah! too beguiling baby, would that your cousin had possessed sufficient strength of mind to resist your blandishments!

The lovely home of these happy cousins was a short distance out on the Erie road, and I had heard so much of the number of trains continually running to New York, that I had come to fancy they ran like horse-cars in the city. every five minutes, and so took no special heed of time, only amusing myself with that blessed baby, till all at once I discovered that every one was waiting for me, and that we must hurry to catch the half-past eight train. But hurrying at that late moment couldn't catch it; and when the driver and his load of three flushed-faced ladies, with luncheon-baskets, and sun-umbrellas, were half-way between the house and the station, away thundered the train, its long trail of vanishing smoke giving a vicious whisk in our disappointed eyes, as we lingered in disgusted amaze, to watch its disappearance.

"Poor George will be *so* disappointed," sighed Dora, as the horse's head was turned; "and I don't suppose it would be possible, by taking the nine twenty-five train, to get over in time for the Long Branch boat."

Miserable me! I felt like a sneak-thief. Could anything be more recklessly selfish than my inattention to the instructions from head-quarters about those trains! And should I be the means of spoiling my cousin's holiday? Never! We must take that nine twenty-five train, and we *must* get to the boat at ten. We would reach it anyhow; earthquakes shouldn't prevent us! Dora didn't think it possible, but was willing to try; Lucy never says much, but she can always be depended upon for emergencies. I felt resolution enough to ascend Chimbaraza. Wasn't I the cause of this mischief? And shouldn't I repair it? In the meanwhile we had parleyed so much about the matter, that we had to make another rush to catch the nine twenty-five train. This time Elf and Fay were with us in the rockaway, but the luncheon and sun-umbrellas were forgotten. But what mattered that, we were bound to reach that boat! Arrived at the station, while we were getting the tickets, Martin, the driver, disappeared, leaving the two little girls alone in the rockaway, behind a prancing horse—tied, to be sure, but threatening every moment to break loose. Was ever a mother more distracted? Poor Dora's last word was

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a frantic commendation of her darlings to the protection of every one she knew among the usual station-loungers, and our last view of them was marred by the curvetings of that indiscreet horse.

Miserable! most miserable me! If the precious necks of those children were broken, whose fault would it be? Tormenting question, which I kept to myself, but which rang in my ear like the tooting of a car-whistle all day.

Twenty-five minutes to New York, ten to make the run across from the North River, foot of Chambers street, to the Long Branch boat. On we rushed, three respectably-dressed women, as though a corps of detectives were after us, between barrels and boxes, into and out of, the open doors of stores, around dripping hogsheads of molasses, under horse's heads, over the ends of trucks stretched across the much-encumbered side-walks, jostling against men, women, boys, baskets, bags and bundles, hearing the warning snort of the boats's whistle, with a desperate idea that it must be reached, or the country would be ruined, when—— Ah, poor, miserable me! my breath gave entirely out. Imagine yourself racing for a wager with a bad "heave" in a horse, whose only food for a month had been dry hay. I was just like that horse. The most aggravating disease that flesh is heir to, is "August asthma"—and I had it. Progress at anything like the rate we started on was impossible to me. Rushing away in the crowded distance, I could just see the flying skirts of Dora and Lucy, and even above the sound of my own wretched breathing, I could hear the hoarse whistle of that impatient boat. But, never say die! Struggling, panting, wheezing like one of those impish little tugs in the river, I proceeded at the poor pace which was the best I could muster, in the direction of that twanging, exasperating bell. The gang-plank was just about to be removed as Dora and Lucy reached it, but, at their intercession, it was left a few minutes longer, while I was driven to wishing myself in the river by my incapacity to move faster. At this instant appeared an aged policeman, who took me into his custody, at first under the supposition that I had been indulging in strong waters, but very soon seized with a terror lest I should die before he could get me on the boat. His anxiety to be rid of me was so ludicrous that I couldn't but laugh in the midst of my misery—and laughter isn't a wise pastime for asthmatics. Imagine the situation. Small woman, with hair blown into, and even worse, than fashionable dishevelment, by the tearing run through Chambers street, with a very red face, and puffing like an apoplectic engine, hanging on the arm of an agitated M. P., who was alternately waving his free arm to the boat-hands to delay, and addressing to his charge, in tones of deep excitement, the trembling words, "Compose yourself, madam! Compose yourself!" Wouldn't anybody laugh? Even miserable I couldn't help it. And yet it was dreadfully mortifying! I knew cousin George was somewhere on that wretched boat, probably too much disgusted with my performances to show himself in the light of protector to such an object. I knew Dora and Lucy were feeling all the stings of mortification, though too kind to show it; and to crown all, there stood several acquaintances of Dora's, evidently bent, like ourselves, on a day's pleasuring at Long Branch. Then Dora exclaimed, as my feet touched the deck, "Oh, my dear! Mr. D—— says George came half an hour ago, waited some time, and then left, saying that it was impossible for us to catch the boat unless we came by the eight-thirty train; and that he might as well go back."

Here was a situation! This looked like a pleasure excursion! Three forlorn, disordered women, without an escort, without luncheon, without parasols, steaming over that hunger-inspiring water, bound for a scene of blistering sands, and glaring hotels. Then we knew not how to proceed when we should leave the boat at Sandy Hook, and wasted a good deal of, to me, very valuable, and hardly-won breath, in consulting about it with the D——s. I say wasted, for, by-and-by, we came to the discussion of funds, and discovered that we were nearly minus that "sinew of war."

I have an insuperable objection to any pick-pocket's getting rich by what he may find in my porte-monnaie, and consequently carry as little about with me as I think I can manage with. So, this morning, I had only put in my purse a trifle over the sum necessary to take my sister and me to Long Branch and back. Dora, acting on the same principle, had only taken her ticket from the home station to New York, relying upon her husband for the rest. Now, on counting our funds, we found that my purse held but seventy-five cents over what would be required to buy tickets for three to Sandy Hook and back to the lovely dining-room we left so gayly in the morning. Well, that discovery quietly put an end to Long Branch; and, with resigned faces, we tried each to make the other believe she was enjoying herself. We all felt it was a sham, but it was an amiable

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hypocrisy, and we pardoned each other. I knew that Lucy was feeling sorry for my asthma, which, having been roused by the run, wasn't going to allow itself to be put down by the after-repose; and that she was wishing I hadn't been so penurious toward that imaginary pickpocket. I knew that Dora was secretly wishing herself at home with her babies, and sincerely commiserating her "poor George," about the lack of his holiday. I knew they both must feel a strong inclination to give me a thorough dressing for that foolish delay of mine in the morning. I could have given myself the said dressing with infinite satisfaction, if it would only have restored the lost ten minutes. But over the sparkling water we steamed, with melancholy, distorted smiles on our faces, "making believe" we were on a pleasure excursion, till the boat arrived at barren, stupid Sandy Hook.

Two hours to wait for the boat to return. No dinner to be had there; and seventy-five cents would not have bought it if there had been. Never mind! we had taken this trip for pleasure, and must try to keep up the wretched pretence that we had it. The elevated railroad track at the Hook runs out for a long distance, so as to meet the boat at low-water; across the ties are laid narrow planks for walkers. We were tired of staying on the deserted boat, and in dreary single-file proceeded, like an Indian funeral procession, along those planks. That walk was another mistake, for the keen, ocean breezes blew us almost into a state of famine. Diligent search produced a sable stewardess, who took compassion on our tale of destitution, and for the amount of our surplus funds, furnished us with three tolerable sandwiches, and one intolerable cup of coffee.

For a moment we were comforted; but too soon arose again the vision of that good, disappointed soul in the office on Broadway, and of the two children left on the very highway to destruction; and, during the homeward voyage, we didn't even "make believe" we were having a good time.

When at last, after a more decorous transit than we made in the morning, we arrived at Pavonia Ferry, there saluted us a big man, with ireful tone. It was George.

"I should like to know where you girls have been to-day?" he said.

"Having a nice trip to Long Branch, dear," replied Dora, demurely. Then catching sight of a neighbor coming off the in-coming boat, she cried, "Oh, Mrs. B——, do you know if my children reached home safely?"

"Yes, all right," nods Mrs. B——, as the crowd pushes her past. And soon after, with firm resolutions on my part never to let any lady's bewitching baby beguile me again into a loss of ten minutes, we wearily stepped into the homeward-bound cars, and in the relation of our experiences, really begin to enjoy our "Trip to Long Branch."

THE SILENT CITY.

BY ANNA L. LEAR.

A hillside high, with western slope,
Crowned with a city fair;
And many men have brought their hope,
And placed their treasure there.
And often when the valleys round
Are dusky with the night,
The sunshine still, on this high ground,
Floods everything with light.

The place is fair, and good to see,
Adorned with works of art,
While many a flowering shrub and tree
Beauty and grace impart:
And all its streets are planned with care,
Its spires are glittering white,
While marbles rise in every square,
Reflecting back the light.

There are no dirty, crowded lanes,
No homes where want is known;
All share alike of loss or gains,
And no one seeks his own.
Its shaded streets are grown with grass,
Its dwellings dark and closed,
And all are silent as you pass,
As if they deep reposed!

And so they do—for each rests well
Within a narrow bed;
And naught shall e'er thy peace dispel,
Thou city of the dead!
In thee no thought of all the toils
That vex this transient life,
Thy quiet rest fore'er despoils,
Or wakens them to strife.

Oh, peaceful place! thou art the gate
That opens into rest;
The vestibule wherein we wait
To hear our Lord's behest
To enter His dear court above,
That all immortal stands,
Bathed in the light of Perfect Love,
The House not made with hands.

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"OUR TOWN COUSIN."

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

JULIET MAURY appeared on the horizon of Marshlands. She was spoken of by the Washburnes as "our town cousin;" but in fact she was only a cousin once or twice removed from the younger Washburnes. She was no relation whatever to Robert, the elder son, for his father had married a second time, and the relationship was through the step-mother. Let me tell you all, however, that is necessary to know about them, in as few words as possible.

Loring Washburne, the father, had been the richest and most important man in the county—judge, congressman, senator, with a narrow miss of being President, once on a time. He was left a widower, with one son, and having scarcely reached middle-age, he naturally married again. He had been dead some years now. Mrs. Washburne was left with a large flock of children, whose ages ranged from eight to eighteen; but luckily, she was equal to the charge devolving upon her, and there was any quantity of money. Marshlands belonged to Robert, having come to him along with a large fortune from his own mother; but they all lived there together, for Robert and the second Mrs. Washburne were the best friends imaginable. It was one of the pleasantest families possible to find. They all had brains, culture, good manners, excellent health, and better spirits. Robert, whose little secret I have set out specially to reveal, was past thirty; rather a grave, retiring man, with a weakness for books, and no taste for politics, which would have grieved his father, had he lived. Let us hope that in the world to which he had gone, even Americans cease to care for politics, so that he did not suffer at his son's avoidance of them.

Robert, after he left college and finished his travels, had studied law, but only because it had been his father's wish, not from any intention of practising the profession. He had an unusual opinion in regard to his great fortune. I hesitate to name it, for it will certainly expose him to the contempt of all well regulated business minds, but I can't help it. He honestly believed that fortune was placed in his hands to do all the good possible, and though as far removed as may be from the idea of a philanthropist, he worked ten times harder than the most renowned, minus the flutter and noise.

Yet he made great mistakes—people who try to live up to a theory almost always do. He stripped his life barer of blossoms than was necessary or right. Because a man has a mountain to climb, it is no reason why he should not admire the view spread before him, or stop to gather the fragrant flowers in his path. God never would have put so many pleasures in the world if He had not meant them to be enjoyed; the man who neglects them in the engrossment of labor, however important, is doing a wrong to himself, and practically saying that he is wiser than the Creator. He goes, in fact, to the other extreme from the man who wickedly gives himself wholly up to the enjoyment of those pleasures, regardless of the serious side of existence. You may carry that from the broodest, highest career, down to the narrowest end, it holds good everywhere, from the ambitious statesman, to the bustling housewife who refuses, when necessary labors are done, to accept her neighbor's invitation to tea, and so neglects an opportunity to brighten her prosaic round and rest her fretted nerves by a relaxation, just as much offered by the Fatherly Power that seeks to guide every one of us, as the most important event which ever befell a nation.

So you understand what I mean by saying that Robert Washburne was wrong. He had denuded the latter part of his youth of all charms, even persistently avoiding the chance of loving and being loved, lest it should interfere with the task that he had set himself.

It was late summer now, and until winter he always settled himself at the old country-house; but he did not rest on that account. There were countless letters; there was the school he had established in the neighboring town; the two hospitals; the—oh! it tires my laziness even to attempt an enumeration of his duties, because I don't pretend to live up to a theory myself, there must be somebody to watch the busy folk and take note of their mistakes.

The news of Miss Maury's approaching visit did not interest or interfere with him in the least. The girls were often having guests of their own age, but Robert seldom saw them, except at dinner, and the young visitors were awed or incensed by his grave face and pre-

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occupied manner, and supposed him older than Methusalah.

It will seem odd that Miss Maury and her relatives should be entire strangers, but as her time since early childhood had been spent either in South America or Europe, with her uncle, the fact is easily explained.

Juliet Maury arrived. There had been a prejudice against her in the minds of her cousins of both sexes. It was founded on nothing; but then it is human nature to be prejudiced against an unknown relative. She reached Marshlands early one Tuesday morning, and before six o'clock, the whole group, from stately Marian down to small Tom, were in raptures over her, as most people were wherever she appeared.

Robert came in late to dinner, tired, engrossed with his own thoughts, bowing, and saying a few civil words to the guest when he was presented, and then giving himself up to his own reflections, in a way no mortal has a right to do at the dinner-table. Juliet Maury looked at him and came to the same decision. She had heard much and dreamed much about him, and in five minutes, with her woman's quickness, she got at the bottom of his errors.

Disturbed by the laughter and unusual noise, in his turn Robert came to a decision in regard to the young lady. She was witty, irreverent, perfect in dress, fascinating in manner, the most gorgeous specimen of the butterfly species, Robert thought, contemptuously.

That evening a committee waited on him in his private library, so he saw no more of Miss Maury. He heard her, though, once as he passed through the hall; her beautiful, carefully-tutored voice rang down in the drawing-room, in a frivolous melody from some bewitching opera *bouffe*. Robert strode on with a frown—it was wicked to waste a voice like that in such trivialities! The only music he respected was German, because it was difficult, and usually hideous, I suppose.

"My dear," Mrs. Washburne said to her visitor, "you will see very little of Robert—the hardest working man!"

"Oh, Mr. Washburne isn't my cousin!" returned Juliet, indifferently, with a glance at Tom, *aetat* eighteen, which made him feel as if he were standing on his head.

"But you mustn't misunderstand Robert," his step-mother went on, genuinely proud of her grave man. "He is so good—so noble; and when he has time, my love, nobody talks like Robert!"

"He's just enchanting," Marian added; "only he never has time. It's a shame."

They all loved and were proud of their step-brother, and he was very kind to them. Perhaps they stood a little in awe of him; but it is a fortunate thing for youthful Americans to stand in awe of anybody.

"As I have never heard him talk, I shall not be disappointed," Miss Maury said. "Tom has time."

Tom again felt his head buzz, as any boy of his age does, when a beautiful woman, three or four years older than himself, lavishes slight attentions upon him.

It chanced, the next morning, that Robert breakfasted with the family. Miss Maury, during the meal, talked French fashions, new novels, and brilliant nonsense. Robert read a scientific review over her head. His step-mother asked his opinion on some subject connected with a political article in the paper she held. Robert gave it. Behold, the butterfly left the fashions, swooped into the arena as if her wings were strong as an eagle's, politely differed with him, held her argument well, and absolutely proved the potent gentleman in the wrong. Robert was as much astonished as if one of his mother's canaries had burst into a tirade in ancient Greek.

Back to the fashions went Miss Maury. "A court train, my dear Marian, of Maria Louise blue, three rows of Duchess lace——" Robert pushed away his chair in disgust, and went out. The last sound he heard was Miss Maury's silvery laugh over a bit of Tom's nonsense—such a ringing, babyish laugh! Of course, he said, angrily, she had no ideas; her little harrangue had been something learned parrot-like—another exhibition in reality of her frivolous nature.

Two days passed, and Miss Maury several times surprised him in a similar manner. Never having made a study of butterflies, he was sorely puzzled by the dazzling creature, and to his infinite wonder, caught himself thinking about her in the midst of his gravest pursuits.

The third afternoon the young people wandered off to the brook, it being a nice, cloudy day, and the brook one of the few show-bits that the flat country about Marshlands could boast. Nobody thought of disturbing Robert by an invitation. He had politely declined accompanying his mother on a visit, because some wrong in the closely-built manufacturing town needed an eloquent letter of protest, which could not wait

In the middle of the afternoon, he wanted a book he had given Marian to keep; and though he rarely yielded to an impulse now-a-days,

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he did give way to the one that inspired him to go in search of Marian instead of sending a servant.

He walked down through the meadows till he came near the brook, and in sight of what was altogether a pretty scene. In the background rose the gabled front of the old mansion; in front, the wide, rapidly-flowing stream, with clumps of alders, and here and there a graceful elm. Tom lay on the bank on the other side, shading his eyes with his hat, and laughing. Marian, with a basket for holding mosses on her arm, was looking at him half in reproof. Jenny was too busy at her task of taking care of some choice plant to notice what went on. In the middle of the brook, holding up her long train, that had become unfastened, Juliet Maury was picking her way over the slippery stones to where Robert stood. She and Tom had laid a wager that she could not cross alone without wetting her feet, encumbered with her train and her parasol; and in spite of Marian's reproaches, Tom lay still to see their cousin lose the bet.

"Stay where you are!" Robert called as imperatively as he would have spoken to one of his sisters. "Tom, you ought to be flogged!"

"A bet is a bet," quoth Tom, sententiously.

"I am doing very well," returned Juliet, and added, to herself; "I'd rather have three duckings than let you help me, you old fossil!"

She took more steps forward, and was past the middle of the brook, when a treacherous stone slipped. Then she paused in a most uncomfortable position, for she was afraid to trust her other foot on the stone in advance of her.

Mr. Washburn hurried toward her, saying,

"Hold out your parasol—take care!"

In his eagerness, he poised himself on one foot, and went souse (it's the only word) into a hole, and was drenched to his knees; whereat Tom shouted, and then felt afraid of his brother's ire.

Robert got out of the hole and went in on the other side, and was so far beguiled out of his dignity by the ridiculous plight, that he laughed harder than Tom.

In the meantime, Miss Maury had great difficulty to keep herself from a similar bath. The first thing she knew, she was elevated in the philanthropist's arms, and he waded ashore with her in composed silence.

"I wish you had staid and minded your own affairs," snapped Miss Maury, as he placed her on dry land. "You've lost me my bet."

"Come up to the house," said he; "I'm sure you have wet your feet."

"I hope I have," cried she. "I hope it will give me cold and a consumption—it will be all your fault."

Then they looked at each other, and both burst out laughing, and felt better-acquainted than six months of ordinary intercourse could have made them. They walked on a short distance, then Juliet said,

"It is not exactly polite to leave the girls."

"They are coming," Robert said, carelessly. "Anyway, it's no matter."

"I beg your pardon," replied she; "in my creed it is. I have been wanting to quarrel with you all day about just such things."

"What have I done wrong?" he asked, a good deal amused at being thus taken to task.

"Everything," she replied. "You are so full of one idea that your life is lop-sided—that's making a wickedness out of a virtue."

"An example?" questioned he.

"Take this morning," said she, stopping, and leaning on her parasol. "Your mother wanted you to go and call on old Mrs. Dorhamer. She has been ill, and is very fond of you—wants to see you; yet you would not give up your protest-making to go."

"She could wait—the suffering poor could not."

"I beg your pardon; she was the nearest sufferer, consequently your duty was to gratify her. With all your wisdom, you haven't learned, that when interruptions come to your work, God sends them as much as he does the work, and they have a meaning."

Robert was silent. Her simple faith was more than a match for all his philosophy.

"Go on," he said, at last.

"You start in the morning on important business; you are in such a hurry that you neglect some person you meet, who needed, perhaps, only a word of sympathy. You'd have obeyed the Saviour's precepts better if you had let the loved scheme wait while you performed the duty of the moment. Great projects are in God's hands; the small duties of life he leaves much more under our control. Neglect them; refuse the smile required to make the home-circle happy—the petty sacrifice of giving up your books, your letters—and you may found hospitals, and right crying wrongs, and in God's eyes have failed; because in His eyes all human things are equal."

She stopped—laughed—blushed, but did not retreat from her earnestness.

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"It sounds priggish, and isn't very clear," she added; "but you know what I mean."

Robert made no answer. They walked on. Most people would have supposed him offended. Juliet knew he was thinking.

"You have showed me daily life in a new light," he said, abruptly. "You make me ashamed, but I am obliged to you. How does it happen you have thought so deeply on such subjects? Young ladies usually——"

"You consider midges, as you did me! My dear sir, you stare so persistently at your mountain, that every other object appears dwarfish and contemptible. Girls may not be mountains, but they are not dwarfs on that account."

Then she completed his bewilderment by another elfish change. She began to sing one of the opera *bouffe* songs, and waved her hand backward at Tom to join in the chorus.

"Now you're annoyed," said she, looking at Robert; "another instance of your blindness! That air is full of melody—perfect in its way, no matter if the words are frivolous. A poem may not be an epic, but it is poetry nevertheless. An epic may be dry reading; so virtue can be exaggerated till it's hideous! And now I've got to the end of my aphorisms! Do tell me if you think I look well in violet? I've always had my doubts."

And the learned man had to acknowledge that he hardly knew what violet was.

"I expected it," said she; "yet God made the different colors. It was not beneath Him; though you could not be frivolous enough to turn from your mammoth projects to study them."

With that last thrust she retired from the argument, and before he could resume it, had begun talking so pleasantly about every-day subjects, robing them with the charm moonlight does commonplace objects, that he forgot everything else.

By the time they reached the house, she had floated round to his pet hobbies, talked so well about them, and understood so evidently what she was saying, that he was in a state of delight, and actually, to Tom's indignation, took her off into the library to show her plans for some new hospital buildings.

She thoroughly enchanted him for two hours, then she rose to go, and deliberately scratched him in the most ruthless manner, by her parting words.

"Yet, after all, Mr. Washburne," said she, "though you do live on the heights, you are no better than us insects at the bottom. You couldn't give up your protest to please a poor, sick woman, or your mother; something that is a momentary pleasure comes along, you yield to it as easily as a butterfly of a woman, and actually forget all about your grand duties."

She left him thoroughly humiliated, stopped at the door, and added,

"And being human and inconsistent makes you ever so much more pleasant. Do try it often. You'll find that the grand projects will get on just as well."

She danced off like a silly child of sixteen, and he felt as if he had been under the dominion of an enchantress.

So, without warning, Robert Washburne's new life burst upon him. I use the word advisedly—to say a change, does not express it. It was a fresh, hitherto unrevealed world into which he entered. Straight into dream-land he drifted—philosopher, reformer, though he was; and the holiest, the most beautiful and precious gift that God bestowed on man, descended upon him. He loved! He was unconscious at first—men like him are often as reticent with themselves as a young girl could be; but he saw the truth, finally; he knew that existence would be bare, in spite of triumphs, empty, in spite of duties performed, one-sided and incomplete, in spite of his talents, unless the marvelous dream held out could be made reality.

The days glided by. There was always some plan of amusement on foot; there were guests, excursions, picnics; and Robert came out of his shell, allowed himself the relaxation and rest he needed, and was as happy as if he had been a humming-bird, instead of a genius.

Mrs. Washburne and Marian were wise enough to keep the rest of the household from commenting on the change, and managed him so artfully, with their pretty, loving, woman's craft, that he was able to believe that he excited neither curiosity or surprise.

He was always Miss Maury's attendant, and the two had reached that stage where he could talk more freely to her than he had ever done to any human being, and be certain, not only of her perfectly comprehending, but of her giving sympathy when she considered him right, and understanding criticism when she perceived that he was in error.

Yet even in the bewildering charm of a first passion, Robert Washburne, like most men who have long given undue prominence to one idea, could not get sufficiently out into the daylight to see clearly. He dreamed of his love, but his love was to be subservient to the great

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purpose of his life. This woman, whom he could not permit to go from him, must enter heart and soul into that purpose; absorb her own individuality therein; walk hand in hand with him; and, consequently, though he could not believe it now, he would gradually forget how tender the hand he held was, how easily tired the feet that he hurried along, and so sacrifice her happiness—inasmuch as a true woman must have all or nothing—to the schemes which he allowed to grow to a tyrannical, cruel Juggernaut, under which he would let the every-day comfort of their lives be crushed.

The hour came when he let his heart speak; not from intention; when the conversation began he had no idea whither it would drift; yet it led him on and on, till he told his whole secret out. But he was a man, and he had lived for one idea, so he blundered atrociously. It was not half so much of his love he talked, as of her sharing his work, and of his grand hopes. He never knew that it all sounded arrogant, and almost as if he considered himself condescending in allowing the woman to share such glories.

She heard him through, but never looked up. Except that she was paler than ordinary, there was no sign that his words moved her in any way. He paused, looked wonderingly at her, and said quickly,

"You don't speak. I have mistaken. I——" Then the great heart, hidden under all, cried out, wildly, and only left him power to repeat her name. "Juliet! Juliet!"

"I was waiting for you to finish," she said, slowly, lifting her brown eyes to his face, and they looked at him with a sort of cold disdain, though there was a weary trouble under. "Have you said all that you wished?"

"All that I can," he gasped. "Forgive me, if I have offended you."

"When an honest man offers a woman his heart, Mr. Washburne, he pays her a tribute which cannot anger her."

"And I do offer it——"

"I have not heard you," she interrupted. "You offered me a share in your life; the chance to sacrifice myself to your hideous, deformed sense of duty——"

"Juliet! Juliet!"

"I refuse to do it," she went on, regardless of his speech. "Sir, I am a woman. The man I marry must love me, heart and soul——"

"As I do! As I do!"

"I think I should not be wicked in my exactions," she continued, pitilessly. "I would not be a drawback. I should despise him, if my love made him neglect duty; but at least, scorn would be mixed with pity. But when a man would make me his wife, and place the schemes of this world, no matter how noble, how religious, before his love, I hate him, because he is so blinded by selfishness——"

"Juliet!"

"I will finish!" she exclaimed, white as death, her great eyes blazing with excitement. "That man takes my soul into his hands, and tramples on it in his madness. Oh, sir! he may work, he may build, he may shield orphans, save countries, but God shall call him to account for that one feeble soul; and all his good deeds will look the more hideous from his terrible sin."

"You can speak like this to me?" he said, sadly.

"Because it is the truth. Perhaps you think you love me! You don't know what love is! How dare you ask me to sacrifice my life to your idol—your Joss? a monster that I loathe. I want my happiness. God means me to have it. Love only can give that."

"No man ever offered a purer, a greater, Juliet."

"Still, you mistake. Your blindness is hopeless."

"Are you like other women?" he asked, drearily. "Do you want me to give up a great task, and dance attendance at operas and balls——'

"God gives the ability to appreciate music and every other pleasure; so He means them to be enjoyed, as much as He means work to be done," she broke in. "Why, the very way in which you misunderstand me, proves how mad I should be to trust my happiness in your hands."

"You do not love me. I am answered," he whispered.

"Look here!" she cried, roused out of herself. "If a man, who was a hopeless drunkard, asked me to marry him, wouldn't you think me an idiot to consent?"

"The comparison is none in this case."

"Excuse me! The man is a lunatic on one point. You, and men like you, are just as mad in your way. The drunkard would forget his love in his frenzy; beat me—outrage me, morally. You would forget all the sweet necessities of daily tenderness, and let me see that I was not heart of your heart, soul of your soul, because you would not crush them as you would me. I'd rather have my body beaten and bruised, than my soul stifled and chilled."

She arose from her chair. He sat shading

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his eyes with his hand, so worn and pallid, that she paused.

"I have spoken harshly," she said. "I am a bad-tempered woman. Forgive me. The time may come when you will see more clearly than now. If it does, you will cease to be angry; you will understand that such love as yours was an outrage. You will pardon me, then."

She was gone. Hours elapsed before Robert left the library. When he did so, Juliet had departed from the house, called away suddenly, by a telegram from her uncle; and everybody was in despair, and Marian indignant with her elder brother, because he manifested so little sorrow at their loss.

Robert Washburne lived for his mission two years longer; more and more absorbed therein; more and more regardless of everything else. Then the end came.

You will say that, like any other romancer, I am forcing a *denouement*. I am only following out the law of natural retribution, whereby God often, mercifully, through painful discipline, sets a mind like Robert Washburne's face to face with the light.

Intense mental exertion, neglect of his physical health, night-work, irregular hours, all combined to bring on Robert Washburne the horrible scourge which afflicts so many of the intellectual toilers of this generation.

One day he did not appear at dinner. Mrs. Washburne went herself to call him. He was sitting in his arm-chair by the library-table, his head drooped, the left arm hanging helplessly down, the eye and left corner of his mouth drawn and distorted. A glance told the whole story. He had been stricken with paralysis!

Weeks later he could sit up; could talk, write a letter, his mind unimpaired; but active labor, mental or physical, was over with him. The mission, which he arrogantly believed no mind but his could fulfill, must end, or be left to others.

You can easily understand what the next six months taught Robert Washburne. He learned the lesson aright; and when he had done so, this was what he wrote to Juliet Maury, in her far-off Italian home.

"I do see that you were right, and I beg your pardon. The brightness went out of my life when you left me; but you were right to go. I wish, for my own sake, that I could say I forgave you then; but it is a fit humiliation that I should force myself to write the exact truth. I tried to hate—to despise you. I dared to do it. You, the clear-sighted, broad-souled woman, who beheld the verity so perfectly, whose life I ventured to term frivolous, while it was so much loftier than mine, inasmuch as it was regulated by the rule that faith in God alone can give.

"Sitting here, a prisoner in my chair, or feebly moving about with my crutch, like an aged man, my life seems practically to have come to an end. I should once have thought so myself. I see more clearly now. I remember the words He spoke to His Apostles, which alluded to 'the death whereby He should glorify God.' So I know that illness, suffering, death, may be made the means of obeying His will, as truly as the greatest achievements this world can boast.

"I look back, now, and I think you will not be angry—that you did care for me. It is natural to suppose—it could not be otherwise—that these years of silence have ended that feeling, even if my arrogance and selfishness did not kill it outright. But it is pleasant to me to believe that you once cared. I know your nobleness too well to fear that you will be angry. I know that if it were not true you would leave me to my delusion, because it helps to make the days pleasant to me.

"Probably, long since, some man fit to be your husband, has come to you with a question, from his soul to yours, and found a response. I hope it may be so. I think that in the idea of your happiness I could forget my own pain; or, at least, through the lessons you first helped me to acquire, learn to make that pain of some benefit in this life of discipline.

"I find that in writing thus vaguely, I have not been so honest as I promised myself to be when I began. I know—my mother has told me that you are reported to be engaged. Perhaps, but for that fact, I should never have written this letter. Coming now, I believe you will be glad to receive it, and looking back kindly on my memory, as on that of one dead, will own I tried to set right the errors of my life, tried humbly and patiently, not in the blind arrogance which animated my motives in the past.

"So I bid you farewell, and say, God bless you! It may be, that hereafter you will afford me the sweetest moment this world could offer—the privilege of seeing you again. Not now—I have ceased to play the Spartan—I could not see you now! Yet, you are not to picture me weak and wretched, so that your dear, womanly heart, so impulsive, so warm, in spite of its pride, may be led into remorseful pity for me. No human being ever did me so

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much good as you have done. My desolate life would be tenfold colder if I had not the blessed days of that last summer to look back upon.

"Some time, then, in the future, when I feel my last strength failing, I shall send for you, and you will come."

The pages ended as abruptly as they began, and were sent away unread.

It was less than a month, when a letter was brought to Robert Washburne. He recognized Juliet's writing on the envelope. When he opened it, this was what he read,

"Once on a time, you asked me to marry you, and I refused. You did not then know what love was—so I did right. But I refused you, with hot, bitter words, and then I was unwomanly, because I knew at the time you sinned unwittingly. I recognized in you a man who possessed nobler qualities than any I had ever met; but I saw, too, that only wretchedness could await me in accepting a share in your life.

"My friend, I loved you then. I could never have been so angry, otherwise. I have loved you since. I love you now. I refused you. I now offer you a triumph, if you wished to seize it; for I ask you to marry me. What shall you answer?

"You will believe I do this from pity. You overrate me so much that you will think I am prompted by some heroic idea of self-sacrifice. I do not know if I should be capable of it; but I know it would be wicked: so I should not attempt it. God does not give us our lives with the privilege of ruining them by a mistaken sense of duty, any more than by suicide.

"I love you—reason enough! You know what love is now; that was your only lack in my eyes. Heart of your heart, soul of your soul—you would make me that, now. Thus regarded, misfortune, illness, has nothing to do with the matter. If I had married you, long ago, I should be by you It is my place, just the same, and I claim it. Other women might hesitate, I cannot tell; I may be unwomanly, but I fail to see it. I have no more hesitation in writing that I must come to you, than I should have if I were your wife, writing after a long, unavoidable absence, to say that my heart yearned to see you, and forget all the weary years of separation with the first glance of your dear eyes, the first touch of your dear hand.

"I am in America. I am near at hand. Call me, and I shall come."

He only thought that meant he was to write. Involuntarily his lips framed aloud the word,

"Juliet! Juliet!"

The door opened, and in an instant she was kneeling at his feet, her arms about his neck.

There was no possibility of fear or doubt for him as to the right of accepting her sacrifice, if claiming her happiness could be that.

Have I told you enough? Not quite; though you will say it is only more of my romance. Four years after their marriage, Robert Washburne began to recover his health, and to-day he is as well and strong as you or I: and Marshlands is the happiest home I know.

PROPOSAL

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

Did his dark eyes turn to mine,
As we trod the mazy dance,
With a love that shone divine?
Did I blush beneath his glance?
My heart beat wild with rapture sweet.
My soul seemed in a trance.

Did they miss us from the room,
When we stole out 'neath the sky?
In the dim night's dusky gloom,
Where the dewy roses sigh?
In all that gayly, brilliant throng,
Was one so blest as I?

Did I lend a willing ear
While he whispered, soft and low?
Did I hold the wooer dear?
Do you think I answered "No?"
The earth was flushed with beauty rare,
Life wore a golden glow.

Was it heart that spoke to heart?
Was it soul that clung to soul?
Is there aught our lives to part?
Can the waves between us roll?
The love we cherish, full of strength,
Will spurn all weak control.

We have tasted bliss supreme;
Shall we feel the piercing blast,
When we wake from this bright dream
To a world of woe at last?
No shadow dark can dim our faith,
No grief blot out the past.

He has claimed me all his own,
We are bound by solemn ties:
When this first, sweet joy has flown,
Do you think a cloud will rise?
True love will make our happy home
An earthly Paradise.

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JENNY TRACY'S FIRST GERMAN.

BY JOHN JACKSON.

"Oh, aunty! if I shouldn't have a partner, I don't know what I should do!" exclaimed Jenny Tracy, as she sat on the floor in her chamber, her hair in crimping-pins, regarding with anxious eyes her first ball-dress, as it lay upon the bed.

"Now don't worry yourself about a partner," replied her aunt, energetically twitching her needle back and forth, as she sewed the last hook upon one of the numerous skirts which was to help make her niece's evening toilet; "I don't think there's any danger but that you'll have one."

"But I do think there is danger—real danger! There's Jack Storrow and Frank Atherton, both asked me a week ago, but we girls all made a solemn compact that we would not engage ourselves more than a day in advance, and so I had to lose those two splendid chances just for that promise. Here it is three o'clock, and I haven't got a partner yet—and I know every one will be engaged. I declare, if no one asks me, I'll come straight home; say I've got a headache, or something or other. I don't think I *could* endure being a 'wall-flower' at my first German. Oh, aunty! wouldn't it be dreadful?"

"Horrible!" dryly replied her aunt, who was used to Jenny's excitable outbursts, and always met them with the utmost calmness. "I don't know but what, if I were you, I should be almost tempted to stay at home rather than run the risk."

"Now, auntie, you don't really mean it? No, I know you don't. But, seriously, you can't appreciate how I should feel, to have the older set smile calmly down upon me, and I without—— Hark! there's the door-bell! If it should be some one for me!" and Jenny sprang up, and running into the entry, stood leaning over the bannisters while the servant-girl opened the door.

"Oh, auntie!" she whispered, dancing up and down, and clapping her hands noiselessly, "it is a bouquet! As sure as you're alive, it's a bouquet. Quick, Biddy, give it to me! Is the boy waiting?"

Jenny hastily tore open the note which accompanied the flowers, and read it aloud to her aunt, who stood smiling beside her with the bouquet in her hand, from which the paper had not yet been removed.

"Mr. Holland presents his compliments to Miss Tracy, and begs her acceptance of the accompanying bouquet, and also solicits her hand for the German this evening."

"Ralph Holland, aunty! Ralph Holland! The very best dancer here! It's too elegant for anything in this world! Let me take the paper off the bouquet. Isn't it exquisite? Tea-roses, heliotrope! Oh, delicious! But, now, I must write my answer;" and she fluttered across the room to her writing-desk. "What shall I say? 'Miss Tracy presents her compliments, and——' No, that is just like his. 'Miss Tracy accepts with pleasure Mr. Holland's invitation for the German, and thanks him sincerely for his exquisite bouquet.' How is that auntie? I shall probably spoil half-a-dozen sheets of paper before I get it right."

Mrs. Wilson put the flowers in water, and in a much shorter time than could have been expected, considering the portentousness of the event, the note was written and dispatched—and Jenny threw herself on the lounge with a sigh of perfect satisfaction.

"Now, child, I hope you'll go to sleep," said Mrs. Wilson, as she drew down the curtains, and threw a shawl over Jenny. "Will you come to tea, or shall I send something up to you?"

"Send something up to me, auntie—that's a dear. There's no danger of my going to sleep, but I shan't dress my hair until the very last minute; and, of course, I can't go to the supper-table with it up in crimping-pins."

"But you must be sure and be ready in time. Mrs. Stoughton will be here punctually at half-past eight, and you must not keep her waiting this cold night. A pretty chaperone she is, I must confess; just about as steady as you are yourself. I am thankful John Reed is going, my mind will be easier about you."

"John Reed!" exclaimed Jenny, impatiently. "I do wish you wouldn't always bring in John Reed! I don't see what he wants to go for at all. He never dances; and he'd be much more at home down stairs with his books and papers than he ever will be in a ball-room. He is too old for Germans."

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"Too old for Germans!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilson, bristling in defence of her favorite. "I declare, I believe these young college sprigs would like to drive everybody out of society but just their own set. But if you call him too old, I should like to know what you think of Ben Ramsay, a superanuated old bachelor, who has beaued every generation since I was a girl, and will probably waltz with you to-night. *He's* old enough to be John Reed's father."

"Oh! Mr. Ramsay's an established fact; Branton couldn't have a German without him; but John Reed is quite another man."

"Yes, I should say he was," exclaimed Mrs. Wilson, "*quite* another man. I can tell you one thing, Miss Jenny, John Reed's little finger has got more sense in it than the heads of all your scatter-brained students put together."

"Aunty, if you say anything more about John Reed, I shall hate the sight of him. He's a very *good*, *wise* man, I've no doubt; but I don't think I like your very good men; at any rate, they are out of place at a German. Don't expect me to worship your idol, auntie dear, and please shut the door, and leave me in peace."

Mrs. Wilson retired in virtuous indignation, and Jenny closed her eyes, not to sleep, but to dream those delicious day-dreams which come only to a girl of eighteen.

Jenny Tracy was an orphan and an heiress. Both her parents died when she was too young to realize their loss; and she had lived, ever since she was a baby, with her widowed aunt, who, being childless herself, idolized her niece, and allowed herself to be affectionately tyrannized over by that young woman from morning until night.

The family of Mrs. Wilson consisted of herself, Jenny, and the John Reed before mentioned. The latter was a bachelor of about thirty, a thoroughly honest, straightforward, intelligent man, devoted to his books, and supporting himself entirely by his pen, and the tutorship of those students who were often sent to Brenton to rusticate. Mrs. Wilson looked upon him as a model man in every respect, and was constantly holding him up to Jenny's many admirers, who mostly all belonged to that class of young men who glory in button-hole bouquets, velveteen coats, and waxed mustaches.

A few hours later, Jenny Tracy fluttered down stairs looking like a little fairy, in her fleecy dress of white tarlatan, trimmed with rose-buds and forget-me-nots; the same delicate flowers in her hair. Her aunt followed her, loaded with wraps of various descriptions.

John Reed sat in his evening-dress, reading the paper; he laid it aside as Jenny came in, and remarked, "Well, Miss Jenny, you are very punctual; you look very nice, indeed."

Jenny gave a little impatient toss of her head, but made no reply. "Very nice, indeed," she quoted to herself; "as if I didn't look that every day of my life. I don't believe he knows but what I have got on my morning-dress!"

"Now, Biddy," said Mrs. Wilson, to that admiring handmaid, who stood with both hands on her hips, gazing at Jenny with perfect delight. "Now, Biddy, put on Miss Jenny's rubbers."

"Oh, auntie!" cried Jenny, "I can't wear rubbers—they'll be sure to stain my boots; besides, I couldn't get them on over these high heels; and there really is no need of them, for it's only a step to the carriage."

"Now, Jenny Tracy, I will be firm in some things. You are not going out to-night in those thin boots with nothing over them. Biddy, run up to my room and bring me down my knit-shoes. They'll keep her feet nice and warm."

Jenny remonstrated, but in vain; Biddy came in with the shoes, and her aunt peremptorily ordered Jenny to put out her foot.

"There, John, I just want you to look at that boot," cried Mrs. Wilson. "Did you ever see such a heel? If she doesn't break her neck, or sprain her ankle before morning, I shall be surprised."

Jenny laughed, and looked down complacently at the little foot in its blue-kid boot, with its silver heel nearly two inches high.

John Reed looked down at the little foot too; but he only remarked,

"Oh! I suppose Miss Jenny knows how to manage them."

"Well," said Mrs. Wilson, as she wrapped Jenny up in a thick, blue opera-cloak, "all I can say is, that if anything does happen to her, I want you to look out for her, John."

"Indeed, auntie, Mr. Reed need not trouble himself about me at all; you seem to forget that I have a chaperone."

"Don't be disturbed, Miss Jenny," said Mr. Reed, with the utmost composure, "I promise not to come near you during the evening, unless you especially request it."

Jenny made no reply, but thought to herself that there would be no danger of her calling on him for any ball-room attentions. At that moment the sound of a carriage stopping at the gate was heard, and Jenny hurried out while her aunt stood in the hall holding the door open.

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"Now don't sit up for her, Mrs. Wilson," called out pretty Mrs. Stoughton, from the inside of the carriage, "for there's no knowing when we shall be home. Mr. Reed, won't you get in with us? There's plenty of room."

"No, I thank you, Mrs. Stoughton: I've too much respect for Miss Jenny's tarlatan to run the risk of crushing it, to say nothing of your own dress."

"So," thought Jenny, to herself, as John Reed shut the carriage-door, and walked away, "he did notice what I had on, after all, even if he did think I looked only very nice."

Who can portray the delights of a ball-room for those to whom youth has not lost all its freshness? The few moments of preparation in the dressing-room, when all is excitement, is of itself a perfect study to a quiet observer; the greetings for each fresh arrival; the side-glances as strangers throw aside their cloaks, displaying the gorgeousness of their apparel to the critical eyes of the residents; the apparent unconsciousness of all the young women that manly forms in swallow-tails and light kids are hovering just outside the sacred precincts, waiting to pounce upon the fair ones as they issue forth; the complacent looks of the matrons, as they gaze about them, each one perfectly confident that *her* daughter will bear away the palm; all form a picture which one may look upon and enjoy, even if not participating in the gayety oneself. With flushed cheeks, bright eyes, and quickly-beating heart, under the charge of Mrs. Stoughton, Jenny made her appearance in the hall. Although many ladies were there before her, Jenny was hardly inside the door, when she was completely surrounded by a group of admirers; and if she had been without a partner for the German, all her anxiety would have been immediately set at rest, for many were the solicitations for her hand.

Ralph Holland at once claimed her, and informed her that he had been asked to lead.

Oh, joy inexpressible! to lead at her first German, with several of that "older set" looking on, all of them splendid dancers! It was almost too much.

When the German commenced, Jenny's cup of pleasure was full to the brim. An exquisite bouquet; a new dress, with a train that hung to perfection; blue kid-boots, with silver heels; four-buttoned gloves; and the best partner in the room. Could any one ask for more?

Jenny thought not. She was radiant with happiness. Honors flowed in on her so fast, that she had a little heap of them on the seat behind her. She danced every turn, and had the satisfaction of knowing that half the girls in the room were envying her the possession of Ralph Holland.

Ralph Holland, the beau, *par excellence*, of Branton, with his tall figure, light hair, curling mustache, and exquisitely-fitting coat and boots, to say nothing of his pleasant speeches! Oh, how many of them he favored Jenny with that night!

Jenny was too excited to realize how very silly they were, or how seldom any one ever heard anything else from his lips, although they did sometimes bring the color to her cheeks, rather uncomfortably; and she could not help knowing that he had said the same things, with slight variations, to half a dozen of her acquaintances.

Only once did she think of Mr. Reed. Then she saw him sitting on one of the back rows of seats, talking with the mother of one of the young men, whom he was trying his best to have ready for the next examination at Harvard, and apparently quite oblivious to the white tarlatan, or blue kid-boots.

But there is no gold without its alloy; and so poor Jenny found. She was trying the new step with Ralph Holland, before the admiring eyes of half the room, when in attempting the reverse, she made a misstep—one of those treacherous heels turned under her; and before Ralph Holland could prevent it, she dropped at his feet, with a suppressed cry of pain. Instantly she was surrounded with a group of ladies and gentlemen; the latter all extending their hands at once to help her to rise. Suffering, as she was, the ludicrousness of the scene struck her with such force, that she could not help laughing, as she said, "Thank you; but I think one will be enough;" and she put her hand in Ralph Holland's, and attempted to get up; but it was in vain, for almost fainting, she sank back, while Mrs. Stoughton knelt and supported her.

"I think I have sprained my ankle," she said, faintly. "What shall I do?"

"Don't you think you can possibly get up, dear?" asked Mrs. Stoughton. "Don't try to step on that foot."

"It's no use, I can't do it. I wish some one would ask Mr. Reed to come here."

Immediately three zealous youths rushed for Mr. Reed, who instantly rose, and walked quickly across the floor.

"What is it, Miss Jenny? Have you hurt yourself?"

"I have sprained my ankle, she said,

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looking up at him, piteously. "What shall I do?"

For answer, John Reed stooped, and took the little figure in his arms, and bore it off to the dressing-room, followed by Mrs. Stoughton, leaving the young men to exchange significant glances, and secretly wish they had had the courage to do the same thing.

In the dressing-room, Mrs. Stoughton got off Jenny's boot, by cutting away all the buttons, and wrapped her up in her cloak, while Ralph Holland, who had come to the doorway, ran for a carriage; but Jenny would not allow her chaperone to leave the ball at that hour, saying she would go home with Mr. Reed. Then, suddenly remembering that she had not asked that gentleman if he would go with her, the color rushed to her pale cheeks, and she looked up at him in great confusion, as she said, "That is, if he is willing to leave on my account."

"Certainly, Miss Jenny," said John Reed. "You know I promised to be ready when you needed me. The carriage is here. Put your hand on my shoulder, so. You are as light, as light as a feather."

"Good-night, Miss Jenny," said Ralph Holland, as Mr. Reed deposited her safely in the carriage. "May I call to-morrow, and see how you are?"

"Yes; if you like," said Jenny, rather faintly. "But I am afraid I shan't be able to see you."

"Don't predict anything as sad as that," answered Ralph, in as touching a tone as he dared use, with John Reed sitting by to hear. Then he shut the door, and went back to the ball-room, inwardly storming at himself for playing second actor in a scene, where, if he had only had a little forethought and decision, he might have shone as the leading actor.

When the carriage stopped at the house, good Mrs. Wilson came hurrying to the door, in dressing-gown and night-cap, wondering what had brought Jenny home so early, and horrified when she found that her prediction in regard to those heels had proved only too true.

The next day Ralph Holland called; but Jenny could not leave her room. He soon followed up his call with another, leaving at the door a bouquet and delicately-perfumed note. Jenny received the flowers with a smile; but when she had read the note, she tore it up and threw it into the fire, exclaiming, under her breath—"trash!"

"Trash!" said aunt Wilson; "and from Ralph Holland? Why, it isn't a week since you danced with delight, because he sent you a bouquet and a note; and now, when he does the same thing, you turn up your nose."

"The other was just a polite note, such as any one might write; but this was—pshaw!" And Jenny tossed her head and trotted her well foot, impatiently.

Suddenly, she spoke again, "I must say, auntie, that if Ralph Holland does write silly notes, he shows a great deal more interest in me than a certain gentleman living in the same house with me. *He* has never had the politeness to inquire how I was."

"No such thing," replied Mrs. Wilson, stopping to pick up a stitch. "That is, if you mean John Reed; and as he is the only gentleman living in the same house with you, it is fair to suppose you do: he has inquired for you two or three times a day ever since your accident."

"Then why did not you tell me so?"

"Why, my dear child," said Mrs. Wilson, very demurely, "I supposed it was a matter of indifference to you whether he asked for you or not."

"Of course, I don't care, particularly, whether John Reed does ask for me or not," said Jenny, turning away her head, and speaking very fast. "But still, when I'm cooped-up here, while all the other girls are having such splendid times, it's very natural that I should like to know if my friends inquire for me."

"Well, as I say, he has inquired for you very often; and even offered to carry you up and down stairs, if you would like to have him; but, of course, I knew you wouldn't."

"Why, auntie? You know he brought me up the night of the German."

"Yes; I know he did," replied Mrs. Wilson, still knitting; "but then you could not help yourself. Now, I supposed, you would not think of such a thing."

"It's very stupid staying up here, auntie. Particularly in the evening, you know."

"I am very much obliged to you, I'm sure, for the compliment," said Mrs. Wilson. "I believe I've sat with you every night that none of the girls have been in."

"Now, auntie; you know I did'nt mean anything unkind," remonstrated Jenny. "But it is *so* pleasant in the parlor. Do you think Mr. Reed would think it very strange if you asked him to carry me down?"

"We'll soon find out." And Mrs. Wilson got up, and opened the door, smiling to herself as she went to the head of the stairs, and called, "John, come up here? Jenny wants you."

"Oh, auntie!" called out Jenny. "You ask him for me, please?"

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But John Reed sprang up the stairs, two steps at a time, and in a moment stood at Jenny's door, saying, "How are you, Miss Jenny? What can I do for you?"

"I wanted to ask you if you could—— that is, if you would think it very strange," stammered Jenny, in confusion, "if I should ask you to carry me down stairs?"

John Reed laughed. "Think it strange? Why, no, indeed! That is what I have wanted to do ever since you have been laid up, only your aunt said you would not let me."

In a few moments Jenny was safely deposited on the sofa in the front parlor, in front of a blazing wood-fire.

"Oh, how nice this is!" she exclaimed, looking about her. "I thank you, ever so much, for bringing me down, Mr. Reed."

"Well, now that you are here, what can I do to amuse you?"

"Won't you, please," said Jenny, in the tone of one asking a great favor, "read me something you have written, not yet published?"

It was now John Reed's turn to look confused; for he was a very modest man, not much given to parading his own writings; but he took up a manuscript, that lay on the table near where he had been sitting, and without any circumlocution, commenced to read aloud.

The next day John Reed was called away on business; and for another week Jenny was obliged to stay in her own room. If she had found the first week tedious, she found the second week doubly so. At first, she thought she only missed the change of going down stairs; then she came to the conclusion that it was the reading she wanted; so she sent to the library for a very exciting novel, but it did not excite or interest her in the least. At last, she sent Biddy to bring her a pile of the Magazines, for which Mr. Reed wrote, although she had never looked into them before. She read all the articles, signed J. R, by stealth; hiding the books, for some unexplainable reason, under the lounge, as soon as she heard her aunt approaching.

At last, John Reed came back. It was just at twilight when he arrived—before the gas was lighted, Jenny heard him taking off his overcoat in the hall, and wondered if he would ask for her. Yes; sure enough. The first thing, after his affectionate greeting with Mrs. Wilson, he said, "How is Miss Jenny? I wonder if she wouldn't like to have me bring her down to tea?"

"I've no doubt she would," answered Mrs. Wilson. "I'll go up and tell her you've come."

Happily for Miss Jenny, the friendly twilight hid the blushes that the sound of John Reed's voice had called up; but when the gentleman himself made his appearance, saying, "Miss Jenny, I am back to take you down again," she could not utter a word, although she could have bitten her tongue out for not being able to speak.

As John Reed reached the parlor-sofa, he glanced over his shoulder to see if Mrs. Wilson was there. No; there was no one behind him. So, then he put Jenny down. He still kept his arms around her, and said, very seriously,

"Jenny, the night of your first German, I promised not to go near you unless you wished it. Now, if you say so, I promise never to go away from you. Which shall it be—go, or stay?"

Poor Jenny blushed and trembled, in the twilight; but she found her voice at last, although it was a very weak little voice that whispered,

"Stay, John!"

The clock ticked, and the fire blazed and crackled, and the twilight deepened into night, but not another word was spoken, until aunt Wilson bustled in, exclaiming, "Well, I declare! if you two people aren't sitting here in the dark, about as sociable as two dummies! Let's have a little light on the subject." And she turned up the gas, thereby discovering a very interesting tableau.

"Humph!" she exclaimed, as she went up and kissed her niece. "So, it seems, I didn't keep out of the way for nothing. And so, Miss Jenny, you've concluded that if Ralph Holland is a good partner for a German, John Reed is a better one for life."

OUR DARLING'S GRAVE.

BY A. F. ADAMS.

Yes! we made him a grave, where the pine-boughs wave,
And so sadly the night-winds moan
Throuhg the darkening shade, where our loved one is laid,
And so sweetly is sleeping alone.

It was sad, then, at eve, when we knew we must leave
Our darling alone with the willow;
And we breathed a fond prayer, for the kind angel's care,
To watch o'er our loved one's lone pillow.

And we long for the time, when the church-bells' chime,
Shall tell that our spirits have gone
Where morning's bright beam, doth on Paradise gleam,
And our loved one no more is alone.

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AT MRS. HATHAWAY'S.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

THE house looked, outside, like a nest of comfort—an impression never lost in gaining the interior. I do not know a man who says, "my wife," with looks of greater pride, than did Dr. Athol; nor a woman who, more completely than Mrs. Athol, justifies such feeling.

Harry was a darling boy, especially to his mother; because, already, at ten, he had begun to show traits, like his father's, of intellectual ability, of love of study, of nature, and of consideration toward herself. But it must be said that there was no end to the torment he at times inflicted on his bright-eyed, hot-tempered little sister, Sophia, two years younger than himself; while, at other times, you should have seen him running to put himself between her and every "cow with crumpled horn"—she had no fear or trembling before any other; how he watched and guarded against the soiling of her white apron, or the advent of harm to her glossy slippers, or her curls; how he went down before her, brushed, and worked with both his plump hands, trying to remove the disorder even to the last vestige, saying, "You are a naughty girl to do this."

"Ain't naughty girl," she one day answered, her hand jamming his hat down over his eyes.

"Yes, you are. Mamma put these on clean a little while ago. You're naughty."

"I don't care; you're a turtle."

"I'm not a turtle, I'm a boy."

"No, you're not a boy, you're a turtle."

"I tell you I'm not a turtle. Do I draw my head down into my stomach?"

Even this did not daunt Sophia. "Yes, you do," she said; "I've seen you a good many times."

"Oh, what a story!"

"Well, I have—I know I have; I remember."

And seeing a bright butterfly light on a neighboring rose, off she ran to catch it. By-the-by, the child caught some very beautiful specimens of butterflies, bugs and moths; caught them so deftly between the taper fingers, held them so carefully in the knowing palms, that she could almost always consign them to her father's care with not a wing notched or, so far as one could see, with not a speck of the gold, or silver, or bronze, or purple brushed away. Some of the loveliest—and the reader may believe—most tenderly-prized things in the doctor's whole fine collection, were brought to him by this same little, wild, knowing daughter.

One had just been caught. She hastened with it, tipping her forehead to escape the great rain-drops; the doctor was patting her shoulder and praising her; her eyes were shining; Harry was bringing mamma in from the supper-room, to see, when a stroke of God's lightning out of that beautiful shower, laid the faithful wife and mother, faithful conserver of all sweet home-delights, dead at her boy's side, and before her husband and little daughter's eyes. The two last-named were benumbed by the shock. Harry was prostrated and made insensible.

But they all recovered full soon enough. "Full soon enough!" the doctor kept moaning within his aching breast, as, having with difficulty crawled to his wife's side, he held her in his arms, and tried to bring back life to her.

But they were obliged to bury her. And through those days of preparation, when so many hurried feet were going about where her quiet ones had ever been, and she lay lovely as a bride, no one saw tears on Harry's face, any more than one saw them on his father's; one only saw how inward sobbing caught him and shook him, whenever the thoughts of her came.

As for little Sophia, she appeared before one and another with large, troubled eyes, that made innumerable inquiries, although her lips made not one, save of Harry. With him she approached the subject with whispering and great awe, and with her slender fingers trembling, as they locked themselves with his.

"What—what are they doing with mamma, do you know?" she asked.

"No," he replied, the word borne upward on his swelling heart. "But I wish they were all of them dead—all but mamma and papa, and you and I, and she was alive. If she was alive, I would—I know what I'd do—I would——" and for a moment, imagination, strong, like all his powers, bore him away from what was real, and he saw her alive, smiling, and moving about, and said, "I know; I

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would——" but the fire, on which the boy was about to lay his loving sacrifices, went speedily out; and he could only draw Sophia a little closer, put one arm about her, and with parched lips say, "I will be as good as I can to you after this, Sophia. Nobody shall see me plague you any more, now she——" now she is gone, he meant.

CHAPTER II.

He had, however, only brief space for the fulfillment or the breaking of his word. It was at the time when the war of the Crimea was taking such features as to arrest the attention of the world; and the doctor, selling to his brother-in-law, Deacon Hathaway, the house and garden he could no longer bear to inhabit, or even to see, placed the tender Sophia under his guardianship, under his sister's care; in all he did and said, leaving about his mouth, his eyes, the broken-hearted look most of us but too well remember having seen in one that we loved.

One of the things Sophia never forgot, never will forget, was being so tenderly undressed and covered in her cot in his chamber, the night before he went away, and waking in the morning in his arms, he weeping and shaken.

He took Harry with him, to leave him with another sister, the wife of a dissenting minister in London.

Through Baron Stoeckel, at the time minister from Russia to this country, the doctor had received appointment as surgeon in the Russian army—and this was his destination.

CHAPTER III.

Alas! alas! for most of the motherless, wherever they are found! Alas! for poor little Sophia! A poor little waif! Well fed, of course; well clothed; sent to school constantly; but going out without a word or look of parting, coming in without a look or word of greeting—from her aunt, that is; her to whom it belonged to tide her lovingly through the bereaved, tender years, with smiles, embraces, and all-pervading cares.

Her uncle, although he seldom spoke to her, or, indeed, in his own house, to any one, was always kind toward her. This she felt, and she loved him; but, as must needs be in a house like that, afar off.

Her cousin, James, at times sufficiently condescending toward her, was at others a brute. When he was in the latter mood, she often trembled before him, feeling that neither arm nor ark of safety awaited her anywhere but in her mother's grave. And few of us, at any age, long for a thing as she sometimes longed, to make her way down there and go to sleep, and sleep until papa and Harry came.

In his other mood, he was odious to her pure nature; yet, having not only him but his mother, whose ruined favorite he was, to offend if she showed her repugnance, she kept it in abeyance as far as she was able. Sometimes she was so angry as to risk consequences, and then she saw what fiery gleams her aunt's eyes had the power of emitting; heard the stinging words that came to mingle with her cousin's mocking ones.

"Where's handsome Sophi?" he would say, coming in. "Where's handsome Sophi?" trotting round, looking behind doors, in the passages, under the table and sofa. "Where is she, Mrs. Deacon Hathaway? Blast her! where is she, mother? Where is she, Mrs. Peters?"

His mother did not know. Mrs Peters, busy with her cloth-laying, made no reply; and the young man went on extending his search. They could hear the bang and clang of his footsteps, and of doors opened and shut, in the distant and more distant rooms.

This time, the time, that is, of which we are thinking, he did not find her. She was at the house of Mrs. Bedell, one of the dearest friends her mother had had; was at that lady's feet, where she had sunk on coming in, moaning, "If it wasn't for you, mother Bedell, I should die!"

CHAPTER IV.

Meantime, and long before this stage of our story, the war had closed; and Dr. Athol, after extended travels on the Continent, had arrived in England, with the intention, as he wrote to Mrs. Hathaway, of going to London to get Harry, and returning to America. But another letter soon came—and it was then the moans of the girl were the most piteous—informing them of a change in his late plans. An exploring party, Dr. L——, his friend, at the head, was fitting out in London; and he was to join it. He had only time for a few flying visits to Harry; "And tell little Sophia," he wrote, "to think what strange stories papa will have to tell her when he comes——"

"When he writes to aunt," said Sophia, when she was telling Mrs. Bedell about it. "He says, how happy it makes him to learn, as he says he does from her letters, that his little daughter is growing up a healthy girl, a good scholar, and that she is contented and

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happy. Think, mother Bedell, if he knew what I have to bear, he would come home, and all his great plans would be spoiled. Or, if he stayed, he would be sorry for me all the time, and especially in the night"—remembering the wet face and shaken frame of old. "And so," added the heroic girl, keeping back her emotion, "he shall not know. Aunt may write all the letters, as she has done. Oh! and if he will only live, and some day come to B——" she never said home, "and find me grown up, then," smiling kindly, as no loveliest dawn ever yet kindled upon the night—for no dawn in nature could by any possibility have the pure radiance given her by the sweetness, the elevation of her spirit, the grace of her person —"then will he not be surprised to find me such a tall girl? Such a *tall* girl! Only think, mother Bedell! when he has all the time been calling me 'little Sophia,' his 'little daughter,' and sending such baby messages to me? This is one reason why I do not write to him or Harry. They none of them expect me to; but I should, I think, if I did not want them to see it all at once with their own eyes, that I am as tall as dear, dear mamma was. You think I am, Mrs. Bedell?"

"We will measure and see. She was just my height."

"I am glad." said the girl, seeing in the mirror before which they were standing, that at last she was just as tall as her friend. "And you think I look like her? I ask you every little while," she continued; "for every little while I grow frightened about myself, I am so afraid their making me angry, as they do, is spoiling my face, making it different from mamma's, who had papa to be always pleasant and kind to her; never once speaking an unkind word, you say. What a home that was, Mrs. Bedell! What a home it was to lose! But now, this is the last time you shall ever hear me talking about it in this way. I am going to be a brave, happy girl, after this, until papa and Harry come, even if it is years before they come. You watch me and see."

CHAPTER V.

We knew all about this exploring expedition. All the reading and literary world did, at the time. It was to trace the Nile to its source, and to penetrate into barbarous regions, hitherto untrod by civilized man. So, while there were mighty promptings for men possessed, like our doctor, of heroic natures; men who had, withal, like him, a sore in the heart. There were also risks of life and limb, of health and strength The doctor did not say so, in his letters; but he gave minute instructions about Sophia and Sophia's property; adding, "until I come." But the instructions covered several years beyond the time to which the absence of the party had been limited; and the unnatural sister, as she was unnatural wife, mother, protector, felt herself light-hearted, thinking of that "girl," as she almost always, in her heart, called Sophia, in her power—her and her fortune. Her head whirled with excitement at the thoughts of the latter; for it should be Jamie's. And, once getting it into his hands—gettting her as his wife—would not they (herself and Jamie, she meant,) make things go? Indeed they would! Indeed they would!

But to Sophia it was more anxiety, weighing tons, it seemed to her, settling down upon her heart and limbs. Watching her, her aunt said, "This is what we get, your uncle and I, for the care of you all these years and years. If we went to the Nile, and stayed there till we died, it's precious little you'd care about it. But, because your father, that you've never seen, hardly, is going, you're ready to die."

Would my readers believe that Mrs. Hathaway studied grammar when she was young, to say nothing of the whole range of sciences, ethics, and languages, included in "a course" at the New Hampton Seminary? That at home she did nothing (when visitors were about, we mean,) but show off her seminary-manners and her bloom, and the plunges of her white hands upon the piano-keys; when visitors were not about, to every requirement of help in the household affairs, saying, querulously, "I can't! I tell you, I can't! Let Mary do it. She don't play the piano, and I do."

I suppose they would believe the latter readily enough, seeing what in later years she had become. And those who have had opportunities of seeing how selfish pursuits and dispositions, not only "currupt good manners," but intelligence and all greatness, will find no difficulty in believing the former.

Her sister Mary, with no beauty to strike the beholder, but with the diligent home-ways, and the eye to duty, that could not fail to interest every considerate heart, with her useful, beloved reading, and now and then a term at the village academy; dropping her duties at the door in-going, taking them up at the door, coming, became one of the soundest, best scholars, anywhere round. By-and-by, when she was through with it all; when brother and sister

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were married, and the aged, beloved parents were laid in the ground; just then, when her heart was looking forth, longing, came the old friend she was thinking of, Joseph May, home from England, where, for three years, he had been minister of a dissenting church, professor of a dissenting college—came to find a wife; to find her, in fact, this was the very thing he came for; married her, and took her back with him. It was with her, as the reader knows, that Dr. Athol had placed his boy. And it is in part on account of this connection; in part, because we wish to place her noble example beside Mrs. Hathaway's ignoble one, before our young readers, just beginning to tread the ways of woman, who, standing as they do, "at the parting of the way," have before them two paths; one of love, duty, happiness—of certain happiness, if the duty and love are made certain; another of vanity, selfishness, unrest, perhaps even of ruin for the soul. It is for this that we have stopped to tell Mrs. Grey's story.

CHAPTER VI.

THE doctor had been gone several years. At remote times, as he had opportunity, sending letters to B——, when, from the English newspapers, as well as from letters from Mrs. Grey, came the intelligence that a detachment of the expedition, consisting of Dr. Athol, and two or three others, in attempting to proceed to—I have forgotten what place—in a water-craft of—I forget what name—was upset and drowned. Such was the report the rest of the party had, after a long search, succeeded in gathering from the hostile natives; and the survivors were under a dark cloud of sorrow for the loss they and the public, and the friends of the departed comrades had sustained.

Will the reader believe that Mrs. Hathaway was jubilant over the intelligence? She was, however unnatural it may seem. Mrs. Grey's letters were blotted with tears from top to bottom. At sight of them, Mrs. Hathaway gave her head a swing, and said, "Oh!"

Poor Sophia! Does the reader wonder that Harry never wrote to her? When a brother, or friend, from whom we have been a long time parted, is coming—when we hear it said in the joyful circle, "Here he is! He is in the path! Look, Susy!"—we do not look, we scud behind the door. Trembling with joy, we pull the door back close, pull in the obtruding skirts, and there we are, until he has embraced all the rest, his eyes looking about for us, as we knew they would—when out we come; and there we two are; and there is not likely soon to be an end to our hand-shakings and laughter—is sure not to be an end to his pride in our growing graces of womanhood, to ours in his growing strength of manhood. We have already shown that Sophia had this feeling with regard to her father and Harry; and have only to say, that Harry had it, although in a somewhat less enthusiastic degree, with regard to Sophia.

CHAPTER VII.

"TWENTY thousand dollars! Only think, Jamie!"

"Yes, m'm," fiddling with his arms before the table where she was standing at work.

"Twenty thousand!"—her eyes shining with an evil light. "And every cent of it as much yours as hers—more yours then hers. *Yours*, the very hour you stand up with her."

"Yes, m'm," still fiddling; his cap cocked one side on his head, his head cocked one side on his shoulders. "Yes, m'm."

"Now, Jamie"—coming round with coaxing looks, to stand close by him; "now do be steady. Do be a little polite to her, sometimes. Do make it appear that you like her, if you don't—and I suppose you don't. But carry yourself through to the standing-up, and the—" and the money, she meant—"precisely as if you did. Here," taking her purse out of her pocket, "Here is some money. Go down to Concord and buy her a few beautiful things—a photograph-album, and—what was that new thing she and Mrs. Swazey were talking about? That book of Whittier's?—'Snow-Bound'—illustrated, they said; get that, and give it to her. And give it to her just as you ought. You know how to do such things. A few times in your life—or, in these late years, I mean—I've seen you do a thing just as you ought; and nobody could do it better. And don't drink, Jamie, while you are gone; if you do, you will certainly ruin everything. Do keep sober, after this, till it is all over with—completed. And afterward, too, poor boy! or you'll see your mother's hair growing white long before its time; for she's got nobody but you that she cares a straw for. It's a fact"—meeting the glance directed toward her; "so don't do anything bad. Only——"

Here she was checked in her truly sincere admonitions, by sudden recollections of her own guilty conspiracy, into which she was doing her worst to involve him. With changed tones, she said, "Only, do behave as well as you can toward such a high piece (one of her epithets

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for Sophia,) until it is over, and you're sure of her. I'll manage the rest, if you will do that"—the mother fast dying out of her looks, and the vixen coming in its stead. "It's well she don't know anything about how much money she will have. If she did, I shouldn't expect to do anything with her."

The reader shall be told why she did not know. Until her father's last instructions came, before leaving England, it was supposed by them all, that, as he had so long been but a rolling-stone, he had gathered little moss; and that her chief fortune lay in the few hundreds left of her father's earliest investment for her maintenance and education.

Mrs. Hathaway herself opened the latest instructions, in her husband's absence, and with her own pen, in imitation of her brother's style, wrote at the bottom of the page, "Sophia to remain in ignorance of the amount of this property until she is twenty-one years of age." And, thought she, it shall pass with husband for Dick's writing, now and always, if he don't come. If he does, I can easily manage it by saying to him, carelessly, "My advice to husband, Dick; that is all. We never spoke about it; but he knew the writing, of course."

She had misgivings about it at times. Her fears would not be wholly at rest, with all the resolute pattings-down she gave them, until the news came of the doctor's death, then, "I was right," she said; "and I generally am."

CHAPTER VIII.

Well, the plot thickened so about our orphan, that on no side could her dimmed vision penetrate it. Only heavenward was a clear opening to be seen; and she kept her eyes there, longing for the beloved father and mother; longing sometimes for death, as the only gate of hope. Only, there was dear Harry, she would say, within herself, the tears starting; she would not like to go and leave him here alone.

Coming in, one day, from a walk, she found her aunt sitting, absorbed in a letter, which, upon Sophia's entrance, she hastily folded up and put aside.

I do not believe there are many such hypocrites as Mrs. Hathaway; many who, upon such desperate inward misgivings and quandaries, can put up such a front of honest intrepidity.

This time, "You are a good girl to come home," she said, smilingly, untying a parcel.

And it is true that never once before, in all the half-score of years, had she once said, "You are a good girl;" once called that house "home," or once met her with smiles—not once; on the contrary, jealous of all her absences, she had frowned at her returns, without looking at her—without looking at her; (she could, I think, hardly have kept the savage frown, the savage tongue, if she had looked into the sweet, half-forlorn face.) she had said, "You've come! Time, I think! Here; take these things, and put them away where they belong! Hang this up! Go down cellar and bring up the pears! Jamie has been home twice, since you've been away, and looked round for you. There, go!"

But this time she went on to say, "I've got something for you in here," still untying the parcel. "Bought it half an hour ago, at Buffum's, on purpose for you." (The miserable woman bought it for herself; and brought it along, together with the still unopened letter, thinking she would have Sophia make every stitch of it.) "You need a handsome fall-dress," she continued, rising to show its rich folds. "And isn't this a beauty?"

Sophia, wondering at the unprecedented mood; looking often into her aunt's face, to see if the frowns did not return, answered, that it was very beautiful; but asked her if she did not want it for herself.

"Oh, no! Or, I'll tell you!"—her complacency almost overwhelming her speech—"I'll tell you just what we'll do. We'll put on our things, and go to Buffum's, and get the rest of the piece. There is just enough for another dress. It's all he brought up in the piece: and I'll have it. You shall have yours elegantly trimmed; and I'll have mine trimmed; and we will go away, somewhere, together. It's a long time since we've been away anywhere together."

The miserable woman! They had never been away anywhere together. Sophia, therefore, puzzled her brain for nought, trying to remember the time when such journey had been made.

"We'll go to Newburyport, perhaps, to see cousin Blake's folks. They have young people."

They went out, side-by-side, close. People wondered at the sight; and especially at the sight of Mrs. Hathaway's smiles—sociability.

"Poor thing!" they said. This was in looking at the white face and grave manners of the girl by her side.

But it is true that the face, the manners, did revive, somewhat at once, at the unwonted gleam; that she walked with animation, new to her; spoke to those she met, with new animation, which proved true the thing she

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had many a time within herself said, "If *she* was only kind, it would be worth more than all the rest." All the rest of the kindness she met in others, she meant.

"Oh, you shan't carry it!"—taking the parcel out of her thin arms into her stout ones.

This was at the store-door, and set Buffum and Gill to wondering, as all the rest of the village was wondering.

"Here we are at the dressmaker's. Let's go in and do things up quick. We'll both be measured. We won't touch the dresses ourselves; we'll have them made here."

CHAPTER IX.

"Don't I drive business?" she said, five times a day, with laughter, as, panting, she came in, threw down her parasol, sank into a seat, and commenced opening her purchase, before Sophia's wondering eyes. It was one time, an elegant bonnet for Sophia; at another, an elegant parasol; at another, an elegant fan, elegant gloves—all perfectly matched; and material for an elegant morning-gown. And Mrs. Hall was there, her shears hanging at her belt; her cushion pinned in front, ready, on the instant, to commence the fitting.

In three days they were ready for the journey; and all this time James' name had not once been heard. At least, not by Sophia's grateful ears; although his mother could not help saying to the dog, Major, when he came in, as if searching for him, "He's gone, Major. But, never mind, Major; he'll come, by-and-by. You'll see him."

The truth is, James was the only one, beside herself, who knew anything about the letter Sophia saw her aunt tucking away; for, as it happened, the mail, that morning, was opened and delivered, not by the postmaster, but, in his absence, by a relative, visiting in his family. Mrs. Hathaway was there to receive hers at once, upon its appearance in the box; and so, as she did not fail to congratulate herself, nothing was likely to be known, even to the postmaster, of the arrival of such a document.

Hurrying home with it, and the dress she had been buying, in the yard she came upon James, who, with a whip-lash, was cutting off the heads of her roses, heliotropes, fuchsias, geraniums.

"You're too bad, James," she said, looking round on the decapitated shrubs, the bestrewn door-steps, and the sward. "Here's a letter—see!" holding it up to show him the foreign post-mark. "Come in. Now," said she, after they had made themselves acquainted with the contents, and had pondered them a little, "now something has got to be done. I think you had better go away somewhere for awhile, and try to improve yourself; to get brushed up—you look so——, and I will take care of the rest. And, Jamie, *do* reform while you are gone!"

With what a great laugh he answered her deprecation.

"Oh, James!"

"Oh, mother!" drooping, and in other respects mimicking her.

"Well," turning away, and dragging off her shawl, "if you will go on, you will go on; and——"

"And if *you* will go on, you will go on," he rejoined, still mimicking her.

"And you will, I see plainly, and——"

"And *you* will, I see plainly. You'll tell her five hundred lies the next two days. Your 'Fire-brand,' I mean; you'll tell her five hundred lies right off; and six hundred to them before they've been here a week. You'll do it so well, that you and your 'Fire-brand' will be seen out together before two days, digging a hole in the garden, and it will be to bury the hatchet in. The people will all see you, and wonder what it means."

"Oh, James!"

"Oh, mother!"

"Here is money; get you a new coat and hat. You do make such work with your hats and caps! They, somehow, get a real rowdy look by the time you've worn them a day—and a night. Your nights are the worst thing for you. I wouldn't see her before you go. You don't look fit. But do look fit by the time you come back. They'll be here 'in two weeks, by the Persia,'" she added, recurring to the letter. "Be sure you keep in good company; this is the main thing; you will come back looking better. Oh, Jamie! if you would only come back looking as I want you to, how proud I should be of you, for you were one of the handsomest *little* boys I, or anybody, ever saw. You will try, won't you?"

"Yes'm," bowing low to her at the door that led to the stairs. "I'm o-p-h!" once more bowing low, and with a great sweep of his hand.

Mrs. Hathaway still sat over the open letter, brooding, hatching her plans, when Sophia entered, as has already been related.

She kept the letter from her husband, as she told James she would. Neither he nor the doctor, when he came, should know that such letter had reached her.

When James, in that interview, said, "What will you do if uncle Dick asks you?"

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"I shall tell him I didn't get it—I shall have to," replied the wretched mother of the wretched son, whose undoing she was every hour of her life working to accomplish.

CHAPTER X.

ENERGETIC, healthy, used to society and journeying, no one could excel Mrs. Hathaway in the style and eclat with which she was able to carry the undertaking involving Sopha forward; and how was she graced by the charming young creature at her side, who now, for the first time felt her life opening in verdure and bloom; felt it expanding wide in intelligence and gladness; who could frolic, giving animation to every circle that formed itself about her.

The Blakes were a family of large, wealthy connections; and these gave parties, sails, and drives. After the dinner at Judge Alliburton's was over, they drove up to Amesbury; that fine, long drive, selected now by Col. Alliburton, of the army, the judge's son, that our Sophia might see the poet Whittier's house. She had the happiness of seeing not only the peaceful-looking dwelling, but the poet himself, just coming in from his solitary walk; and of bringing away a leaf from one of his catalpa-trees, holding it with care, often looking down on it, until the colonel, who was on the seat with her, offered to secure it from harm by inclosing it in his pocket-book. They talked of the poet the poor girl had so long loved. At first she talked tremblingly, (he, the colonel, knew so much, you see,) and with heightened color; but soon, as she felt more and more his interest in all she was trying to say, out of the fire of enthusiasm, genius, womanly tenderness, kept smothered in all those years, rose light, warmth, a ruddy glow, to animate her; and those were divine things, she said, in her replies; human in the forms she gave, dear reader, but divine in spirit, made so by the patiently-borne sorrows of her lifetime.

It cannot be supposed that our schemer was sleeping while all others were awake to the sentiment growing up between Col. Alliburton and Sophia. She seemed indifferent. She could, for her fuse was laid; she had only to touch the match when the time came.

By-and-by, at a large evening party, given by the Alliburtons', when the colonel hardly left Sophia's side; when persons standing near Mrs. Hathaway, looking at the pair, said they never saw so fine a couple; when, if he was found out of Sophia's neighborhood, young girls knotted round him, telling him they believed that was what he had been waiting for all these years, that they had been trying so hard to catch him; while other young girls—or, perhaps, the same—knotting round Sophia, told her they would have been spiteful, real spiteful, if anybody else had got him away from them; but they were willing she should have him; when, matrons, broaching the subject to Mrs. Hathaway, said that they had known him from a boy, and that he had always been as good as he could be—always! then she felt her old obstinacy and bitterness aroused, in spite of the repeated endeavors she made to hold them in check. All she could do, all she tried to do at last, was to hide them from observation, and say, placidly, as she fanned herself, "Yes; but I really hope he isn't thinking of Sophia. We shall regret it exceedingly if he is, for she will soon be married to our son. I hope she will be careful not to encourage anybody else—anybody. If it warn't for this, Mrs. Hearwell, Mrs. Opedyke, nobody would be better pleased than me, if we could see your conjectures realized."

Yes; she could smile now, seeing the brown study into which she had thrown those ladies. And, especially, she could smile—how she did smile, and sail round the large company, the blandest personage there—when she saw Mrs. Hearwell's head with Flora Pierce's, and then with Molly Ladd's—these young ladies, as she had been told, being old competitors for Col. Alliburton's hand; when, a few minutes later, she saw Flora fluttering, shaking her fan before the gentleman's portly figure; saw her gay laughter, his gay smilgs; saw Mrs. Opedyke before Judge Alliburton himself, in a conversation which must, she knew, refer to his son and Sophia, from the thoughtful looks the old gentleman directed first to one then to the other of these young persons.

I never saw a statlier, blander person. But as she came round to where Sophia was standing, and spoke to her, the latter could not fail to see gleams of the oppressive old acrimony in her eyes, her stiffening figure, or to hear it in her tones, as, directing Sophia's attention to that part of the room where Col. Alliburton and Flora Pierce were standing, she said, "Do you see that? It's an old thing; so I've been told just now. He is something of a flirt, I guess—she is, we all know; but they come round to each other again. I find people think they'll be tied at last. But then this doesn't concern us, for there is Jamie at home waiting for us."

Leaving Sophia, after looking into her face for signs of the collapse she knew must be going

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on within her and finding it, she came round, and drew up at Col. Alliburton's elbow.

"Don't go, Miss Pierce; if you do, he will wish I was off, searching for the Nile and the Lake of the Aboon, as my brother has been."

Flora went, however, after having made them a most graceful bow.

"A superior girl!" was Mrs. Hathaway's first remark, signalling, by a movement of her fan, that Flora was meant. "We—my niece and I, that is—have just heard what is likely, sure, I suppose, to happen some day. We've heard," laughing at him in a girlish manner, laying her fan on his arm. "Well, she'll make a capital wife for a very fine man."

"Who will, Mrs. Hathaway?" with a mistified look, stroking his chin.

"She," tipping her head in Flora's direction. "She; Flora Pierce," renewing her girlishness.

"For whom? For what very fine man do you mean?" he asked, not stroking his chin, but with waking earnestness.

"For Col. Alliburton," again laughing, but disappearing speedily in the crowd, to escape the denial she saw he was eager to offer.

Her next move was to go to Sophia, complain of a hard headache coming on, and to propose going immediately, apprising no one but Mrs. Alliburton of their intention; leaving it to that lady to inform the Blakes of their departure. So that, by the time the colonel, disengaging himself from others, had got round to where, at starting, he had seen Sophia standing, she was in the dressing-room, sighing dismally, tying her little hood, saying within herself that she was "Glad to go! glad to go away!" saying, "Oh, dear! how hard this life rubs!"

By the time he had searched through the rooms below, had come out into the hall, and to the foot of the stairs, searching, they were out under the quiet stars, set in the quiet sky; and Sophia was very quiet; was, within herself, saying, after the corn-law rhymer,

"Great God, thy will is done,
When the soul's rivers run
Down the worn cheeks;
Done when the righteous bleed;
When the wronged vainly plead;
Done in the unended deed,
When the heart breaks.

repeating dully, as she went along, "'When the heart breaks; when the heart breaks.'"

Headache! that convenient malady, ready at any time to accrue to persons with organizations and habits like Mrs. Hathaway's; that is ready, really ready, to come whenever anxiety, vexation of an intense kind, seized her, tore her nerves, set her blood teaming, was in that lady's case no better after a night's tossing and groaning. Calling Sophia to her room before it was light, she, with groaning and tossing, told her she believed she was going to have one of her fevers—she must get home as soon as possible; they must be off by the first train, at seven. Would she pack? Any way; no matter how, if she just got things into the trunks. Just leave out their traveling-dresses. By that time Bridget would be stirring. She wanted a cup of tea. She must see Mrs. Blake; but she didn't want to see anybody out of the house. (Didn't want to see anybody who could tell Col. Alliburton that they were going—this was the wretched woman's thought.)

Col. Alliburton, from his window, seeing them and their baggage driven toward the station, where the train was already puffing for a start, thinking of what Mrs. Hearewell had the evening before told him, said, "She is an old hag, every inch of her," meaning Mrs. Hathaway. Thinking of Sophia, he said nothing, but stoutly disbelieved Mrs. Hathaway's story, of her engagement to that miserable rake, whom he some years ago encountered at Bowdoin, at which institution the colonel was pursuing his honorable course, when James, in less than one month after his entrance, was expelled for disorderly conduct, his contempt of rules, and his evil influences. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

BY E. D. CONSTANCE.

Looking out into the night,
From my seat the while I see,
Now in darkness, now in light,
Ah! the silvery clouds so bright,
Pass between the moon and me.

Now the earth is dark, now light,
As the moon from out the cloud
Comes and goes, with golden light;
Goes and passes from my sight;
Goes and wraps the earth in shroud.

Thus it is with our own life,
Guilt and sin the darkness form,
Peace and happiness the light;
So must we all do the right,
Waiting for the coming morn.

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OUR FAT FRIEND.

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

"LANGLEY is coming, to-morrow, at last," said Philip Heath. "What do you think he looks like, Queenie?"

A fair, oval face looked up, before answering, and the violet-eyes calmly contemplated the speaker.

"I never imagined," said Bessie Duane, who went by the name of Queenie, because of her regal head and proud face. "If he is agreeable, as you say, do let him be homely—I am so tired of Apollos. Only, I do hope he isn't fat. You know I hate fat men."

Everybody laughed, including Philip and his niece Harrie, and even his staid sister, Mrs. Maxwell, in whose drawing-room all this occurred.

Queenie looked from one to the other in surprise.

"Break it to me gently," she said, closing her eyes with a droll look of resigned despair. "Is he so very fat?"

A telegraphic signal of mysterious import floated from Harrie's mirthful eyes across to Philip.

"You absurd Queenie. Mr. Langley Leavitt is very tall, very thin, pale, dark-haired and Byronic——"

"He is an elephant, I see," said Bessie, "and you are making fun of me."

At this moment dinner was announced, and the conversation about the expected guest ceased, for the time.

Bessie Duane was spending a month with her cousins, the Maxwells, who lived some thirty miles from New York. Philip went in to the city daily to business, returning in time for a six o'clock dinner. Generally, Bessie and Harrie were dressed and waiting for him when he arrived. But, on the day Mr. Leavitt was expected, they were behind time for once. Bessie was just dressed, and taking a last look in the glass, when the whistle of the approaching train was heard. "Dear me," she cried, "there isn't a minute to lose, but I must have one of those pale, golden roses in the conservatory," and gathering her white draperies about her, she hurried away, down the stair-case and through the hall.

She had expected to find the gardener in the conservatory; but he was not there; and unfortunately, the roses hung out of reach. With the aid of the steps, however, she finally found herself conveniently near the glass-roof, and in perilous juxtaposition to the pots of hyacinths, placed there for safe keeping. There were two roses, lovely, paly-gold things, just within her reach; but there was another, a half-opened bud, that she coveted as "just the very thing." Alas! it hung a trifle too high for her.

She poised herself on one little, arched foot, and stretched out her hand. No! The tantalizing bud nodded mischievously in her face still. Another determined effort; this time a successful one, and Bessie gave a triumphant smile as she clasped the bud in her eager fingers.

But as she moved, meaning to descend from her elevated rest, she felt something twitch her head suddenly backward, and raising her hand, quickly, she found to her infinite dismay, that an iron-hook, suspended from the sky-light, had buried itself in the thick braids of her hair.

"What shall I do?" she exclaimed, as she realized that every struggle on her part only made matters worse.

"Can I help you?" said a voice that seemed to come from the ferns below her feet.

"Oh! you are there, Mr. Harrison, are you?" asked Miss Duane, relieved. "I believe you put this dreadful hook here to impale thieves. You'll have to come up and pull it out for me."

Now, all this had to be spoken over her shoulder, for it was utterly impossible for her to turn her head or look below her; and Bessie gave a jump that pulled her hair most unmercifully, as she became aware that it was not Harrison who finally clambered up behind her, but a stranger, knocking down several plants in the ascent.

"I beg your pardon," said the new-comer, in a voice that even to Queenie's sensitive ears had only a most matter-of-fact inflexion in its quiet tones; "it's quite impossible to extricate you, unless you are willing to take out the comb. Allow me!" And before she quite realized his intention, the splendid black braids fell down about her white throat, proving, beyond doubt, that their beautiful luxuriance belonged to no other head than the small, shapely one that turned toward him.

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"I am very much obliged to you," she said, divided between a desire to laugh or cry, and feeling her very inconvenient blushes at her absurd predicament. "Oh, do take care!" for his unguarded movements threatened the hyacinths with total annihilation. And then it occurred to her to be curious how he came there; so she looked full at the stranger, as he stood just below her, surveying her with a droll smile.

She saw a fine, well-shaped head, covered with a mass of bright chestnut curls; a pair of merry, soft brown-eyes; long, silky, brown whiskers; and a really beautiful mouth, with a dimple in the chin that equaled her own for arch mischief. But, heavens! Well-bred as she was, Miss Duane could not prevent the stare of amazement that woke in her violet-eyes, as they discovered what sort of figure accompanied the face. Stout! That was a mild form of saying it. Fat! Oh, dear! "very much as Hackett looked in Falstaff," thought the dismayed Queenie, "and a giant to boot. Why, he even towers above me now, and the distance of the shelf of hyacinths between us." But she only said, aloud, though a little flurriedly, for her, "I think I will get down from my elevated post. Why, where upon earth are the steps?"

"I believe I knocked them down in my attempt to reach you," said the stranger, calmly; "but I can easily step down from the lowest tier," suiting the action to his words; and then, as she lightly followed him, gathering her dress in her hand for a spring, with another quiet "allow me," he gently lifted our superb Queen Bess to the floor!

He looked at her, half expecting to see the lovely violet-eyes flashing angrily at him for his presumption, (he knew what Miss Duane's reputation for haughtiness was,) but she only bit her laughing red-lip, and said, wickedly, "If you won't betray *me*, I'll promise not to tell who broke those unhappy hyacinths." And off she floated, and left him standing, bewildered, among the flower-pots.

"I look like an insane gipsy," said Bessie, to herself, after she had reached her own room, and successfully eluded Harrie. "And that was Langley Leavitt. How firmly he lifted me down. I do believe he expected me to freeze him for his impertinence. It was written in his eyes. Remarkably soft, fine eyes they are, too; but—*fat*—ugh!" And Queenie shivered, and made a disgusted grimace at her own lovely reflection in the glass. Then she caught up the disordered braids with a quaintly-carved ivory-headed pin, nestled the roses she had stolen behind her dainty ear, and seeing that the gilt reaper on the mantel was just coming out to strike the hour, she proceeded down stairs, and entered the drawing-room, under the full blaze of gaslight, as stately a personage as you can well imagine.

Philip and Harrie lost their anticipated fun, for not the faintest gleam of surprise disturbed the calm repose of Queenie's graceful manner, as Mrs. Maxwell performed the introduction. Without a shade of disappointment clouding her serene eyes, she accepted the fat stranger's arm, and walked out to dinner.

Philip, as usual, after dinner, asked for music; and after some very charming playing from Harrie, he coaxed Queenie for a song, with her harp.

Philip and Harrie were enthusiastic, as usual, and Mrs. Maxwell supplicated for more; but Langley uttered not a syllable, until Queenie, noticing his silence, asked whether he cared for music.

"Very much," he answered, with a slight smile; "but, pardon me; you did not sing that song!"

"Why?" she asked, looking startled, and a trifle provoked.

"You were at least a hundred miles away, and I like to have people stay within reach when they sing to me. And why did you leave out that pretty little *ronlade* in the second verse?" And he whistled the passage with beautiful accuracy and precision.

Queenie opened her eyes with a politely-insolent stare.

"Pray sing it, *correctly*, for me," she said, saucily.

"With pleasure, if you really desire it," he said, with entire gravity; and Queenie found herself playing the chords for him before she quite realized how very angry she was. She glanced up at the huge figure beside her, and experienced a good, healthy hatred for it; while, at the same moment, her musical ear was fascinated with the clear, pure tenor-notes Mr. Langley sang so easily. Snap! A string of the harp broke suddenly. Nobody but Langley saw how.

"An end to our singing for to-night," she said, pushing her harp away, lazily, and looking toward Philip in a way that made him see she was bored.

But Miss Duane was not permitted to remain in that state of existence, for they all seemed determined to provoke her; and before she was aware, she was quarreling, in a well-bred

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way, of course, with Mr. Leavitt, being goaded thereto by his cool disregard of her regal displeasure.

When she went to her room, late that night, she sent Harrie into convulsions of laughter, by her sarcastic mimicry of "our fat friend," as she called him; and finally laid her lovely head on her pillow in a state of concentrated irritation with that unlucky personage.

The next day brought guests to Craigenfells. Mrs. Maxwell had not intended to have these people at the time of Langley's visit; but by one of the curious *contre temps* which sometimes happen, Mrs. Clive and her party had found Lake Mahopac dull, and therefore they followed their telegram in about two hours. Queenie looked on with sublime indifference, while the Clive girls, Belle and Mary, gushed after the most popular pattern; and Cynthia Dale, "dear creatured" her, and Kathie Grey put two timid hands in hers. Langley, who was watching the violet-eyed princess, saw the warm, sweet glow that came into her face, as she drew Kathie close, and kissed her; and he immediately concluded that there must be something especially charming in this small, dark-haired girl, to attract Queenie. The new party brought with them their attendant cavaliers; and Craigenfells lost its charm, and straightway became a Fifth Avenue house in miniature. Langley and Queenie mentally voted it a bore, and each wished themselves away. Langley did reach the length of telling Philip that he must go back to Boston, but Philip coaxed and laughed, and reminded him that his being a stranger to them all made it more interesting, and ended with a mysterious, "Having consented to begin it, you must stay and play the drama out, my dear fellow."

So the days ran by. But Langley and Queenie behaved in the strangest way imaginable toward each other. I think the latter had never been so annoyed by any one. Langley beat her continually at billiards and croquet; he worsted her in most arguments; he would win a victory over her odd temper and freaks by a sort of gentle gravity, which, somehow, took her so by surprise that it conquered her. And, on her side, her daring, mischievous thrusts sank far deeper than he ever let her see; and her perverse changes from haughtiness to sweetness, kept him always watching for the rare moments when she was her noblest self. It was astonishing how often Queenie had to rouse her perverse demon by belaboring "our fat friend" to Harrie; and equally odd, that Langley frequently took these "women of the world," as a text to enlarge upon, when Philip and he were smoking, after dinner. How angry they would both have been, poor victims, could they have heard uncle and niece compare notes sometimes, with a hearty laugh at their expense.

One moonlight night, as most of the party sauntered out on the piazza, Queenie found a quiet corner for herself in the shade. But it was presently invaded by her tormentor.

"You are very imprudent," said he, throwing a light shawl across her shoulders, as he spoke. "Why will you young ladies trifle with your health?"

"Because we are women," said she, with a little bitterness in her voice. "Do leave us undisturbed possession of our follies—our sole attribute that men don't care to claim!"

"Don't desecrate the moonlight with an argument on the sexes," said he, looking down at her with a curious softening of his eyes and mouth.

Something in his voice struck Queenie as being odd; her heart gave a frightened bound, and she moved a little away from him. As she did so, a knot of rose-colored ribbon became loosened from the laces of her dress, and fell on the ground at her feet.

Langley picked it up. "You will not miss it; may I keep my trophy?" he said.

"As a trophy—no!"

He smiled, involuntarily, at Queenie's blush.

"As a souvenir, then?" he said, pleadingly.

Harrie's voice sounded very near them at that instant, and Miss Duane's low "yes," was more hasty than her ordinary, regal utterances. Langley turned away with a well-satisfied look in his merry brown-eyes; and presently they all went in-doors. But Queenie waxed exceedingly wroth to see how devotedly he watched the progress of Kathie Grey's worsted-work for the rest of the evening; and repented her gift a score of times, as she found he did not mean to take his usual place at the back of her chair.

Queenie had been so petted and indulged—so accustomed to seeing men endure all sorts of treatment at her hands, that Langley's easy indifference was a new experience for her. It bewildered her at first; but finally she settled down into a perfect white heat of passion. No woman can remain at that point long, without an explosion of some kind, and finally it came.

Some of the party were playing at bowling, one day, before lunch, and Queenie, who had been flirting with Philip all the morning, found herself standing alone with Langley for a moment, while the others were having an animated dispute.

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"We are all going boating, this afternoon," said he, apparently forgetting he had not exchanged five words with her that day; "and as we shall ride down to the cove, I ordered Posy saddled for you. Will you ride with me?"

"No!" said she, haughtily, stung by the idea that he had been certain of her acceptance.

He looked surprised.

"Am I too late in making my request? I thought—— By Jove! how beautifully that was done, Miss Grey." Kathie had made a ten-strike on his alley, as he spoke, and the audience applauded. As he turned back to Queenie, her lip curled with the smile he liked least to see.

"You will have no difficulty in supplying my place," said she, in a cool, cutting voice, every syllable like a lash. "Pray, ask Kathie Grey; *she* rides beautifully!"

A flush rose to his white forehead. Kathie's riding was notoriously bad; and, worse than all, Queenie's satire was flung at the woman whom she called her best friend.

"Miss Grey has one virtue, at least, in which you are totally deficient—that of humility," he said, severely.

The arrow flew straight. Queenie's really generous heart smote her; but she was too blinded with anger to admit it then.

"I gave you a foolish little souvenir, two days ago——"

"Yes." His hand involuntarily sought his coat-pocket, and was as quickly withdrawn.

She turned paler.

"Be good enough to return it, and forget the folly." she said, however.

He opened his lips to speak, but Kathie called, impatiently, and he turned away, with a bow, cold and proud enough to have been modeled after Queenie's own.

When Miss Duane went to her room to dress for lunch, she found a bunch of loosely-tied violets on her table, and hidden in the center of the flowers, her knot of rose-colored ribbon. She tore it out so violently that the violets fell scattered on the floor, and, after a moment's irresolution, she tossed it into a drawer, and went down stairs with colorless-face, and lips set in their haughtiest curve to hide their trembling.

Philip was standing in the library-window, after lunch, when Queenie came down the room, and stopped at his side.

"Where is your habit?" asked he, noticing she was not dressed for riding.

"I am not going," she replied, listlessly. "I think I shall take a book and wander off among the hills."

"I wish I could go with you," he said, regretfully. "May I be excused if I say, 'confound Belle Clive!' She made me ask her if I should escort her."

Queenie was betrayed into a smile. "I should certainly decline your company. I feel cross—bored; anything but agreeable."

"At least stay and see us ride off," he begged, as she turned from him.

"It would be something of a sight to see 'our fat friend' mount," she said, with a satirical laugh. "Pray put a feather-bed on the other side of the horse, in case he falls, Phil."

Somebody moved a chair very near them, and in another second Langley walked past the pair, lighting a segar as he went, and not even glancing in their direction.

"Upon my life, you have done it, Queenie!" said Philip, growing purple in his efforts to strangle his laughter. "Your majesty should be more careful. I never saw a neater hit in my life; you've struck the vulnerable heel of our Achilles."

Queenie caught his arm to steady herself. In her shame and fright she was nearer screaming than speaking.

"Don't dare to allude to it to him," said she, hoarsely. "Don't speak to me, Phil! I shall never dare to look him in the face again." And before he could utter a word, she fled out of his sight.

Queenie dashed up to her room in a perfect tempest. She grew cold as she thought how coarse and underbred her ridicule of a personal peculiarity had been, even if it had not been overheard; and she shivered at the thought of his scornful face. And then hot blushes dyed her cheeks, and the violet-eyes filled with tears of cruel mortification, as she realized how very deeply she cared for his good opinion. Her solitary hour of humiliation did the fair penitent more good than any lecture could have done; but her anger burned hotly yet, though she felt like a culprit. She was too worn out and spiritless for a walk, so she concluded to go out and make a call upon Posy, at the stable. Now, Posy was as much petted as her mistress, and accompanied her on most of her travels; and in her present distress, Queenie thought that she might put her two arms around Posy's glossy neck, and be foolish to her heart's content. So she filled her hands with bonbons, for Posy's eating, and went slowly down the hall, and began to descend the stair-case. She thought the house was

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empty, (Mrs. Maxwell and herself being the two who had chosen to remain at home,) and, therefore, she gave a start as she caught a glimpse of something tall and black, that bore a strong resemblance to a man, in the hall below. As she started, a chocolate-bonbon rolled through her fingers on the polished, black-walnut step; she set her foot directly on it, slipped, tried to regain her balance, and fell. She had a sensation of falling—falling through space. Somebody uttered a cry of alarm. Then a sharp pain turned her faint and sick. After that, all was a blank.

By-and-by, she saw Mrs. Maxwell's terrified face, and, as if in a dream, heard her say, "It's the left ankle. I must send for Dr. Blake." Somebody, standing behind her sofa, said, softly, "Cut the boot open; I think it's only a sprain." Again her head whirled dizzily. Was Langley there? As the question passed her lips in a half-dreamy tone, partial recollection came with it.

"Yes." The tall somebody bent down very close, at the whisper.

"Do forgive me," she faltered out, scarcely conscious what she was saying, and in dire confusion of mind. "Did I dream that I had done something very outrageous?" Then, feeling weak and helpless, she added, "Don't be angry with me, please!"

A door closed suddenly on the pair, as Mrs. Maxwell flew off.

"There is small need to ask my forgiveness," said Langley, smiling brightly at her. "Queenie, dear, may I have my rose-colored ribbon again?"

"If you will!" Still the downcast face and varying color.

"Have you nothing more to say to me, darling? Have a little pity! Only a word."

"I love you with all my heart," cried Queenie, passionately, and tears rained down, violently, through her clasped fingers.

He fondled and soothed her for five agitated moments; and then Mrs. Maxwell bore down upon them, and ordered him off, and closed the doors upon him And, by-and-by, the riding-party returned; and Harrie flew into the room, almost crying at the sight of Queenie's pale face. And then the doctor came.

After dinner, Harrie appeared, and sent her mother down to preside at the coffee.

"Behold! I kneel before you a penitent," she said, looking saucily-wicked. "I have sinned, and others have sinned also!"

Queenie felt very much like shaking her for her absurdity. "You ridiculous kitten! what trick have you been playing on me?"

"I shall have to plead my own cause," said Langley, walking in. Queenie looked up at him. Could this be Langley Leavitt? Without doubt. But *not* "our fat friend." A large man, but of fair proportions enough.

"It was all stuffing and padding," said he. "Phil got me into it for a joke. Harrie and he said you detested fat men. But it proved anything but one to me—it was so abominably hot; and then you were so very——"

"Silly!" burst in Queenie, at last finding her voice. "And yet—I don't know—I believe I do like you better as you are now."

"That's extremely unorthodox," said Harrie. "You ought to say you prefer him *a la* Falstaff, and swear eternal devotion to fat people for his sake. I wouldn't have her for the asking, Langley, if she's not more satisfactory."

Queenie looked up, a little beseechingly, and half afraid; but Langley's face was happiness itself; and so she only said, demurely,

"Give him the rose-colored ribbons on my dressing-table. That's all he asked for, Harrie!"

I don't know what Langley answered; but I think his demands must have increased rapidly; for I have it from very excellent authority, that Harrie has ordered her dress to stand bridesmaid at the weddtng of lovely Queen Bess and OUR FAT FRIEND!

A LOVER'S SONG.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I LOVE her! Every thought is set
To melody so sweet,
That I can never more forget
The words my lips repeat.

I whisper to her, in the dusk,
"I love you, dear, so well!"
The brown bee seeks the roses' musk,
And haunts the pimpinel.

"Your heart is a sweet blossom, blown,
I think, love, just for me;
I claim it wholly as my own,
As claims the rose the bee.

"So, darling, ope your heart to me;
Your heart, than rose more fair,
And I will come, as comes the bee,
To drink love's honey there."

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A BIT OF MYSTERY.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

A DELIGHTFULLY cozy, little parlor, over which a bright fire and crimson curtains struggled which should cast the warmer glow, was tenanted, one November evening, by a pretty young lady—a two months' bride—who listlessly turned over the new periodicals with which the round-table was plentifully covered, and almost unconsciously heaved a little sigh.

She felt quite lonely, in spite of the brightness, and the fact that her other and dearer self was, at that very moment, in the adjoining room; and there was a reasonable prospect that, before many more moments had passed, he would be seated beside her on the sofa. But he had already been shut up in that disagreeable office for half an hour; and even the fact that he was Professor of Anatomy—although lacking two or three years of thirty—in ——— College, scarcely compensated for this frequent poring over abstruse and horrible studies, which naturally implied the separation of one wall of ordinary thickness.

He seemed to be miles away on that particular night; and as the moments passed, and he did not come, Florence rose, irresolutely, and tip-toed herself to the office-door. She had a nervous horror of this office; and had been troubled with a nervous horror of doctors all her life; which was probably the reason why fate ordained that she should marry a Professor of Anatomy.

She did not find him a very terrible object, in himself; but his surroundings were not at all to her taste; and she shivered as she stood there peeping at a skeleton in a glass-case, and some fearful things, like mammoth pickles, in transparent jars. There were wax-casts, too, colored with painful accuracy, that seemed to have been taken from an inside point of view of the human frame, justifying the name, "Chamber of Horrors," bestowed by the little lady upon her husband's *sanctum*.

There he sat, with his face turned from her—his very back, as some one said of Henry Clay, proclaiming him a distinguished man—bending over something that was placed on the table, directly under the gaslight, and earnestly scrutinizing it through a magnifying-glass.

This young professor had a charming face, of a pale, creamy kind of a tint, lighted by darkly-fringed gray-eyes; and the kingly-brow was shaded by soft hair of inky blackness, that waved just enough to be graceful. His mouth was perfect; large enough to be manly and expressive, and adorned with magnificent teeth—that were the more surprising, as their possessor seldom laughed, and was not much given to smiling.

That noble, sensitive face, was quite pensive in expression; but it lighted now with a rare smile, as a little hand rested on his shoulder.

"Excuse me, one moment, darling; this is a splendid specimen! If you only had the talent to make an accurate, colored-drawing of this, for my class, to-morrow! It would be invaluable as a faithful delineation of microscopic research."

Florence bent a little closer, and saw two bean-shaped objects, having very much the appearance of liver, and about the length of the palm of an ordinary hand. She shuddered with the conviction that these had once performed their part in the body of some living, breathing creature. "Oh!" said she, with a slight scream, as the professor, with the most rapt abstraction, removed from the surface a layer as thin as a piece of blotting-paper, and taking a glass of extra magnifying power, proceeded with his investigations.

"Now," said Florence, having, by a dint of a little resolution, sufficiently overcame her shuddering to return to her post, "what *is* that thing?"

"That thing," replied her husband, much amused, "is a portion of anatomy, called 'kidney,' and was recently a part of some unfortunate sheep. But what has brought *you*, sweetheart, to this 'Chamber of Horrors?' You know, that in consideration for your feelings, I do not even leave the door open."

"I know," said Florence, with an arm around his neck—"haven't you done with those horrible things yet?—but it seemed so selfish of me to sit there alone in the pleasant parlor, with nothing to do but to suck my fingers, or read those everlasting books, while you were working so hard here, that I wanted to come and help you."

"I cannot possibly trust you to slice my specimens," was the reply; "neither could I

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depend at all on your microscopic investigations. You would certainly drop glass, subject, and all, and run, shrieking, away. So, what do you propose doing?"

"What awful looking things!" said Florence, irrelevantly, as she moved a little closer. "How *can* you handle them, and look at them so long? They make me feel sick."

"You see," replied her husband, drawing her closer, "that I am not a nervous little girl, or I should not be in a professor's chair; and I keep one idea in my mind, that serves to blot out all these disagreeables: that is, the exquisite pleasure of relieving suffering, and keeping at bay the fell destroyer. But I am quite ready now to be taken prisoner. Let us go into the parlor, Florrie."

Very much to his surprise, however, Mrs. Florrie seemed to be fascinated by the "Chamber of Horrors," and requested permission to stay. The little bride had been suddenly visited by an idea that seemed to her a brilliant one, if it could be put into execution; and she now displayed such a thirst for knowledge on the subject of kidneys, and how examinations were managed, and drawings made, that the professor became enthusiastic; and Florence thought that he must have imagined himself lecturing to a class, who were at least versed in the rudiments.

It was an odd entertainment for a pretty, little, girlish bride; and so much amusement gleamed in the brown eyes, that Dr. Claybrook laughed, as he said,

"Now, I verily believe, you little temptress, that you have been quizzing me! and, as a punishment, I shall close all these interesting volumes, and hide away my beloved specimens, and march you back to your proper sphere—the parlor"

"I am so glad," thought Florence, "that he doesn't suspect!" For the grand enjoyment of her scheme was to consist in its absolute secrecy until it was accomplished. It was quite a windfall for her to have something to do; as she had remarked, the figurative process of sucking her fingers, and reading, were almost her only employments.

Dr. Nelson Claybrook, who had imagined himself quite devoted to his profession, and also to a bachelor-life, had accidentally become acquainted with the shy, young governess, who was only visible at rare intervals in the wealthy family where he visited, both professionally and socially. She was a pretty, little, sensitive creature, who seemed to have no one to look after her; and, one day, when he had been called to attend upon her, for a sprained ankle, the elegant-looking Dr. Claybrook, in whom all the young ladies of the family were extremely interested, suddenly made the discovery that it was his particular mission to brighten little Miss Dilway's solitary life.

Florence, who had found it impossible to help loving him—the very tones of his voice had magic in them, for her—was quite overwhelmed to find that her wild dream of happiness was to be verified; and when, after a delightful whirl of traveling, she was ushered by her husband into the rooms that were henceforth to be hers, her eyes filled with tears, as she clung closer to him; for every detail of her *beau-ideal* of a parlor and bed-room had been carried out.

No questions had been asked her; and, at first, she was puzzled to imagine how it had been accomplished; but she finally remembered a girlish picture she had drawn, one evening, when all were talking of their favorite style of room. He had remembered it, then, although she did not suppose that he cared for her at the time; and the thought gave her a delicious thrill, like that aroused by the few earnest words that had told her how dear she was to him.

Dr. Claybrook had resolved, from the first that his affections went out to her; that this young life should be made as sunny as it was in human power to make it; that this young girl, who had known so few girlish pleasures, should be carefully protected from care and responsibility; and thus it was, that, instead of having a house of their own, they had three delightful rooms in somebody else's house. Not a boarding-house—the doctor did not approve of that; but a well appointed private house, where they were the only boarders.

It seemed a charmed life to Florence, who fairly reveled in all her beautiful belongings; and felt more and more the worth of the noble heart that had been given to her keeping. It was sweet to owe everything to him; and she rejoiced in the thought that she had been a penniless bride; not counting the dower of love and purity that her husband valued so highly. But, lately, she had been tormented by an intense desire to do something for him. What could she do? There really seemed to be nothing, until that evening, in the office, a bright idea flashed into her head.

The next morning, as soon as her husband's back was turned, Mrs. Claybrook produced, from the recesses of a trunk, a very plain portfolio, in which a pile of drawings, that had

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been of use in her governess-days, were stowed away. They were very creditable, indeed—landscapes, flowers, the human face divine; and if them, why not anatomical sketches? Why not turn her talent to some account, surprise the professor, and delight herself, to say nothing of advancing science?

The truth is, this was the last inducement that entered the busy head; and then she immediately fell to considering the perplexities of the undertaking. First, *catch* your fish. Where was she to get any of the disgusting things? She supposed they were bought in market; but could she go to market, when the very sight of raw meat made her sick, and ask for kidneys? What would the butcher think of her? She quite forgot that such articles were reckoned among the edibles; and seemed to think that her purpose, or something else strange and suspicious, was written in her face.

She had almost resolved to put on her bonnet, and do or dare to the length, if need be, of killing a stray sheep or cow, should opportunity offer, when aid arrived from an unexpected quarter.

Florence had one particular friend, and this was a second or third cousin, who had been very kind to her when she was a governess; and who—although, fortunately for her, she did not know it—had come very near falling in love with her in those days. He was rather disgusted with Dr. Claybrook for doing this very thing, before he had quite made up his mind to it; but as it was his creed to accept gracefully what could not be helped, he made Florence a handsome present, and wished the pair all manner of happiness.

There are always two sides to the same person; and the world saw in Fuller Clarth only a fashionable man of thirty-five, who, if he had any heart, managed to keep it entirely out of sight; but Florence Claybrook saw in him a kind, sympathizing friend, who had noticed her in her insignificance, and had been true and affectionate always. Her husband saw him very much as the world did, except that a sort of halo was cast about him by Florence's regard; and the doctor would have been quite as well pleased if he had visited his cousin less frequently.

This, however, he never expressed by word or look; he was too noble for suspicion, and his perfect confidence in Florence's truth and purity, would have trusted her amid any amount of temptation. He feared that Clarth was not doing wisely for himself; for who could venture so constantly under the influence of all Florence's sweet, winning, wifely ways with impunity? He wished, in his inmost heart, that the man would get a wife for himself, and not be so dependent upon *his* hearth for sunshine.

"Did you know that I was in a quandary, and come on purpose?" asked Florence, brightly. "Do you not see a tremendous wrinkle in my forehead, the result of deep thought? I want some kidneys, dreadfully, and I don't know where to get them. Please go to work and help me!"

"Do you like them stewed or deviled?" was the inquiry.

"Neither," she replied, in disdain. "I want them raw."

"Raw kidneys!" exclaimed Mr. Clarth, who thought his fair cousin must be slightly insane. "I never heard of eating them raw!"

"I do not want to eat them," said Florence, very much disgusted with the idea. "I want to paint them."

"That strikes me as rather a novel amusement for a young lady," replied her amazed auditor. "What put such a desire into your head? They are not at all pretty."

"Do sit down, you ridiculous fellow!" said Florence, quite out of patience that he did not at once appreciate her grand idea, "and I will tell you all about it."

Then she gave him the details of the evening before; and it seemed to Fuller Clarth such a sweet, original little scheme, that he sat looking at the little wife in a sort of dumb admiration. That man, he thought, really must be an uncommonly fine fellow to cause such devotion in a woman like Florence.

"You may depend on me to get them for you," said he, when she had finished. "But are you quite sure you have nerve enough to paint the horrible, raw things?"

"I could, if I shut my eyes," she replied, innocently.

When made aware of her blunder, she laughed, heartily; and quite encouraged by her cousin's cheerful co-operation, she hunted up her paints and Bristol-board, while he went in quest of the subject.

By the time that he had made a satisfactory selection of what he considered the most novel of all purchases, Dr. Claybrook had returned from his morning-class; and Mr. Clarth sat with the troublesome parcel in his pocket, hoping that his cousin's husband would see the propriety of absenting himself for a short space. The professor, however, was hoping the same thing from Mr. Clarth—the only

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difference being that his absence was expected to be of longer duration.

The man of the world, meanwhile, talked easily and unconcernedly; the doctor was rather graver than usual, and Florence's condition could only be expressed by the term, "fidgetty."

Finally, the visitor rose to take leave, having in vain signalled to his cousin to accompany him to the door. Florence did not see this signal, but Dr. Claybrook did, and it troubled him. What could it mean? he thought. *His* wife connected with anything underhanded? He could not entertain such an idea; but what he had seen did not increase his regard for Fuller Clarth.

"By the way, I think this belongs to you," said Mr. Clarth, desperately; and Florence received with much confusion the package that he presented.

She looked so extremely guilty, that her husband was painfully surprised. He would not intrude himself, however, into her confidence; and after waiting a few moments for the disclosure that did not come, he went sadly into his office, with a pain at his heart, to think that Florence would have a secret from him, and with such a man as Fuller Clarth. However, he thought, she is young and inexperienced, and he would trust her to the very last. Perhaps, in due time, the mystery might all be cleared up.

His farewell kiss, as he went out for the afternoon, was as loving as ever; but there was a sad look in his eyes that puzzled Florence, who would never have thought of such a thing as his being troubled about her cousin Fuller. Her only trouble was, lest he should guess her wonderful secret, and not be surprised at it.

So, taking her parcel to the office, she untied it very carefully, shrinking considerably at the contents; and it was sometime before she could get them into position. Once, the wretched things slipped to the floor, and then she gave a downright scream, that brought her hostess to the door, with alarmed inquiries.

Fortunately the door was locked, and Florence communicated with her through the key-hole, informing her that she screamed because she was afraid she had done some mischief. Mrs. Tilmuth felt quite sure that this fear would be verified, if the young lady was engaged in investigations among the doctor's treasures; and she only hoped that the professor would return before things were beyond remedy.

Florence scolded herself sternly, as she rearranged her slippery treasures, and set to work at them in earnest. Visions of dissecting-rooms would come up before her, and that dreadful skeleton seemed to wear a scornful grin—but she persevered; and after awhile, a very respectable outline of a huge bean was transferred to the paper. She drew this over and over again; and then remembered that she had forgotten the magnifying-glass.

Five o'clock was approaching; and hastily disposing of her subjects by throwing them far out of a back window, she made herself as beautiful as possible, and watched for the professor. Her drawing was carefully consigned to the depths of the portfolio, to be submitted to Mr. Clarth's criticism on the first opportunity.

"What has the little wife been doing since I left her?" inquired Dr. Claybrook, as the two sat together on their favorite sofa. "Any variation from the thumb-sucking and unmitigated reading of which you accused yourself yesterday?"

A vivid blush rose in his wife's fair cheek, as she replied confusedly, "Not much."

There had been *something*, then; and again that jealous pang shot through his heart at this palpable evidence that Florence had something to conceal.

The next day a note was dispatched to Mr. Fuller Clarth, with an urgent request for some more kidneys, and a warning to be more careful, as the professor almost seemed to suspect something. This the gentleman thrust hastily into his pocket without the envelope, dragged it out with his handkerchief, near the parlor-door, and from thence it was picked up by Dr. Claybrook, who glanced at the last sentences, turned quite pale, and laid it away in his desk. He could not understand it; and would wait for circumstances to develope themselves.

Meanwhile, Florence went on with her drawings, and rapidly approached perfection. Her cousin's encouragement was stimulating, and she was almost losing her horror of the unpleasant models.

The professor was not cheerful; and he moaned and muttered in his sleep, as though some trouble was resting on his mind. Florence was evidently absorbed in some new source of enjoyment. Fuller Clarth was there continually; and once or twice, on the doctor's return, he had found the two in close proximity over some papers, that were hastily thrust aside at his entrance. All this was perplexing, to say the least of it, and quite at variance with Florence's usual candor.

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Dr. Claybrook felt obliged to treat Mr. Clarth with cool severity, and Mr. Clarth secretly enjoyed it; but Florence was quite puzzled at her husband's strange words, and tried in vain to discover the cause.

"*Some* day, sweetheart, perhaps—not now," was his reply to his little wife's urgent request that he would tell her his trouble.

At length the anxious husband resolved to speak to the disturber of his peace, to request him to discontinue his visits, and leave Mrs. Claybrook to her own resources; and he thought over this as he returned to his office, one morning, after a paper that he had forgotten.

Very much surprised was he to see Florence seated at his desk, bending over something that looked like a picture; and so absorbed was she in her employment, that she did not look up, as she observed,

"I am just putting the finishing touches—it really is very like."

"'Finishing touches' to what?" said her husdand's voice.

Florence gave a little, nervous shriek, for she had expected to see Fuller Clarth; but she hastily covered up her work, and Dr. Claybrook said, with grave sadness,

"How much longer, Florence, do you intend to keep your secret from me? Is your husband less worthy of confidence than your cousin?"

She looked at him for a moment in surprise, and then silently uncovered her work.

"And this is your secret?" he asked, struggling with various emotions.

"Yes! Are you very angry?"

Astonishment almost deprived him of speech; the drawing was perfect, and explained in a moment the perplexity of weeks.

"And now," said the professor, after paying the artist very liberally for her work, "what ever put such a design as this into your head?"

"Your own self," was the reply. "Have you forgotten that evening when I found you working here at these very things, and you said that a colored drawing would be invaluable to your class?"

And she had overcome her repugnance to the "Chamber of Horrors!" and these disagreeable models, and actually toiled, day after day, at a most uncongenial task, in order to gratify a wish of his that he had quite forgotten. Bless the warm, loving little heart!—and he would have hugged it closer, only that was impossible.

"Suppose you caress cousin Fuller a little," said Florence, laughing. "I could not have managed at all without him to go to market for me. And now he is going to Europe. Isn't it too bad?"

"Traveling seems to be just the thing for a man in his position," replied the doctor. "I only wonder, for my part, that he has not tried it sooner."

It must be added, that he quite hoped Mr. Clarth would make up for lost time by remaining away for an indefinite period.

"Then you really like it?" asked Florence, regarding her work quite affectionately.

"It is the most delightful surprise I ever had," was the reply—and so it was in two ways.

WE ARE ORPHANS.

BY MRS. J. H. BLUM.

We are orphans; in yon valley
Where the twilight shadows lie;
Where the winds are moaning, moaning,
And the dead seem ever nigh;
There our father, weary-hearted,
Laid him down to dreamless rest;
There the damp, cold clods are lying
On our mother's gentle breast!

We are orphans; in the wide world
None are left that hold us dear;
Strangers check our tones of sorrow,
Strangers wipe the starting tear.
We may love them for their kindness,
Bless them for their gentle care;
But our hearts look ever upward
To the skies—for they are there!

Father! Mother! Be thou near us,
While we tread this toilsome way
Guard us by thine angel presence,
Lest our tired feet may stray;
And when lone, and sad, and weary,
Hearts and hopes alike are dead,
Bless us, oh! thou dearly loved ones!
Comfort us till life hath fled.

God, in Heaven! Thou watchest o'er us!
Thou our surest stay must be;
Teach us early these sweet lessons—
Patience, Hope, and Purity;
That when Thou at last shalt call us
To the vale where shadows lie,
We may gladly hear the summons,
And be with them in the sky.

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THE REIGNING BELLE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 379.

CHAPTER XI.

HERMAN Ross became a constant visitor at the Laurence cottage after his sister had called there. Sometimes he spent hours together in the little parlor, instructing Ruth in her art, and fairly opening a new world to the genius that burned within her. With all her practice she had gone astray in many things, and struggled for hours to produce an effect which he taught her to accomplish with a few dexterous touches of the pencil. His patience seemed inexhaustible; his kindness brought tears into her eyes whenever she thought of it. In a few days she had learned more than blind, unaided practice had done for her in years.

Sometimes Ross saw Eva, but not often, for she came home from her duties late in the afternoon, and his visits seldom lasted till then; but he spoke of her often, and sometimes questioned Ruth about her, in a cautious way, as if the mention of her name brought some mental disturbance with it.

"What, Eva older than I am? Dear, no!—far from it! I am nearly four years the elder," she said, one day, in answer to his question. "It is because she is so tall and well-formed that you think so; but she is only eighteen, this month, while I am twenty-two."

"Only eighteen! Just eighteen?"

"Just eighteen, this month!"

"Tell me. Can you remember when she was born?" inquired Ross, more quickly than he usually spoke.

"I can remember when she was a baby; and, strange enough, the first time I saw her was in father's arms, coming through that door."

"And you remember nothing before that?"

"No! How should I?"

"Nothing whatever—no disturbance in the house; no——"

"Oh, yes! I remember very well how surprised mother seemed, and how she scolded about something. I suppose it was because father took the baby out."

"Strange!" muttered Ross.

That moment Mrs. Laurence came into the room.

"You here, Mr. Ross?" she said, in her cold, half-indifferent fashion.

"Yes, madam. As an old friend of your husband's, I have taken the liberty of coming often, hoping to benefit his child a little."

Mrs. Laurence looked at him, keenly. She was naturally a suspicious woman, and intimate association with a person connected with the police had not improved her faith in human nature. She had seen this man regarding Eva with looks that troubled her, and naturally supposed that his extreme kindness to Ruth had some reference to the more beautiful daughter.

"Mr. Ross," she said, with curt honesty, "I don't remember my husband having a friend in the world that I didn't know something about; but so far as I can remember, he never mentioned the name of Ross to me in his life."

"The name of Ross!" cried the man, half starting from his chair. "No wonder! What an idiot I was to forget! But it is so long since I have known my other name. My dear madam, have you never heard your husband speak of Herman Ross Baker?"

This name seemed to strike the woman dumb. She stood, for half a minute gazing at the man, as if a ghost had started up before her. The little color natural to her face died out. Even her lips grew white.

"Herman Ross Baker," she repeated. "And are you that man?"

"That is my name, Mrs. Laurence; and the only one your husband ever knew me by. I am an artist, and in other countries chose to call myself Ross, leaving the rest of the name so long out of use that I almost forget it myself. Now, I hope that we are not altogether strangers, by name at least."

Mrs. Laurence dropped into a chair, and clasped both hands in her lap.

"So, you are that man!"

There was a look of absolute terror in the

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woman's face. She sat staring at Ross, with a weird look, as if he had been a ghost.

"I never thought you would come—never wanted you to come," she said, at last, wringing her hands with a show of passion of which her countenance, in its set expression, gave little sign; "but when the dead order, the living have only to obey. That which he left must be given, though it breaks us all up, and turns the house into a tomb."

The woman rose from her seat, and began to walk the room, while Ross and her daughter sat regarding her with intense surprise.

"What do you mean, mother—of what are you speaking? Mr. Ross cannot understand," said Ruth, arising with pain from her cushions.

Mrs. Laurence paused in her walk, and stood for a moment gazing dumbly on the sweet, pale face, turned so anxiously upon her. Then she resumed action again, and paced back and forth, as before, muttering to herself. At last, she came up to the couch, and laying her hand on Ruth's shoulder, bade her sit up a little, while she searched for something that must be found.

Ruth left the couch, and sunk into a Boston rocking-chair, which Mr. Ross drew forward for her use.

Then Mrs. Laurence flung the cushions to the floor, and bringing a pair of scissors from a work-basket, began to rip the mattress, at one end, and thrusting her hand into the opening, she drew forth a sealed envelope.

"That is the name," she said, reading the address over. "Herman Ross Baker. My husband did know you. When he wrote this I was told to give it into your hands, and no other, should you come back to this country, after he was dead, which I am sure he did not expect. Take it, sir; and remember he was kind to you and yours."

Ross took the package, and looked wistfully at the writing. He was evidently taken by surprise, and his hand shook with the intense desire that seized upon him to tear the envelope and seize upon its secret at once.

"Not here! Read it at home!" said Mrs. Laurence, who saw his hands tremble with eagerness. "It may be a thing to read alone, with fasting and prayer. Who knows? Take it away, and remember how true he was—how good. Ruth you are growing pale; let me lift you back to the couch. No, sir; it is not needed—one is enough. There, now; don't be troubled, child. No need of that! You see how weak she is, Mr. Ross; so have some compassion on us all. You will understand me, by-and-by."

"If compassion could make you happy, there would be no sorrow under this roof," answered Ross, with a ringing sweetness in his voice, that brought tears to the eyes of Ruth Laurence. "God knows, I will never bring trouble here."

Ruth reached out her hand. "You have brought nothing but good to us," she said, gently. "We all know that."

Ross took the pale, little hand in his, dropped it softly to the couch again, and took his leave, with the feeling of a man who carries destiny in his hand.

A short walk brought the excited man to his sister's dwelling. He entered the front door, strode across the tesselated hall, and mounting the stairs, carpeted so thickly that his footsteps seemed smothered in wood-moss, entered a chamber in the topmost story, which had been fitted up as a studio. With a hand that still quivered with emotion, he bolted the door, and sat down, with the envelope in his hand, overcome with that strange dread which an unbroken seal often brings upon the possessor. Eager as his curiosity had been, he was literally afraid to break the seal. What did it lock in? Why should the man, so long dead, write to him? Was the vague, wild idea, which had haunted him for weeks, a reality?

With these questions in his brain, he tore the envelope, took from it some closely-written pages, and began to read.

My Friend—One night, while on my beat in the upper part of the city, a young woman, carrying something in her arms, which a large and very rich shawl completely covered, passed me, more than once, in a wild, distracted way, as if looking for something, or some place, which she could not find. I watched her, carefully, as she went back and forth in this distracted way, and at last saw her sink down on a door-step, when the faint wail of a child came from beneath her shawl. I was about to speak to her, when she lifted her head, saw my uniform, and starting up, fled down the street. The moon was up, but clouded, and but few stars appeared. So it was mostly by the street-lamps that I kept her in sight, until she passed out of my beat. When I lost sight of her, she was making straight for the river, and hurried on as if urged forward by the fright my face had given her.

It was not many minutes before I was relieved, and free to follow the woman, which I

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did at once; for her dress, her air, and the child that she carried under that shawl, suggested a tragedy, which it was my duty to prevent. I walked rapidly forward, until the street she had been threading ended in a grove of trees, an immense flower-garden, and a grand old mansion, which seemed as if buried in the heart of a wilderness, the shrubbery was so old and thick around it, and the shadow of the trees so dense.

I passed this house and went down among the trees, which grew close to the river, flinging their shadows over it, in places, and making the spot so lonely that I felt a thrill of dread, as the contrast between its isolation and the street I had left, broke upon me.

Everything was quiet. My own footsteps were smothered in the forest-turf, and a gentle shiver of the leaves was all the sound I heard. Still, I watched and waited, feeling the presence of another human soul, as one sometimes knows a thing independent of the senses. As I stood in the shadow, something seemed to move on a large sloping-rock, which formed a picturesque feature in one corner of the grounds, on which the trees grew less thickly. That moment, a cloud swept back from the moon, and I saw the woman whom I had frightened so, standing on the rocks, which shot some distance into the stream, where the waters eddied and curled around it with a sweet, monotonous music, that seemed to lure and lure the woman on, till she stood on the very edge of the rocks. Her shawl was thrown back now, and I saw the child. She did not look at it, but turned her face away, and lifted the infant high in her arms. I started forward, but checked myself, for she had fallen down upon the rock, and hugging the child to her bosom, was kissing it with passionate vehemence, calling out, "I cannot—I cannot! Oh, my God! how could I think of it? My child! My child! You are not hurt! There! there! there! Oh, what can I do? What shall I do?"

Again and again she fell to kissing the little creature, moaning over it like a dumb animal; breaking forth into bitter sobs, now and then, until some fear seized her, and she looked around, breathlessly, terrified by her own voice. Full ten minutes she sat upon the rock, caressing the child, in her passionate despair. Then she arose to her feet again, once more, uplifted it in her arms, and staggering back, fell prone upon the rock, clasping the infant to her heart.

The struggle was terrible; but I had faith in the power of a motherhood which could battle so fiercely against an evil resolve, and waited, knowing, that at the worst, I could save the child. She arose to a sitting posture, very pale and still now, for I could see her face, plainly, in the moonlight; and it was white as snow—white and beautiful. An exclamation almost broke from me. *I knew the face!* More than once had I marveled at its beauty; more than once had I seen it beaming with love, uplifted to another face, which will never leave my memory. Do you understand? Can you guess who this young mother was? I did not know her name; but there was no mistaking that proud, white face.

The young woman sat a long time, gazing at her child, in the moonlight. Then she took off her shawl, and, kneeling over the little creature, wrapped the garment around it. She did not look at the little creature after this, but arose from her knees, and went staggering away from the rocks, through a patch of moonlight, and into the shadows, looking back, continuously, as if she had left her heart behind, and longed to pluck it back to her bosom again.

I could not find it in my heart to give *that* child up to the Almshouse, having seen the woman's face. So I went to the rock, where it lay muffled in the shawl, and was startled when two great, wide-open eyes looked up at me, through the moonlight, as if wondering at the rough features that bent over it, instead of the beautiful woman's face which was fleeing away from it in the shadows.

I took the child in my arms, and laid its little cheek to mine. The touch filled my soul with tenderness, and I resolved that she should be my own—the sister of my little Ruth. I carried the pretty waif home, and gave her to my wife. She was taken by surprise, and resented the adoption, at first; but it was impossible to resist those pretty, infantine ways, and at last this child became dear to her as our little Ruth. Yes; dear as the boy that was afterward born to us.

We kept the fact, that this child was not our own, a secret from every one. Even our children are ignorant that she is not in fact their sister. I never sought to identify the young mother. Remembering how near she had been to murdering her own child, I dared not place it again in her power. Besides, we loved the foundling, and that love grew strong as nature in our hearts. Soon she became only another child of our own. You know that I was educated for a better position than has fallen to my lot; and I resolved to give even superior advantages to my children.

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My wife is a prudent housekeeper, and out of our small resources we managed to save money enough for this purpose, and to secure a humble home, in which we are now living. If God spares me, some prosperity may yet be won out of our hard lives. But just now, I am desponding, without reason, for my health is good and my purpose strong. If I should be cut down, what will be the fate of my family? I ask this question with a pang. Have I done right to educate these two girls for a position so much higher than they can ever hope to attain? Have I done right in keeping all that I have told you a secret from Eva herself? Was it not my duty to search out the mother, who had cut her off, thus securing her a future more promising than anything I had to offer?

I am asking myself these questions now, and the answer is a selfish one. We could not give her up to another.

My friend, let me tell you all. The woman who abandoned her child, with such throes of anguish, was no common person. Everything about her bespoke refinement and wealth. The shawl, in which she wrapped her infant, was a rare and costly one. The garments were enriched with the finest lace; the sleeves were looped back with pink coral, such as can only be in perfection at Naples, fastened with a clasp of gold. We kept these things, sacredly, thinking that the time might come when Eva would be driven to seek out her mother. But not while I live. She loves us, and is happy. But I have been thinking how suddenly death sometimes comes upon us, and how helpless she will be, with all her fine talents and rare beauty, when I am gone. Thinking of this, I remembered you, my good friend. You, to whose energetic interference I am indebted for the place I hold. With a tenacity, I cannot resist, the thought fastens on me, that you will be her friend when I am gone; that in her time of need, should it ever come, you may search out that portion of her history, which I have, up to this time, shrunk from investigating. If love for the child has made me secretive and selfish, you will have the energy to redeem the wrong, and place her in the higher position which I solemnly believe to be hers by right. But one thing I charge you. If it should come out that the girl has no legal right to claim her parents, keep this secret from her, forever. She is proud, and so keenly sensitive, that disgrace would kill her; and in that case, my humbler name would be far better than a dishonored one, however exalted.

You are abroad now; but I have kept trace of you through all these years. Once or twice your letters have reached me. I know that you have won a high place among men of genius; that your guardianship will be an honor to this proud girl; that even for my own delicate Ruth you will have some fatherly kindness. Am I wrong in asking this? I think not. You are the only friend, of the old days, that I have left. In our school-days, we loved each other; in our manhood the feeling grew and strengthened. In my death, if that should come, you will be mindful of the old love, and kind to those I leave behind me.

One thing you will remember. My wife has the clothes, the coral, and the India shawl, in which little Eva was wrapped that night. She will give them to you, reluctantly, I dare say; no misfortune will ever make her willing to part with the girl; but she will remember my charge, and give them up, at your request. Perhaps they will lead to something in your hands.

Why do I write this now, after so many years of silence? I cannot answer. But this evening, a strange, dark presentiment came over me, and I was impelled to place Eva's story on paper. It can do no harm. My wife will keep it safe till you come, if I am doomed. Doomed! How absurd all this seems in a man of perfect health and more than ordinary strength. Yet, somehow, I feel with mournful solemnity, that some day, after I am dead, you will get this paper, and act upon it in behalf of your old friend.

LEONARD LAURENCE.

Ross never took his gaze from the paper until he had read it through; then he folded the pages back and reperused every word, with a burning, eager question in the eyes, that seemed to devour each syllable as it arose to view. The perusal had left him pale to the lips. He held the pages with a firm, hard grip, as if he feared they would escape him, long after he had mastered their contents. Then he arose, and began to pace the floor, with a slow, heavy tread, pondering over many things in his mind, with a restless burning of the eyes that bespoke a storm at the heart.

How was he to appease this craving curiosity? In what way was he to arrive at the truth regarding this girl, whose future had been placed in his hands, by the document still clutched, tightly, there? Laurence was right. Herman Ross was not a man to falter in a case like this. If the girl had claims, he was resolved to search them out, and maintain them after they were

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found. But something more exciting than mere determination—an almost frenzied wish to learn the whole truth possessed the man now. All the proofs that existed he would have at once. Suspense was more than he could bear.

Ross took his hat, and went out again, walking rapidly toward the Laurence cottage. This time he sought the back entrance, and found Mrs. Laurence alone in her kitchen. Her keen, gray eyes were as hard as steel, when she turned them upon him, with a look that seemed half fear, half defiance.

"Well," she said, sharply, "you know it all now. Is it in you to take her away from us, now that we need her more than ever?"

"I have come to ask you something. This paper speaks of articles that are in your possession. May I look at them?"

Mrs. Laurence sunk into a chair; the little color natural to her face died out, leaving only a flush around the eyes.

"I—I cannot give them to you just now," she stammered. "Did the paper speak of them?"

"Yes; and they are important—very important."

"But how was I to know that you would ever come, or that any one—a man particularly—would want a lot of baby-clothes?"

"But I do want them, and at any cost must have them," said Ross, almost fiercely. "Surely they are not destroyed?"

"Destroyed? No; I haven't done that."

Ross drew a deep breath, and the hot color, which mounted to his face, died out.

"But they are not all on hand."

"Not on hand?"

"What right have you to question me so? Most of the things are here; but we were starving, sir—starving! Do you know what that means? I pawned one or two things. There, you have the truth. Go in and look at the pale girl lying there; then wonder, if you can, that I gave up everything to keep her from starving quite to death."

"But they can be found?" said Ross, anxiously. "Surely they are not out of reach?"

"I don't know. We haven't been rich enough to redeem anything; but you shall have the tickets. Wait."

Mrs. Laurence went up the back stairs, and left Ross walking restlessly up and down the kitchen. She was gone some time, but came down at last, carrying a bundle in her hand.

"Here are the things," she said, curtly. "Yellow as saffron, with lying; but here they are."

She opened the bundle, and shook out a long infant's frock, trimmed half a yard deep with valenciennes lace and embroidery, all yellow with age, but of exquisite richness.

Ross laid it aside with an impatient action of the hand.

"It tells nothing," he said. "Nothing at all."

"The moths have got into the flannel," said Mrs. Laurence, passing her hand under the rich, silken embroidery of a flannel skirt; "but you can see the pattern, for they never touch silk. Some lady did that, let me tell you, with her own fingers. This is no hired work."

Ross glanced at the pretty grape-vine, which had grown golden on the riddled flannel, and was himself struck by its beautiful finish. All at once he snatched it from the woman's hold, and examined it more closely, as if he saw something curious in every leaf and tendril.

"I should know the pattern. Somewhere I have seen it before," he muttered, in a voice that was almost inaudible; "but where? how?"

"There is nothing else but this mite of a skirt, with lace around it like a cobweb, and the linen so fine you could almost pack it in a thimble," said Mrs. Laurence, warmed into soft, womanly feeling by the sight of these little garments.

"Nothing more? But the shawl, the coral—where are they?"

"Pawned!" was the curt answer. "I told you so."

"Where? Let me look at the tickets," was the impatient rejoinder.

Mrs. Laurence drew an old, worn porte-monnaie from her pocket, and took from it two pawn-tickets, which she handed to her visitor, almost smiling at the disappointment that lay before him.

Ross glanced at the tickets, and dropped them to the table in bitter distress. They had been forfeited a whole year.

"I did not suppose they would amount to much now," said Mrs. Laurence, picking up the papers. "Sold long ago, I dare say."

Ross took the tickets from her hand again, and read the address with a forlorn hope that the articles, so important to his search, might be found unsold. He left the house at once, and proceeded to the pawnbroker's, scarcely heeding or caring that the whole world saw him enter this last foothold of poverty before it is swept into abject want.

A dull, dreary place was this pawn-office; its narrow counter all grim with use; its walls studded from floor to ceiling with miserable-looking bundles; its boxes petitioned off like

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cells in a prison, where the sensitive and inexperienced sheltered themselves while taking these last degrading steps on a downward career. All these things struck Ross with a chill, for there is something fearfully pathetic in poverty when it takes a form like that.

With a sense of strange humiliation, this refined gentleman glided into one of those secret boxes, into which want shrinks from the human gaze with a keener sense of shame than guilt often knows; his breath came short, and he asked, hoarsely, if there was yet a possibility of redeeming the articles which the two crumpled tickets represented.

The pawnbroker, a heavy, dark man, whose hands were as unclean as his practices, took the tickets, saw the date, and handed it back with a gruff shake of the head.

"Forfeited long ago. You ought to have seen that, if you know how to read."

"I beg your pardon," said Ross, too anxious for resentment. "Of course, I was aware of the date; but is it possible to obtain these articles?"

"Obtain them? No; they are sold."

Ross still held the rejected tickets in his hand, which shook a little.

"Sold; but there must be some record. Is it not possible to find them?"

"I don't suppose it could be done. Whoever got those two things had a bargain, that they won't be likely to give up. The shawl was real Injy; worth a thousand dollars, if it was worth a cent; and the coral was a lovely tint, like a tea-rose, and carved beautifully—not to be matched in this country. Bargains! Both great bargains!"

"I am willing to pay their full price—double that——"

"Ha! What is that? Double?"

"Yes; that is not more than I am willing to give."

"Double-double! That would be two—say three thousand. Is that the correct sum—three thousand? A good thing! A good thing!"

The craving wretch spoke gleefully, rubbed his palms together, and eyed Ross as if he longed to devour him.

Through all his anxiety, Ross felt the disgust such greed was sure to inspire, and answered him sharply.

"I will give two thousand for the shawl, and two hundred for the coral—not a cent more; but that can be settled with the possessor of the articles, who will probably be content with their full value. If you will inform me who the purchasers are, it is all I desire at present."

"Who they are? Oh, yes! Such greenness belongs to me. Young in the business, you know. Haven't cut our eye-teeth. You're likely to get at them articles without me, very; but how are you going to do it, that's the figure? How are you going to do it?"

"Then you will not help me?"

"Why that is just what you and I are bargaining about. Say three thousand, and I'm on hand."

"Three thousand for articles not worth more, by your own showing, than a third of the amount, and for which you only advanced fifty dollars. Surely, you cannot be in earnest."

"In earnest? Well, you will find that I shall not abate one dollar. A thing is worth what one can get for it. You want this shawl and coral for something more than their worth, and so make fancy stock of them. You understand they are my fancy stock, and for any good they will be to you, I am the holder."

"But they are sold, you admitted that."

"Yes; but my books are not sold—and without them, how can these things be traced? Oh, never mind! you will come to my terms, never fear!"

Ross took his hat from the counter, and turned to leave the box, in which he had stood while conversing with the man. The pawnbroker eyed him furtively, with a crafty smile on his lips. He was not disheartened, for the anxiety in those deep-set eyes was too apparent for doubt. The man would make any sacrifice rather than lose the articles he sought.

"You will think better of it, sir," he said, leaning over the counter, and following the retreating man with an oily smile. "Remember, I am always to be found here."

Ross lifted his hat and disappeared, making no other reply. For a moment, disgust of the man overpowered even the strong wish that had brought him to that miserable place.

CHAPTER XII.

Mrs. Carter had that profound respect for her own taste which springs out of utter ignorance; and her great party would have been something wonderful in the way of shoddyism, but for the gentle and kindly interference of her brother Ross, whom she looked upon with something like adoration, and whose opinions were so modestly given, that they seemed to originate in herself. Thus he had sent the gorgeous pictures from her boudoir to Battles' room in the stable, and after them went many an object of inestimable value to the lady,

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but which were received by the æsthetic coachman with a sniff of critical contempt. Up to this time the contractor's lady had reveled in the adornment of her house. She had often heard it said that certain persons of her new circle, who had shot up like mushrooms in the unhealthy atmosphere of our civil war, owed all that was elegant in their establishments to the artists and upholsterers they employed. This was a charge Mrs. Carter resolved should never be brought against her. So, after six months of hard worry and interminable shopping, an effect was produced of such promiscuous gorgeousness, that the really refined persons, who began to visit her, were so completely taken by surprise, that she mistook amused astonishment for admiration, and plunged into new attempts at harmony and contrast, that fairly set the beholder's teeth on edge as words of hollow flattery passed through them.

Thus it was that Mr. Ross found his sister and her habitation. Carpets, gorgeously independent of draperies; florid frescoes, statues, in deep shadow; flaming vases in the light; mirrors in every available space; and pictures, such pictures! in magnificent frames, surrounded him on every side. But genius is great, and money all potent. Out of this confusion, the man of real taste soon produced effects harmonious as a poem; and no person could enter that mansion with an idea that its arrangement had been left either to an upholsterer or to an ignorant woman. Soon Mrs. Carter saw how much more beautiful everything had become, and gloried in it.

Having surrendered so much to her brother, she was ready to yield to him in all things connected with her social life, and when he suggested the purchase of Ruth Laurence's sketches, and asked for an invitation to the party, for which cards were about to be issued, she consented at once, and thus fell in with her old crony and friend, Mrs. Smith.

One afternoon, Mrs. Carter came home in a state of unusual excitement. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes sparkled, and her style was like that of a warrior preparing for battle. Without stopping to take off her things, she mounted to her brother's studio, which was in the very top of the building.

"Herman," she said, sitting down by her brother's easel, "I've got myself into a scrape, and I want you to help me out. Not that I need help, if Carter wasn't so uppish about such things; but he was determined that I should give up the old set for good and all, when I came in here—and so I did. The day I went to see that Miss Laurence, who should come in but my old neighbor, Mrs. Smith, just as good, whole-hearted a woman as ever lived. Of course, I was glad to see her—my heart not being a nether millstone, nor yet a junk of ice. Then she was natural as life, thinking, no doubt, that I should keep her at arms-lengths, because of all this silk and lace, and bracelets, and she only in a calico-dress; but I hadn't the heart to do it, Herman; old neighbors are old neighbors; and, between you and I, brother, I'm not certain that them old times were so much worse than these. At any rate, my heart warmed to Mrs. Smith, and that child of hers, so that I hated to come home. She has got a splendid baby, you know; and holding it in my arms was such a heart-aching treat, after all that we have lost, Carter and I. It's a thing we never mention between us; but the sight of a fine, wholesome babby is sure to make my breath come quick. After losing three of them, and none left, and this house built with a nursery, it's heart-rending to think of; and I couldn't help thinking that Mrs. Smith was richer than I was, after all.

"Well, we took dinner together—ham and eggs—real old times; and cooked so nice. So, while the old home-feeling took full hold of me, I up and gave my old friend a card for my party, having one in my pocket at the time, which was the reason of my doing it, unthinkingly, as one may say, and long in advance of other people. She was so pleased—tickled almost to death; and is going to buy a new mory-antique, and—what will please you, I know—says that she will bring Miss Eva Laurence with her—carriage-hire being all the same for three as for two."

Here Ross made an impatient movement, which his sister saw, and half resented.

"Now don't you turn against me, Herman. It's bad enough to have Carter turning up his nose at old friends, that were always ready to help him, when he needed help; but my own brother——"

"You misunderstand," said Ross. "I find no fault with feelings that do you honor. Far from it. But as for Miss Laurence, we had arranged about her coming, and there need be no change, I should think."

"But Carter objects even to her. And as for Battle, his sneers about going into that neighborhood are beyond bearing."

"Perhaps, in some respects, Carter is right. You will find it very difficult to make two classes mingle harmoniously, even in this re-

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publican country. Stronger and more experienced women than you are have tried it, and failed signally. A land that has no aristocracy but that of wealth, will always draw sharp lines between the poor and the rich."

"But you do not object—you will help me out. I wish now it hadn't been done; but one can't take back an invitation; and Carter is very cruel to ask it; now isn't he?"

"Of course you cannot take back an invitation. And I dare say your old friend will manage to appear well enough for the occasion. Society, since the war, has put up with a great many strange innovations. So, I dare say your friend will pass."

"It's kind of you to say so," answered Mrs. Carter, with tears in her eyes. "As for Carter, his heart is like a mill-stone, since he became so rich. Oh, Herman! sometimes I wish we had been content as it was."

"Well, well, throw all these little troubles off your mind. I have something to tell you—something to propose. Perhaps a great favor to ask of you and Carter."

"It's granted, Herman. I'd lay down my life for you; and so would Carter. He's awful proud of having a real gentleman in the family. So am I—and that gentleman my own brother."

Ross reached out his hand, and drawing the kind-hearted woman toward him, kissed her on the cheek.

"Now tell me what it is," she questioned, cheerfully. "If it's money——"

Ross shook his head.

"Not that! Not that!"

"Dear! Dear! What can it be then? Just tell me."

"Not now. In a day or two."

"Another invitation for some one? Well, you shall have a whole handful of blanks, and fill them out yourself. Will that do?"

"For the present, less than that will do, sister."

"Well, as many as you like, and anything else you like. Now I begin to feel better, and will go down to Carter, like the mistress of her own house."

With this heroic resolve, Mrs. Carter left the studio.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PREACHING OF THE FLOWERS

BY JOHN G. WATTS.

When first fair Summer blushed upon our land,
She hung with garlands many a bosky nook;
Star-strewed our meadows with a lavish hand,
And bade us forth, to read her picture-book.

Then the sweet songsters Spring had woke to life,
Gathered in choirs, and told their joys aloud;
And every copse with harmony was rife,
And every vale with melody endowed.

The lark, up-bounding from the young green corn,
Told all the world his gratitude and love;
The cuckoo's soft and mellow note was borne
The livelong day from many a sombre grove.

And from the city's dark, unhealthy bosom,
Her poor, pale nurslings, in their annual quest
Of daisy, king-cup, and fair hawthorn-blossom,
With eager feet toward the country prest.

Glimpses of earthly Paradise they borrow,
For lane and alley, which awake once more
Joy in the hearts of wrinkled care and sorrow,
And set vice sighing for the days of yore.

Sweet missionaries bearing light and gladness,
And holy sympathies for young and old;
Breaking the clouds of folly, sin, and sadness,
And with a look transmuting dross to gold.

Silent, but eloquent indeed your preaching,
Lifting the soul from very earth to heaven;
Voiceless, but unmistakable your teaching,
Pointing the source whence every good is given.

TRANSFORMATION.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

Only a man but yesterday,
The day you are a god;
Her love has lifted you above
The common paths you trod.
She cannot see the faults that fret
Your fervid spirit so,
And he that you must oft restrain,
Is one she does not know.

Upon a high pedestal,
Almost above her reach;
To her, you stand, and she, below,
Is learning what you teach.
Oh! guard yourself with caution!
Two hearts will nearly break,
If from her dream unwisely,
You cause her to awake.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

For our first illustration, this month, we give a walking-dress of white pique. The skirt is plain, and trimmed with bands of black worsted braid, or what is prettier, bands of white Marseilles braid, or Hamburg insertion. The tunic is quite short (as the trimming upon the under-skirt comes up unusually high,) cut straight and full, turned back at the sides. Trim with one band. This dress has a Jeanne d'Albert bodice, long point in front, and pointed in the back. Deep, linen collar and cuffs. Corded French pique is the most in use, as it is lightest in texture; and we have seen a good quality, this season, at the trifling cost of fifty cents, yard wide—only requiring twelve yards for the dress.

In the front of the number we give a half-mourning evening-dress. This pretty dress can be made either in mohair or French muslin. The colors are black and white. The skirt is cut a trifle longer than an ordinary walking-dress, and has a deep flounce, headed by a puffing of the muslin, lined with black. Above the puffing there is a plaiting of the muslin to stand up. The tunic, which corresponds, is trimmed to match, but observe to add the plaiting to both edges of the puffing. The sash-ends fall from underneath the tunic. Low neck; waist cut square, back and front, over which may be added (for those who do not wear low dresses) a short basque of the muslin, with open sleeves, trimmed to correspond. If the dress is made of mohair, trim it with puffings of black silk, and make the quillings of the material, bound with black. Of French muslin, which is two yards wide, six yards will be required; of mohair, sixteen yards; French muslin, costing from sixty cents to two dollars per yard; but muslin is quite good enough at seventy-five cents, as it does not look so well after washing. Mohair is from sixty-two cents to one dollar per yard.

Also, in the front of the number, is a traveling suit of black and white plaid. These goods can be bought in all qualities, from thirty-one cents up to one dollar twenty-cents per yard—those at thirty-one, thirty-seven, and forty cents, are very nice, and of wool and cotton mixtures, and will wear very well for a cheap summer trip. The design is a very pretty one, and the trimmings, which are of solid black, can be made either of silk or alpaca. Quillings of the latter look exceedingly well, and for a traveling suit, will last much better than silk. Sixteen yards of plaid, and four yards of alpaca, or four yards and a half of silk, will be required. The lower-skirt is made to match, and is trimmed with a flounce, cut on the bias, fourteen inches deep, put on with a heading, separated with one or two narrow bands of black, stitched with the machine. The upper-skirt is not very full, and is trimmed with revers open on the sides, which are trimmed with a quilling two inches wide (cut straight and double) also extending across the front and round the back. Basque waist, surplice front, trimmed to match. Coat-sleeves, waist-band, and short bows at the back. The suit would also be very pretty in linen, trimmed

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with white linen, or Nainsook for the quillings. Round, straw hat, with grenadine veil.

We give, next, an over-dress of dotted muslin or lace. This needs very little description, as all the details of trimming are so complete. Worn over a silk skirt, with low-neck waist, either black silk, or colored, it will make a beautiful

addition to any young lady's evening or dinner toilet, and at a small expense. Eight yards of dotted muslin, two pieces of narrow, velvet ribbon, two or three yards of ribbon, for bows, are all that will be required. A puff and ruffle of the muslin forms the trimming, separated by the velvet ribbon. Lace would be more expensive.

Next is a dress for a little girl of eight to ten years. Plaid silk under-dress, made per-

fectly plain, high necked, and long sleeves. Over-dress of black silk, without sleeves, which serves the place of a pelisse, looped up with bows on the skirt, and at the shoulders. Sash of the plaid silk. A costume readily arranged out of some of mamma's old dresses, or, if new material be required, six yards of plaid silk, and three yards of black silk, will make the dress.

Next is a pique suit for a little boy of five years. Knickerbocker pants, pulled into the knee, under which is seen the full ruffle of the drawers The waist is slightly fulled, back and front, to which is added the waistband,

cut in castellated points, and trimmed with Marseilles braid. Collar and cuffs of Hamburg flouncing. Simple gather for the fit of the neck and wrists. This is an especially pretty costume for a little boy just going into pants.

We give also, but in the front of the number, a round-shaped Pelerine-Fichu of white muslin. It is open *en cœur*, in front, and the opening is trimmed by a frill of white lace, headed by a band of *jonquille* ribbon, and above this is a narrow, upright edging of lace, which is continued round the neck. The bottom edge is also trimmed by a lace frill, headed by a *rouleau of jonquelle* ribbon. The fichu is divided into sections marked by bands of *jonquille* ribbon, between which are bands of lace insertion on the shoulders, as well as in front, and in the center of the back are chains of bows of *jonquille* ribbon, finished by a single end.

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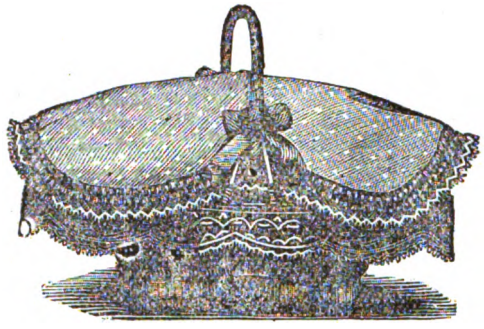
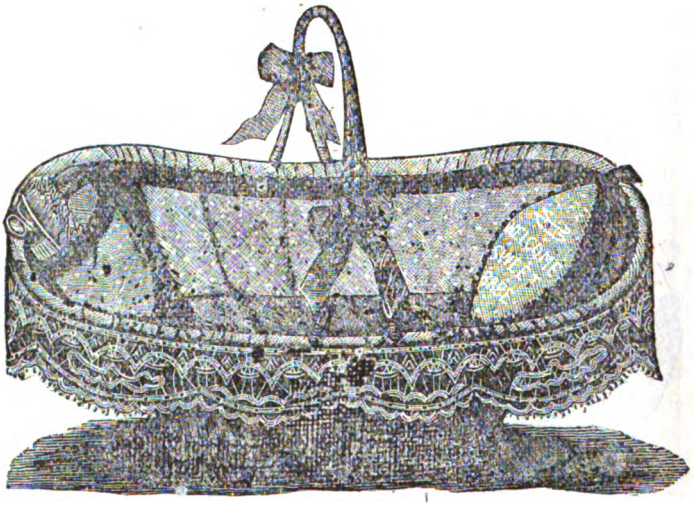
INFANT'S BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS basket, which is a new shape for the purpose, is of light wicker-work. It is lined with blue silk, and covered with spotted muslin. The handle is bound round with blue satin ribbon, and tied at the sides with bows of the same. The basket is finished with a ruche of blue satin ribbon. The lace, whether you make it or buy it, should be graduated to suit the shape of the basket.

The cover for the basket is wadded and covered with spotted muslin, and edged with the pattern which finishes the scallops of the lace.



DESIGN FOR MAKING A LUNCHEON-CLOTH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

WE give, in the front of the number, printed in colors, a corner design for a luncheon-cloth, in which the initials or monogram is to be worked, on the damask cloth, in red ingrain cotton. The little bunches of wheat may be scattered all over the cloth, or left out entirely.

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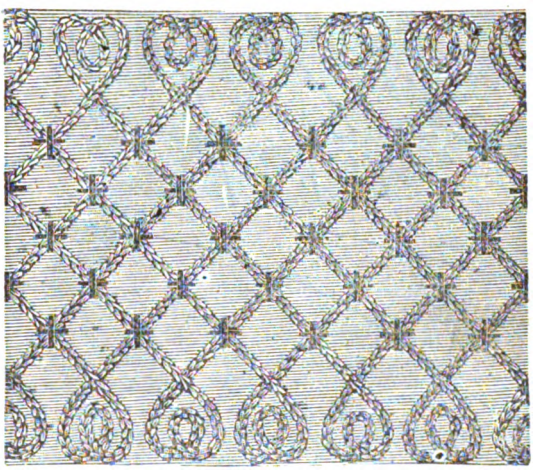
BORDER IN BRAID.

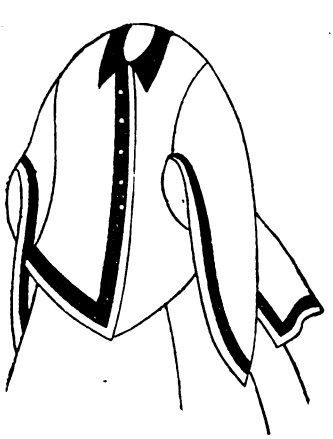
BY MRS JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a very pretty border in braid, to be worked in cross-stitch in cordon. Patterns like this may be made available for such a great variety of purposes, that they always come into play. Besides this, they are a neat and portable kind of work, that can be carried about to a tea-party or elsewhere, when larger pieces of work would have to be left at home.

THE PARIS PALETOT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give here an engraving of a new Paletot, called the "Paris Paletot," on account of its style. It is made of twilled rep, and is trimmed with velvet. We also add a diagram by which to cut it out, and which we give on the next page.

No. 1. Front.
No. 2. Side-Piece.
No. 3. Back.
No. 4. Collar.
No. 5. Sleeve.

The engraver, it will be noticed, has forgotten to number the sleeve; but anybody will easily recognize it in the diagram. Nos. 2 and 3 are really only one piece, being cut together.

This paletot is straight in front, and slightly fitting to the figure; it is trimmed with velvet, cut on the bias, and cut out in graduated scallops at the edge. Two large velvet buttons are placed at the back. The paletot is fastened in front with large velvet buttons.

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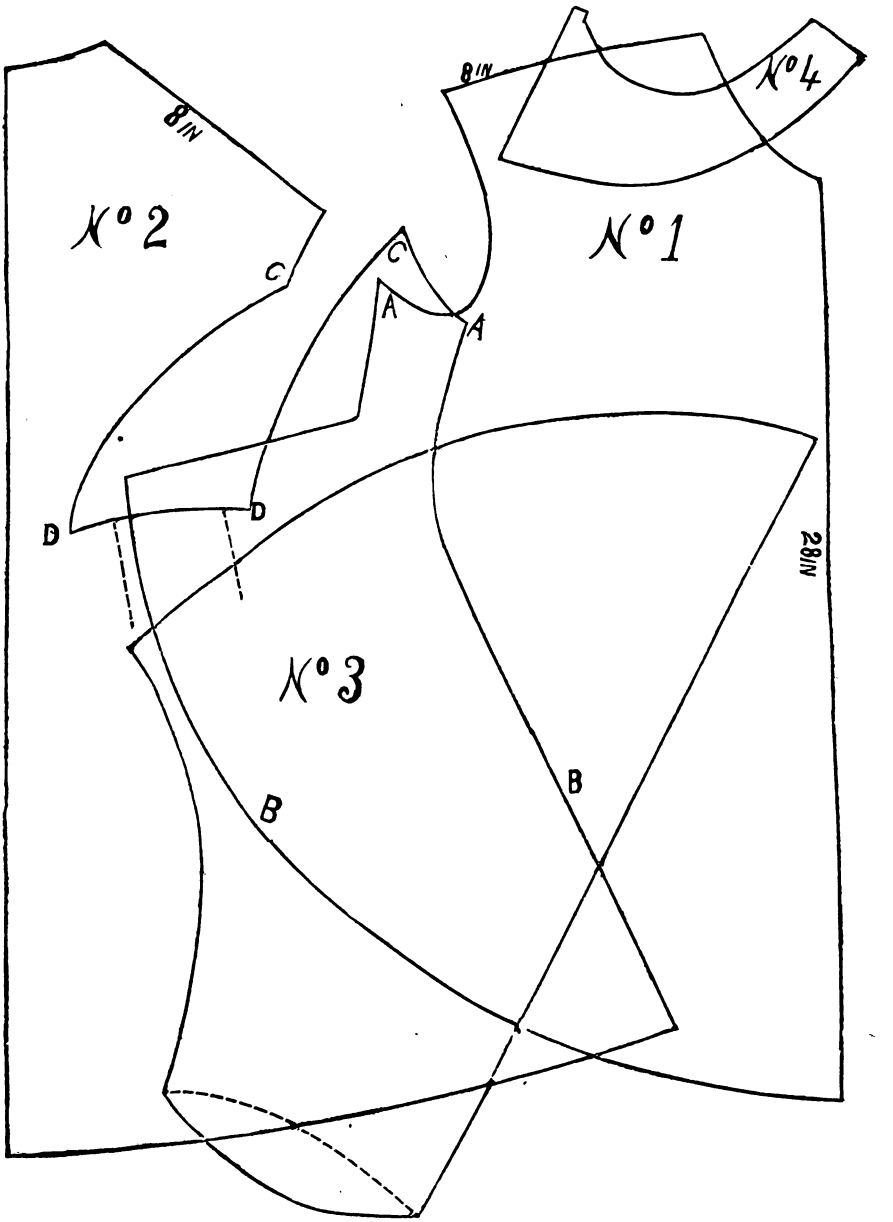

CORNERS FOR TURN-OVER COLLARS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, several very pretty patterns in embroidery. Among the most noticeable are two Turn-Over Collars, a kind that is quite fashionable just now. Also a Handkerchief-Corner, and a charming trimming in Applique and Embroidery.

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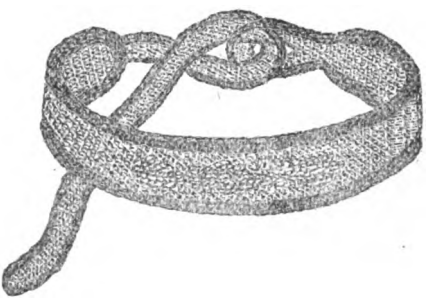
GARTER IN TRICOT AND CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials for one pair: A quarter of an ounce of white Berlin wool, and a few skeins of colored for the chief part of the garter, the outside of which is worked in tricot. Make a chain of sixty stitches with white wool. For the three raised flowers in the middle, in chaining off the separate loops during the row returning, crochet always at the corresponding places, five chain for each petal, instead of one chain.

The first tricot row remains quite plain; in the second, two flower leaves are worked close together, three times, at the distance of five stitches, always in the sixteen middle stitches of the stripe.

In the third row, four flower leaves are worked, separated by three stitches, so that always one of the two pattern-leaves of the first line is worked before, and the other after.

Fourth row: Like the second, and the fifth plain, like the first. Over the last work (inclosing always one thread loop) one row of single. For the lining, work two close treble rows; the first stitch for stitch in the first stitches of the tricot stripe. The side edges are joined by one row of double in red, which is carried all round. For the pattern row round the edge, crochet alternately one pattern and one double. For each pattern draw always one loop through the next stitch, then work five chain, and with the last take also the other loops from the needle. Little stalk-stitch branches for the foliage, and a thick little knot for the middle, are afterward sewn in with dark-red wool. At one end of the finished parts a strap, two inches and a half long, is sewn; at the other, a band, fourteen inches long, for drawing through.

Both of the white wool rows, two tricot rows broad, with close treble for the lining have a red edge of double round them; on one side the third stitch is worked into the opposite red edge

NAME FOR MARKING.

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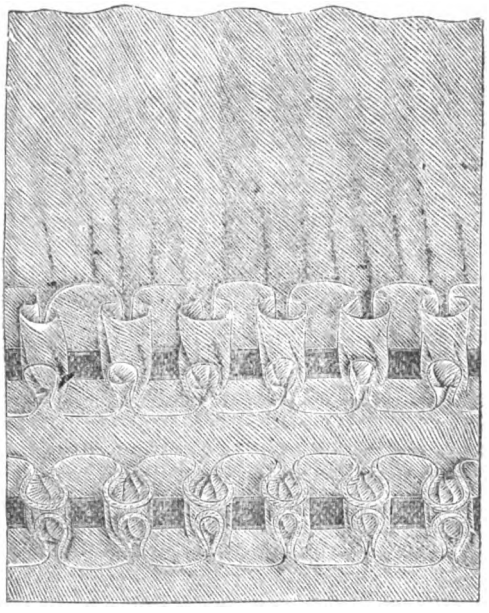
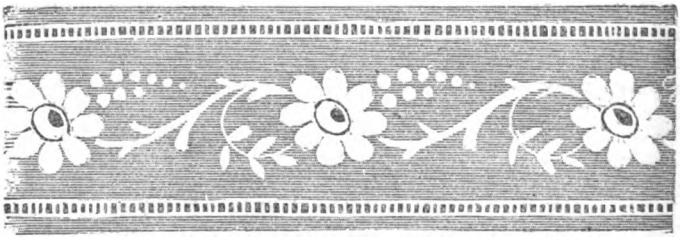
TRIMMING FOR DRESS.

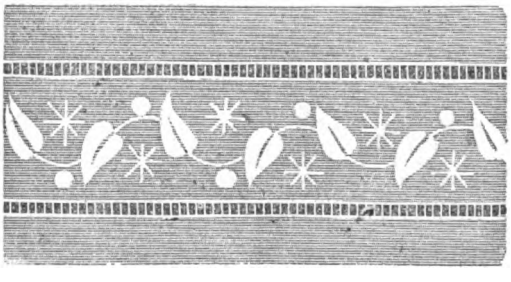
BY EMILY H MAY



A very pretty trimming for a dress, which any lady can make for herself, by studying the pattern which we give. In this way the cost of a dress may be very much reduced.

INSERTIONS.





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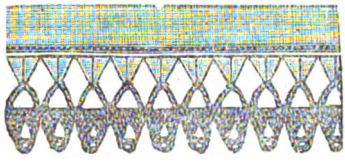
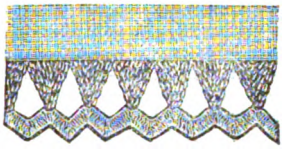
BORDERS IN BRAID AND CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

These patterns are worked with waved braid and crochet cotton.

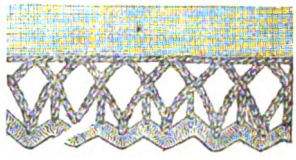


Border is worked in two rows. 1st row: 1 double in every vandyke; these stitches are divided by 1 chain, 1 purl, 1 chain (the purl consists of 6 chain, 1 treble in the 1st.) 2nd row: 1 treble in every purl of the preceding round, always 4 chain between.

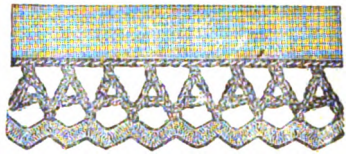


Border worked the crossway in one row as follows: * 5 chain, cast the loop off the needle and draw it through the next wave of the braid; then work back over the 5 chain as follows: 1 double, 1 long double, 2 treble, 1 long treble, repeat from *.

Border consists of two rows, the first of which is worked on the waved braid as follows: * 1 double long treble in one wave of the braid, 4 chain; 1 double in the deep part between 2 vandykes, 4 chain; repeat from *. 2nd row: 1 double long treble stitch of the preceding row, * 3 chain, 1 long treble at the foot of the double long treble stitch; this stitch is not cast off; 1 double long treble on the next double long treble of the preceding row; cast off



this stitch with the long treble stitch; repeat from *.



Border is worked on waved braid also. 1st row: 2 long treble divided by 4 chain on every wave of the braid. 2nd row: On the 4 chain of the preceding row work 1 treble, 1 long treble, 1 double long treble, 1 purl, (of 5 chain, 1 treble in the 1st,) 1 double long treble, 1 long treble, 1 treble; work always 1 double between the 2 long treble of the preceding row.

INITIALS IN SATIN STITCH.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

POLITENESS.—Much has been written on the subject of politeness, but we have rarely known it to be so sensibly discussed as in a late article in the Philadelphia Ledger.

The Ledger first alludes to the common error of undervaluing a polite bearing and courteous manners, and says that those make a sad mistake who cultivate a cold, a rude and a forbidding demeanor. It then proceeds as follows: "Politeness, however, is more frequently violated through the lack of good-will, that is its true source, than from any disdain of its superficiality. Especially in business relations, or where no special ties of friendship exist, it is too common to see even the ordinary rules of civility set at naught, and the indifference that is felt openly manifested in the rude stare, the contemptuous sneer, or the petty acts of meanness that betray the selfishness within. Daily is this seen in the street and the store, in the car and the office. Instead of the hearty good-will that should reign cheerfully and gracefully, those little acts of courtesy and good breeding that are so easily bestowed, and yet give so much pleasure, there is the gloomy frown, the disobliging manner, the curt reply, the selfish appropriation of little comforts, regardless of how much more they may be needed by others. As a mere matter of policy, politeness is most valuable; but when it comes to an index to the feelings beneath, it has a deep significence."

This is sound common sense. It refers more to men, however, than to women. But the remarks that follow apply to both sexes alike. "It is a mistake," says the Ledger, "to suppose that all cultivation of a polite and courteous manner is but an imitation of true good-will and kindness. It is often the very best way of improving a disposition, or strengthening a virtue, to put into constant exercise the outward acts of which they are the natural source. He who would increase his courage must face danger, though he tremble; he who would learn patience, must cease murmuring; he who would be generous in heart, must make sacrifices. So if we would acquire that geniality of feeling, and intrinsic kindness and good will which flowers out into pleasant demeanor and courteous bearing, let us begin by training ourselves to the amenities of life, that cost so little and are worth so much. It is customary to say that politeness costs nothing. This is not strictly true; if it were, its value would be diminished. It costs constant guard over our tempers and moods; it costs an effort to subdue irribility and fretfulness; it costs care and thoughtfulness for the pleasure and comfort of others, and a willingness to make sacrifices of our own. But while these costs are trifling, compared with the happiness they confer on others, they also doubly enrich and improve ourselves. Every honest effort to do right elevates the character, and increases the happiness of him who makes it, and the more the effort has cost, the greater will be the recompense."

FOUR GOOD REASONS.—The Aylmer (Canada) Enterprise, says of this Magazine:—"We take pleasure in calling the attention of our lady readers to this excellent fashion monthly, for the following four reasons:—1st. Because it is the cheapest ladies' book of fashions published. 2nd. Although it is cheap, it is not excelled by any of the high-priced magazines in the market. 3rd. Its stories are original and of the highest order. 4th. Its illustrations are executed in the best style of the art, and its patterns are adapted to calico and delaine for every-day wear, as well as to silks and satins for Sundays and holidays."

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES.—While it is wise for husbands and fathers, who have but little realized property, to insure their lives, so that, in case of their death, their families may not be left utterly destitute, we would utter a word of caution against making insurances, without first ascertaining the solvency of the company in which the insurance is to be made. *This life insurance business is altogether over-done.* There are too many companies for all to be sound. In many cases the rent, commissions, etc., eat up all the profits. For a few years, such illy-supported companies will manage to get along, hoping for better times, and meantime living out of their capital. But as soon as their risks begin to fall in, and their policies to be paid, (for, in the few first years, hardly any of their customers die,) they will go down, one after the other, like a line of bricks. Some of these days look out for wide-spread ruin among life insurance companies. Meantime, be on your guard.

THE FASHIONS IN "PETERSON."—Everybody pronounces the fashions in this Magazine to be the most reliable and elegant published in the United States. The Mystic Bridge (Ct.) Journal, says:—"There is a finish in the highly-colored fashion-plates that we fail to find in other magazines." Says the Newport (Pa.) News:—"The fashion-plates are always the best, and the one in the last number is a perfect gem of loveliness." During the siege of Paris, when other periodicals were publishing Berlin fashions (and perfect frights they were) we continued to give French fashions, and, as our subscribers know, they were of the rarest beauty and style. In a word, in fashion, as well as in literature and art, "Peterson," is always "ahead."

THE GLOVE-FITTING CORSET is the very appropriate title of a corset made by Thomson, Langdon & Co., Patentees, No. 391 Broadway, New York. Ladies, who have tried these corsets, pronounce them the best of their kind. When we remember how difficult it is to get a perfectly-fitting corset, and how invaluable such an article is, not only as an adjunct to beauty and style, but also to health, as a support to the skirts, we think we are conferring a benefit on the sex by calling attention to these corsets.

THE VENTILATING CORSET, intended for summer wear, is patented by Thomson, Langdon & Co., No. 391 Broadway, New York. It fits admirably, and is very flexible. Parts of it are made of a sort of netting, which keeps the body cool, while, at the same time, the stylishness and grace of the figure are preserved. We cannot recommend these ventilating corsets too highly for summer wear, or for ladies living in a southern climate.

THE WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS, a new invention, promises to become a great favorite. It combines comfort with comparative cheapness, and is really a spring-bed without springs. These mattresses never lose their shape, and are said never to need repair. For family use they hardly have a rival.

OUR LIBERAL OFFER to single subscribers still remains open: viz., a copy of the Magazine, for one year, and also a copy of our premium engraving for $2.50.

ADDITIONS to clubs must begin with the same number as the rest of the club.

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A NEW VOLUME begins with the next number. This will afford a good opportunity to subscribe, especially for those (if any) who do not wish back numbers for the year. But back numbers, to January inclusive, can always be furnished, if desired. Six months subscriptions will be taken, as usual, at half price, beginning with the July number and ending with that for December, 1871.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Daughter of an Egyptian King. Translated from the German of George Ebers. By Henry Reed. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This is a historical romance of the fifth century before the Christian era. The scene lies partly in Egypt and partly in Persia, and the characters are Greeks, Persians and Egyptians. The author is director of the Museum at Jena, and a disciple of Lepsius, whom he accompanied to Egypt, in the famous expedition sent out by the Prussian government. The pictures of life at the court of the Pharoahs and at that of Cambyses may, therefore, be relied on as authentic; that they are graphic and interesting every reader will pronounce for himself or herself. Historical romances, generally, are dull reading; but this is not so; we have found it, in fact, one of the most delightful fictions of the season. The translation is really admirable. Are we wrong in attributing it to a son of the late Henry Reed, Professor in the University of Philadelphia, the friend of Wordsworth, and one of the most estimable, as well as cultivated men, that America ever knew? If so, we can understand the grace, as well as the fidelity, with which the book has been rendered.

The Mutineers of the Bounty and their Descendants in Pitcairn and Norfolk Islands. By Lady Belcher. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Most intelligent persons have heard, in a vague way, of the mutiny on board the Bounty, of the settlement of the mutineers in a lonely island in the Pacific, and of the growth of the community that arose there from intermarriage with the Tahitan women who accompanied the fugitives. Nearly forty years ago the story was told by Sir John Barrow. In the present volume, we not only have the narrative brought down to within a twelvemonth, but it is very much fuller than the earlier one, Lady Belcher having had access to many sources of information not accessible to Sir John Barrow. The book is exceedingly interesting. Maps and engravings illustrate the text.

Diary of the Besieged Resident in Paris. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The author of this work, an Englishman, found himself in Paris, when the siege began, and unable to get away. He kept a daily journal of events, which he forwarded, in the shape of letters, to the Daily News, of London. Very many of his epistles were lost, but those that reached their destination attracted so much interest, that, when the siege was over, he was induced to reprint them in a volume, with the addition of the missing ones. The book is one, not only to read now, but to lay away as material for history.

Motherless. From the French of Madame Guizot De Witt. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is one of those charming stories of every-day, domestic life, in which the French, who are popularly supposed to write only vicious novels, really excel English, Germans, or Americans. The translation is by the author of "John Halifax," a fact that is itself a voucher for the purity of the book. The story is not written for adults, exactly, but rather for girls in their teens.

Three Proverb Stories. By Louisa M. Alcott. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Loring.*—We believe these were the earliest stories written by Miss Alcott. They are short and terse, and intended for children. There are illustrations by Augustus Hoppin.

The Institutes of Medicine. By Martyn Payne. A. M., M. D., LL. D. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is a handsome volume of nearly twelve hundred pages and is a new edition of one of the best works of the kind ever published. Having the rare merit of being equally adapted to the student and to the practitioner who is more advanced, it has stood the test of twenty-four years of competition, and has now triumphantly reached to a ninth edition, every successive publication having digested into it the most recent discoveries of medical science. A copious and complete index, that alone occupies one hundred and seventy-five pages, adds greatly to the value of the whole. No physician ought to be without this book, and most families would be benefitted by a copy.

The Three Guardsmen. By Alexander Dumas. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—What "Waverly" did for Sir Walter Scott, this novel did for Alexander Dumas. It raised him, at once, to a popularity, with the romance-reading public, which no cotemporary ever rivalled. Even yet, after thirty years, there is nothing so good, of its kind, as this stirring fiction.

Over the Ocean. By Curtis Gould, Editor of the Boston Commercial Bulletin. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—The habits of observation, and the facility with the pen, which Mr. Curtis has acquired as a journalist, peculiarly fit him for a work of this kind. Among books of recent travel in Europe it is one of the best.

Minnesota. By Ledyard Bill. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Wood & Holbrook.*—A description of the climate of Minnesota, and hints to tourists and emigrants, and observations on other resorts favorable to invalids. The author considers Minnesota the healthiest State in the Union, at least for certain constitutions.

Dress and Care of the Feet. With Illustrations. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Samuel R. Wells.*—The object of this little treatise is to show how deformities in the feet arise, and to teach the best methods, not only of preventing, but of correcting them.

M. or N. By J. G. Whyte Melville. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Leypoldt, Holt & Williams.*—A spirited novel of English life, full of love at cross-purposes. Whoever remembers "Kate Coventry," or "The White Rose," by the same author, will be glad to hear of this new novel.

The Wonders of Engraving. By Georges Duplessis. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: C. Scribner & Co.*—A condensed, comprehensive, and reliable account of engraving, forming another volume of the "Illustrated Library of Wonders."

How He Did It. By Eliza A. Dupuy. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A capital novel by he author of "Michael Rudolph," etc., etc. The volume is handsomely printed and bound.

Sights Afoot. By Wilkie Collins. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A very graphic narrative of a trip through Cornwall, in England, by the author of "The Dead Secret," etc., etc.

Harry Lorrequer. By Charles Lever. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—After "Charles O'Malley," the best of Lever's novels. This is a new and cheap edition.

The Gas-Consumer's Guide. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Alexander Moore.*—An excellent hand-book on the proper management and economical use of gas.

Married. By Mrs. C. J. Newby. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: W. S. Turner.*—A very readable novel, by the author of 'Kate Kennedy," in double-column octavo.

Fenton's Quest. By M. E. Braddon. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A new novel by the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc., etc.

The Holcombes. By Mary Tucker Magill. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—A story of life in Virginia, as it was before the war. The tale is well told.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.—The newspapers praise "Peterson's Magazine" more than ever. Says the Greencastle (Pa.) Valley Echo, "It is decidedly the best and cheapest published." Says the Clarksville (Mo.) Sentinel:—"Of all the magazines of fashion, Peterson's is our favorite. It is a true reflex of the fashionable world, while at the same time it always overflows with charming and useful literature, consisting of romance, miscellany, poetry, and more solid matter." Says the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Argus:—"We think better of Peterson's the longer we know it—and so do the ladies. The yearly subscription is only two dollars, not half the value of the steel engravings alone, not to mention the superb monthly-fashion plates, ladies' work patterns, and other pictorial matter, or its varied and literary contents." Says the Wellsville (Ohio) Local:—"We wonder how any lady of refinement and culture can do without Peterson." Says the Mt. Clemens (Mich.) Press:—"The colored fashion-plate is superb, exceeding anything in its line we have seen. The stories in Peterson's are conceded to be the best published anywhere. The Work-Table Department of this magazine is wholly unrivaled. We do not see how anybody can do without Peterson."

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL CIVIL ENGINEERING, Surveying and Drawing, in Reynold's Block, Chicago, Ill. It fits students for railroad and field-work in from three to six months. A thorough course is one year. Send for circular.

COLGATE'S "RONDOLETIA" TOILET SOAP, is the very best article in the market. We speak from experience. We know no French soap superior.

ROSES AND ROSE-GARDENS.

WHAT ROSES TO GROW.—PILLAR ROSES.—We spoke, last month, of some of our most favorite roses. We now give, in fewer words, a list of roses suitable for out-door gardens in all parts of the United States. Such a list is not very easy to make up. As a rule roses bloom best in the Middle and Southern States. The climate of New England is, generally, too cold, though roses are cultivated with success at Newport, R. I., where the Hon. George Bancroft, now our minister at Berlin, long had a rose-garden of rare merit. The vicinity of Philadelphia is an excellent locality; but, perhaps, Delaware is the favored spot for the rose. The following list, made out by James Stewart, of Memphis, Tennessee, is, however, as good a list as can be had.

The Giant of Battles, with its gorgeous deep crimson, is popular everywhere. The ladies have always liked the Devoniensis for its delicate cream-tint and pure odor, while the Baltimore Belle, and Prairie Queen, as climbing-roses, can hardly be displaced by the boldest of all new comers.

12. *White, and near approaching to white.*—Sombrueil, Clara Sylvan, Gloire d'Dijon, Woodland Marget, Juno, Queen Victoria, Pumelo, Aimee Vibert, White Moss, Nyphetos, Lady Warrender, Musk Cluster.

6. *Yellow, and approaching to yellow.*—Marechal Niel, Isabella Gray, Madame Charles, La Boule d'Or, Juan Hardy, Celene Forester.

6. *Lemon.*—Lays, Augusta, La Pactole, Cloth of Gold, Isabella Sprunt, Saffrano.

2. *Clear straw-color.*—Lutea, Flavescens.

4. *Cream.*—Devoniensis, America, La Marque, Madame Falcot.

6. *Flesh-colored*—Queen of Bourbons, Madame Bosanquet, Lee's Blush, Louis Odier, Souvenir de la Malmaison, Madame Massott.

6. *Salmon-color.*—Bougere, Ophire, Phaloe, Triumph of Luxemburg, Imperatrice, Josephine, Viscompte de Cazes.

8. *Peach-blossom colors.*—Golconda, Homer, Triomphe de Thumeniel, Sallett, Rubens, Adam, Victor Verdier, Alfred d'Dalmas.

3. *Distinct rosy-lilac.*—David Pradel, Belle Charronnaise, Leveson Gower.

4. *Nearest to purple and black.*—Jupiter, Joseph Gordon, Prince Camile de Rohan, John Ingram.

6. *Crimson.*—Beauty of Waltham, Emperor Napoleon, Mount Carmel, Giant of Battles, Charles Wood, General Jacqueminot.

6. *Dark and rosy-red.*—Sir Joseph Paxton, Dr. Arnel, Leon des Combats, Rivers, General Druot, John Hopper.

2. *Best running-roses.*—Prairie Queen, Baltimore Belle.

In growing pillar roses, it is always best, if you can afford it, to have your pillars of iron. Wooden supports, if well charred and tarred, will last three or four years, and always look pretty. But after awhile they begin to decay, and then the first storm blows them down. Iron posts, however, if neatly made and painted, are not only equally tasteful, but will last as long as the rose-trees themselves. They cost more at first, but are cheaper in the end. They should rise from five to eight feet above the ground, and should vary in circumference from one and a half to three inches. Below the surface, their tripod prongs must be deeply and securely fixed from one foot to eighteen inches in the soil, so as to bear any weight of flowers and foliage.

The ground and supports being prepared, a selection may be made, and these, whether on their own roots, or worked upon Brier or Manetti stocks, according to their habit and character of the soil, should be planted in November, and safely tied to their rods. Tarred twine is the best material for the latter purpose, being cheap, durable, and to be had in different thicknesses, according to the strength required. Prune closely in the following March, removing three-fourths of your wood, so as to insure a grand growth in the summer, which, moderately shortened in the succeeding spring, should furnish your pillar, from soil to summit, with flowering lateral shoots. By the time your tree has attained the dimensions required, your observation will have taught you how, for the future, so to prune it that you may be sure of an annual bloom, cutting away all weakly wood, and regulating the general growth with an eye both to form and florescence. As with a vine, only put a strong cane into a rich border, and use the knife courageously.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS AND FISH.

Chowder.—The old-fashioned iron pot is the best to make it in, but in lieu of it a copper-bottomed sauce-pan, as deep as it is wide, will answer. First, take your fish—almost any kind will answer, but cod and sea-bass are the best—clean and scale your fish, and cut them into pieces two inches square; parboil a few onions; peel a few potatoes, and quarter them; cut up some salt pork into the thinnest possible slices, and cover the bottom and sides of your pot with it to prevent your chowder from burning; place upon the pork a layer of fish, and season it with salt and a little black pepper. Next, a layer of parboiled onions, quartered; next, a layer of potatoes, and season the layers; next, a layer of ripe tomatoes, sliced and seasoned, (tomato requires more salt than other vegetables;) next, a layer of cracked sea-biscuit; next, a layer of fish; then sprinkle this layer with

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infinitesimal pieces of salt pork, but sparingly; then your layers, onions, potatoes, tomatoes, and sea-biscuit, with proper seasonings of each layer; pour water enough to cover the contents of the pot, but no more; cover the pot and put it away over a slow fire, where it will simmer or boil slowly for an hour and a half. A half hour before dishing the chowder, pour upon it a bottle of Burgundy or claret. In seasoning the different layers of the chowder, tomato catsup will answer, where ripe tomatoes cannot be had. Sauces are also introduced sometimes, and in case the party has been used to highly-seasoned food, but they should be used sparingly. Many prefer to season with a greater variety of spices and condiments, but chowder should be simple, and composed of edibles easily obtained. Some persons think the dish much improved by parboiling the potatoes first, to remove the offensive flavor.

Green-Pea Soup.—The inner parts of four lettuces, four cucumbers, a pint of young peas, two or three sprigs of mint, a tablespoonful of moist-sugar, two small onions, some pepper and salt, and half a pound of butter. The cucumbers must be peeled and sliced, the lettuces cut small. Just cover the bottom of the stew-pan with about two spoonfuls of water to prevent its burning, and stew all together for an hour. Boil quite tender a quart of old peas; rub them to a pulp through a wire sieve or colander. A handful of spinach, boiled, and rubbed through with the peas will improve the color of the soup. Have ready two quarts of gravy-stock made from beef, add it with the pulped peas to the boiled vegetables, and serve. If water is substituted for the stock, the vegetables must be used in larger proportions.

Another Soup of Green-Peas,—Boil three quarts of shelled peas in two quarts of water. Mix three ounces of butter with flour until quite smooth; add a little salt, black pepper, and a dust of Cayenne pepper, and stir into the boiling peas until the whole boils again, and you will have a cheap and wholesome summer dish.

VEGETABLES.

A Nice and Handsome Salad.—Select two good heads of lettuce, split them in half, then wash them in cold water and shake them dry in a napkin; lay them in a salad-bowl, cut lengthwise some well-cooked red beets, and lay them between the heads of lettuce; boil three eggs, very hard; remove the whites from the yolks, and cut up the whites into squares, and scatter over the salad, then cut some squares of the beets and scatter over; of the yolks make the sauce, by rubbing very smoothly the yolk with a spoon; add a little Cayenne, salt, a large spoonful of dry mustord, and a teaspoonful of pulverized white sugar; mix these well together in a basin, with a spoon, then slowly add two large spoonfuls of olive-oil, and when a smooth paste, add three spoonfuls of the best vinegar. The sauce must be served with the salad.

Green Peas.—Young green peas, well dressed, is a delicious dish, and necessary with lamb. To be good, they must be freshly gathered; wash them well; put a peck of shelled peas in a clean sauce-pan, and on them pour one gallon of boiling water, and a tablespoonful of salt; boil them quickly, from twenty to thirty minutes—the test of being done is best known by tasting; when done, drain on a hair-sieve; cut into small bits, some butter, and lay in the peas; return them to the sauce-pan; stir in a little salt—and some like a little fresh, green, garden mint, chopped finely; warm this well, and serve hot.

Parsnips are to be well washed and rubbed, but not scraped. Boil them from an hour to two hours, according to their size, and try them with a fork. They are nice with pork. When done split them in half, dredge them with flour, and fry a nice brown. Serve hot.

Carrots.—Are plain boiled, and require as much cooking as parsnips; pour drawn butter over them, and serve hot. They are nice with beef.

Peas Stewed in Cream.—Put two or three pints of young peas into a sauce-pan of boiling water; when they are nearly done and tender, drain them in a colander quite dry; melt two ounces of butter in a clean stew-pan, thicken it evenly with a little flour, shake it over the fire, but on no account let it brown; mix smoothly with it the fourth of a pint of cream; add half a teaspoonful of white sugar, bring it to a boil, pour in the peas, and keeping them moving until they are well heated, which will hardly occupy two minutes; send them to table, immediately.

To Boil Rice.—This simple process is seldom well done. Wash a half pint bowl full of rice thoroughly, put it into a very clean tinned or porcelain sauce-pan, and on this pour one pint of cold water. and half a teaspoonful of table salt; put this in a hot place, covered, but do not stir it: when the grains are soft it is ready for table. If properly done it will be dry and white, and each grain whole; turn it out with care into a hot dish. It is a very nice vegetable served with beef-steak.

To Boil Onions.—Peel a dozen white onions, put them into a stew-pan, broad enough to hold them without laying one on the other, cover them with hot water, and sprinkle some salt over. Let it simmer slowly for one hour and a half, then drain off all the water, and pour over half a pint of good cream or new milk, and just let it scald. Serve hot.

Turnips.—The Ruta Baga, or Swedish Turnip, is the best, when they are well boiled and mashed. The white turnip is very nice with boiled mutton.

PRESERVES, SYRUPS AND JELLIES.

The Common Purple Damson—Select those which are just ripe, but not soft; wash them, and drain perfectly dry; then stick them well to prevent bursting; put a layer of the plums in a stone jar; then a thick layer of good brown sugar, in the proportion of three quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of plums; alternately layers of sugar and plums until the jar is full; then cover with a cloth and set the jars into a moderately-heated oven; put no water in, they will make their own syrup; let the jars remain in the oven six hours; examine them occasionally to see that the heat is not too great, if it is they will become dry, then cork tightly. They are nice for tarts, and will keep well. Peaches cooked in the same way are very nice. They must be pared, however, before putting into the jars.

Gooseberry Fool.—Two quarts of gooseberries; one quart of water; sugar to taste; two quarts of new milk; yolks of four eggs; a little grated nutmeg. Put two quarts of gooseberries into a stew-pan with a quart of water; when they begin to turn yellow and swell, drain the water from them, and press them with the back of a spoon through a colander, sweeten them to your taste, and set them to cool. Put two quarts of milk over the fire, beaten up with the yolks of four eggs, and a little grated nutmeg; stir it over the fire until it begins to simmer, then take it off, and stir it gradually into the cold gooseberries, let it stand until cold, and serve it. The eggs may be left out and milk only may be used. Half this quantity makes a good dishful.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—WALKING OR CARRIAGE-DRESS OF PEARL-COLORED SILK, TRIMMED WITH EIGHT NARROW GRADUATED FLOUNCES.—The sleeves are short and the waist long. The over-dress is of white muslin, open at the hips, quite deep at the back, and finished back and front by a wide ruffle. The white waist is formed of insertion and puffings of muslin, has long sleeves, and a turned-back basque behind. Small, white, chip hat, trimmed with blue ribbon and field daisies.

FIG. II.—WALKING OR CARRIAGE-DRESS OF YELLOW AND WHITE-STRIPED CHAMBLEY GAUZE.—The skirt is short and untrimmed; the waist low, and the sleeves short. The over-dress is of very thin white muslin, made very much as the

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muslin over-dress in Fig. I., but not so long either back or front; it is trimmed with valenciennes lace, put on over yellow ribbon. The mantle is of a cape shape, gathered in at the back, with a good deal of fulness, which forms a kind of basque. This mantle is trimmed with a ruching of yellow ribbon. Small, gray hat, trimmed with violets and hawthorn.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF WHITE MOHAIR—The skirt is trimmed with a deep flounce, headed by a narrow black edge; above this is a trimming of black velvet, put on in vandykes, edged on either side by black lace, over a plaiting of white muslin; the upper part of each vandyke is finished by a black velvet strap and bow. The corsage is made with bretelles, and a deep turned-back basque at the back, and mantilla ends in front; that, with the neck and sleeves, are finished like the skirt. Straw hat, trimmed with pink roses, ong leaves, and black lace fall at the back.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF LIGHT-BLUE SILK.—The long skirt has one deep flounce, headed by a bias band, on either side of which is a trimming of double points. The high, tight waist is made with a point in front, and a deep coat-basque at the back, trimmed with points of the silk and white lace. White chip hat, bound with light-blue, and trimmed with an ostrich feather.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF WHITE GRENADINE OVER PINK SILK.—The under-skirt has one deep flounce, headed by a band of pink-figured grenadine, which comes with the robe. The upper-skirt is short and plain, with a band of pink, and a white and pink silk fringe. Waist plain in front, with a round basque at the back, and with the open sleeves trimmed to correspond with the upper-skirt. Straw hat, trimmed with roses. Long, white, grenadine veil.

FIG. VI—HALF-MOURNING AND EVENING-DRESS.—For description, see the article "Every-Day Dresses," on a preceding page.

FIG. VII.—BLACK AND WHITE PLAID TRAVELING-DRESS.—For description, see the article "Every-Day Dresses," on a preceding page.

FIG. VIII.—DRESS OF UNBLEACHED LINEN.—The first skirt is trimmed with three fluted flounces, edged with black worsted braid. Second skirt is ornamented on one side, open in front, and looped up behind. Bodice with long basques, trimmed with a flounce edged with black. Sash composed of three drooping loops. Pagoda sleeves. Bell-shaped hat of English straw fastened behind by a bow of ribbon. Flower at the side.

FIG. IX.—COSTUME OF MASTIC AND CHESTNUT-COLOR.—The skirt is trimmed round the bottom with cross-strips of the Chestnut-color. Second skirt, plain at the back, with strips on each side. Striped sash. Bodice with cut-out basques, long in front and short behind, bound with brown braid. Pagoda sleeves with striped facings. Brown cravat. Hat of rice-straw, trimmed with autumn foliage. Scarf of brown Frouffou gauze, and ribbon of the same color, fastening the hat above the chignon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—SASHES are quite out of fashion, particularly sashes with long, flowing ends at the back. The new sashes are fastened at the side, and are rather scarfs than sashes. They are made either of China *crepe*, or of satin, and are tied as over the hunting costume of the seventeenth century.

MANY HOME JACKETS are made of black *crepe de Chine*, with large hanging sleeves. The following is a novelty: The front fits tightly to the figure, in the waistcoat style, with a long basque at the back. It is composed of black *crepe de Chine*, worked in straw, the basque being edged with straw fringe.

VEILS, made like long scarfs with square ends, are worn; they are fastened at the back with a hair-pin, and fall with long ends behind. A great many *fichus a la paysanne*, made of black lace, are worn. They are simply a square of lace, folded in plaits to form a point at the top of the back, and are crossed over the chest. They are essentially becoming when made of black Spanish blond, but they are also popular in white Mechlin tulle, and in white gauze. These *fichus* are for evening toilets over open bodices.

SOME OF THE PARIS dresses are very elaborate, others much more simple. A beautiful costume, and one which is quite new, is made with a small mantelet *a la vieille*, for which some soft material, such as cashmere or China *crepe*, should be used in preference to the harsher silks and poplins. The mantelet *a la vieille* looks well in black, but it is also charming in blue and steel-gray. In our July number we shall give a figure with one of these mantles on.

THERE IS NOTHING FRESHER for summer wear than a mantelet trimmed with narrow bands of tarlatan, edged with valenciennes lace, covered with black lace. The hood is made of white muslin, and is edged with a plaiting and with lace. It is decorated with a bow and ends of black velvet. This trimming is especially pretty on materials of a light color, such as turquois-blue, mauve, and silver. With dark shades, such as myrtle-green and scabious, a beautiful gimp is *applique* on the material, and a ball fringe is added in preference.

IN BONNETS it is difficult to say what is worn, for all styles are fashionable, so long as they are small and jaunty-looking. Perhaps the varieties of the gipsy are the most popular. The trimming is less on the brim, and in front, than on the crown, A good deal of ribbon, about two inches wide, is used, with black lace and flowers. Short ostrich plumes of "ripe," as they are called, are also very popular. Two shades of the same color are used on the same bonnet, with plumes of the colors of the ribbons. Hats look so much like bonnets that it is difficult to distinguish them apart; but the hats are usually smaller. But few *crepe* bonnets are seen; straw predominates, though a good many black lace ones are worn.

THE HAIR is dressed in a very pretty and quiet fashion, with many plaits at the back, but not falling very low on the neck, and a plaited coronet in front. Another, and still newer style of coiffure, and also a very useful one, is one closely resembling that seen in the portraits of the Duchesse de Bourgogne. The hair is raised from the temples, with rolled curls coming down along the raised bandeaux, and others on the top of the head, *accroche-cœurs* on the forehead, and *chignon marquise* at the back with a tortoise-shell comb with balls. We may here remark that the small, flat curls, called *accroche-cœurs* are again very fashionable.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF PINK PERCALE FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The skirt is trimmed with five narrow flounces; the waist is cut low and square, back and front, and finished at the top by a ruffle, which passes over the shoulders. White plaited chemisette, with long sleeves. Pink bow in the hair.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SUIT OF LIGHT-GRAY CASSIMERE.—The trousers are made short, and tight at the knee, where they are fastened by three buttons. Jacket rounded off in front over a white vest. Straw hat, with a blue ribbon. Blue and white striped stockings.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF BLUE MOHAIR, TRIMMED WITH SIX NARROW RUFFLES.—Low waist and short sleeves; white mohair over-dress, trimmed with a ruffle of the blue mohair, and three rows of blue velvet; the waist is high and the sleeves are long; a ruffle of blue mohair forms a square waist. White hat, trimmed with blue.

FIG. IV.—BOY'S DRESS OF YELLOW NANKEEN.—The skirt of the dress is elaborately braided in currant color. The short, white trousers do not show. Jacket nearly tight-fitting, braided in currant color. Straw hat, with currant-colored ribbon.

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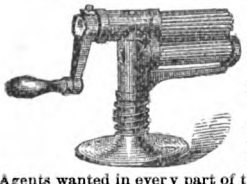

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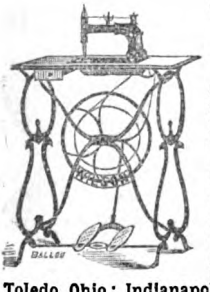

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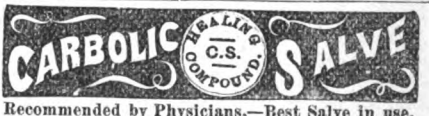

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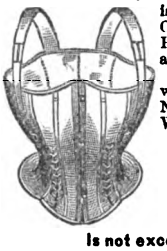

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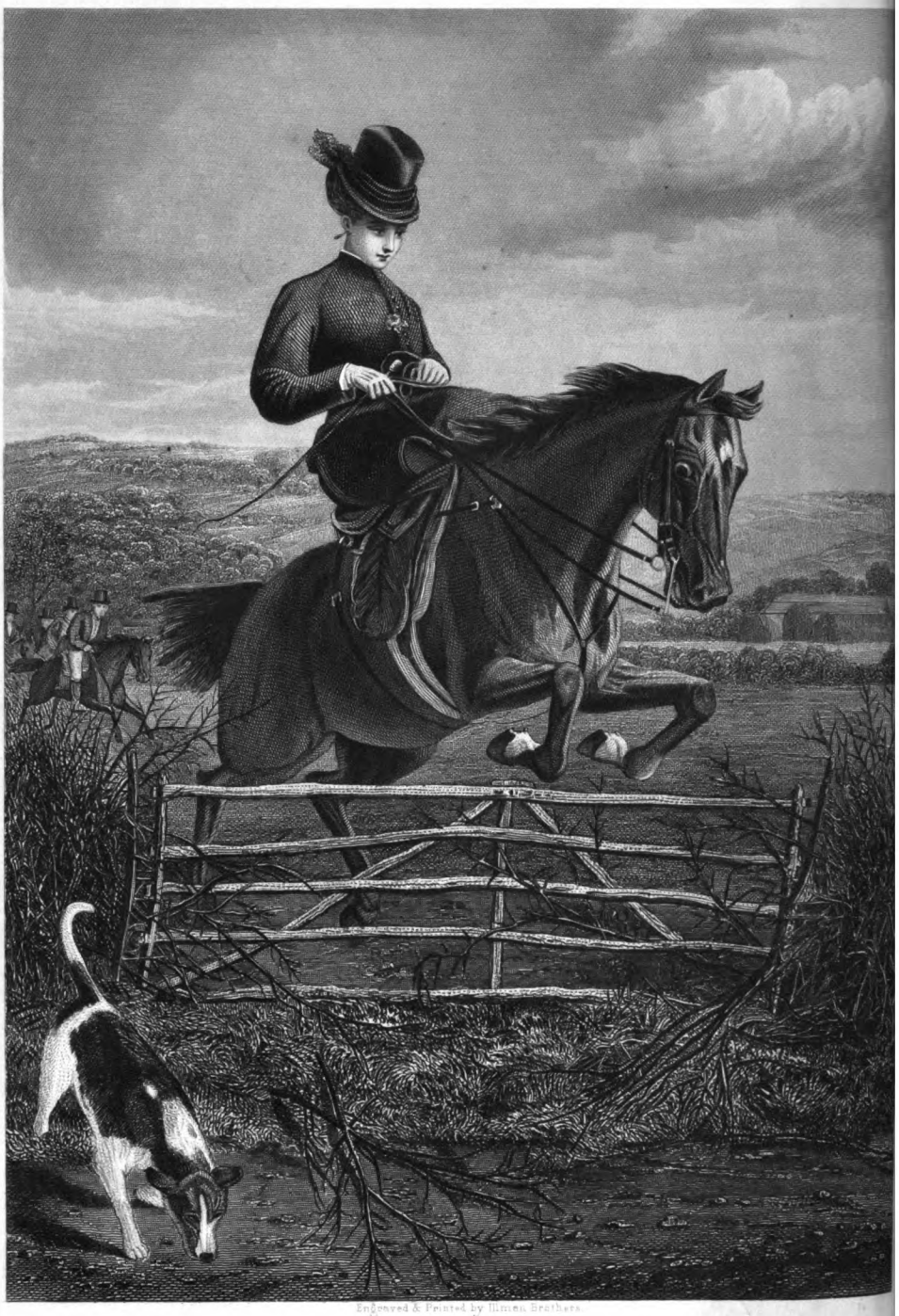

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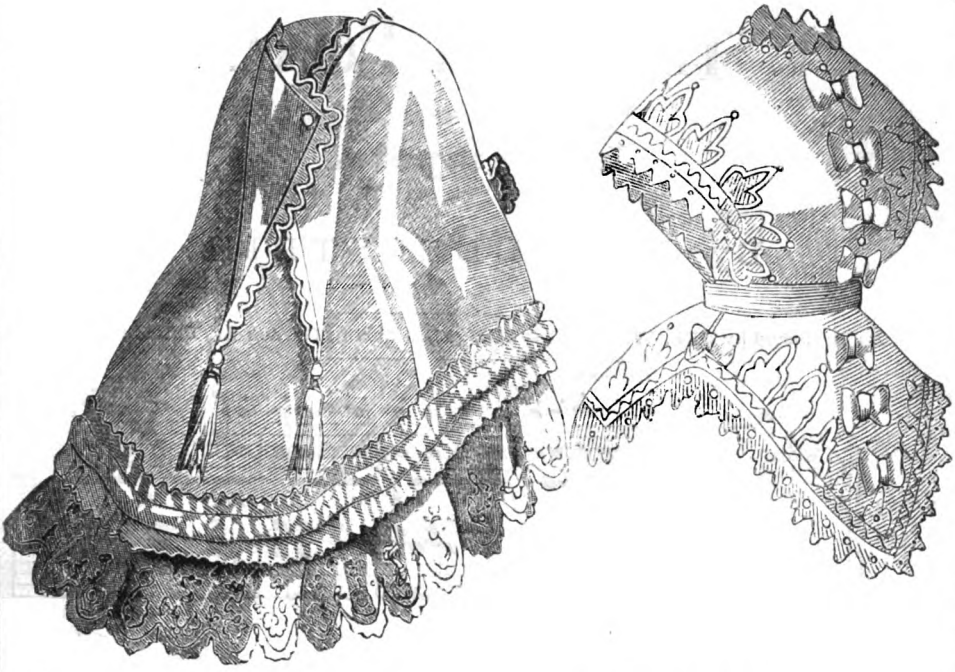

OPEN CLOAK BODY. NEW STYLE BONNETS,

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The Storm Polka.

(La Tempete.)

By A. WALLERSTEIN.

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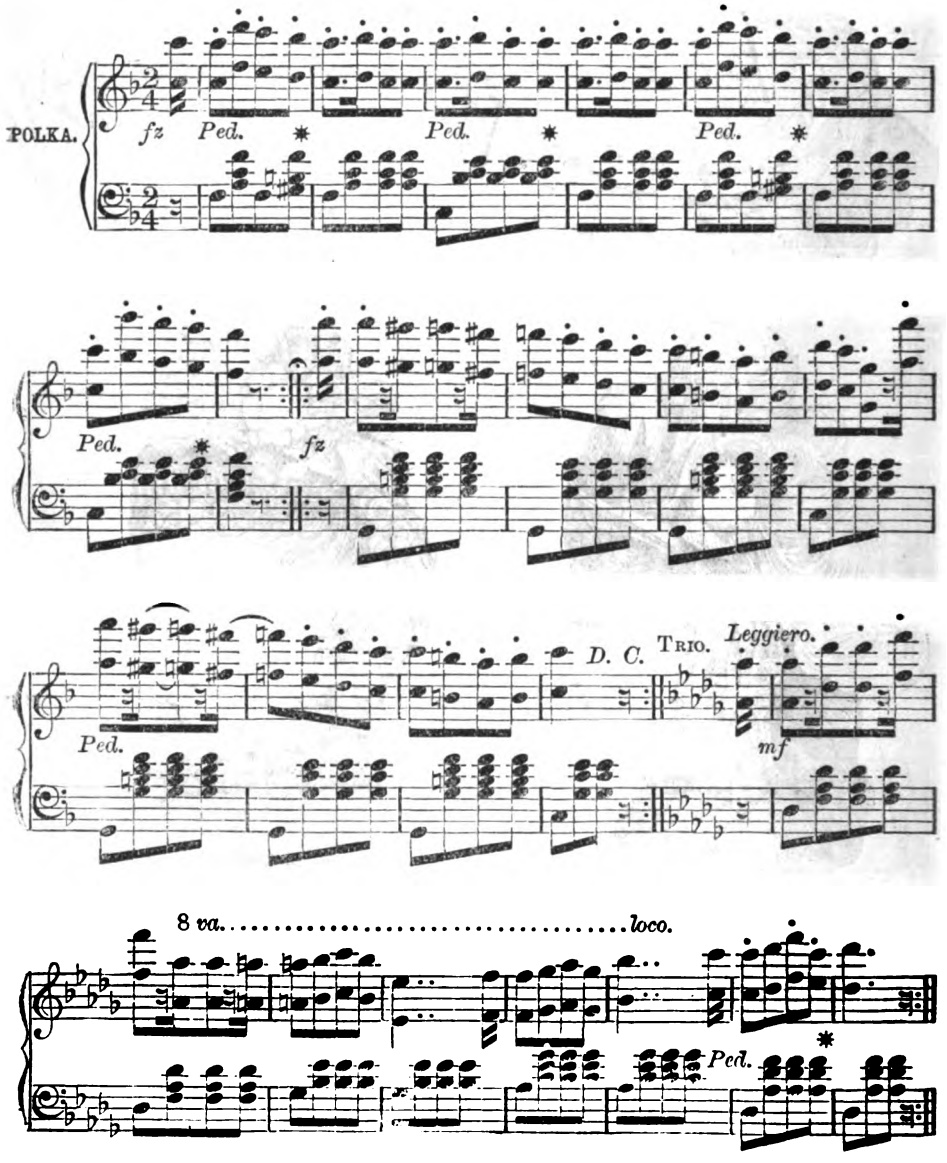

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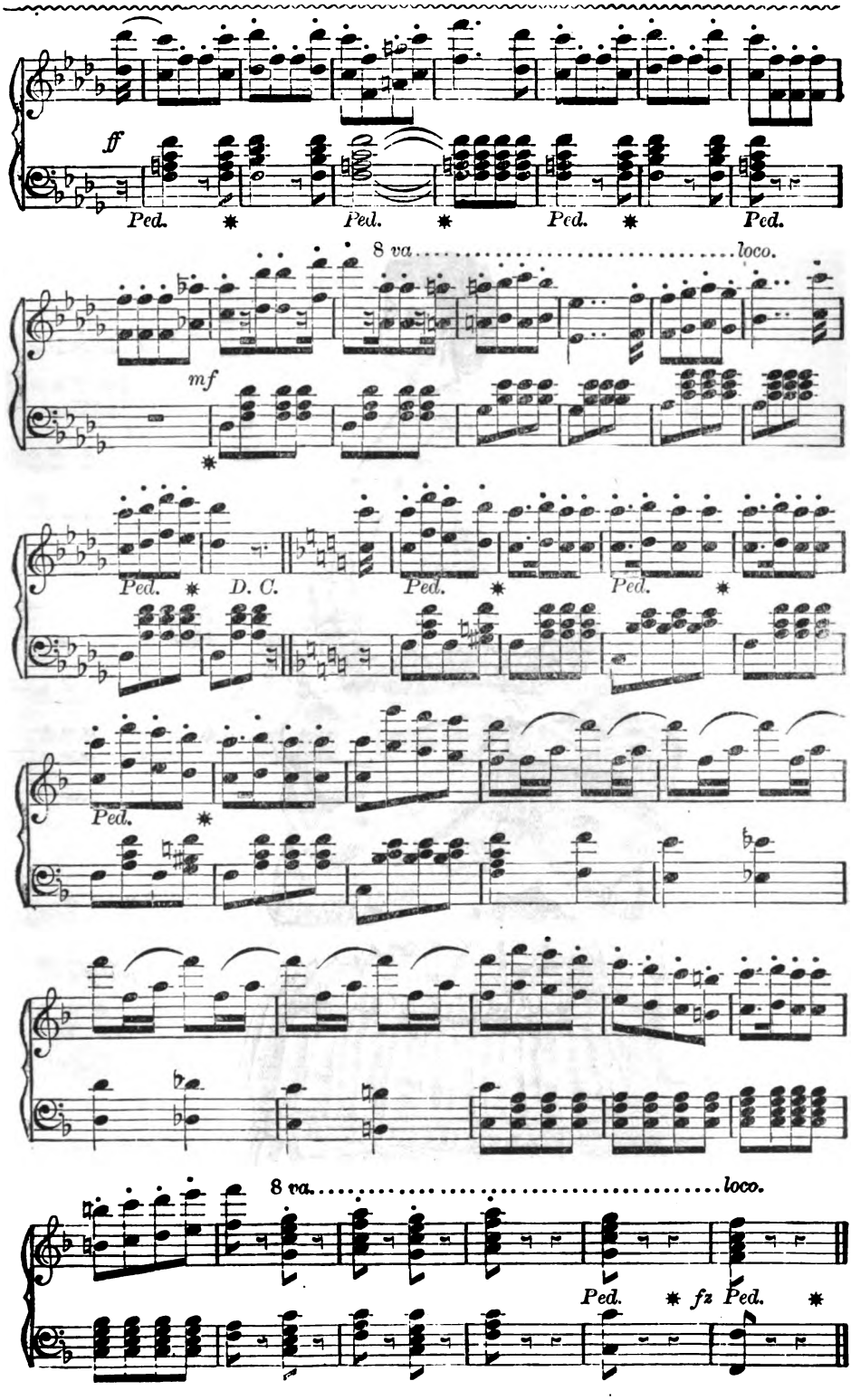

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Marie

THE NEW BASQUE BODICE, (SEE DIAGRAM.) NAME FOR MARKING.

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August Number, Twenty-Nine Engravings.
September Number, Forty-Six Engravings.
October Number, Forty-Six Engravings.
November Number, Forty-Nine Engravings.
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Children Bathing.
Reading His Poems.
The Fatal Quarrel.
The Vigil by the Sea.
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Out in the Storm.

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Sharp-Shooters' March.
Oh, Ye Tears.
The Black Key Polka Mazurka.
Then You'll Remember Me.
The Storm Polka.

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DESIGN FOR BORDER OF LUNCHEON CLOTH.

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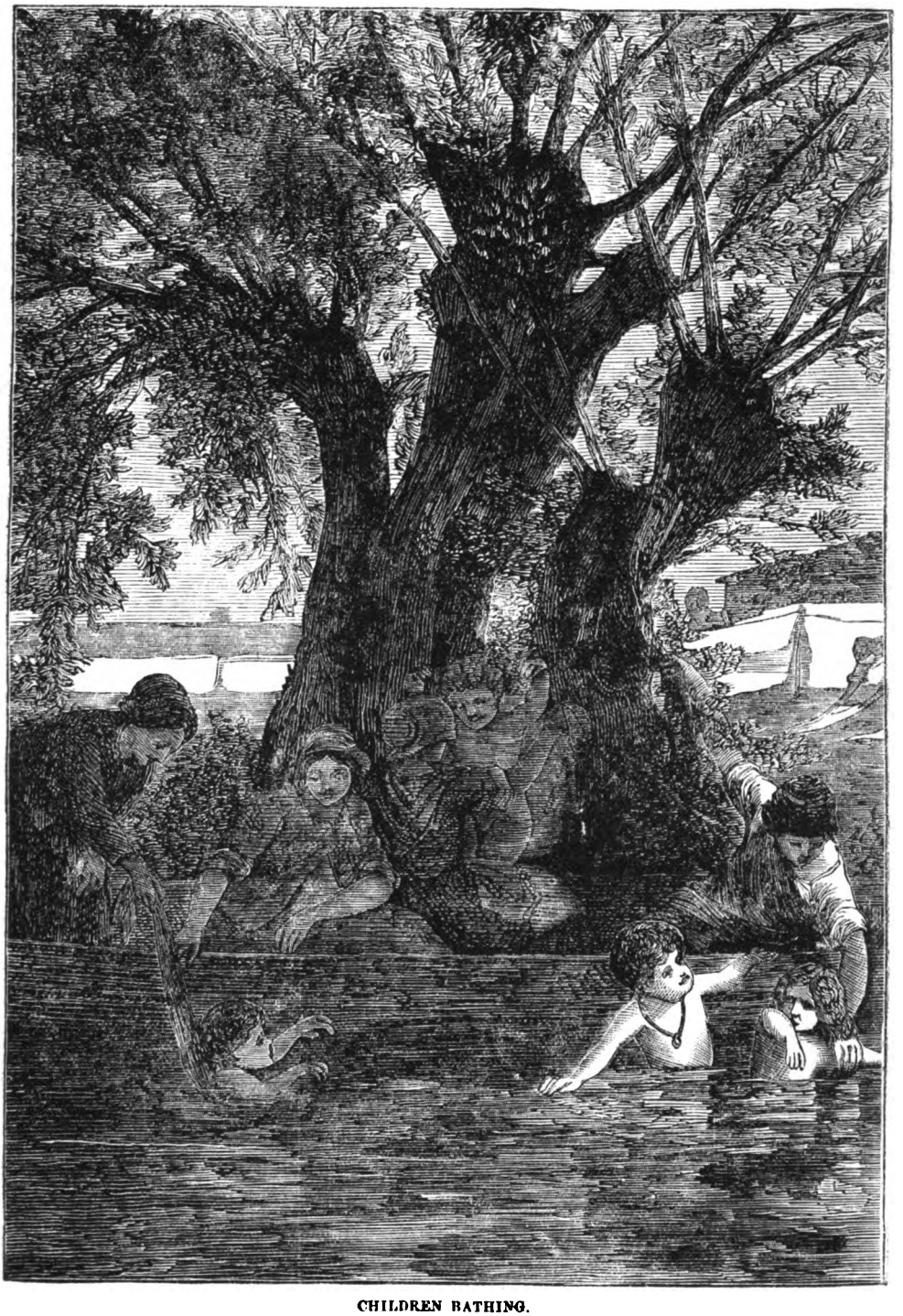

CHILDREN BATHING.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JULY.

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WALKING-DRESS. HATS OF ITALIAN STRAW.

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WALKING-DRESS. STRAW BONNET. HEAD-DRESS.

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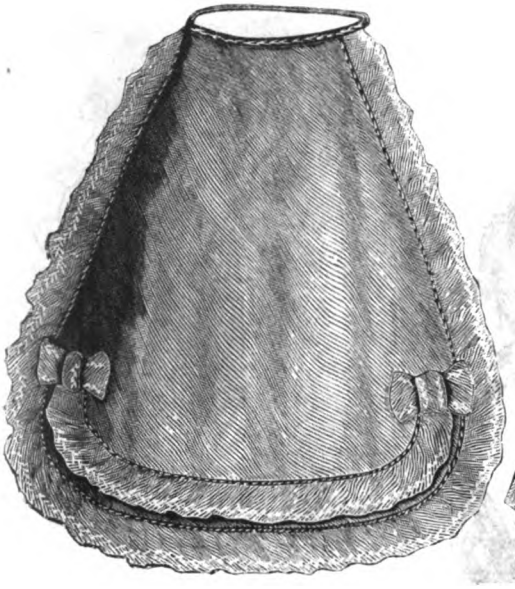

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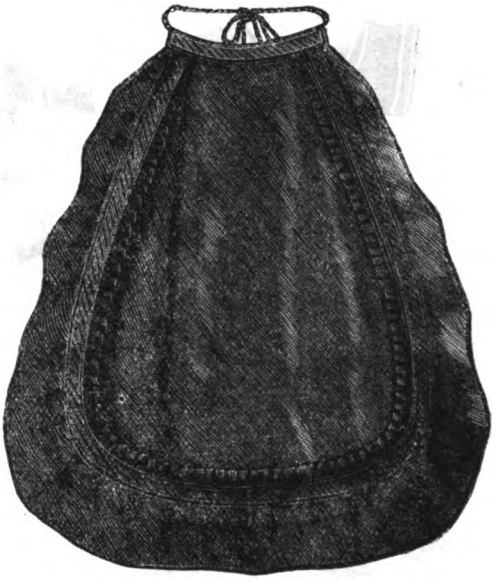

APRON. INFANT'S BOOT. PARIS HAT.

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BATHING COSTUMES, BATHING-CAPS, SHOES, ETC.

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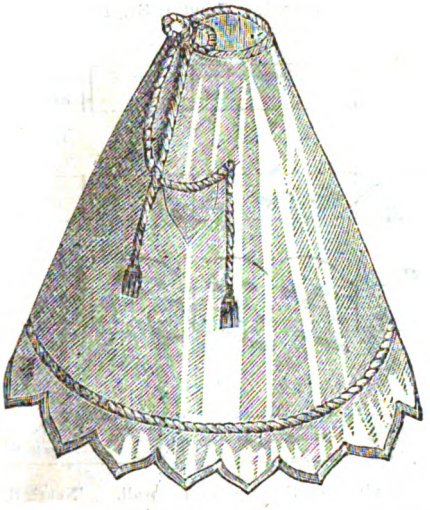

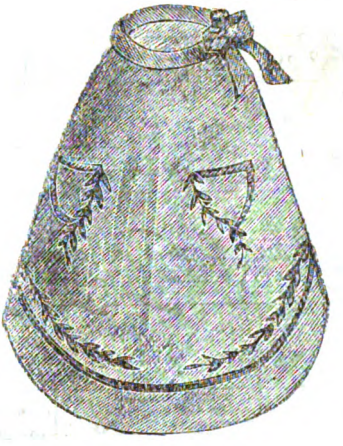

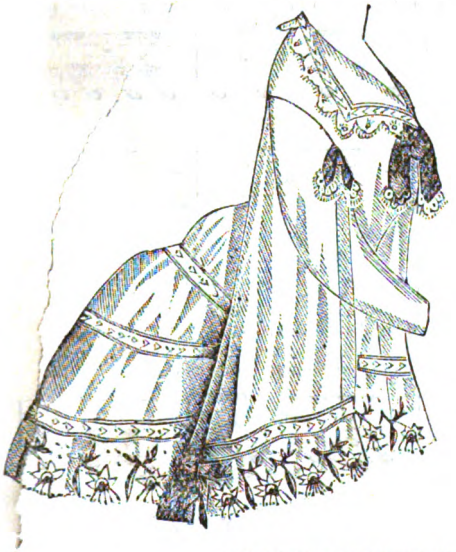

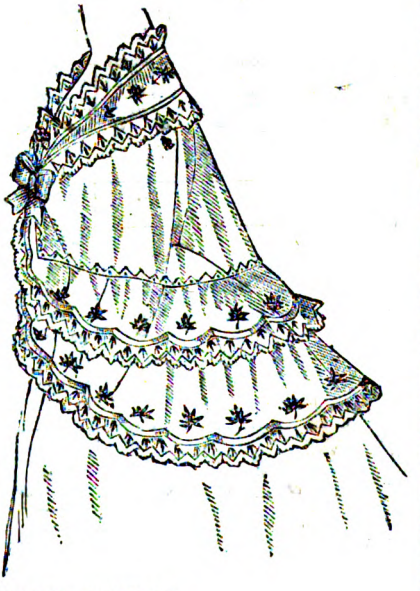

NEW STYLE OF DRESS APRONS. WAISTS. MANTILLA.

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GONE WHERE THE WOODBINE TWINETH.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By APSLEY STREET.

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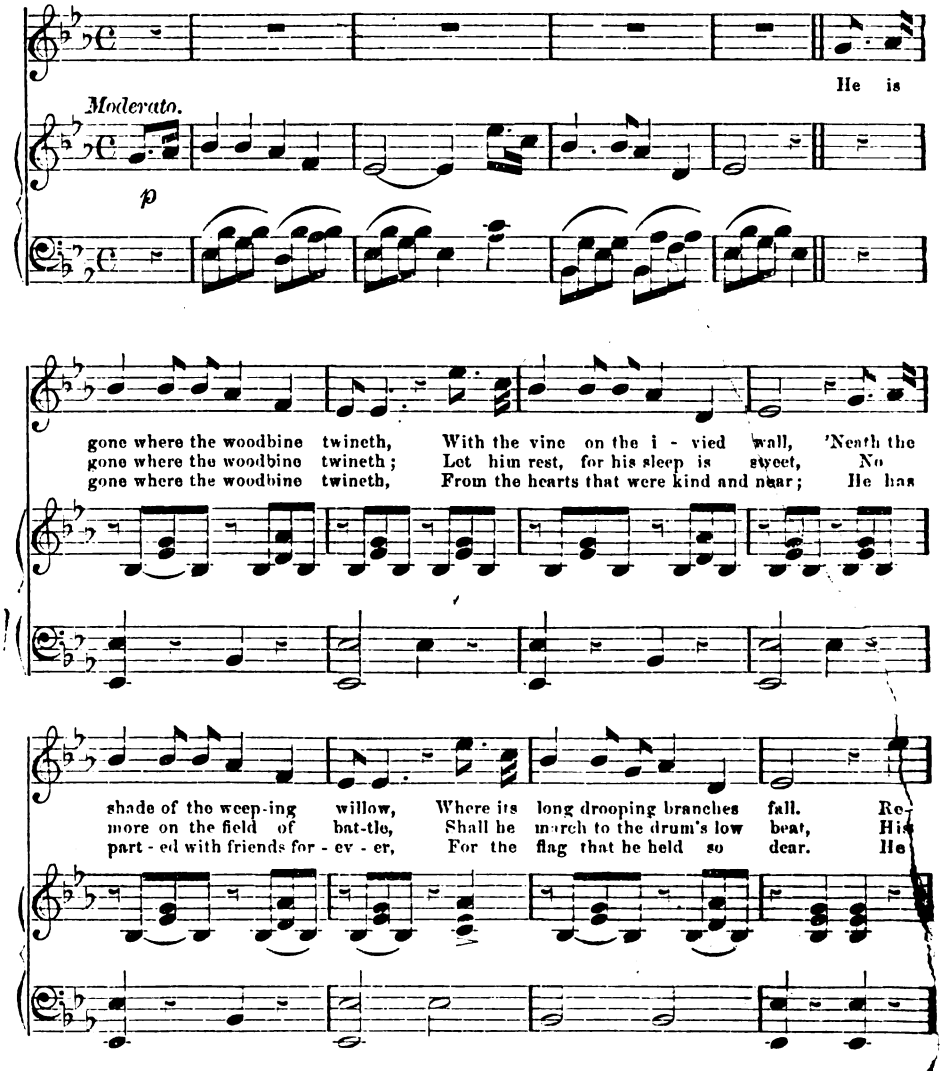

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GONE WHERE THE WOODBINE TWINETH.

mem - ber then the soldier, Once no - ble and so brave, And
heart no more shall quicken To the bu - gle's thrilling blow, For
fought to win the glo - ry That a he - ro on - ly knows; His

rall.

cast thy lit - tle to - ken— A flow - 'ret on his grave.
death has found a vic - tim, And his head at last lies low.
name shall live in sto - ry While he finds a calm re - pose.

rall. *tempo.*

CHORUS.

Air.
Alto.

Then go where the woodbine twineth, When spring is bright and

Tenor.
Bass

PIANO.

fair, And to the soldier's rest-ing - place Some lit - tle tri - bute bear.

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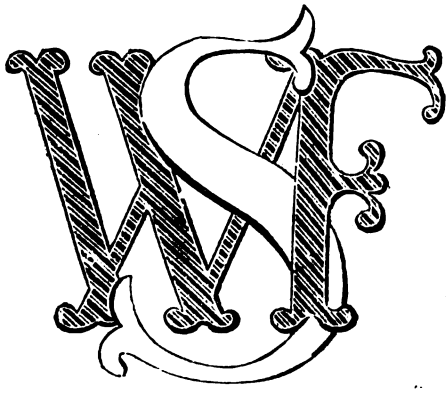
Anna



Cather-ine

Josephine

Rachel Jenny

NAMES FOR MARKING. MONOGRAM. HANDKERCHIEF-CORNER WITH INITIAL.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. LX. PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1871. No. 1.

THE WAY TO LOSE HIM

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

An autumn sunset blazed about the Beechwood hills, and tinged the rustling oak-boughs with a ruddier glow, as Philip Lisle rode down the long avenue that led from his stately old country-seat, out to the village high-road.

Standing on the pillared portico, his mother, a fair, gentle-faced woman, robed in widow's weeds, looked after him with an expression of anxious solicitude.

"Are you sure, my dear boy, quite sure that you have chosen wisely?" she had said to him as they parted.

"Why, mother, do you ask?" had been his reply. "Rose is all you could desire her to be. She is refined, accomplished, and very beautiful."

"I hope my boy will not be disappointed," murmured the mother, as he rode off. "Yet people, who ought to know, say that Rose is both a flirt and passionate. Ah, me!"

Meanwhile, Philip cantered quietly away. But, after awhile, he dropped the reins on his horse's neck, and took a dainty casket from his vest pocket. It contained an exquisite ring, richly set with pearls and amethyst. It was his engagement-ring; and as he turned it over and over in his fingers, and held it up in the autumn sunset, his handsome eyes grew tender and humid, and his bearded lip trembled like a woman's.

Philip Lisle's love-story was very brief. He was one of those men who are not easily captivated, and so he had remained heart-whole until the preceding spring. About the first of May, he attended an Agricultural Fair in an adjoining county, and it closed up with a tournament. There were hundreds of daring young knights, ready to risk life and limb for the honor of crowning the queen of love and beauty; but Philip Lisle outstripped them all, and won the prize. This prize was an exquisite tiara of pearls, and Miss Rose Denham, the prettiest girl in Talbot, was the queen. Philip went through the interesting ceremony of crowning her with the starry chaplet he had won—and in doing so he lost his heart.

Rose Denham was the first woman he had ever loved—and he loved her very blindly, bewildered and bewitched as he was by the rare and exquisite beauty of her primrose face: and in less than a month after their first meeting, they were affianced lovers.

The red fires of sunset had faded, and the stars were out in thousands in the misty autumn skies, when Philip reached the little suburban cottage in which the Denhams lived. There were lights in the windows, and the sound of a piano, accompanied by a sweet, girlish voice, reached his ears. Rose was singing, he said, with a fond smile; and fastening his horse, he passed through the graveled walk that led to the door. There he paused an instant, listening to the trilling voice with all a lover's ardent admiration, and fancying, childishly to himself, how pleased and startled Rose would be if she knew he was there; and then and there a silly whim possessed him to give her a little surprise. Accordingly, he stole round to the drawing-room window. It was open, for the autumn night was balmy, and he had a full view of the apartment. Rose was at the piano, in her becoming evening-dress of sky-blue, with her hair falling in golden showers over her white shoulders. But she was not alone. Hanging over her, and toying with her ringlets, as he turned the music, was a young man of an exceedingly foppish appearance; and Rose did not seem in the least annoyed by his excessive familiarity, for while she sung, she would toss her beautiful head, and glance up into his admiring face with an air of witching coquetry.

Philip Lisle, with this picture before his eyes, stood for a moment like one bewildered, then

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suddenly recollecting himself, he retraced his steps, and rang the bell at the front entrance, in a very grave and formal manner.

Rose received him with a shy, sweet surprise that was irresistible; and the charm of her rare beauty, and her girlish vivacity, soon banished his jealous doubts—and he was as much enthralled and enraptured as ever. The foppish individual having vanished, Philip had his charmer all to himself, and they wandered out into the autumn moonlight, and under the shadow of the elm-trees. And Philip took the pearl and amethyst engagement-ring from the little casket, and put it upon her finger, entreating, as he did so, that the engagement should be very brief. Beautiful Rose listened, and examined the sparkling circlet with a critical eye.

"Very well," she replied, after a moment, her voice cool and silvery; "I have no objection to make. It will not require a great while to complete my arrangements, and mamma disapproves of long engagements."

"So do I!" exclaimed Philip, heartily. "You will make it a month, darling, no longer; I want you at home before the Christmas holidays."

Rose shrugged her white shoulders, and gave a little shivering sigh.

"How I do wish," she said, "that you would live in the city, Philip, for the winter, at least. It must be dreadfully stupid at Beechwood."

"Why, no, dear," cried the young man, in amazement. "Stupid at Beechwood? Not a bit of it. We are within a nice drive of the city, you know, and we have every comfort and amusement at home."

Rose looked dissatisfied still, but she said no more on the subject, resolving to wait for a better opportunity.

"The girls are coming to see my engagement-ring," she continued, after a momentary pause, twirling the little circlet over in the moonlight. "I told them it would be something magnificent—and it is; but I do wish you had chosen a diamond solitaire, it would have been so much more elegant and stylish."

Her lover's brow clouded.

"I am sorry, dear," he said, gravely. "I fancied this one would please you; but you shall have the solitaire."

"Oh, you are so kind! and I am naughty to trouble you so much."

She held up her ripe lips, and he kissed her in silence, and they returned to the cottage; and a little later he was in his saddle again, and on his way back to Beechwood. But an indefinable something weighed down his spirits, a kind of restless dissatisfaction that he could neither banish or comprehend.

The moment his mother met him on the following morning, she knew how matters stood. She could read her son's heart like an open book.

"'Tis just as I feared," she sighed. "My poor boy will be disappointed."

But she uttered never a word.

A week later Philip Lisle was called to the city on business, and he embraced that opportunity to purchase the diamond ring. He selected a very magnificent one, at an extravagant cost. Then, instead of returning to Beechwood, he took the train to Talbot, and walked across to the Denham cottage. It was just about noon when he reached there; and the autumn day was very lovely, with mellow sunlight, and a hazy splendor on the circling hills. He would have a long walk with Rose, he thought, his heart swelling with delight as he neared the cottage Dear, little Rose, he loved her more and more every moment he lived, no matter if she was rather vain and childish.

He found the front door open, and a little house-maid scrubbing the steps. She ushered him in, and he entered the small drawing-room, and sat down. As he did so, the sound of voices, in loud and angry discussion, reached his ears. Just across from the drawing-room was a little boudoir, or sewing-room, which Mrs. Denham and Rose were in the habit of making their morning sitting-room, and it was from this that the sounds proceeded.

Philip listened in alarm at first, thinking some one was ill, or that something had happened.

"Now, Rose, my dear, do be reasonable," entreated the tremulous voice of Mrs. Denham. "We are willing to do all we can for you; but you know how your father stands. The very roof over our heads is mortgaged already, and pray how can we raise money to buy such extravagant things?"

"I don't know, nor do I care," cried Rose, with angry vehemence. "Let papa borrow it. I tell you I *will* have a splendid outfit."

"My dear, you will have three nice silks, and a good many other dresses; and you won't need so many changes at Beechwood," interposed the mother.

"What's the reason I won't?" almost screamed Rose. "Do you think I'm going to be shut up at Beechwood all this winter? I'll show you, and I'll show Philip Lisle, too, I'm going

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to have a gay season, if I live; and I want the right kind of an outfit—and I've got to have it. So there's no use talking, you know I always have my way."

Then there came the sound of grieved sobbing, and a child's voice, the voice of Rose's little sister, Alice, cried out,

"See, Rosie, you have made poor mamma cry. How can you be so naughty?"

"Hush-up, this minute! you meddlesome little thing! Who asked you to put in your say? I don't see what you're here for, anyhow, gaping at every word that's said, and pulling what few things I've got to pieces. Come, take yourself off to the nursery at once!"

Philip Lisle heard the sound of a sharp blow, and the next moment little Alice ran out crying fit to break her heart. He had risen to his feet in his utter amazement, and passing the drawing-room door, the child saw him. She stared a moment, and then cried out in wicked delight,

"Aha, Miss Rose! here's Mr. Lisle in the drawing-room, and he's heard how naughty you've been—haven't you, Mr. Lisle?"

Not believing the child, Rose hurried to the drawing-room door, and there she stood transfixed. Her beautiful, golden hair was all in a tangle, and she wore an untidy, old wrapper, both soiled and torn, and her fair face was flushed and distorted with passion. Philp Lisle, standing grave and stern in the center of the drawing-room, regarded her for several moments in silence, and with an agony at his heart that seemed like death itself. Then he advanced, and extended his hand.

"Good-by, Rose!" he said, sadly. "No words that I can speak would begin to express what I feel. I loved you as my own life, but I am disenchanted. I am glad this has happened now; it is better than hereafter. Yet I don't think I can ever forgive you."

And before the terror-stricken girl could utter a single word, he was gone.

"Oh, me! Oh, me!" she wailed, wringing her hands, "it is all over! I have lost him! I have lost him!"

"And no wonder," replied her mother, sternly, "God wouldn't suffer it; He's too just."

Over the crisp meadows, and under the shadow of the purple hills, Philip Lisle walked back to Beechwood, shaken like a very reed, strong man that he was, with the bitterness of his disappointment.

"Mother," he said, briefly, when she met him at the door-way, "it is all over! You were right!"

"And all for the best, my son," she replied, as she kissed him, "though you cannot think so now."

And years after, when Philip Lisle sat upon the pillared porch, with the true and tender woman who had become his wife, and the mother of the children that played beneath the rustling oak-boughs, looking back at those early days, he was forced to acknowledge that his mother's wisdom was far superior to his own.

Rose Denham is still unmarried, and has lost all her beauty. She is soured and discontented, and will always be so. But whom has she to blame but herself?

ADELE.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

Your cheek is strangely wan and white,
Adele!
Its crimson once outvied the rose;
Your dark eyes, too, have lost their light,
Your face its air of calm repose;
Alas! it tells of hidden woes,
In silence borne—
The story of a life forlorn.

The tempter came with honeyed smile,
Adele!
And tender words, low-breathed, and sweet,
But, ah! so full of treacherous guile;
Your throbbing pulses faster beat,
You never dreamed with what deceit,
And subtle art
He meant to break your loving heart.

A serpent, clad in human guise,
Adele!
He charmed you, that he might betray;
More trusting far were you than wise,
You made an idol out of clay;
His aim was reached; he cast away
The treasure won—
The victim by his wiles undone.

Your love was trailed in loathsome dust,
Adele!
Your heart with agony was wrung;
A gloomy shadow of distrust
His treachery o'er your pathway flung—
Poor child! so desolate and young,
God help you bear
The weight of bitterness and care!

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AHEAD OF THE FIELD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COBWEBS," ETC., ETC.

I.

I TURNED to look after her as she went down the village street.

I had come to Merlin, one of the oldest towns on the lower Delaware, partly for a purpose I shall proceed to explain presently, and partly to see an ancient family-servant, who had been my nurse when I was a child, and who still thought she owned me, body and soul, as such faithful creatures sometimes will. On my way from the inn to the humble dwelling, on the outskirts of the village, where "old mammy" resided, I had met one of the loveliest women I had ever seen. I caught only a glimpse of her face in passing, but I saw that it had rare loveliness, and was quite fit to accompany the tall, high-bred figure. A bright complexion; large, brown eyes; a perfect wealth of wavy, chestnut hair; and features full of expression! I thought, too, that the beautiful unknown noticed my glance of admiration, and that she blushed consciously. But I must have been mistaken. For though I gazed long after her, she did not turn her head, but walked on, with that easy, undulating gait, which is so rarely seen, and yet is so eminently graceful.

"Well, mammy," I said, when I reached the cottage I was in search of, "and how do you do? I got your letter, asking to see me—and here I am. How can I help you?"

"Ah, mars Harry!" she whined, "I'se dreffu bad, as yer sees. Such a misery in de breast. Chloe's not long for dis yere world."

"Pshaw!" I said, cheerfully, "don't talk in that way. You're good for many a day yet. You don't look a bit worse than when I went to Europe, three years ago."

"I'se don't know, mars Harry. Maybe yer's right. I'se a great deal to be thankful for, as Miss Cl'r'nda says. But how well yer is lookin'!"

"Yes, Chloe, I've no cares, I've everything I want, why shouldn't I be well?"

"No, not ebbery ting yer wants. Yer wants a good wife, as I'se allers said. Don't shake yer head. Yer don't know, mars Harry, what's good for yer. Le'm me see. Yer's twenty-nine years old, and de last of de line. It's time yer was gettin' married."

"Time enough for marrying these dozen years yet," I said, for this was a subject about which Chloe and I invariably disagreed. "I never met a woman I could love, and I won't marry till I do: and I get more fastidious, too, every year. Besides, if I marry, I shall only add to my cares. No, thank you, no marrying for me. Suppose we talk of something else."

"Not yet, mars Harry. I'se wanted to see yer, dis long time, on dis berry matter. I hab found jist de wife for yer, one of de real ole stock, dat yer don't hab to go about askin' who dey is, as yer do about all dese yere new people."

I laughed outright. If there was an aristocrat on earth, it was Chloe. Next to my sin in not getting married, she ranked my obstinate heresy, as she considered it, respecting the superiority of "old families."

"Dar yer is, laffin' at yer ole mammy," she said, severely. "Yer ought to be ashamed of yerself, yer ought. Now if yer hadn't come of one of de berry best families: if yer had been some pore, low trash, 't wouldn't have been so 'strordinary.'

"Well, well, mammy," I said, "let that pass. Tell me about this paragon." For I saw that, unless I indulged the faithful creature, she would keep me all night

"Now yer talks like my dear little mars, dat I carried in my arms before he was a day old. Oh! such a wife as Miss Cl'r'nda would make! She's allers visitin' de poor, and givin' ob her substance, as de Bible says. She knows 'most ebberything, 'specially about housekeepin'. I'se sartain sure what she brings to me to eat she cooks wid her own lily hands. Dat's de sort of wife to hab, and not one dat would waste ebbery cent yer gets."

I knew at once the sort of woman she was talking about: a thin, sour, whey-faced old maid, who dressed like a fright, and hunted down all the young clergymen, in hopes to marry them. But I said, nevertheless,

"What name did you call this new Martha?"

"Her name ain't Martha," answered Chloe, testily. "Dat's a name for pore folk. Her name," she spoke now quite triumphantly, "is Cl'r'nda."

"Clorinda!" I exclaimed, and added, to myself, "Worse and worse. A romantic fool, no

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doubt; had a romantic mother before her. I wonder she wasn't called, at once, Amanda Malvina Fitzalan."

The old nurse nodded her head sagely, two or three times, in the silence, looking me full in the face, and then said,

"I knew yer'd like de name. It's dat ob a princess, I'se heard, dat lib in de ole times, and was queen to a king dat fought agin de blackamoor Saracens."

"A pretty commentary on Tasso," I said, to myself, as I rose to go.

II.

We sat in the library. It was the house of my old class-mate, Mr. Stanley, now the leading lawyer of Merlin. I had come in, quite late in the evening, after tea; and he and I were smoking by the fire, while my host's pretty young wife sat at the table, close by, working at some bit of fancy embroidery, and occasionally joining in the conversation.

I will now mention my second object in coming to Merlin. Few Americans know, perhaps, that a fox-hunting club has existed, in that part of the country, for more than a century: the general impression being that this sport is entirely English, and has never taken root anywhere on this side of the Atlantic. But long before the war of independence, some gentlemen, near Merlin, instituted a "hunt," and it has been kept up ever since. In many a faded letter, in many an unpublished diary, are accounts of the famous runs made by old worthies long since turned to dust. Ever since I was a boy, I had hunted occasionally with the Merlin hounds. For three or four years, immediately preceding the date of my story, I had been in England, and had hunted at Leamington, as well as in the Leicester country. I was now anxious to see if the hunting at Merlin maintained its old reputation. So I had sent down a couple of horses to the inn at Merlin, and after discharging my duty by visiting my "ole mammy," had strolled out to have a chat with my former chum and his pretty young wife.

"There's every appearance of a fine day, to-morrow," said my host, leaning his head back, and watching the rings of smoke which he threw off artistically. "I hope you'll have a good run. I would join you, but there's an important case comes on, in court, in which I am retained, and I must be on hand. By-the-by, Letty," and he turned, smiling, to his wife, "does Kate hunt, to-morrow?"

"She said nothing about it, when she was here, just now; so I suppose she will not. Ah, Mr. Audley," looking up at me, "you should have come sooner; for then you would have met Kate."

"And who is Kate?" said I, indifferently.

"Letty's pet and paragon," replied the husband. "Miss Mowbray. Don't you remember the Mowbrays?"

"What? The daughter of Mowbray of Mowbray Hall, as he haughtily used to call himself: the most important personage, in his own opinion, in the world. What a Lady Vere de Vere the daughter must be!"

"Now, you needn't sneer," said Mrs. Stanley. "Kate isn't a bit haughty, and is just the best and dearest girl alive."

"Pretty, too, of course," I said, laconically.

"More than pretty—beautiful!" answered Mr. Stanley; "and she understands the secret, which so few women do, in America, of keeping up this beauty, by plenty of exercise in the open air. Her health, consequently, is superb, and her bloom magnificent."

"Ah! one of the blowsy, milk-maid style."

"Milk-maid!" said Mrs. Stanley, contemptuously, but not trusting herself to say more.

"With all this," went on my host, "she is rarely accomplished. Plays in the most masterly manner; talks French, German and Italian; understands horticulture, and all that sort of thing; is suspected of having written poetry; paints——"

"What—herself!" I interrupted.

"Now, Mr. Audley," said my pretty hostess, "I won't have you speaking in that way of any woman, much less of Kate. You are a soured old bachelor, and that is the whole of it."

"Paints in oils charmingly," went on my host, as if there had been no interruption, but his eye twinkled with fun; "and walks as many miles daily as any pedestrian in training. Hunts–

"Not men?" said I, looking mischievously at Mrs. Stanley.

"No! Foxes in their original shape," was the quick retort from that lady.

"Hunts, as I said," continued Mr. Stanley, immovably. "Was in England, for two seasons, and hunted there. She can take a five-barred gate with the best of you. Look to your laurels, Audley, if she hunts to-morrow."

"I've rather a good horse," said I, coolly.

"You'll not speak so satirically, to-morrow night," retorted Mrs. Stanley, "if she should hunt; for they say nobody can keep up with her sorrel. But she has been very busy lately: I doubt if she goes to the field at all."

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"Well," I said, "if anything could touch this riddled old heart of mine, it would be, I suppose, a fine horsewoman. But I'm bomb-proof. However, my grandfather fell in love with my grandmother on horseback, and the age of miracles, in spite of Hume and Huxley, isn't past. In England, I used to think the ladies never looked so well as when in the saddle, and especially at the head of the field."

"Then you'll lose your heart, as well as the brush, if Kate hunts, to-morrow," said Mrs. Stanley, as I rose to go.

I was rather bored with all these eulogies. I had heard such raptures before, and knew what they meant. "An old school-mate of Mrs. Stanley's," I said, as I walked back to my inn, "and bosom-friend; curious that some women never get over these illusions. I know the article exactly that this Miss Mowbray is: a self-conscious, dogmatic, pretentious, pragmatical miss, who thinks she knows everything and can do everything, and is, after all, only a smatterer in learning and a mere pretender in other matters. We'll see, to-morrow, if she can make any show at all. I'll bet she won't get over the second fence."

A little further on, I stopped, and lighting a fresh segar, soliloquized again.

"It's odd," I said, "that, before I've been twenty-four hours in Merlin, two wives have been cut out for me. An old spinster and a young hoyden. Heaven preserve me!"

I laughed a light contemptuous laugh, and one, the reader need not be told, of entire security.

III.

The next morning was perfect. I was early on the ground, where a large company had already assembled. There was none of the stunning pink and leather, one sees in England, nor quite such perfect horses, on the whole; but it was a fine spectacle, nevertheless, and I witnessed as bold riding on that day as I had ever beheld in my life.

Most of those present knew me, or had known my father. My ancestors had been famous hunters in their day, and our name had become traditional in that respect, in the neighborhood of Merlin. Chatting with old school-mates, I quite forgot all about the Di Vernon I had been told, by Mrs. Stanley, that I might possibly meet. It was not until the fox was about to start, that I remembered her. Then I looked hastily around. There were three ladies present, but none of them rode a sorrel, and I was about to conclude that Miss Mowbray had not come, when a gate opened, from a farm-yard near, and a tall, graceful figure, on a superb hunter, quietly rode upon the scene.

I will not tire the reader with a detailed narrative of that day's sport. It is enough to say that it was one of the most break-neck hunts I had ever encountered. Merlin lies in a gently rolling country, intersected by streams, with thick hedges dividing the fields; quite one-third is in woods: in every way a difficult district to ride over. The fox was an old one, who knew his business; and the pace was tremendous.

It was not very long before all but the best mounted riders were thrown out. In a little while more, only half a dozen of us were in the front. One of these was Miss Mowbray. I could not but admit to myself, that, so far as beauty of form was concerned, she deserved all Mrs. Stanley had said of her. She wore a tight-fitting habit of blue cloth, that shewed off her superb figure to perfection, and she rode her magnificent hunter as if horse and mistress were one.

Very soon she and I had outstripped all our competitors, and were galloping side by side. Now, for the first time, she turned to look at me. Heavens! it was the fair unknown, whom I had passed in the village street. She did not seem to recognize me, however. It was with a little surprise, and perhaps something of contempt, that she regarded me and my horse.

There is rarely any favor given in the hunting field, even to the other sex; every one always does his or her best; but this cool scorn stimulated me to even more than ordinary rivalry. Never before had my gallant hunter been beaten, and I resolved that he should not be to-day.

We had now entered a large, grassy field, inclosed by high, untrimmed hedges, with but one outlet, and that at the opposite side, where there was a light five-barred gate. The fox made directly for this, and the hounds were so close upon him, that I felt sure he would come to his death in the ploughed ground beyond. Whoever reached the gate first, therefore, would be first in at the death.

How we thundered over that sward! Thud, thud, side by side; the horses breathing quick, their eyes flaming, the great veins standing out on their glossy coats; the ground flying away behind us.

As we approached the gate, I turned to look again at my competitor. Nothing in her demeanor betrayed any unusual interest in the

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struggle, unless it was a heightened color, and a slight compression of her beautiful lips. She sat in her saddle, in that exciting moment, cool and graceful, swaying, willow-like, with the stride of her horse, her bridle-hand well down, and feeling the mouth of the spirited animal with a touch as light as a silken thread—evidently thinking of nothing but how best to clear the gate before her! She was such a splendid spectacle that I felt like cheering.

My rivalry gave way all at once, I said to myself, "if I hold on, I may dispute the gate with her; but, at best, we shall dash at it together; and I'm not the brute to risk those fair limbs and that divine face."

There was a slight break, I saw, in the hedge, to the right, and thither I turned my horse. All this was the work of an instant. As I rose to the hedge I looked around again, for I could not keep my eyes off that superb apparition. She was already half over the gate; her horse high up in air, his fore-legs doubled under him, his nostrils flaming wide and red; she herself cool as ever, sitting well back, her veil blowing out behind her, her face radiant with triumphant beauty.

That was the last I remember. In my excitement and admiration I had forgotten my own proper business, and whether the leap I essayed was too much for my steed, or whether I held him in, unconsciously, too soon, certain it is, that, for the first time in my experience of him, he failed me. I heard the crash of his limbs in the hedge; then came a stunning blow; then a sensation as if the world was exploding in fire-works, and I in the center of all; and then an utter blank.

IV.

When I recovered consciousness, I was lying in a strange bed, in a large and handsome apartment. I strove to sit up, and found one arm in a sling.

"Conscious at last, thank God!" said a well-known voice, as Mr. Stanley came forward. "You've had a narrow escape of it, my dear fellow."

"But where am I? What has happened?" I spoke, half incoherently, looking bewildered around.

"You have had a fall in the hunting field—don't you remember?"

"Ah!" For it began to come slowly back to me.

"You were brought here, as the nearest convenient place. It's Mr. Mowbray's. His daughter, you know, took the gate alongside of you.

"Ah!" I said again, half-dreamily.

"God bless her!" went on Mr. Stanley. "She left the fox to take his chances, though they brought her the brush afterward as the one really entitled to it, for she would have been first in at the death, if she hadn't stopped for you. She saw you fall, and pulled up at once. I don't know, Harry, but what you owe your life to her. When the rest came up, they found her holding your head in her lap, and bathing it," said he, with enthusiasm. "She had the sense to run to the little stream, close by, and get some water. Your arm was broken, and your head contused; and she didn't know at first, whether you were dead, or only in a faint; but she was doing her best. Plucky girl!"

I heard it all in a sort of bewildered way, and even as he spoke, in an even more dim and bewildered way, there came up to me the memory of what seemed dreams, in which one or more female figures had watched over me, as I lay sick, and especially of one bright, beautiful face that had looked down at me with tears in the large, brown, soul-lit eyes. But I only vaguely realized this, and hardly realized any better what my friend was saying.

"She wouldn't hear of your being taken anywhere," went on the speaker, "except to her father's house. She said it was all her fault; that you had both been striving to get first to the gate; and that you had, at the last, chivalrously made way for her, and so came to grief. Your arm was soon set, but the injury to the brain was the worst. Do you know you've been sick for three weeks? That you've had fever, and that for awhile we despaired of your life? It's the good nursing, nothing else, the doctor says, that has pulled you through. But they told me I mustn't talk to you, unless a word or two. Surely you're not going to faint?"

But faint I did. I was so weak, that even this short conversation had been too much for me, and in the effort to comprehend all, my poor brain, after a dizzy whirl or two, gave utterly away.

Nevertheless, I convalesced, from that day, rapidly. The fever was gone: all I wanted was strength; and that soon followed, with the care and food I had. Mrs. Stanley spent most of the time with me; her husband came whenever he could; and Mr. Mowbray, stately and cold, honored me with his presence, for an hour, every morning after breakfast. But I saw nothing of the daughter. Nor would I see

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her, I shrewdly suspected, till I was able to leave my room.

Meantime I lay and thought about her. I wondered if she had been one of my nurses. If so, I could explain the fair, sweet face that had seemed to look down on me so often, when I was unconscious. Frequently, I was on the point of asking Mrs. Stanley, but I shrank from the question, when it came to the crisis, with a strange embarrassment.

"I hope I shall be able to leave my room, to-morrow," I said, the first day I was allowed to sit up. "I want, very much, to thank Miss Mowbray."

"You musn't think of leaving your chamber for a week yet," said Mrs. Stanley. "A relapse would be fatal. But Kate deserves all you can say. I do believe she saved your life. She's been very shy of speaking about the accident, but yesterday it slipped out, that when she dismounted, your horse was lying partially on you, and if he had rolled over, would have crushed you. She managed to get him away safely, as well, I dare say," she added, slyly, "as if she knew something of horsemanship. A blunder would have been your death."

This was heaping coals of fire on my head, for I remembered what I had said, the night before the hunt. I groaned at this thought, half aloud.

"Ah! your arm hurts you," said Mrs. Stanley, teasingly. "You see I was right—hadn't you better go to bed?"

Now that I was able to sit up I chafed more than ever at my confinement. The second day I took the law into my own hand. I rose early, and having dressed with the assistance of my man-servant, walked boldly into the adjoining room, where I had been hearing whispered voices, for some time, as if in consultation.

It was as I expected. Mrs. Stanley and Miss Mowbray were both there. The latter started, blushed, and looked to the opposite door, as if her first impulse was to escape. Mrs. Stanley, more self-possessed, came forward; but she motioned me back with both hands, saying,

"You will be sick again, you headstrong fellow. Return to your room, I beg you."

"Intercede for me," I said, passing boldly by her, and approaching Miss Mowbray. "I shall die if I am sent back to that prison-house, now that I have had a glimpse of freedom, and of what it brings."

Again Miss Mowbray colored, this time over cheek, forehead, ear, and even neck. If I had thought her beautiful, on the two occasions on which I had seen her before, I thought her now even more so. She had a magnificent bloom, and looked fresh and cool, as if just from the bath. She wore some light morning robe, I hardly know what, that fit her exquisitely, and was ravishingly becoming. I am not good at descriptions of dress—what man is?—all I can say is, that she reminded me of a blush-rose, freshly blown, and with the fragrance and delicacy of the early morning dew still upon it.

"I owe you so much," I added, earnestly, "that I do not hesitate to beg for this additional boon."

"I am glad to see you so well, Mr. Audley," she said, recovering from her momentary embarrassment, and frankly taking my hand. "It is, I assure you, quite a relief to me, personally, as I had so much to do, I fear, in causing the accident."

I bent over her hand, and kissed it reverently.

"You blame yourself needlessly," was my reply, and somehow my voice sunk to a whisper. "What do I not owe to you?"

"If you have done making pretty speeches to Kate," interrupted Mrs. Stanley, at this moment coming forward, "and will persist in not retiring to your room, suppose we think of breakfast. I was just about to order it to be sent in to you. But as I am hungry from my drive, and as Kate has been out on horseback, and can, perhaps, eat a second breakfast, I propose we do you the honor, for this once, of breakfasting with you, and breakfasting in this room."

I could have blessed her for the proposal. I looked beseechingly at Miss Mowbray.

"I will go at once and give orders," said the latter. "I suppose we must be indulgent, at first, to our convalescent." As she spoke, she smiled enchantingly at me, but with the least bit of raillery in her eyes.

My gaze followed her till the door closed. Then I sighed.

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Stanley, demurely, "how short-breathed we are! I told you that you were attempting too much." She put her hands gently on my shoulders, and pushed me into a seat. "There, keep quiet, sir, or you'll faint again."

"I heard you talking with her before I came in," I said, disregarding the injunction. "Tell me, had she come to ask after me? Did she help to nurse me, as sometimes I have fancied?"

The question was out at last, and I waited, with imploring eyes, for the answer

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But the face of Mrs Stanley was the face of a Sphinx.

"Ask me no questions," she replied, "and I'll tell you no fibs, as children say at school. But why should you care to know? Your riddled old heart," quoting my unlucky words, the evening before the hunt, "is quite too callous to be affected. Come, play your true character; be satirical, and sneer at our poor sex."

"Don't be so cruel," I began——

But further conversation was interrupted, by the door opening, and Miss Mowbray reentering.

V.

THE days that followed were days out of Paradise. In a very little while, I was able to descend to the drawing-rooms, to walk in the conservatory, and to take my meals with the family. I call them days out of Paradise, because to be with Miss Mowbray, to see her, to hear her speak, was heaven itself to me.

My mornings were always spent alone, however. Miss Mowbray generally rode out with her groom, and afterward devoted herself to household duties, for having no mother, the ordering of her father's large and expensive establishment devolved wholly on her. But we all met at luncheon, and, for the rest of the day, I was hardly a moment away from her side. In the afternoons, we studied Dante together, or I read something aloud while she worked; and after dinner we had music, Chopin and Schubert being her favorites. Nearly every day the Stanleys looked in, and three times a week they dined with us.

But, strange to say, I made no progress with Miss Mowbray. Always pleasant, always obliging, always well-bred to me, as to others, there was yet a certain line beyond which she would never allow me to pass. Whenever I attempted to speak of what I owed to her, she turned the conversation with the tact of a perfect woman of the world. After three or four attempts on my part, she check-mated me effectually, by never allowing herself to be alone with me, even for a moment. When Mrs. Stanley was not present, an elderly companion, a respectable widow-lady, always was. How I chafed under this! I did more than chafe. I regarded it as a delicate hint, that I was not to presume upon her condescension and hospitality by assuming the character of a lover. I saw in it the death of my hopes.

Yet, notwithstanding this, I was more in love every day. Mrs. Stanley had not exaggerated the accomplishments of my fair hostess. But Miss Mowbray was free from that self-consciousness which is the weakness of so many other fine women. She never made the least attempt at display. Even on subjects about which she was fully informed, she always spoke with a certain degree of diffidence.

I remember, one evening, we were all sitting in the library, after dinner. We had been talking of hunting in England.

"Do you know," I said, turning to Miss Mowbray, "that the country, hereabouts, is singularly like Warwickshire? The lovely hedge-rows; the trees scattered about the fields; the bosky character of the woods; the picturesque yet rural atmosphere of everything; really, I sometimes almost fancy I am at Leamington again."

"You know, of course, that the first settlers here," answered the fair girl, looking brightly up, "were chiefly from Warwickshire, and the counties south and south-west of it. They brought their habits and customs with them; and as the country itself is not unlike Warwickshire, the result is what you notice. It is, more than any other in America," she added, her cheek kindling, "the country of Shakspeare, as we read of it in his plays, and see it in the vicinity of Stratford on Avon."

"All you want, to make it perfect," said Mr. Stanley, "are the parks and grand houses—places like Charlecote, Stoneleigh, Warwick Castle, or Guy's Cliff."

Miss Mowbray looked up hesitatingly, but said nothing.

"What is it, my fair critic?" asked Mr. Stanley. "I see, from your face, that you don't quite agree with me."

"Yes! I certainly agree with you that the parks and great houses add to the picturesqueness of Warwickshire. But as we can't have them," she added, still with some hesitation, "without the primogeniture and entailed estates out of which they grow; in a word, without the perpetual, and so to speak, enforced inequality of fortune, I'd rather not see them at all."

"You don't believe, then, in sacrificing everybody to keep up a family name? In starving the many to make noblemen of the few?"

"No, never!" she answered, her fine eyes flashing. Then, as if ashamed of her sudden burst, she dropped her eyes, and went quietly on with her crochet-work.

"Some of the old-world customs," I said, "survive in America after they have died out in Europe. The curfew is rung in many of

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the older villages of New England, to this day. When I hear the bells at eventide there, I go back, in fancy, hundreds of years, to the Norman Conquest."

Miss Mowbray looked up quickly, and with a heightened color, as if what I said had struck a responsive chord in her own heart.

"Words survive also, as well as customs," she said, hesitating prettily. "I was reading Shakspeare, only yesterday, and came across a word that the commentators didn't seem to understand; for one said it was a misprint, and another gave many learned reasons to show," and here she laughed such a light, musical little laugh, "that it meant what it obviously couldn't mean: when the fact is that any child hereabouts would have comprehended it at once, for it has been in current use in these counties, ever since it was first brought over by men whose fathers, or at least grandfathers, may have heard Shakspeare himself employ it."

Thus the hours sped, and every day I loved her more and more.

VI.

Still I made no progress. Once or twice I attempted to take Mrs. Stanley into my confidence, but she avoided the subject, which did not give me much encouragement. The nearest to sympathy or consolation she ever approached, was a shrug of the shoulders, one day, and the trite quotation, "faint heart, sir, never won fair lady." But when I replied, that, at the most, nobody should accuse me of a faint heart, and that I would make a bold dash for it some day soon, she answered me, "Take care you don't get what you hunting people call a rasper; for if you do you'll find that sort of a fall, perhaps, harder to get over than your first."

All this time I had seen nothing of "ole mammy," for I had been too weak, as yet, to go beyond the gate of the Mowbray grounds. One morning, however, I felt stronger than usual, and taking advantage of Miss Mowbray's absence on household duties, I started for the cottage. The distance was only half a mile, but I had to stop and rest, before I reached the cottage, two or three times. I was weaker than I had supposed.

Old Chloe lay in bed, and seemed failing fast.

"I'se precious glad to see yer, chile," she said, addressing me as she used to address me twenty years before "I'se heard of de accident. But yer's better now, bress de Lord!"

"And you? I hoped to have seen you up and about."

"I shall nebber be up and about agin, till I walks de New Jerusalem. But when I see my Hebenly Fader's face," and her dim eyes brightened, "I shall be young as ever, young as ever! Tink of dat, mars Harry; dis ole, black body," tears of joy streaming down her furrowed cheeks. "I hab allers read, in my Bible, but I nebber knew 'zactly its meanin', till Miss Cl'r'inda 'xplained it to me—dat dare shall be, round dat Great White Throne, people of ebbery race, and color, and kindred, de poor and de rich, de white and de black, de slave and de master—glory hallelujah!"

I bowed my head reverently, for I had not forgotten the faith, which I had learned at my mother's knee.

"Yes, mammy," I said, solemnly, taking her hand and pressing it, "in that hereafter we shall all be equal: there the injustice of this life will be remedied; there the servant, if purest in soul, will be highest in——'"

"Bress de Lord! bress de Lord!" interrupted ole Chloe, with all the fervor of her race. "Dat's just de way Miss Cl'r'nda talks. I'se allers knew yer were made for each oder. I tell her dis berry day, dat all I live for now is to see yer two married. Den, like ole Simeon, I will cry, 'Lord, lettest now dis dy servant depart in peace!"

"But, my dear, good soul," I cried, thunderstruck at this revelation, "you musn't talk in that way to your Miss Cl'r'nda. What will she think? If I was to live a thousand years I couldn't marry her."

"Not marry her?"

"No; for I'm in love with another."

"Hush! don't say dat—speak lower," said Chloe, looking frightened toward a door, on the other side of the bed, that led into an inner apartment. "*She's dar!*"

I rose to my feet in consternation. The rooms were small, and the partition thin: the lady must have heard every word I had said!

"She was visitin' me—de widder and de faderless in affliction, as de Bible says—when she heard yer knock, and she runs in dar to git out of de way. But it's de Lord's doins'—it's in answer to dis ole woman's prayers—it's dat it may be brought about dis berry day, and dat I may bress yer before I dies. Cl'r'nda! Miss Cl'r'nda!"

She raised her voice, shrilly, looking toward the door. "Cl'r'nda! Miss Cl'r'nda, I say!"

I would have given half of my fortune, at that crisis, if I could have recalled the last

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five minutes. What, I said to myself, must be the shame and indignation of my inadvertent listener, to hear herself so coolly rejected! She might be old, sour-visaged, narrow, weak minded, everything; but she was a woman still; and a kind and charitable one; and as a woman merited chivalrous treatment, instead of this needless impertinence.

My first impulse was to escape. But Chloe held me fast. Then I remembered that flight would be cowardly. Had I not better boldly apologize? But how to apologize?

I had risen, as I have said, but I sat down again now, my brain, which was still weak, all in a whirl.

"Take back what yer said, mars Harry—for de lub of de Lord, take it back," said the old woman, earnestly. "Say yer's glad to hab her for a wife, and say it loud, so dat she may hear. Yer wouldn't break yer ole mammy's heart, would yer?"

Heavens! what should I do? Chloe first began to speak in a whisper, but her voice had risen unconsciously, so intense was her emotion, until now it ended in almost a scream.

But my suspense, my torture, for it was all of that, did not last long. I heard a hand on the latch, a rustle of a dress, the door opened, and—Miss Mowbray stood before me!

Miss Mowbray, who had just heard me reject her! Miss Mowbray, her tall figure taller than ever, and her whole face and form kindling with insulted modesty.

What could I say? How could I explain?

She gave me a look of superb hauteur, and moved toward the outer door.

I sprang to my feet to follow her. Old Chloe, however, still held me fast, and held me as in a vice. She did more; she caught at Miss Mowbray's dress, and successfully, so that the fugitive had to stop also.

"Now, hinnies," said the sick woman, coaxingly, "make it all up, like good chil'ren. Here, let me jine yer hands," she had seized the one by which Miss Mowbray sought to extricate the dress, and strove to drag it half way across the bed to meet mine. "Whom de Lord has jined togedder, let no man put asunder."

The situation was becoming intolerable, and in a different aspect even ludicrous. Had it not been that so much was at stake, I could have laughed outright.

I jerked my hand out of Chloe's grasp, by a vigorous effort, and extended it myself to Miss Mowbray, my great love speaking in eyes, voice, and manner, as I said, with emotion,

"In justice to myself, before you go, hear one word. As Miss Clorinda I now know you for the first time: it is as Miss Catharine only that I have known you before; and as such I love you, and have long loved you. I have tried, often, to say this before, but you never would let me. Now hate me," I said, desperately, "if you will!"

She changed color rapidly, and tried to extricate her hand from Chloe's grasp.

"It is my life that is at stake," I pleaded.

Still there was no answer. She would not even look at me.

"Let her go, Chloe," I said, at last, "she will never forgive us!"

She looked up at this, straight into my eyes. It was a frank, fearless, downright look, as if she would read my very soul.

I returned her gaze as frankly and fearlessly, but imploringly also.

Suddenly she extended her hand, tried to speak, gave way, and burst into tears.

I was at her side in an instant.

"Laws sakes," broke in old Chloe, who, during this last scene, had been looking from one to the other in stupified amazement, "what's been de matter? Does yer mean to say, mars Harry, dat yer didn't know who Miss Cl'r'nda was, when I was tellin' her all de time, not to mind yer holdin' back, for dat yer'd come round after awhile?"

Now I understood why Miss Mowbray had been so cold to me for all these weeks. "You blundering old fool," I muttered to myself, as I looked at Chloe, half angrily.

Then I turned to Miss Mowbray.

"Believe me," I said, "I thought Miss Cl'r'nda was some horrid old maid. How did it happen? Even yet I can't make it out."

"My middle name is Clorinda," answered Kate, lifting her head, and smiling through her tears; "after an old aunt, whose god-child I was. Her mother, I suppose, had been reading Fairfax's Tasso, which used to be a favorite, you know, a hundred years ago. The name struck old Chloe's fancy, and she has never called me by any other."

"And you've been so good to the poor old soul," I cried. "Ah! I little thought how much I had to thank you for."

"I little thought," she said, archly, "that I should meet you here. I left you safe at home, I supposed, for the day. But really," and her tone changed suddenly to one of concern, "haven't you done too much? You're not strong enough yet for such a walk."

"Done too much?" I cried, and went on rather incoherently. "Ah! if you will only

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say one word—you hav'nt said anything yet, you know—I shall not think I've done too much."

For answer, she turned to old Chloe, and said, demurely,

"I think I must go now, auntie. But I'll send the broth I promised, at once. Mars Harry," and she glanced laughingly at me, "wants to have a long talk with you, I see from his impatient manner."

I had a long talk. But it was not with old Chloe. It was with Kate herself, on our way home, a journey that took a good while, as I had to stop often, I told her, to rest.

"You haven't said anything," I urged, as we sat on a mossy, secluded bank, by a little stream, just within a bit of woods; exactly such a bank as Shakspeare must often have seen in Warwickshire; exactly such a bank as Rosalind rested on, many a time, in the forest of Arden.

"Well, anything," she replied, archly.

"Oh, you know what I mean! One word——"

"One word then!" saucily interrupting.

I looked into her laughing eyes. They did not seem so cruel, however, as her answer implied. As I looked, they fell before me.

I drew her to me. Her head sunk on my shoulder, her eyes softened, her lips parted slightly, the color came and went in her cheek as she glanced up shyly into my face.

"What shall I say?" she asked, softly.

"I love you."

No answer.

"I love you," I repeated, kissing her sweet lips.

Suddenly the crimsoned face was buried on my breast.

"I love you," she said, in a low whisper.

VII.

"Yes, I may tell you the truth now," said Mrs. Stanley, later in the day. "I suppose I am no longer bound to secrecy. Kate was dreadfully annoyed lest you should have heard of old Chloe's match-making scheme. She first met the poor creature on her visits to the sick: she's one of God's own almoners, wherever there's sorrow, or affliction, she is to be found. I thought myself, the night before the hunt, that you knew of Chloe's nonsense, from the way you sneered. Kate felt, you see, that it looked like her being forced on you; and that is just what a proud, sensitive girl, such as she is, would shrink from the most. Hence her coldness to you. Now you know what a brave, noble thing she did, in stopping to help you when your horse fell on you. She ran such a risk, you see, of being misunderstood. 'It was the right thing to do, however,' she said. All the time, I knew you were no coxcomb, and would not misapprehend her, and so I had great faith that things would come round in the end, as they have."

It is now more than ten years since Kate and I were married, and every year I discover that I love her better and better. Ten such happy, happy years!

Old Chloe actually revived; revived enough, at least, to be at the wedding. She rode to it in a carriage, which I had sent expressly for her, "as grand," she said, "as de best of de folks."

Our summers are spent at Mowbray House, which Kate inherited on the death of her father. The Stanleys dine with us twice a week regularly, when we are there.

"How lucky you were," said Mrs. Stanley to me lately, on one of these occasions, following Kate with her eyes as the latter left the room for a few moments, after dinner. "I always esteemed and loved Kate before any other woman, but every year she grows in one's affection and respect."

"To tell the truth, Harry," added Mr. Stanley, laughingly, as he knocked the ashes from his segar, "she is, and always will be, as the hunting-phrase goes, AHEAD OF THE FIELD."

UP ALOFT.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

And it's, oh, the thrush with the speckled breast,
That sits on the tall elm over his nest;
He whistles so sweet, and whistles so strong,
And love and hope are all his song,
No care can vex his merry mind
As he sits swaying up high in the wind.
Rocking, rocking gaily,
As is his custom daily.

He sits and sings to his wife, while she
Is nursing the children tenderly.
Cares, nor taxes, nor slander's stings,
Can reach that bird as he sits and sings.
A happier soul you scarce could find
Than the gay bird swaying up high in the wind.
Rocking, rocking gaily,
As is his custom daily.

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AT MRS. HATHAWAY'S.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 433.—VOL. LIX.

CHAPTER XI.

THERE was certainly an improvement in James' external appearance, on their return. That is, his new coat and cap kept as yet their pristine shape—cleanliness; and he handed them out with decency of manner. But the face, both stolid and fiery; his tones, into which never came one dulcet sound of reverence or affection, were there yet to attest a degradation too deep, indeed too deep to be moved by such appliances as his mother was ever recommending—too deep for anything but the blood of the Lamb. Strange, that the mother, a professed follower of this same Lamb, Jesus, did not sometimes look to this blood, speak of it to him as his only cure. As she did not; as she never, in all his life-time, had once done so, it was not strange that he passed the fountain by, duller, alas! than the brute that, knowing where the stream is, does not fail to come to it to slake its thirst.

"Heard anything, Jamie, of the——" It was Mrs. Hathaway speaking, in undertones, to James, as he gave a shawl into her arms.

"The Capital of Persia?" shrugging.

"Yes," she replied, laughing.

"Ah! yes. Safe. In, in a few days."

"My dear!" speaking to Sophia. "Do, Jamie, see what that child is doing. Take every one of the things to your own arms—the lazy arms," clasping them with a caress. "There," seeing Sophia's arms cleared, "now we can go in in this fashion." And I would not know where to look for a fairer, handsomer woman of sixty, and especially for a lovelier girl of eighteen, than James and the passers-by, and the near neighbors, saw walking together up to the piazza, along the piazza to the door.

After supper James went out; went to the saloon—without meaning it beforehand. (And this was the way most of his transgressions were committed—without meaning it beforehand.)

I suppose if he had ended, as in the beginning he meant to, with a glass of ale, and not with a big bumper of whisky, as he did end, he would not have come home light in the head, light in the feet, as if rascally Mercury had rigged him out with his own cap and sandals; would not have come along the road chuckling, and within himself saying, "Won't I quiz the old Tabby? Won't I see how it works?" would not have bawled out at the gate, seeing his mother at her grape-vines, "Marm, come here!"

"What, Jamie—what makes you call me so?" walking, with quick steps, down the path. "I wish you wouldn't do such things! Don't speak so!"

"Hold your noise! Persia's gone down. It's in the supplement of to-day's Journal."

"Dear me!"

"Yes; the Conrad in; saw her in distress that nearly split the Conrad. Persia's sails, masts, and rigging, all twisted together; dark as thunder Conrad couldn't save her or any of her crew; could see them, though, with their arms up; for there was a fire, at last, you see; of course, there was. Conrad stayed by till it was light enough in the morning to see that there wasn't so much as a speck of the ship left. No life-boat, or anything to be seen. So, they're gone. You'll put on mourning, mother?" watching to see the changes in her features, and loudly laughing. "Keep your veil over your face, (then they won't see how nicely you feel,) and your handkerchief at your eyes. Have the handkerchief white, mother—white as snow; contrasts so elegantly with the crape and things."

"Be still, James. She," tipping her head toward the house, "she don't know they started, you must remember. She thinks her father was dead months ago. Perhaps there'll be no list."

"Won't there be from England? Won't she know when letters come from aunt Mary?"

"Oh, dear, yes! We must hurry things. I'll manage, if you will only be careful."

CHAPTER XII.

THE reader need not be told what sport it was to half-drunken James, seeing the old "hardness of heart" resuming its sway over his mother; and, from his seat in the hall, hearing her say to Sophia, on entering the sitting-room, "I'm tired. I wish you didn't like to read quite so well, Sophia. I wish you would sort

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these things from the wash, and take them where they belong. A great many of them are your own. I don't see how you could have so many more than I. When you are settled down in your own home, (and this will be soon, now, I hope, now you are eighteen, and Jamie twenty-two,) when you are there—no; put the towels of that kind by themselves—you will be perfect mistress of yourself; you can read all you want to; for Jamie has such notions about things, he'll keep a girl, of course. It wouldn't be strange—it would be just like him to keep two; for he's like Dick, your father, about such things—has great notions. No, no; you're putting your uncle's things and Jamie's together. There," having come herself to separate and pile them. "Now I wish you'd take them all where they belong. No. What does ail you? Take mine and your uncle's away together to our room. Then take Jamie's; then take yours." Sophia came back, tottering with faintness, to carry off the rest.

"I'm going to give you a whole web of this fine diaper," resumed Mrs. Hathaway, her hand under the glossy fold of a towel on the top of a pile. "You may put these where they belong; in the right-hand, lower drawer of the closet, you know. And six fine table-cloths, like this one, I'm going to give you. Isn't it a beauty? Your uncle shall make you a present of three or four hundred dollars in money, for you to use just as you want to. It will go a good way in furnishing your parlor and parlor-chamber. Jamie will do the rest. He can do anything you want him to. Your uncle is going to do well by him. And I—I shall be giving you all the time."

Seeing her husband coming in; seeing the white face and trembling fingers, she said, "That'll do. I'll take the rest up when I go. And I wouldn't come down again, unless you want to. I will tell them you are tired."

And judging from the support she sought at the balustrade, the door-handle, the bedstead, as she went round to lay herself down on it; judging from the listless hands, the running tears, the sighs, and face of misery, she was indeed tired.

CHAPTER XIII.

James fully meant to undeceive his mother in an hour. But soon after Sophia went up, he fell into one of his half-drunken fits of "sleeping it off," on the hall lounge, where his mother, supposing he was out, left him; when, after an hour of harder work than usual at managing her husband, she retired with him for the night.

In the morning, on hearing her, James came out from his uneasy sleep, shaggy as a corsair, his new coat in a hundred creases, his new cap, which he had taken for a pillow, in nothing but creases.

The scene was to Mrs. Hathaway the most perplexing that had ever taken place between them; but the miserable woman told the truth, when she said, "I shouldn't care so much; I shouldn't mind anything about it, hardly, if I could see my way out of it; out of having said those things to her last night, I mean. You were too bad! As true as you live, James, I would go through a blazing fire to save you from trouble or disgrace; but you don't mind piling trouble, shame, anxiety, mountains-high, on me any time, And I have it to climb; and it begins to tell on me. I'm not the strong woman I was five years ago, or even one. But I really don't think you care. Go up to your room. She's coming down the back stairs. Oh, dear, James!" sighing heavily, her hand pressed on her heart, seeing him go with little, mincing, sly steps, each one assumed, as were the other gestures of slyness and evasion, such as his whispered, "Hush!" "Hush!" the admonishing finger raised aloft, and the horrid, horrid expression of mockery on his features.

He went, at first, no farther than the hall, where he stopped, lodged against the wall, his ear at a crack in the doorway, listening to hear what his mother would say.

All was still a few moments. She was taking a little time to master (or, as she would have said, to manage,) the pain at her heart, and get all marks of it out of her features. Then she said, speaking kindly, "Is that you, Sophia? Come in here. Here is one of the bright sunrises you like so much. Rested?—are you rested?"

"Oh, yes, aunt! Are you?"

"A little. But I was dreadfully tired last night. I felt irritable, some way; and I'm afraid I showed it. But you musn't mind it. I have a good many things to harass me. I feel a great deal better this morning. Oh, and I'll tell you what let's do! Now we have been gone so long, and have had so good a time—let's give a good time to those we left behind us. Let's give a party!" brightening immediately. "A splendid one. I will give the rooms up to you, and you shall make them as handsome as you please. We will both dress at our best. Won't that be nice?"

Here James went off up-stairs, taking all

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manner of stage-steps; sometimes taking two steps, as a little child does, in mounting one stair; sometimes mounting four stairs with one step; making all manner of stage faces; pretending to giggle, and to stifle it hard with one hand over his mouth. If the abandoned fellow had been on the foot-boards, and had pit, dress-circle, and family-circle in front, he could hardly have executed so genuine, so ludicrous a pantomime. Or, if he could, it would have made his fortune.

CHAPTER XIV.

"You will have a surprise to-night; one that you will be likely to enjoy," Mrs. Hathaway said to Sophia, on the morning before the party.

And this was the sole crumb she got from the table at which her aunt sat counting out eggs for the ice-creams, and now and then laying her hand on her dress-pocket, to reassure herself of the safety of a letter received the day before, with the New York post-mark, and with a few hurriedly-written lines inside, to say that they,—the doctor and his boy, that is—were safe on land, and would reach B—— by the seven o'clock train to-morrow; and that he, the doctor, was truly hers and his little daughter's.

The poor child, looking over all the world, could think of only one surprise that could come, filling her with the pleasure her aunt seemed to expect, and that was, seeing one noble form moving toward her, his hand extended, his face joyful, wearing altogether a look to assure her that, whatever the talkers had said of him and Flora Pierce, there was no truth in it; but that, in the tones with which he used to address her at Newburyport; in the sympathy and kindness he showed her at every opportunity; in the lingering clasp of his hand at coming, at going, at helping her in and out of a carriage, there was truth enough to last her and his lifetime. She thought that must be what was coming. Only—and here her hopes sunk—there was James, there were her aunt's and uncle's wishes to shut that out of her sight forever, even if it were true that the talkers at Judge Alliburton's were under a mistake as to the rest.

So she feared. But it is true that she worked at her decorations of the rooms, and, when it was time, of her own person, more than half-expecting him to be there; and it would be difficult, indeed, to describe the charm with which her happy, tender thoughts of him enrobed not only all she did, but all she was. There were never lovelier flowers, there was never a lovelier young creature; for on the perfect features and complexion, the perfect contour of head and form, lay the grace of a sorrow borne very much as Christ bore his, so that no lines of habitual anger, or habitual misanthropy were ever to be seen; but the softness of prayer, even of much praise, of much happiness in such comforts as were left her in the sunrises and the sunsets; the clouds filled up, the mountains, the streams, with tufts of ferns and mosses growing beside and in them, and in the truth and nobleness nothing in the adverse circumstances of her life had been able for one hour to overthrow.

CHAPTER XV.

The reader shall see how our manager worked in bringing about Sophia's surprise.

Finding James too reckless to be pressed into her service, and her husband too dull to see the use in it, or to act, as he had a thousand times done, without seeing the use (without more explanation and persuasion, that is, than she had the time or disposition for on that important day,) wrote a few lines for the doctor, saying that no one beside herself, her husband, and her son, knew that he was coming to B—— that evening, or at all. She had not told Sophia, for the reason that she wanted to surprise the dear girl, and others, too. As she would have at her house a large party, including a good many of his old friends and acquaintances, would he help her carry it out? That was a good brother! Would he go to the hotel, he and Harry, both; dress there, and appear in her rooms before nine o'clock, the supper hour? Yes, indeed! She knew he would; and so she was his affectionate sister.

She consigned the note to a young lad she could trust. He was to be at the station when the train came in, and deliver the note to the elder of the two gentlemen, who, with a deal of luggage, would leave the train there.

To say that she was the happy woman she mainly appeared, receiving and entertaining her guests, would be to contradict the sudden knots into which her brow tied itself, the sudden gleams hardening the expression of her eyes, and all her features, when thought for one moment seized her, and bore her off a little from her excitement. But to say that she was as happy as a schemer can be, who sees one little plot about to work well, but sees also a great one, on which nearly all her hopes are built, sinking each day, each hour, lower and

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lower in the sand, this would, no doubt, be true.

Sophia, standing near her aunt, by-and-by found a hush in the assembly. She found it increasing, and, looking in the direction in which many eyes were turned, she saw, above the rest, a head that struck her by its air of nobility, refinement, so far transcending that of any other head she had ever in her life seen, so she thought, save one, and that one was Col. Alliburton's. It somehow affected her like Alliburton's. But it was not his; for many and many a thread of gray, mingling with the dark-brown, gave to this head a boldness, a silvery radiance, where Col. Alliburton's had softness and repose.

Her uncle was at his side, and she saw that they were approaching that part of the room where she and her aunt were standing.

"It is papa!" she began saying within herself, but without at first believing one word of the inward affirmation. "It *is* papa!" She had her attention fixed on a wave of the fine hair she had played with a hundred times, lying on the temple. "I know it is papa!" She had her eyes now on the wide breast, on which she had hundreds of times nestled, longing so for it that she could only with difficuty keep her feet in their place. His eyes, meantime, as he and her uncle moved slowly on, had no looks of searching or recognition, but of lightly surveying the crowd, as a stranger's would. They fell on hers as a stranger's would. But she knew them, and remembering the surprise her aunt had promised her, she said, "Papa! Papa!" springing to him, and catching both his hands, his arms, "Papa! Papa!"

Oh! but that young lady, her head pretty well up with his, her silk skirts sweeping the carpet with a long train; her golden hair, set off with scarlet bandelets, and hanging in short curls round the sweet face, the sweetest face his eyes had ever met, save one, her mother's —her mother's! Yes, he knew, he comprehended it; and he had her in his arms, and she felt again the wide breast, the lock of waving hair on her cheek. "Papa!" she kept saying; "papa! papa!"

They both shed a few tears; only the doctor cleared [illegible] away so quickly, what with his handkerchief and his renewed composure, that no one saw them; although they all knew they were telling the truth in saying to their neighbor, "The doctor cried, too."

They cried; "so they couldn't say anything," as the phrase goes.

Father and daughter went to find Harry, and found him searching through the groups and pairs of young ladies. He would not inquire, he had said to himself; he would find her. But he was looking for a girl very different from the one who eagerly approached him, led up by the happy, proud—oh! the happy, happy, proud, proud father!

Then there were more tears; more loving, glad embraces, and more tears, also, shed by the friendly guests, neighbors, and townspeople, nearly all of them.

Mrs. Hathaway, meantime, had shrunk away upon seeing the approach of her husband and the doctor. Sophia was the first to miss her and look for her, that her father and brother might pay her the respect due at least to the lady of the house, "and as one who, after all, has fed me, clothed me, given me the shelter of her roof, and lately shown me many, many kindnesses," said the grateful heart, as she went from room to room searching. She found her in her own room, where, upon hearing the hand upon the door-knob, she sat buried in thoughts indescribably mortifying and self-reproachful. But on Sophia's entrance, she was at her bureau, applying her scent-bottle to her handkerchief; and, having in her mirror seen who was coming, was already saying, "This perfume is delicious. Come and let me give you just one drop. You will like one drop. I wonder where Jamie is?" speaking lightly as she pretended to be looking for something in a drawer. "I haven't seen him for the last hour."

She had not for the last two or three hours. But, for all this, she knew that she might at any minute come upon him in the rooms, for both his appearing and disappearing were always wholly without order.

"Come, aunt, I want you to go down," said Sophia, putting her arm round her aunt's waist; and so they entered the parlor and met the doctor and Harry.

Some exchanged glances, seeing them enter so; and the doctor seeing the glances, aided, moreover, by his own former tastes of his sister's acrimony, could not help reading something of their meaning. Harry, too, read something of it, out of what he thought he saw behind that marked front. And this was all they were likely ever to know of the hard heart, the bitter tongue, the angry eyes, the whole woman of iron, opposed through all those years, to the tender, loving creature, growing up, grown up, under the same roof with her. For although in Sophia's memory these things

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were likely ever to live, ready, especially at moments of sadness, to rise, she was not likely ever to speak of them again, unless it was years hence, when her aunt was gone, and she could speak of them with tearful regrets and pity, but no shade of bitterness.

CHAPTER XVI.

JAMES, on this evening, as on all his evenings and days, followed his own liking. On this occasion, it took him away from his mother and her assembled guests, over to Dean's Hill, up and down a rocky road, narrow and dark, from the harles, birches, shrub-oaks growing close to the way, so close as sometimes to scrape the carriage-top as he rattled along; took him up to a poor door, at which he jumped out; and into a dimly-lighted kitchen, where a man with drunken eyes, drunken hair, a poor, drunken mouth, in garments half-covered with patches, sat paring apples on a rickety machine; where a woman with a worn face, patched gown, a poor collar, and some sort of limp ribbon, some sort of straw ornament fastening it, sat cutting and coring; and a young girl, with shabby waterfall, shabby hair-bands, shabby curls, yards of shabby ribbon hanging over her left shoulder, but with rings of genuine gold, sat stringing them.

Of course, James felt at home there. Of course, he said, "Hullo!" when he came in; and, of course, they each said, "Hullo!" or something like it, in return. Of course, he was soon at the smiling girl's side, with an arm encircling her waist; and, of course, the sight pleased the poor, old father—his wife's senior by many a year—the poor, worn mother, who saw so few pleasures coming to her child; and, of course, the girl's large eyes, which, under circumstances of moral refinement, education, and the right physical culture, would have been beautiful orbs, flashed with pleasure and passion.

Of course, he drank of the new cider, and of something else stronger, which the old man supplied him out of a little closet in the entry. The cider they drank in the kitchen. Laura warmed it, brought straws, and James and she drank it out of the same bowl. But when it came to the other liquid, the old man stuck his thumb up, winked at James, and took him into the entry for the rest.

The women knew all about it, of course; there was only this half-way deference to the sentiment, more or less alive in every decent woman's breast, against everything that intoxicates.

They returned, smacking their lips; the old man wiping his mouth on the back of his hand, James shaking out the delicate white linen, with which his mother had carefully furnished his pocket for the party.

Of course, James ate apples, skin and all, and chestnuts. He was fond of roasted chestnuts, and Mrs. Haviland roasted some for him, as he sat rollicking with the girl.

"Thank you, mother Haviland," he said, receiving them out of her brown, marred hands, into his own fair ones.

Then straight rose an air-castle in the minds of every one, it seemed; for, said James, looking up at the low, smoked ceiling, "I should like to build this house up into something handsome; into a sort of castle, such as they have on the Hudson, you know, and have you all live here in it with me. You'd roast chestnuts every evening for me then, mother Haviland."

"The very thing I was thinking it would be pleasant to do, when you spoke. I was thinking about the new house, too," said Mrs. Haviland, showing in her excited color how the idea beguiled her.

"And I believe I was thinking that I wished things were a little more comfortable here for you, when you come. But, James Hathaway, you mustn't alter things out there," tipping his thumb entry-ward. "You mustn't meddle with the cupboard out there, when you come to build things up."

"No, father Haviland."

"I was thinking," said Laura, low in his bent ear—"I don't like to tell you what I was thinking; but the thoughts made me pretty happy."

His reply was a tip of the head, as much as to say, "I understand, ducky," and a closer clasp of her waist.

"But your mother will never let you do anything up here. Whatever you do, you'll have to do it for Sophia Athol."

Mr. and Mrs. Haviland, having heard the latter part of her remark, said, "Poh! Of course, now he is a man, he can't be taken by the shoulders and marched up to be married, as he used to be taken by the [illegible]ers and put into a dark closet, perhaps."

Little experience had our spoiled boy had of dark closets; none at his indulgent mother's hands; but he grew as pugnacious toward her, as if he had had much, and all of it at her hands. He said he did'nt more than half like his mother; and, as for Sophia, he hated

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her worse than he hated the devil; she had been a greater bother to him.

He went out to the little closet and back again; sat down, looking into the coals he was punching under the stove-door, and recited such a chapter of wrongs received at his mother's and Sophia's hands, as made Mr. Haviland, who also had been again to the bottle, raise his arm in the air, hold it there awhile, and then bring it down, with an oath against them both.

And Mrs. Haviland said, speaking to James and Laura, "I don't blame him for swearing." And Laura, who had her hand on James' shoulder, said, "Nor I; it is enough to make a minister swear. Somebody coming. Oh, it is father Cooke! Come in, father Cooke! I was just saying, 'it is enough to make a minister swear,' when you came in. Tell him all about it, James."

"I can't tell him all about it, and I shan't," with the savage imprecation, ever ready to break out, when he had been at his potations. "Shan't, ducky," modifying his tones to smoothness, as he did his words, when he saw the scared look he had raised on the girl's face. "Shan't tell him a word, ducky. But, what say you, father Cooke, will you marry us? Right here—to-night? This minute?" his eyes on Laura's face, questioning hers, reading assent, but a scared one.

The broken-down old minister had his eyes on the floor, deterred, as yet, from assenting to James' proposal, by the last, lingering remnant of self-respect, and conscience.

Laura, with her young face before his, and speaking with the kindness she always felt for the poor old man, brought him out of his quandary, saying, "There shall always be a bed in the house for you, father Cooke. A good one, too, whenever you come. I will always bring you the best there is in the house to eat."

While James, going to the light, opened his wallet, picked out a lump of paper, opened it, and gave it to the old man.

Laura, looking at it, said, "Why, it is ten dollars, father Cooke, as true as you live. Isn't he a good boy?"

So, he folded it with care, with care put it into the s[illegible]st corner of his old wallet, laid his worn [illegible] aside, looked where the couple were to stand—and then married them.

The ceremony seemed to bring them all to some sense of the importance of the step they were taking. The old minister's chin trembled so as to almost stop his prayer. The mother cried; and thinking how marriages sometimes turn out, she began to pity her daughter, grand as such alliance an hour ago seemed to her.

The father's dulled brain, feeling it all so strange, could no more grapple with the full meaning of the transaction, than his blear-eyes could make out whether it was Laura, or somebody else, James Hathawy, or somebody else, standing side by side at the opposite table.

From the eyes of the girl fell a few great drops, shining like diamonds; aye, brighter than diamonds, as they ought, coming from a heart filled full of penitential longings—longings not new to her, but more concentrated than she had ever felt before—full of resolves, hopes, fears, love, as hers were then.

The resolves, on the whole, rose above all the rest, and so kindled her features, so raised, and, in a degree, dignified her figure, as to render the poor creature more beautiful than almost any ten out of ten hundred girls, dressed handsomely, and in possession, beside, of good opportunities, of schools, leisure, society, and pretty avocations.

And would the reader have believed, that, after so many sermons, prayers, lectures, and lessons of so many kinds, had all gone by James like straws on the wind, this wicked thing, the most wicked, perhaps, of all his deeds, should awaken in his breast the very first feeling of manhood and responsibility of which he had ever been conscious, or, indeed, had a chance to be.

It was so. Seeing the great shining tears, as they fell; hearing her half sobs; seeing, moreover, her beauty, he said within himself, "I—I'll do better now, or I'm a dog! A dog I've been all my days; I'm a dog now, or I shouldn't be here, doing this thing in this way. Ugh! What am I doing? Poor child! What am I doing to you?"

The fingers clinging so fast to his, caused him to say this last.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE deed was awful. Well might it awaken in those heedless, hardened breasts, feelings so akin to conscience, to regrets for the heedlessness, the hardening, as to hold them in silence, tears, half-defined awe of greatness and goodness; especially in the awe of goodness, and the longing for something better, something truer than they had ever known.

It was well—not that the "sin abounded," that the deed was committed, that is—for, as we have said, the deed was horrible; but having been committed, it was well, a beneficent thing

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in the Creator, that, through His laws of sin and grace, a portion of the latter did enter through the door left open by the former. They could never, never—thanks to this same Creator—quite forget, quite get rid of the presence of such grace. Ever afterward, in remembering it, they must believe in it, and in the elevation and peace it is able to give—does give to those who accept it as their guide and companion through the rest of their days. Evermore!—even though no human eye might see it in their lives; though no eye but the Divine One's could, deep in their souls, see the dim light of it now and then glimmering.

"I must go, now," were the first words spoken by James.

He was looking for his cap. "Mother will be expecting me. There's a large party at our house," looking with new interest at the girl before him, who, having brought his cap, was holding it for him while he buttoned his coat. "Uncle Dick, Sophia's father, you know, has come, and Harry, his boy, with him. I must see them."

"I don't want you to go," she said; but she helped him; wound the scarf he had thrown over his shoulders round his throat. He touched her fingers with his lips as she was doing it.

"He would be up the first thing in the morning," he said; gave them all a respectful parting, and at the door, to which Laura accompanied him, gave her a tender one, saying, "You're my wife now." But perturbed at the word, which, now that he was out in the night, with his horse's head turned toward home, he could not fail to couple it with that other name, mother; the name he often hated, and yet could not absolutely hate; for underneath the errors abounding in each, and the bickerings and animosities to which they led, were strong bands, holding them like iron, of nature and love—of love, as shall be felt by the survivor when the other dies, if never before.

He left her half desolate, half glad, looking into the black night, in which the stars were set, listening to the retreating carriage-wheels.

"I will be a better person after this," she said to herself; and went straight to the looking-glass, to make her hair as smooth as if she had been expecting to see there that night, not only bridegroom, but bridegroom's mother, and her large party of proud, handsomely-attired guests. She fastened her collar anew, having first made its evenness exact. Taking the comb to her father, she cleared his neglected gray locks, parting them, as best she could, like *his* father's; her father now. With her apron, she brushed his coat, clear as she could, of dust, looking the front over to see what could be done to it with the needle and more patches.

"I wouldn't wear this," she said, having come round to her mother. "I would just pin the ribbon so." She was ripping away the straw ornaments from the ribbon her mother wore at her throat. "There, now, you look better," giving her really fine hair a few finishing strokes with her palm, after having used the comb.

Then she put the room in order; took down from the windows the strings of red-peppers, that were dry enough to put away; tore the faded evergreens away from looking-glass and clock, and took the coarse, soiled pictures of the Presidents, the coarse charts, down from the walls, thinking how, in the morning, before he had time to get there, she would go out to the road-side, where were yards and yards of clematis, feathering the harles, and great quantities of life-everlasting, rearing its white flowers above the rocks: and how with them, and with the scarlet berries of the bitter-sweet, that grew by the pasture-wall, she would make things look better.

She told them what she was going to do, and added, "We'll scour the floor in the morning, won't we, mother, and make it as clean as boards can be? We'll make the windows clear. I want it to be pleasant."

She did not say or think, "I want it to be pleasant for *him*," as a young girl with a brain little larger than a bird's would have done: but her feeling and strong desire was to make it pleasant; a better place; a home fit for her, with the new obligations, the new inducements to make the best of herself and her situation, that it was possible to make—fit for the father and mother, whom she wanted to take with her along the improved road. And for him, too; that, poor as it was, compared with his other home, he might still find it pleasant there, and be glad to come.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"SHE's an artful, miserable jade; an artful, miserable jade as ever lived;" was his mother's first saying, and her last, after hearing Jamie's announcement.

"You're mistaken, mother," James said, at first, as calmly as he could; for he did not want to quarrel with her. "She had never come to him," he said, "or taken one step toward him."

"She has come to church!"

"To be sure. But she——"

"She has known she was handsome!"

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"Perhaps so—very likely so;" adding that he thought many others knew they were handsome, and came to church, too.

"I saw her looking at me last Sunday, the minx!"

"Did she not see other young girls looking at her? Helen Dudley, for instance?"

"Well, she's a miserable, managing, artful jade." She was as angry as she could be; and, by this time, James also felt his passion rising. He asked her how far she would have to go from the chair where she sat to find another artful manager.

"If you mean me, James, you are as ungrateful a boy as ever lived; foreverything I've done, I've done for your good; every single thing; and you're an ungrateful boy. You've ruined yourself entirely. Do you think I will ever speak to her, or have anything to do with her; or that any of these people here in the village will? You're mistaken if you do. Can't you break it off, some way? Isn't there some way for you to get out of it? Can't you hire her, and the old folks, and that old hypocrite, to keep still about it, and let you off? You shall have money for it. I'll get it for you. I'll manage every way to get it. Come, now, Jamie," coaxingly, "try, won't you? And if they won't be bought off, why then you must repudiate her. Swear it was all fun—a frolic. Tell them you were in drink and didn't know what you were about. Tell them anything: I don't care what, if it will get you out of it. Come, you will, won't you?"

"Tell them a dozen lies?"

"I don't care what you tell them. I've said so once, and I say so again. If it will get you out of this scrape, I don't care what you tell them."

"He would see about that," he replied, and went.

This was in the morning, after he had breakfasted with them all, doing the best he could to hold his head up manfully with the rest; succeeding best in doing it, strange to say, when he thought of the night before, and of the girl off there in the poor house, waiting for him; but when his eyes fell on his mother, feeling himself but a poor Pariah in the midst of respectable Brahmins.

Avoiding the rooms in front, where he heard cheerful voices and laughter; not stopping, when Sophia, having got a glimpse of him, as he was slipping past the window, sprang to it, tapped on it, saying, "Come in, James, and see Major;" but merely looking up to shake his head, and show the blank, unhappy face, she could not for one moment afterward get out of her thoughts, he walked off, taking the cross-road toward Dean's Hill.

He had never walked the road before; but had always rode or driven the horse, that was quite as much his as it was his father and mother's. This morning it was his father and mother's, but not his. It was more his uncle Dick's and Harry's, than his; so he felt, walking along, his head down, his eyes on the road.

It was but a heavy bridal-morn. The two sat alone, most of the time, hand in hand, talking of the ways of "getting a living." And it was at last settled that he should go to Boston, where she had a brother in some small business, beginning to be a prosperous one; should, with her brother's help, find something to do, and should, if possible, find a boarding-place in her brother's family. If not, elsewhere, in some cheap place—or, "economical," was the word they both used—and then he was to send or her, and she was to do something to earn money. Or, this was what she said. He made no reply to that proposition.

This all planned, they went, hand in hand, to look at the kitchen, "front-room," and bedroom. James seeing the new picture-frames, said they were handsomer than his mother's, with all the gilt and moulding, adding, "We'll have things, by-and-by, wife!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO MONA.

BY F. W. LANTZ.

Full many a weary year hath flown
Since last, my love, we met;
Full many a sun, in splendor risen,
In clouds at eve hath set.
Thine eye, that once was bright with smiles,
The bitter tears have wet;
But in thy grief, and my despair,
I love thee, Mona, yet.

Lone in a human solitude,
In joy with grief beset,
I have nor hope nor memory,
I would not fain forget.
This world of tombs and broken hearts,
I'll leave without regret;
Thee only, for thy loveliness,
I love thee, Mona, yet.

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SIR PATRICK'S ROMANCE.

BY MISS F. HODGSON, AUTHOR OF "KATHLEEN'S LOVE-STORY."

"A STRANGE position, truly!" pondered Sir Patrick, with a touch of gravity in his tone; "and romantic enough, I suppose; and yet—" And there he stopped, and stirred the fire in the small parlor-grate of the house in Ward street, with as matter-of-fact an air as though he was not, in a modern way, going as far beyond Lord Burleigh as a modern gentleman could.

It was just three weeks since the day upon which his attention had been first attracted toward this house on Ward street, or rather toward its front window, in which hung the inevitable announcement, "Apartments to let." But it had not been the card in itself that had attracted his attention—he had read the cabalistic sentence too frequently in his rambles through shabby-gentility for that—it was the simple circumstance that just as he passed, the well-worn red curtains were pushed aside, and a girl's face appeared above the wire-gauze blind—the pretty, half-bitter, half-sad face of a girl of eighteen or nineteen, with great, dewy dark eyes, and dun golden hair rolled backward from her white brow in a careless, yet artistic fashion, at once modern and antique.

To be brief in explanation, I will say that Sir Patrick Redwolde, in a certain reserved fashion, was what his friends called "quietly eccentric." I will add further, that his passion for beauty, in all its forms, amounted almost to a monomania; and then, when I tell you that to his eyes, all the pictures he had criticised, all the fair faces he had silently admired, all the marble goddesses he had lingered near, in his pilgrimage, sunk into insignificance by comparison with the fresh loveliness of this rare girlish head, as it rose to his view from behind the dingy old Venitian blind, you will not wonder at the vein of romance in the story I am relating.

It is needless to enter into particulars. This was just three weeks ago, and here he was, pondering over possibilities in the shabby-genteel parlor, and known as John Redwolde, as utterly lost and beyond aristocratic ken in this poor corner of the world of London, as though he had known no other life from the day of his birth. Still he did not feel the strangeness of his position, as most men would have done. It was one of the peculiarities of his character that he rarely considered the means to an end; and with him the romance of such a whimsical adventure partook strongly of the commonplace. He had chosen to see more of a beautiful face, and his position was a result of the choice. For the eccentricity of such a course he cared little, since the secret was his alone, for sudden and apparently unaccountable absences on his part were too common to cause any remark.

But he had not advanced much during the three weeks. He had only learnt that his landlady was a widow, and the golden-haired girl her only child. Some conjectures as to their antecedents he had been enabled to make, it is true, from observation.

In one corner of his room stood an ancient bookcase, whose shelves were filled with books of an antiquity and rare variety that surprised him, when, having got permission, he examined them; and it was by these books he was assisted in his conjectures. The Rev. Hugh Graeme (so read the fly-leaf inscriptions) had been a bookworm, and a gentleman, he was forced to believe; and he had evidently given his daughter the benefit of his knowledge, for here and there Sir Patrick came upon exercises and annotations written in a pretty, flourishing, girlish hand, and more than one book bore the inscription, "Papa to Berta." Looking through an old Greek Dictionary one day, he found a bright little bow of ribbon, that had been laid between the pages as a mark, and, after holding it almost tenderly in his hand for a few minutes, he could not make up his mind to return it to its place again, but laid it in his note-book, and kept it there. As for the relict of the Rev. Hugh, she was a pretty, faded, weak-minded woman, prone to shed tears upon the slightest provocation, and very evidently letting the family burdens of secret privation and anxiety fall upon her daughter's pretty girlish shoulders.

They were very poor, Sir Pa[illegible] had begun to find out. Berta never appeared to leave home; and though he rarely saw her, unless as he encountered her in the hall, or on the stair-case, he could not help observing the shabbiness of her girlish toilet, and the scanti-

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ness of comfort in the house; and he had passed the open door of the sitting-room, sometimes, on the chill winter days, where the poor mockery of a fire in the grate looked almost pitiful.

This particular evening, on which I open my story, as he sat in his parlor, the murmur of voices in the adjoining room broke upon him, and becoming more distinct, forced themselves upon his ear.

"It is no use, Roberta," said Mrs. Graeme, who was evidently shedding tears in the last stages of irritable weakness. "I don't know what we are to do. It seems utterly impossible for us to manage without Anne, and yet how we can keep her I don't know. I can't imagine where her wages are to come from; and it was only this morning that she was quite impertinent."

A book was shut with a decided sound, and somebody rose from a chair and crossed the room.

"We can't keep her," said Berta's voice, with a clear, emphatic ring in its tone. "And we won't, mamma. She shall go away, and *I* will take her place."

"My dear Berta," was Mrs. Graeme's feeble comment, "I don't think I understand you; you are so very energetic."

"Isn't it time I should be, mamma?" returned the girl, bitterly. "It is bad enough to be snubbed by one's rich relations, without being snubbed by one's maid-of-all-work. Let us be spared that, at least."

Sir Patrick found himself listening with a new interest, in spite of himself. He could easily imagine the spirit in her eyes as she spoke, and it touched him sadly. It was not a pleasant fancy, this, of a pretty girl of eighteen, stung by humiliation and disappointment, debarred of her right to youthful happiness, and feeling even the coldest, bitterest touches of deprivation, in the cold bitterness of that worst of poverty, shabby gentility.

There was a short silence, broken only by Mrs. Graeme's nervous sobs, and then Berta spoke again, with a softened, affectionate tenderness in her voice.

"Don't cry, mamma," she said. "We can't help it. Perhaps it will all come right in the end. We can only try to do what appears to be best. Redwolde's money will be some assistance, you know, and uncle Raymond has promised to provide for the rent, disagreeable as he is."

Mrs. Graeme's reply was given in a fresh burst of tears.

"That is the worst of it," she sobbed. "One has to be patronized and tyrannized over so. Your uncle treats us as if we were troublesome beggars. And—and there are your shoes, Berta, they are so terribly shabby; and you have actually had nothing new for months. It seems almost cruel, when you are so pretty."

Being only a pretty, natural young creature, whose prettiness made the shabby shoes and shabby dresses a greater trial, it is quite probable Berta had felt something of this, too; for there was a deeper bitterness than before in her answer.

"It doesn't matter," she said. "Beggars have no more right to be pretty than they have to be proud. And what are we but beggars, after all; the worst and most troublesome of all beggars—shabby-genteel beggars. Do you remember what uncle Raymond said about my being pretty? He said it was a pity; and I am inclined to agree with him."

Their voices lowered after this, and Sir Patrick heard no more; but he had heard quite sufficient to explain to him how it was that a few days after Berta replied to the summons of his bell.

But she kept up all her reserve, in spite of the frequency of their meeting. She took his orders very much as the recreant Anne had done, only with a little gravity of dignified self-possession. Altogether, Sir Patrick did not find his romance progressing as favorably as he might have wished.

He was naturally reticent himself, almost to the extent of being slightly constrained; but his great eccentricities were governed by an equally great patience; so he waited for fortune with a most creditable endurance. People who knew him well, said that Sir Patrick Redwolde remained a bachelor because he had never met a modern goddess in a woman perfect enough to suit his curiously fastidious fancies—and there was some truth in the rumor. But men had been guilty of romantic escapades before, matter-of-fact as the world professed to be; and men would be guilty of romantic escapades again; so it was, that as Sir Patrick Redwolde had no weak society scruples, and no one to please but himself, he pleased himself by very complacently undertaking the role of Lord Burleigh.

But matters were going even less smoothly than before, he began to fancy. Mrs. Graeme looked more nervous and harassed; the proud endurance in Berta's eyes was deeper; and once, after a visit from a pompous, well-to-do looking individual, whom he judged to be the relative he had overheard them mention, there

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were traces of hot, bitter tears on her scarlet cheeks when he saw her.

This was almost more than Sir Patrick could bear. But what was he to do? He could not offer them money, that was absurdly out of the question. He was sitting over his fire, pondering upon his helplessness, when, to his surprise, after a little tap of announcement, Berta opened the door and entered, evidently with a fixed purpose. She was paler than he had ever seen her, but there was something of decision and spirit in her manner as she announced her errand briefly.

She had come to request a favor of him, she said. Her mother had decided, had, indeed, found it necessary, (this with a proud, steady glance at him,) to dispose of some few surplus articles in her possession, and as they thought that their books could be most easily spared, they had decided upon parting with them.

"They are a remnant of papa's library," she said, "and he considered some of them valuable, from their rarity; and mamma fancied that you might possibly be able to give us some advice as to how we ought best to dispose of them."

She was paler than ever as she paused, and waited for his reply. It had been clearly a resolve wrung from desperation, hard enough to bear in itself, apart from such a bitter sacrifice of pride.

Sir Patrick felt the blood mounting to his forehead. The girlish dignity of her manner made him ashamed of his own duplicity, innocent as it was. He could not help feeling as if she had found him out. He acted his part well, however. He should feel himself honored, he told her, with grave deference, in being permitted to render Mrs. Graeme all the assistance in his power; and then he went to the bookcase and opened it, to give himself time. Some of the books were valuable—too valuable for nine purchasers out of ten, his own experience taught him; and the rest being mediocre, would bring the poorest of prices, or none at all, as they were second-hand. He turned over volume after volume, full of earnest pity for the proud, steady young figure at his side, and thus gained the opportunity to form a commonly reasonable plan.

"I think I can find you a purchaser," he said, turning to her, at last. "A distant relative of mine, Sir Patrick Redwolde, once commissioned me to secure him something of this kind, but as I was unable to meet with anything suitable, I gave up the search. If you would not object to waiting until I hear from him, I should be under great obligations to you., He professes to be something of a connoisseur in matters of this sort—rarities are his hobby; and I know he would be disappointed to lose such an opportunity."

He did not trust himself to look at her as she answered him, but began to replace the volumes he had removed.

"I am very glad," she said, in an unsteady voice. "Mamma would rather part with them privately, if possible. We were afraid that we should be obliged to let them be sold by auction; and they were poor papa's books, and—and——"

She broke down here, and in his surprise, Sir Patrick turned upon her suddenly. The resolute spirit in her proud, young eyes had melted away, and as he turned to look at her, she gave him one swift, upward glance, half troubled, half timid, and then dropped her face upon her hands, and burst into tears.

To Sir Patrick, in spite of his intense pity, her emotion was a perfect godsend. So long as her girlish pride had guarded against his knowledge of their trouble and secret anxiety, he had been helpless; but here he felt himself gaining strength.

He drew her gently to the easy-chair, by the fire, and made her sit down; and then, having scarcely spoken a dozen words, waited for her to recover herself. Her distress was so sheerly natural and girlish, that every impulse of tenderness in his heart was stirred. The weary struggle with hidden humiliation and down-trodden pride, had been too much for her, and for the moment she had lost all self-control. Considering that he was that most emotionless of individuals, a thoroughly reserved English gentleman, Sir Patrick certainly felt very much excited. The pretty bowed head, and drooping face, were almost too much for him to endure. If such a thing had been within the bounds of reason, he would certainly have fallen upon his knees by the arm-chair, and made himself very absurd; but as that was out of the question, he was constrained to remain standing in sympathetic silence.

At last, Berta raised her face, looking decidedly more lovely for the softened sparkle of tears in her eyes.

"Don't think me foolish, please," she said, in a low, hesitant voice—a curious little aggrieved remorse for her emotion showing itself in her upward glance at his face. "We have prized those books so much—mamma and I. I have had no other friends in the world, it seems to me now, when they must go,"

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She faltered a little here, and the tears leaped to her eyes again, and seeing them standing upon her long lashes like great pearls, Sir Patrick could restrain himself no longer.

"Pray, believe that I can understand and sympathize with you," he said, with an earnestness almost tender. "But your relics will be in tender hands, Miss Graeme. Sir Patrick will regard them as reverently as even you could wish, I think." And with a recollection of the rose colored bow in his pocket-book, he flushed guiltily, as he added, "I will make a list of the books you wish to dispose of, and forward it to him at once, with your permission, and then there will be no delay."

She answered him quickly, with a curious sort of pretty timidity.

"I think I could help you," she said. "I used to help papa when he had a great many books, and I was very much younger then. I have read them nearly all, you know, and I might, perhaps, be able to make it less tiresome for you."

Less tiresome! It was more than he would have even dared to hope for, and his delight at this unexpected turn of fortune's wheel, elated him so that he almost surprised her by an exhibition of the pleasure he found it so difficult to conceal. He managed to control himself to a reasonable extent, and they applied themselves to their task together. To Sir Patrick, at least, it was the pleasantest of labors. The pretty, softly-outlined figure, bending over the table, now and then, to add a title to the list, was so bewildering, with the addition of the lamplight concentrating itself on the gold-dusted roll of hair, and the shining, curling lashes, that he found his attention distracted more than once. The shadow of her innocent, troubled tears had scarcely passed away yet, and their softening influence lingered in a certain half-shy, half-appealing frankness of manner, which was indescribably bewitching. It was evident, that she had been so long accustomed to being at once leader and adviser, that even the temporary presence of a calm manner and clear brain had its power over her.

I am not ashamed to say that Sir Patrick over-rated the value of the Reverend Hugh's books, most [illegible]blushingly, in making out his list. To th[illegible]ost mediocre he offered prices, that, to any one more experienced than his young assistant, would have rendered his deceit glaringly transparent; but Berta knew the volumes only as her father's dearest treasures, and, consequently, only brightened and gained spirits as the work went on.

When their task was ended, Sir Patrick felt that he had gained ground. The little piece of good fortune, in spite of its dark side, had lightened the shadow of bitterness on the pretty, young face; and the fact that she was freed from embarrassment, had touched the poor child's cold reserve, and melted it. She even recovered herself sufficiently to make two or three whimsical, willful speeches, whose piquant charm bewitched Sir Patrick more terribly than ever.

Having inclosed the list in a letter to his relative, he went out to post it, with the calmest of business-like demeanor. But, before he left the house, he had written another letter, again making an inclosure, and this time directing the missive to a confidential friend, in Edinburgh. It was a brief enough epistle, perhaps scarcely long enough to be termed a letter, for it contained only the following words:

"My Dear Lordacre—If you will, anonymously, forward the inclosed bank-notes to Mrs. Hugh Graeme, 26 Ward street, London, and await my explanation of the little mystery, you will deeply oblige

"Your sincere friend,

"Redwolde."

This letter he posted during his absence. The other he lighted his segar with, and then quietly turned his steps homeward.

As he entered the house, the sitting-room door opened, and Berta came out, carrying a lighted candle, as though she was going to her bed-room. But, upon the first step of the staircase she stopped, and turning toward him, a trifle hesitatingly, as he came up the passage, held out her hand to him, as though from some whimsical little impulse of gratitude.

"Good-night, Mr. Redwolde," she said. "Mamma is— *I* am very much obliged to you. Thank you." And before he had time to do more than wonder at the pretty, impulsive emphasis upon the "I," and admire the bright picture she made in the candle-light, she had turned again, and was half-way up the staircase.

Of course, Sir Patrick's reply arrived as early as was consistent with his absence from home, and, of course, it was a favorable one. Sir Patrick was delighted, Mrs. Graeme's lodger reported. He had desired to possess this very collection for years, it would almost have appeared. He made no demur, whatever, at the price, and only made one condition. His present plans of travel would render his absence necessary for some time, possibly, for a year

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or more, and he did not care to trust his treasures to careless hands; accordingly, if Mrs. Graeme had no objections, and his relative was willing to undertake the charge, he should prefer that his purchase remained where it was until his return. If this plan met with their approval and consent, the arrangement was concluded, and the money should be forwarded without delay.

It is needless to say that the money was forwarded, and that Mrs. Graeme's lodger rose in that estimable lady's esteem immeasurably. He was so chivalrous, so respectful, so dignified, so ready to sympathize with her, and listen to her mournings over Berta. The Reverend Hugh had been a refined, consumptive book-worm, and as Mrs. Graeme had married him against the wishes of her friends, when his death left her penniless, she had been regarded as a culprit, to be snubbed and patronized by turns. Berta herself had a touch of spirited pride, which made her girlishly sensitive to the snubbings and patronage, and was not apt to enlarge upon the subject of their trials; but Mrs. Graeme was, and often bewailed her daughter's fate most pathetically to Sir Patrick.

"She is so pretty," she would say; "and so proud; so like her father in that. Lord Stamford, who was poor, dear Mr. Graeme's patron, at Ingley, used to say that there was not a more perfect face than Berta's in any picture-gallery in Europe."

And certainly Sir Patrick agreed with Lord Stamford. The large, spirited, dark eyes, and abundant, rare-tinted hair, would have rendered any girlish face bewitching, without the almost singular perfection of form and feature with which nature had endowed this friendless young creature, in defiance of shabby gentility.

Quiet persistence, on Sir Patrick's part, melted Berta's reserve at last, and warmed it, in the natural course of events, into the prettiest of frankness. He was generous, scholarly, a gentleman, and, above all, as poor as themselves. This latter idea she had adopted, partly through her knowledge of his surroundings, and partly from the fact that he had left her to imagine that such was the case. It is more than probable that this was his strongest claim upon her friendship. As Sir Patrick Redwolde, he could never have won upon her, bristling as she was with her proud, little weapons of defence against patronage; but supposing that he also had shared the bitterness, she gradually slipped into the pretty, natural fashion of sympathizing with, and being interested in him,

So, Sir Patrick's whimsical adventure ripened into a romance. The dingy, old parlor became a very bower, and the dingier sitting-room a fairy land, made so by the bright, glowing, young face and figure. But as I am only relating the history of the somewhat singular manner in which a pretty, penniless young creature became the wife of a somewhat eccentric gentleman, it is not necessary that I should particularize every event in connection with the circumstance. It is enough, that, in the daughter of his landlady, Sir Patrick Redwolde found the only woman he had ever loved; and that, in the poor gentleman, Berta Graeme learned to adore the man who was to raise her, unknown to herself, to one of the highest positions in the land.

The card of announcement had been absent from the front window nearly three months. Sir Patrick had pondered over possibilities, when first the beautiful face led him to the house on Ward street; but now his possibilities had become probable, and there must be a practical ending, even to a romance. He returned from his usual day's absence one evening, with a rather graver face than usual, Berta fancied. It was nothing more than the gravity of thought, but it was gravity, nevertheless; and when he took her hand to bid her good-night, she saw that it deepened.

"I shall have a story to tell you to-morrow evening," he said. "Will you promise to listen to it, and forgive me if it seems a strange one?"

She looked up, surprised a little by his earnestness, and then, as their eyes met, hers fell.

"Promise me," he said; "promise that you will forgive me, however strange a story it may be."

She answered him with perfect faith and frankness.

"I promise to forgive you, however strange a story it appears."

He thanked her, warmly. During the past weeks he had often fancied how she would receive the revelation. Whether, at first, it would not distress her a little, through the intensity of the surprise it would necessarily cause her. He had pleased himself, too, with the fancy of how far she would outshine the fairest of the fair women he knew, when he had the right to shower his wealth upon her. Her fresh, young beauty had set at such a bright defiance the shabby dresses and dingy surroundings, that,

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on the long evenings, when the firelight had been dancing on her bright, glowing face, and softly outlined figure, he had lingered, tenderly, over a man-like dream of how fair a jewel she would seem, set in the midst of luxury befitting the wealth of her youth and loveliness.

Before going out, the next morning, he left a message for Mrs. Graeme, to the effect, that, upon his return, he wished to have an interview with her.

"Really," faltered Mrs. Graeme, in great nervous trepidation, when Berta delivered the message, "I hope nothing has occurred to make it necessary that he should leave us. What *should* we do, Berta? Just as we were beginning to feel so comfortable, too. But that is always the way," with a premonitory sob. "We are so unfortunate."

Berta, standing in the shadow of the mantelpiece, looking into the fire, colored a little, and then meeting her mother's eyes, colored more deeply than ever.

"I don't think that he is going to leave us, mamma." She hesitated confusedly; and then Mrs Graeme's perceptive faculties being suddenly aroused to some recognition of the turn affairs were taking, that lady broke into a wild exclamation.

"My dear Berta!" she began, and in her astonishment could positively get no further.

It would be a difficult matter to describe the exact state of her feelings when she gathered the truth from Berta's silence.

"I don't know whether I am glad or sorry," she said, tearfully, after her usual fashion. "Mr. Redwolde is very nice, of course, and has been very kind, but he is as poor as we are, I am afraid—and you know what such a poverty is, Berta; and then he is not very young. Dear! Dear! I had hoped that you would marry well, some day; but I suppose it was not to be."

"He hasn't asked me to marry him yet, mamma," interposed Berta, a thought indignantly, and blushing even more brilliantly than before.

"No, my dear," said Mrs. Graeme, resignedly; "but he is going to ask you, and that is as bad, you know."

The shadow of the heavy London fog had darkened the city; the lamps were beginning to twinkle through it, and Berta and her mother were sitting together in the little, dingy back-room, when the roll of carriage-wheels sounded upon the stones in the street, and drew up before the door, thereby throwing Mrs. Graeme into a nervous flutter of excitement.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed. "I wonder if it is your uncle Raymond, Berta. I do hope not."

But a sudden summons from the door-bell, gave Berta no time to reply.

She felt slightly nervous, it must be confessed, as she passed up the hall.. She did not exactly like the idea of Mr. Raymond forming a party to the interview. But it was not Mr. Raymond. The vehicle that had stopped before the pavement was a quiet, dark, aristocratic-looking carriage, whose door a liveried servant was holding open for two gentlemen to alight, and in the first of these gentlemen, the flare of a street-lamp revealed her mother's lodger. The other one was a middle-aged gentleman, well dressed, quiet-faced, and of business-like appearance.

In her first surprise, Berta drew back hastily. Perhaps it was Sir Patrick Redwolde! But the next moment Mr. Redwolde was in the hall.

"My friend, Mr. Lindacre," he said, calmly, "Miss Graeme."

Certainly, gaslight never shone on a fairer face than the pure, dark-eyed one revealed to Mr. Lindacre, as he bowed to the pretty young creature in her shabby dress. Perhaps he thought so himself, for Berta found herself feeling slightly embarrassed under his keen gaze.

Could they see Mrs. Graeme, Mr. Redwolde asked; and commonplace as the question was, Berta imagined he looked a little paler than usual, as he spoke. Certainly they could see her. His message had been delivered in the morning, and Berta would tell her he had returned.

On receiving the information, Mrs. Graeme became more fluttered than ever. She was not prepared to see company. She had not even her best cap on. A state of affairs which nearly reduced her to tears again, as an enlivening resource in an extremity. But she went to the parlor, at last; and feeling some natural nervousness, Berta awaited her return in the sitting-room

She heard the murmur of conversation, and once or twice an exclamation from her mother in the half-hour that followed; but that was all; and at length Mrs. Graeme made her appearance in such evident excitement and astonished delight, that she was fairly breathless.

"My dear Berta," she began, incoherently, the moment she entered the room. "Such a romance! I declare, I never heard of such a thing, unless in a poem, or something; and I

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am sure Lord Burliegh— But, dear me! I forgot! I was not to tell you; and, besides, Sir Patrick is waiting, and his friend will explain all about it. Dear! Dear! How surprised I am!"

"I don't understand," said Berta. "Mamma, what do you mean? I thought the gentleman's name was Lindacre."

But Mrs. Graeme was inexorable. She would explain nothing. Berta must go into the parlor at once; and in spite of her reluctance, Berta was fain to go.

The strange gentleman was standing by the mantel, with an amused, yet kindly smile in his keen eyes, when she entered, and her mother's lodger stood near him, a curious glow on his usually quiet, reserved face. At her first glance at him, the bright color flew to Berta's forehead; but he did not give her time to utter a word, for he spoke himself, at once.

"Lindacre," he said, turning to his friend, "will you be kind enough to tell Miss Graeme the story you came here to tell her,"

Mr. Lindacre did not change his position, more than a motion of assent rendered necessary, but his keen eyes twinkled more than ever.

"I shall be happy to do so," he said, smiling, "though I scarcely know how to begin. I will begin at once. Miss Graeme, the story my friend wishes me to tell you, is a love story, and I will relate it as briefly as possible.

"Three months ago—was it three months ago, Redwolde?"

That gentleman looked at Berta's downcast eyes and glowing cheeks, and bowed in silence.

"Just three months ago, then," Mr. Lindacre went on, smiling still, "a certain well-known English baronet disappeared from London society. No one knew where he went, and no one knew why he went; and though such absences were not infrequent on his part, there was about this absence a vague essence of mystery. From the time of his disappearance, until a few days ago, the mystery of this absence was unexplained, and then an old friend of the absentee's, who was also his legal adviser, was surprised to receive a letter from him, bearing the post-mark of London, and requesting his immediate presence in that city. This individual, who was at that time in Edinburgh, obeyed the summons, at once. As I have said, the missing gentleman was an old friend, and he was always at his service. He had, at first, feared some trouble or danger; but on reaching London, he found to his amazement a romance waiting for him—a pleasant, honest, old romance; re-acted in these unromantic modern days. His friend, who had waited until his youth was past, for a princess, had found one at last. He had seen a fair face, and it had touched his heart. He had flung aside the attributes of his rank, and followed the fair face, and found its loveliness the natural index to fresh, true girlishness. An innocent deception had been necessary to introduce himself; and for this reason he had absented himself from society. He had learned to love this fair face with the strong, deep passion of a man whose heart had been all untouched for years, and who, now he felt that the greatest boon fate could bestow upon him, would be the right to guard the young life from all of trial, or grief, that the truth and tenderness of an honorable gentleman could guard it from. He told his friend this, and he also told him, that he had thought it best that he, as his legal adviser and private confidant, should explain why, for the time, a deception, though an innocent and unavoidable one, had been practised. His friend agreed with him wholly, on this point, as on every other, and, in accordance with his wish, accompanied him to the scene of his romance, and told the story; and—and, as I have finished mine, Miss Graeme, I will introduce to you my friend and client, Sir Patrick Redwolde, and having done so, wish you good-evening."

His faint smile of amusement had died away during his relation, giving way to something of a touched warmth and earnestness, which was strongly evident in his manner, as he ended, and with a grave, kindly bow, left the room, and closed the door.

Sir Patrick did not make any effort to detain him. Perhaps the exit had been part of the friendly agreement. A moment more, and the carriage was rolling down the street: and then, turning to Berta, who stood bewildered and tremulous, Sir Patrick spoke.

"Let me tell my story," he said, gently. "Lindacre has told his, Berta, but that is not all. Old friend as he is, he cannot quite understand how my heart has been stirred. Dear child, I love you! Give me the right to make your young life brighter, if I can, than it has hitherto been."

In the first shock of her wonder, Berta had been silent, but now she came to him, touched to her girlish heart by his generous honor, actual, shining tears in her tender, happy eyes.

"And it was you who bought the books?" she said. "Was it you who sent the money

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mamma so mysteriously received? Please tell me?"

"It was I," he answered; and he raised both her hands gently to his lips. "Is this Lady Redwolde?" he asked, with grave tenderness, the next moment.

There was a little pause, and then her bright young face dropped upon the strong hands so closely clasping hers.

"Yes," she whispered. "This is Lady Redwolde."

And they were happy. How could it be otherwise? Out of the little romance grew the perfecting of two human lives. None of the men and women, who admired and envied Lady Redwolde, during the sensation she created in her first season, knew the truth of her story. There was a story, people said; but all that was known of it was, that the young bride's beauty had won her a higher fortune than that to which she had been born. But, for Sir Patrick, a new life had opened. His old, world-worn weariness had fled forever; and through his young wife's bright beauty, and tender, trustful pride in him, the freshness of his youth was regained for him once more.

THE FLOWER OF COLUMBIA.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

In the vale where Connecticut flows,
O'er meadow-lands, blooming and wide,
In a cot hedged around by the beauteous rose,
Did the flower of Columbia reside.
Oh! fair, in the sweet month of June,
Was the green lawn, with primroses crowned;
But fairer the flower of Columbia bloomed,
Than the primroses, all the year round.

Like the Graces, through garden and bower,
She glided at midsummer morn;
Like nightingale's note at the soft twilight hour,
Floated oft her melodious song.
When flowers decayed on the lawn,
And pale, gloomy winter drew near,
Her presence, like vision of Spring's early dawn,
As she passed o'er the way, did appear.

Oh, youth! lovely, healthful, and fair,
To thee blessing's full cup is given;
Can earth's boasted majesty with thee compare,
Or aught 'neath the glory of heaven?

The princes of earth own thy sway—
Thine ever invincible charms;
The proud monarch oft at thy fair feet hath lain,
For the clasp of thy heart-tempting arms.

How oft, as fond memory strays,
Those peerless jet eyes on me beam,
And sweet smiles enlightening my dark, lonely days,
Of Columbia's scepterless queen.
Fair lawn, thou art hallowed for aye!
Which oft her light footsteps doth pace;
And thou, placid stream, which wast wont on thy way,
To reflect her immaculate face.

Oh! if 'neath the heavenly dome,
There's pleasure unmixed and divine,
'Tis his who can say, though all other hath flown,
There's a heart beats responsive to mine.
And, oh! trebly happy his hour.
And crowned his life's portion with bliss,
If the heart of Columbia's beautiful flower
Be the one which responds unto his.

THE BABY.

BY MRS. HELEN A. MANVILLE.

Violet eyes blinking
So sleepily here;
Of what are you thinking,
You sweet, little dear?

You very demurely
Can look in my eyes,
An angel you're surely,
Affecting disguise.

One week, little mortal—
One week and a day,
Since through Heaven's portal
You wandered earth-way.

Our hearts were so lonely,
No charm could beguile;
But now if you only
Will tarry awhile—

Will list to our pleading
To stay in the nest,
Our hearts in the Eden
Of rapture shall rest.

Hopes, many, are centered,
The fair casket in—
The baby just entered
Earth's valley of sin.

Oh, when God is counting
His flock, in the end!
When up to the mountain
Of life they ascend,

May the feet find the portal,
The soul 'scaped the morn;
This little, wee mortal,
Our baby was born.

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DEACON SLIMPSEY'S MOURNFUL FOREBODINGS.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

THOMAS JEFFERSON went to the school-house to meetin' last night, and he broke out to the breakfast-table,

"Betsey Bobbet spoke in meetin' last night, father." He addressed the words to his father, for he knows I won't uphold no kind of light talking about serious things.

"She said she knew she was religous, because she felt she loved the bretheren." Then they both laughed in a idiotic manner. But I said, in a tone of cool dignity, as I passed him his 3d cup of coffee, "She meant it in a scriptural sense, no doubt."

"I guess you'd think she meant it in a earthly sense, if you had seen her hang on to old Slimpsey last night: she'l marry that old man yet, if he don't look out."

"Oh, shaw!" says I, coolly, "shes payin' attention to the editor of the Gimlet."

"She'l never get him," says he. "She means to be on the safe side, and get one or the other of 'em: how steady she has been to meetin' sence Deacon Slimpsey moved into the place."

"You shall not make light of her religeen, Thomas Jefferson," says I, in a severe voice.

"I won't, mother, I should'nt feel right, too, for it is light enough now, it don't all consist in talkin' in meetin', mother, I don't believe in folk'ses usin' up all their religeen Sunday nights, and then goin' without any all the rest of the week, it looks as shiftless in 'em as a three year old hat on a female."

Says I, in a tone of deep rebuke, "Instead of tendin' other folk'ses motes, Thomas Jefferson, you had better take care of your own beams, you'l have plenty work enough to last you one spell."

"And if you are through with your breakfast," says his father, "you had better go and give the cows something to eat."

"Cant they come here, father?" says he, leanin' kinder lazy over the table.

Says I, "That is pretty talk to your father, Thomas J. How do you suppose your days will be long in the land, if you don't honor your father and mother?"

"I do honor you mother, I never see such long wet tedious days, as they have been ever sence I have been home from school, and I lay it to honorin' you and father so."

Says I, "I won't hear another light word this mornin' Thomas Jefferson—not one." he read earnestness in my tone; and he rose with alackrity and went to the barn, and his father soon drew on his boots, and followed him, and with a pensive brow I turned out my dish-water, I hadn't got my dishes more than half done, when with no warnin' of no kind, the door burst open, and in tottered Deacon Slimpsey, pale as a piece of white cotton shirt. I wildly wrung out my dish-cloth, and offered him a chair, sayin', in a agitated tone, "What is the matter, Deacon Slimpsey?"

"Am I pursued?" says he, in a voice of low frenzy, as he sank into a wooden-bottomed chair. I cast one or two eagle glances out of the window, both ways, and replied in a voice of choked-down emotion,

"There haint nobody in sight. Has your life been attacted by burglers and incendiarys? Speak, Deacon Slimpsey, speak!"

He struggled nobly for calmness, but in vain. And then he put his hand wildly to his brow and murmured, in low and hollow accents,

"Betsey Bobbet!"

I see he was overcome by as many as seven different emotions of different anguishes, and I give him pretty near a minute to recover himself; and then, says I, as I sadly resumed my dish-cloth, "What of her, Deacon Slimpsey?"

"She'l be the death on me," says he; "and that haint the worst on it, My soul is jeopardied on account of her. Oh!" says he, groanin' in an anguish, "Can you believe it, Miss Allen, that I, a deacon in a autherdox church, could be tempted to swear? Behold that wretch! I confess it, as I came through your gate, just now, I said to myself, 'By Jupiter, I can't stand it so much longer;' and only last night I wished I was a ghost; for I thought if I was a apperition, I could have escaped from her view. Oh!" says he, groanin' agin, "I have got so low as to wish I was a ghost!" He paused, and in a deep and brooding silence I finished my dishes, and hung up my dish-pan. "She was rushing out of Deacon Gowley's, as I came by, just now, to talk

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to me, She don't give me no peace—last night she would walk tight to my side, all the way home, and she looked hungry at the gate as I went through, and fastened it on the inside," agin he paused overcome by his emotiens, and I looked pityin'ly on him. He was a small bonded man of about seventy summers and winters, age who had ploughed the wrinkles into his face, had turned the furrows deep. The cruel fingers of time, or some other female had plucked nearly every hair from his head, and the ruthless hand of fate had also seen fit to deprive him of his eye-winkers, not one solitary winker bein' left for a shade tree (as it were) to protect the pale pupils below, and they bein' a light watery blue, and the lids bein' inflamed, they looked sad indeed. Owing to afflictive providences, he was dressed up more than men generally be, for his neck bein' badly swelled, he wore a string of yellow amber beads, and in behalf of his sore eyes he wore ear-rings. But truly outside splender and glitter wont satisfy the mind, or bring happiness; I looked upon his mournful face, and my heart melted inside of me, almost as soft as it could, almost as soft as butter in the month of August, and I said to him in a soothin' and encouragin' tone

"Mebby she'l marry the Editor of the Gimlet, She is payin' attention to him."

"No she wont" says he in a solemn and affectin' tone that brought tears to my eyes, as I set peelin' my onions fer dinner. "No she wont, I shall be the one, I feel it, I was always the victim, I was always down-trodden, When I was a baby, my mother had two twins both of em a little older than me, and they almost tore me to pieces before I got into trowses. Mebby it would have been better for me if they had," said he in a musin' and mournful tone—and then heavin' a deep sigh he resumed. "When I went to school and we played leap-frog, if there was a frog to be squshed down under all the rest, I was that frog; it has always been so, if ever there was a victim wanted, I was the victim, and Betsey Bobbet will get round me yet, you see if she dont, women are awful perseverin' in such things."

"Cheer up, Deacon Slimpsey, you haint obleeged to marry her—it is a free country, folks haint obleeged to marry unless they are a mind to, it don't take a brass band to make that legal." I quoted these words in a light and joyous tone, hopin' to rouse him from his despondancy—but in vain, for he only repeated in a gloomy tone,

"She'll get round me yet Miss Allen, I feel it," and as the shade deepened on his eye brow he said "Have you seen her verses in the last week's Gimlet?"

"No," says I "I haint."

In a silent and hopeless way he took the paper out of his pocket, and handed it to me, and I read as follows.

A Song

Composed not for the strong minded females, who madly and indecently insist on rights, but for the retiring and delicate minded of the sect who modestly murmur "we wont have no rights—we scorn 'em;" will some modest and bashful sister set it to music, that we may timidly, but loudly warble it, and oblige hers till death in this glorious cause.

Betsey Bobbet.

Not for strong minded wimmin
Do I now tune my liar;
Oh not for them would I kindle up the sacred fire;
Oh modest bashful female
For you I tune my lay;
Although strong minded wimmins sneer,
Well conquer in the fray.
Chorus—Press onward, do not fear sisters
Press onward do not fear
Remember womens spear sisters,
Remember womens spear.

Twould cause some fun if poor Miss Wade,
Should say of her boy Harry,
"I shall not give him any trade,
But bring him up to marry;"
Twould cause some fun of course dear maids,
If Mrs Wade'sos Harry,
Should lose his end and aim in life,
And find no chance to marry.
Chorus—Press onward do not fear sisters. etc.

Yes wedlock is our only hope,
All o'er this mighty nation;
Men are brought up to other trades,
But this is our vocation.
Oh not for sense or love ask we,
We ask not to be courted;
Our watch-word is to married be,
That we may be supported.
Chorus—Press onward do not fear sisters, etc.

Say not you'r strong, and love to work,
Are healthier than your brother,
Who for a black smith is designed,
Such feelings you must smother;
Your restless hands fold up, or gripe
Your waist unto a span,
And spend your strength in looking out
To hail the coming man.
Chorus—Press onward do not fear sisters, etc.

Oh do not be discouraged, when
You find your hopes brought down;
And find sad and unwilling men,
Heed not their gloomy frown;
Heed not their wild despaier
We will not give no quarter;
In battle all is fair
Well win, for we had orter.
Chorus—Press onward do not fear sisters,
Press onward do not fear,
Remember womens spear sisters
Remember womens spear

"Wall" says I in a encouragin' tone as I handed him the paper agin—"that haint much different from the piece she had in the Gimlet a spell ago, that was about womens spear."

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"It is that spear that is goin' to destroy me," says he mournfully.

"Dont give up so Deacon Slimpsey, I hate to see you lookin' so gloomy and deprested."

"It is the awful determination these lines breathe forth that appauls me," says he "I have seen it in another, Betsey Bobbet reminds me dreadfully of another. And I dont want to marry agin, Miss Allen, I dont want to," says he lookin' me pitifully in the face, "I didnt want to marry the first time, I wanted to be a bachelder, I think they have the easiest time of it, by half. Now there is a friend of mine that never was married, he is jest my age, or that is, he is only half an hour younger, and that haint enough difference to make any account of, is it Miss Allen?" says he in a pensive and enquirin' tone.

"No," says I in a resonable accent, "No Deacon Slimpsey, it haint."

"Wall that man has always been a bachelder, and you ought to see what a head of hair he has got, sound at the roots now, not a lock missing. I wanted to be one, and meant to be, but jest as I got my plans all laid, she, my late wife, come and kept house for me, and married me, I lived with her for twenty 5 years, and when she left me," he murmured with a contented look, "I was reconciled to it, I was reconciled before it took place. I dont want to say anything against nobody that haint here, but I lost some hair by my late wife," says he putting his hand to his bald head in a abstracted way. "I lost a good deal of hair by her, and I haint much left as you can see," says he in a melancholy tone "I dont want to get married agin, I did want to save a lock or two, for my children to keep as a relict of me" And again he paused overcome by his feelin's. I knew not what to say to comfort him, and I poured onto him a few comfortin' adjectives, sich as,

"Mebby you are borrowin' trouble without a cause, Deacon: With life there is hope Deacon Slimpsey: It is always the darkest before daylight." But in vain. He only sighed mournfully.

"She'l get round me yet Miss Allan—mark my words, and when the time comes you will think of what I told you." His face was most black with gloomy aprehensions, as he repeated again—"You see if she dont get round me," and a tear began to flow: I turned away with instinctive delicacy, and set my pan of onions in the sink, but when I glanced at him agin it was still flowing, and I said to him in a tone of two-thirds pity and one comfort. "Chirk up, Deacon Slimpsey, be a man."

"That is the trouble" says he "if I wasnt a man she would give me some peace" and he wept into his red silk handkerchief (with a yellow border) bitterly.

SHADOWS.

BY VIVIEN VERNON.

The wild winds sob, and beat, and blow;
And these are the fancies that come and go,

I see a child, with laughing eye,
Chasing the shadows that swiftly fly
Over the meadow, so green and fair,
And her silver laugh floats on the air.
Oh, that the shadows might ever pass
Swiftly as these on the meadow-grass!
The golden sunbeams flash and gleam
On the rippling waves of a quiet stream:
The water is calm, and still, and deep,
And its fragrant lilies are half asleep.
Weary of chasing the shadows so long,
Tired of hearing the oriole's song,
She watches the sky in the waves below,
And the fleecy clouds that come and go.
She thinks how sweet 'twould be to dream
Among the lilies of pearly gleam.
This thought shall come one day again—
Shall come with a sorrowful touch of pain;
She'll think of the lilies and meadow green,
And the sorrowful years that lie between.

I see a maiden, with tender eye,
Weep as the shadows go slowly by;
Quenching the beautiful dream of her youth,
That wonderful dream of Love and Truth.
I know, as each happy hope goes out—
Leaving but sorrow, and grief, and doubt,
She thinks of the child, so long ago,
Chasing the shadows to and fro;
Thinks of the meadow, so green and fair,
Of the sunlit stream still flowing there:
Thinks how restfully one could sleep,
Down in the water so cool and deep.

I see a meadow, green and fair:
A subtle stillness is on the air.
The stream is singing a tender song
Of a heart at rest from grief and wrong.
It knows of a snow-white face that lies
Under the lilies upturned to the skies.

And these are the fancies that come and go,
While the wild winds sob, and beat, and blow.

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AUNT JANET'S WILL.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

"So you promise me, Donald M'Kenzie? You give me your word, sir?"

My uncle spoke hotly, and went out of the room, just as I, unconscious of what was going on, entered it.

I knew, at once, what the quarrel was about. The year before, Donald, my uncle's only son, returning from a German University, had met, on board the steamer, Alison Campbell. Alison was a tiny, pink-lipped sprite, with great blue eyes and blonde hair. She and Donald were thrown much together, and the natural result followed—they fell deeply in love with each other, before the voyage was over.

Unfortunately, Alison was the sister of a man with whom my uncle, a stern old Scot, had had a feud, before either of them emigrated to this country. The quarrel slumbered, but was not forgotten. For nearly a year, the attachment of Donald to Alison remained a secret to his father; but when the discovery was made, the wrath of my uncle was terrible. A stormy interview between parent and son was the result, in which my uncle, insisting on obedience, had terminated the conversation by the words with which I begin my story.

Overwhelmed by his father's reproaches, Donald had not, at the moment, had the self-possession to reply promptly and decisively, as he ought to have done. He saw his error, however, immediately.

"Jeanie," he cried, in dismay, turning to me, "I have been understood by my father to promise to give up all thought of Alison Campbell for a year—this year I am still to be at college—not to see her, not to write, when—— Oh, Jeanie! I cannot, must not tell you until I have seen her!"

He wrung my hands between his own, and was gone before I could stop him. At the same moment I heard aunt Janet calling to me from the morning-room to come and drive her out, as I had promised.

Dear aunt Janet! She was looking unutterable things as she stood by and hastened my dressing; and as soon as we were seated in the pony-carriage, she began.

"The Campbells, indeed!" cried she, with an unmistakable Scotch asperity. "And the worst of the lot ever heard of; with decent men wishing no business with him—the gambler and sot; and his wife—— To have the whole town thinking we're to mate with yon trash! Your uncle will have just taken my word and way, for it's as I advised him only last night; and now we'll see who's to win, Roderick Campbell or Janet M'Kenzie!" And she cried, "Heck!" as a war-horse is supposed to snort at scent of battle.

"Where am I to drive you, aunt Janet!" I interposed, mildly, as I exercised all my skill in keeping the pony from taking umbrage at her loud voice.

"Ye'll drive to the Campbells at Bonnybrae," returned she.

"But, surely, you ought to leave Donald to settle his own affairs—he talked with uncle this morning," I said, timidly.

"Will ye be good enough," she said, "to hold your peace, Miss Jeanie, while the elders of your family take care of its interests?"

I drove on in silence till we reached the gate of Bonnybrae, where the Campbells lived.

Here aunt Janet asked for Mr. Campbell, and not finding him within, for Miss Alison. We were shown into a pretty morning-room, all chintz, muslin, and flowers, bearing unmistakable traces of feminine taste and refinement. I had seen Alison Campbell often at church, and in the street, and had a general impression of her tiny figure and blonde tresses in my mind; but I had thought of nothing half so lovely as the little creature who came in blushing, but self-possessed, to greet us, in some simple white attire, that just suited her style.

She seemed surprised, yet glad, and somewhat expectant, and after a few pretty words of greeting, waited for my aunt to make known the object of her visit, while she drew her chair nearer mine, perhaps feeling a certain confidence from our similarity of age.

"Alison Campbell," said my aunt, suddenly, in her hardest voice, "I've just come to tell you and yours that you must give us back our Donald—the poor lad ye've won away among ye from his lone father and his home."

Alison sat perfectly motionless, as if my aunt's outburst had turned her to stone.

"Yes, indeed," pursued aunt Janet, "the poor lad ye have won from the duty and love

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he owes his forbears—to fly in the face of all his kin."

Alison had not moved; her eyes were fixed on my aunt with an expression only of wonder and horror.

"I've come to tell you that you must give him up," aunt Janet went on, "for he's come to his sane sense, and given you up. Heck! Alison Campbell, there are many lads to be had for the askin'—can ye no leave his father his own bairn?" cried she, getting more and more Scotch as she grew warm in her cause.

Miss Campbell had grown paler and paler, and I made ready to hold her fainting in my arms; but, no! a spot of vivid scarlet gathered on her cheeks, a bright flame glowed broad and full in the eyes she fastened on aunt Janet, as she rose slowly from her chair, and stood leaning her hand upon it.

"Miss M'Kenzie," she said, and I could see her hold firmly with her two hands by the back of her seat, "did you say that Donald M'Kenzie had given me up?"

"Indeed has he, my woman," cried aunt Janet, much more at home, now she fancied there was a show of a battle. "He's given his father his word not to see you for a year; and, my certie, he'll keep good what he's promised. We're M'Kenzies, ye ken! and ye'll just say to young Campbell, that all his managing 'll not make the lad give over his promise once passed."

Alison's head drooped. She seemed quite lost and dazed. She sat patiently down, as if not able to take in the words, repeating under her breath,

"For a year! Not see me for a year!" I took her hand in mine, but she did not notice, only looked blankly down, and repeated, "For a year!"

"Ay, and longer, my lass," cried aunt Janet. "Ye've just said good-by for once and all—and so I tell ye. I'm Janet M'Kenzie, ye ken. It's hard on ye that all your plans should be o'erset; but I'll make it good to you at the last, if ye will leave my Donald his lane."

Alison did not move or look up.

"Don't you think of his coming, my maid, after the year is gone—trust an old woman, ye'd better take my offer."

She got up and laid a package on the table near Alison.

"There's a thousand pounds, now; and ye'll have all I'm worth at my death, if you and the Campbells will leave the lad to his lonely old father."

Alison did not answer—did not stir. Aunt Janet's passion was cooled somewhat by the sight of that stony young face, out of which youth seemed stricken at a blow. She made a sign to me, and walked toward the door. Alison did not appear to notice us. I could do nothing but follow my aunt, filled as I was with shame and trouble at the scene; and Alison let us go in silence.

Once seated in the pony-carriage, my indignation began to find vent; but aunt Janet cut me off shortly enough. Everything had been arranged between Donald and his father, she averred. Donald had given his promise. Aunt Janet, in making the young lady heiress to fifteen thousand pounds, had offered ample reparation for her vanished hopes.

We did not see Donald when we returned home, and I got away from aunt Janet and her triumphs to have my little hour of despondency in my own room. But, at four o'clock, there was a violent clangor of bells, which brought both aunt Janet and me in hot haste to the lower hall. We saw uncle M'Kenzie lifted from his carriage, white and rigid, and heard poor Donald, in an agony of grief and terror, crying out that he had killed his father.

The physicians, who were summoned, declared that there had been a stroke of paralysis, induced by some sudden mental shock; there was still hope for his life, but the chance was dependent on absolute quiet and unremitting care.

They thought he was only partially conscious, but we noticed that his breathing was more quiet, and his eyes less troubled, when Donald was close beside him, than even with aunt Janet or myself.

There followed three days of almost breathless watching, before even a faint gleam of hope could be indulged in. I think it must have been a full week before we thought of asking Donald about the cause of the attack. Indeed, we had scarcely found an opportunity, for the poor lad had not been in bed since, and we had all watched, and prayed, and thought of nothing beyond our one great care. The first sleep our patient got, the first long, quiet sleep, found us wearied, but thankful, around aunt Janet's tea-table, just within the drawing-room windows, sitting in the dying September sunlight, and trying, I think, to resume our sane thoughts. Donald's face looked as if he could never rest again—it was the face of a person constantly expecting something—I don't know of any other way to express what I mean. More than once he seemed about to rise and go away, and I am sure he listened always.

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Aunt Janet left us alone for a moment, and Don began saying something of a favor which I could do him; but he was interrupted by a summons to his father's bed-side, and I could only fancy the favor was a matter which concerned Alison Campbell.

By this time my uncle began to recognize us, and then he would scarcely allow Donald out of his sight for an instant, and insisted on his sleeping in the dressing-room within the chamber where he himself lay.

Two weeks after uncle's attack, I ordered my ponies, and drove into the town, determined to find out something which should make Donald's face look less sad. I crossed the river, and Bonnybrae lay lovely in the sunshine as I approoched it. I asked for Miss Alison of the gardener who opened the gate to my ponies.

"Miss Alison, is it, Miss Jeanie Douglas?" returned the old man, with an astonished look. "Have ye no heard, and the puir lassie at death's-door? But the mistress' within, and 'll tell it ye best."

He rang the bell, and in compliance with my request, Mrs. Campbell came out to speak with me. She told me that Alison had been very ill, and was only just recovered enough to be sent away from home; she had insisted on going the moment she was able, and only the day before had started. Then Mrs. Campbell suddenly remembered that Alison had left a letter for Miss Janet M'Kenzie, and sent up to her room for it, with many apologies for her own forgetfulness.

"I meant to have sent it this morning," she said; "but, to tell the truth, I only got up a little while ago, having been broken of my rest a good deal lately."

She told me that Alison was gone to friends in a neighboring State. Her aunt had accompanied her. I found I was not likely to gain much information from her drawling gossip, so I made my adieus, and drove away home in a maze of curiosity and distress, to give aunt Janet her letter. Sometime passed before I had an opportunity, but at length she left the invalid with Donald, and I followed her to her room.

My aunt took the note in silence, and after reading it, handed it, without a word, to me. This was what it contained:

"Miss Janet M'Kenzie—You have told me of your nephew's promise to his father—not to see me at least for a year—considered by you tantamount to an eternal separation. Neither from you or from his father do I learn that he has made any explanation of his or my conduct, nor defence against the aspersions which his action must cast upon me. You are quite right in saying it is best that we should part. I have been entirely mistaken in the character and principles of Mr. Donald M'Kenzie, and, in my turn, I make you a promise—that I will not see him for a year, and will never again, of my own free purpose, set eyes on his face.

"I have accepted the loan of the money you left on the day of your visit, because, only in doing so, can I further your wishes, as my brother would give me neither consent or aid toward the end I have in view. This must not reach Mr. Donald M'Kenzie's father, as I am bound by a promise not to explain anything to him. When you hear from me again, your nephew will be entirely free from any thought of

"Alison Campbell."

Aunt Janet sat very still, staring at the letter I held, and I stared from it to her and back, utterly bewildered by this stern emanation from the creature I had considered little more than a pretty child. At last I said,

"Aunt Janet, what do you mean to do?"

"What should I do, child?" returned she, trying to appear at her ease. "What should I do but let it pass? The lassie's right, and brave, too; and so all trouble is saved us."

"But, auntie," I urged, "do you know that she is ill, and has been near dying before she could make up her mind to this? You're too hard upon her; you're cruel, just because of your pride for uncle and Donald! I'll never believe that brave little thing has been wrong; ill-judged, maybe, and worse advised, with her brother at her shoulder; but she is true at heart. I'd stake my life on that."

"Let be, child," said aunt Janet. "All's well enough if the lassie keeps her word. You'd not have your uncle fashed, and him just up from the gates of death, ye may say."

"But, aunt Janet——"

"'Deed, then, ye're a wearisome handful, with your buts! Let be, I say, Jeanie; ye're too young to meddle. Donald will just care after his father, and the whole 'll blow over. Lassies don't die of heartache," said my aunt, with a sort of sigh, as if she knew about it.

The days went on, and I felt certain from Don's face, that he had learned of Alison's illness and departure; but my uncle would scarcely allow him to be five minutes absent from the sick-room, and would take food from no hands but his.

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A month passed on. Don fell into an odd, passive state; he scarcely spoke outside of his father's room, and was getting to look nearly as worn and wasted as my uncle himself.

My heart ached for him, and all the selfish love was nearly gone from it, when I thought of the greater pain those two must be suffering—this gentle-looking, but firm Alison, and my darling Don.

Two months were almost gone, since uncle's illness, and he was at last so far recovered as to find strength in the bracing November air and sunshine. One day, as he was sitting on the piazza, where he had been wheeled, and aunt Janet by his side, Donald sauntered toward the grove, at the side of the house, and my uncle motioned me to follow him—he seemed utterly wretched if some one of us were not constantly with my cousin. So I hurried away, and overtook Don in one of the broad paths, walking with his head down, so listless or preoccupied, that he hardly noticed when I laid my hand on his arm.

"Don, dear, tell me what is wearing on you so," I said, abruptly. "Do tell me. I'm not too proud to beg again for your confidence."

"There's nothing, Jeanie—nothing that you could do to help me," he answered.

"But tell me; do tell me, Don! It's better than keeping it shut up in your heart, and brooding over it. You love Alison Campbell. I know that much. Don't be vexed, Don, don't!"

"I'm not vexed, Jeanie. I do love her, and see, she will not see me, hear me, nor receive letter or message from me. I have done wrong. I was a coward where my father's peace was concerned. I was silent. I waited, hoping for better times. I should have been more manly, for her sake."

I shuddered to think how much aunt Janet's visit had to do with this wretchedness; but, of course, I did not betray her. Poor Don, he was only a boy, after all; not quite twenty yet; and I will say for him, he was brave enough, in all conscience—it was only where his father was concerned that he ever hesitated in what he knew was right, be the consequences what they might.

I attempted to speak a few comforting words, but they sounded poor and trivial enough, though Don tried to smile at me, to show that he did not reject my sympathy, lamely as it was expressed.

"But nothing is of any use now," he said, after a little; "I could do nothing that would make matters better. It would be useless to torment my father, by striking another blow at him, when Alison refuses to see me, to read my letters——"

He broke off abruptly. Presently he added, in an odd, choked voice, "There's nothing but to do this duty which is at hand, and wait. Maybe, sometime, Alison will relent."

He hurried down the winding path, making me a sign not to follow. I felt that I could in no way soothe or give him comfort. It was only an added pain for me to probe his grief and force him into speech, by expressions of sympathy, however heartfelt.

The days went on, and almost three months of careful nursing had made uncle quite comfortable, and the subject of Don's return to his university, and uncle's going across sea, to be near him, seemed the only subject about which there was much conversation among us.

Uncle began, at last, to be troubled about Don's pale face, and it was finally decided that we should all travel for awhile.

Of late, the invalid had fancied having me a great deal with him, and we usually avoided the subject of Don's failing health. I could see that it preyed upon my uncle's mind, and I often wondered if he knew the reason.

One day, after we had been sitting a long time silent, he turned to me suddenly, and asked,

"Jeanie, where is the Campbell girl?"

"Oh! she has been dreadfully ill since you were," I answered, "and has gone away from home; but I don't know where."

I made no further reply, and again we sat in silence; but I could see that my uncle was watching me closely.

At last he said, testily,

"Why don't you go on, Jeanie, and tell me you think me a hard old man, caring more for gratifying my own will than I do for my son's happiness?"

I knew by the very tone of his voice how sorely he suffered to think that Don believed so.

"Dear uncle," I said, "how could I say you are hard, when you have always been so good to your lonely, little Jeanie——"

"Whom I wished to have for my daughter," he interposed.

I hid my face awhile from sight on his bosom, but when I had cried a little, very gently, I remembered how selfish it would be, if I did not think of Donald, and use uncle's tender mood to aid him.

"Uncle," I whispered in his ear, "if I could make you believe how good and true, I am certain Alison Campbell is, wouldn't you,

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couldn't you give me a hope that you would listen to Donald's wishes?"

"Oh, Jeanie, my maid!" returned he, "you're talking against your own happiness. Nay, never sob; your old uncle will care for you, and knows what's best for you and Donald."

So, as soon as I might, I got rid of my tears, and shame of my own folly gave me courage to talk.

"Donald does'nt love me, uncle, and he does love Alison; why, she's like a blush-rose, and I'm only brown and plain. And, uncle, I don't care for Don as you think. Maybe I was near to it, being a silly thing; but it's all over long ago, and I'm just to-day with you, and will be your daughter in love, instead of law—and I doubt that's better."

I said ever so much more. Indeed, I never managed to talk so fast in my life; and I made uncle smile a little, and then almost cry, when I told him I was sure Alison was like her mother, and not greedy and sharp after silver, like the Campbells.

The next day, at luncheon-time, the post came in; a large package fell to Donald's share, and I saw my uncle, from his sofa, eyeing it curiously.

Don's pale face grew fairly ghastly, as he broke the seals, and began to read one of the papers that fell from the envelope. He made a move to go out of the room, but claiming my help by a sign, uncle managed to get off his sofa, and before Don knew it, his father's hand was on his shoulder.

"Can't my boy trust his loving old father?" he asked, softly.

Donald turned, looking in uncle's face, with such woeful eyes, that the old man sat abruptly down in the nearest chair. Another moment, Don was hanging over him, half-kneeling by him, and the package of papers was in uncle's hand.

I sat trembling, but literally unable to get up and go away, and aunt Janet never uttered a word, from her seat by the window, while uncle read.

"Oh, Donald! Donald!" I heard him say; then in a steadier voice, "Is it true that you were this poor girl's husband?"

"Let me tell you everything," Don said. And this was the poor, little story, which, if not very romantic, could hold a heartbreak.

Soon after Don's return home, he had gone with one of the large parties that often charter a steamer for Lake Superior. Alison Campbell and her mother were among the number. One evening, they had charades and tableaux. In one of the former, a marriage ceremony was said between Alison and Donald. The next day, before he left the boat, the stranger, who played the part of priest, told Don that he was a justice of the peace, and the marriage would be valid, if both parties consented.

Mr. Campbell was worrying Alison to accept some friend of his own, whom he wished for a business partner, and the poor girl was so worried and tortured that, to save her, Donald wrote to this magistrate, and they confounded Campbell with the news that Alison was already a wife,

"Oh, Donald! Donald!" groaned my uncle. "If ye'd only spoken—if ye'd just told me the truth! How came ye, boy, to make me that promise not to see her?"

I could not help breaking into the conversation, and I said, quickly.

"Don't you remember, uncle, you never gave Donald time to speak—you took his promise for granted, and hurried away just as I was coming into the room. There's been no chance since; you were ill that very day."

"What's the lassie's letter?" called out aunt Janet, from the window. "Will she no give up our Donald, and her keeping my thousand pounds that I paid for him?"

Donald sprang to his feet with a bound. I laid my hand on his arm. After a little struggle with himself, he handed aunt Janet one of the letters, and turned away. Aunt Janet put on her spectacles, which gave her a ludicrous resemblance to a white owl, unfolded the letter, and spelled it through in an audible tone.

"I send Mr. Donald M'Kenzie a legal divorce, which will make him as free as his father or aunt could wish. I send him, too, a score of his notes, presents which are of no value whatever to me. To obtain this freedom for him and myself, I have used Miss M'Kenzie's money, which I shall not be able to repay until the end of two years, when I attain my majority. I return the will which she left as a proof of her future intentions. I do not sell my heart to the M'Kenzies—a gift so valuable as the freedom and honor of Mr. Donald, I am happy to make to them, without money, and without price.

"ALISON CAMPBELL."

"The lassie keeps her promise," said aunt Janet. "Hech! But she's a proud one. I'd not have thought a Campbell of them all——"

She was interrupted, impatiently, by my uncle, who desired an explicit account of the visit we had made her. Then he told us his

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story, while Donald sat listening. Mr. Campbell had been the cause of my uncle's illness, for he came in his wrath with a story, that, from his haste, sounded so much worse than the truth, that it became the one more drop in my uncle's cup than he could bear, and brought on the paralytic shock with which he had been threatened for months.

It was hard for my uncle to believe in the integrity of any of the Campbell tribe. I doubt if anything but Alison's determination to free Donald could have thoroughly convinced him of her truth and uprightness.

The whole mystery was clear now, and my uncle begged Donald to go at once and make his peace; but Donald knew her too well to hope even that he would be admitted to her presence. Aunt Janet, at last, volunteered to start in search of Donald's maiden wife, and I went to Mrs. Campbell to obtain her address.

The end of the matter was, that we all started with aunt Janet, even to my uncle, who was, apparently, the most eager of the party.

It was at a small town, in Indiana, where our journey ended. Alison had never sufficiently recovered her strength to return, Mrs. Campbell told my aunt.

Aunt Janet and I waited at the hotel, while my uncle and Donald went to the house where the poor girl was staying. I can only tell you of the meeting, as uncle described it to me after.

Alison came bravely into the room, at the message my uncle sent up in his own name—came in, and at sight of Donald, all her courage and pride gave way; but before she could move or speak, uncle had her hands in his, and was saying,

"She'll be too brave a lass not to forgive an old man, who begs for love and pardon."

Then he made the case plain to her, in his own straight-forward way, and she was able to see how Donald's silence had been forced upon him, and that, if she had read one of the letters he had written her from his father's bedside, she might have understood before that he was neither false or a coward.

"But it's not you I'm blaming," said my uncle; "it's myself and the boy. Ye'll forgive me, doubtless, for the sake of my gray hairs; but I'd not ask the same leniency for the lad there, ye may make sure."

And, somehow, they all laughed and cried at once; and so it was easier to get down from tragedy to ordinary ways; and finally, aunt Janet and I appeared on the scene, and carried uncle off.

When, a few days after, we all started back home together, it had been settled by Alison's firm, little will, that Donald's year at the foreign university was to be fulfilled, thereby keeping all promises, as she said, archly. At the end of the time the real marriage was to take place.

I need not tell you that aunt Janet's remarkable testament was never altered in substance, and that long before Donald's year of probation ended, my uncle was nearly as ardent a lover of the pretty maid as his son.

LOVE NOT THE PAST ALONE.

BY W. BRUNTON

We sing the praise of olden days,
When castle walls were strong;
When men in arms despised alarms,
And lived in love and song.
Then heroes brave, defied the grave,
To guard the helpless fair;
And win from fame, the gentle name,
High lords and ladies share!
I envy not their good old lot,
Their maids of royal line;
But turn and praise the present days,
And one I count as mine!

When Knight and Squire, dared flood and fire,
'Twas worthy minstrel's lay,
And meet the gaze, they sweetly praise,
Of beauty bright and gay.
Yet see not there alone the fair,
True martial strength and need,
Our times divide, with them the pride,
Of princely word and deed!
I envy not their far-famed lot,
These maids of high degree;
But turn and praise the present days,
And one so true to me!

We still may tread where warriors bled,
And share their hate of wrong;
Cross flood and field, till foemen yield,
And peace resounds in song.
For us sweet eyes, in fond surprise,
Shall smile to aid the right,
And hearts of love their valor prove,
Unchanged in faith and might.
I envy not brave knighthood's lot,
Its beauty fair and free:
But turn and praise the present days,
And one that's dear to me!

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THE REIGNING BELLE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 451.—VOL. LIX.

CHAPTER XII.

"YES, mother, it is the truth; I have seen the young lady more than once."

"I know it, Ivan. You have been seen walking by her side in the street."

Mrs. Lambert spoke calmly, but with a cold intonation of the voice that her step-son understood as something far more expressive than an outburst of anger; but his answer was as quiet as her question had been.

"Once or twice I found myself on the same side-walk with the young lady, to whom I have been properly introduced."

"Properly introduced! How can that be? There is no proper introduction between a shop-girl and a young gentleman of position and fortune," replied the lady, with an angry flush on her cheeks.

"Position, if you please; but as for the fortune, that depends—— I claim nothing on expectations. It would be arrogance if I did."

"This is a sudden fit of humility, Ivan."

"No, madam, it is not sudden; the thought has been in my mind a long time. No man has a right to discount on the future, or waste his energies because there is no immediate need that they should be put forth. Say that I am young, well educated, and have just property enough, from my father, for individual independence, and you will have defined my position exactly. Is it so very much better than that of the young lady we are speaking of?"

"The young lady, as you call her, is a shop-girl," answered Mrs. Lambert, with unsuppressed scorn.

"And in that my superior. She earns her own independence, and aids those more helpless than herself, while I—— Well, it is useless to say what my life has been, when the greatest energies I have been called upon to put forth, is exerted in collecting your rents, and depositing your money."

"But you are my son—not one person in ten remembers that you are not actually so. Some day, if you do nothing to prevent it, the bulk of my property will be yours. I shall not forget your sister, of course; but all the real estate must descend to a Lambert. It is a proud old name, and needs wealth to sustain it. To your father I gave that wealth. It was a part of his greatness, and lifted him above all the petty economies which have degraded the American ministers abroad. It was my pride that through me his position at the Imperial Court had no such humiliating difficulties."

"And it was his pride, for he told me so a hundred times, that no high-born lady of that proud land ever filled a lofty position with more dignity and grace. Young, beautiful, and rich in acquirements, how could it be otherwise? Ah, madam, he thought less of your wealth than of those other things. Where love is, gold sinks to the bottom."

Mrs. Lambert did not reply at once; a cold shadow crept over the animation of her face, and she answered at last.

"Love is a delirium, which comes in force and power but once in a lifetime—a dangerous insanity; never let it overpower your reason, Ivan. Of all the passions it is most to be dreaded."

"But how is one to guard against it, madam?"

"I cannot advise," answered the lady, "for no human being ever took the counsel, patiently, of another, when this passion was upon him. I can only warn you, my son, that no greater trouble comes on earth than springs out of a low-born union. It is the one mistake which can never be wholly retrieved—class should match with class."

"But what constitutes class in a republic, mother, where society is ever changing? One must merge into the other. Look at the social upheaving which the war has brought about, where the very lowest strata of society has been forced to the surface, and claims rank with the best."

"I know, I know!" cried the lady, impatiently. "Poverty itself is better than that!"

"It seems to me that honorable birth, talent, and pure morals, should form the aristocracy

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of a great nation—these are personal attributes which cannot be attained by accident or dishonesty, as money is often acquired."

Mrs. Lambert made an impatient movement with her hand.

"It is useless arguing, Ivan. Class must be distinguished as we find it. The Lamberts have no need to doubt their position in any country. Be careful not to imperil it by too open attentions to the girl I have been speaking of."

"But, mother, she is refined and beautiful."

"So much the more dangerous."

"Thoroughly educated, accomplished, even."

"Perhaps! How am I to know?"

"You have seen her, heard her speak."

"Yes, I have seen that she is dangerously beautiful; heard her speak with shrinking, that seemed almost repulsive. Ivan! Ivan! let me never hear of her again!"

"How can you be so prejudiced, mother, knowing so little of the poor girl?"

"How much can you know, Ivan?"

"Everything. I have taken pains to inquire."

"Knowing that she was a shop-girl, what more did you wish to learn?"

"All that could be told."

"Well, what *did* you learn?"

The lady spoke breathlessly, as if the subject pained her, and she was impatient to end it.

"I learned who her parents were."

"Well?"

"Her father was a policeman."

"A policeman! Well, what more?"

"Who is dead. This girl is helping to support his widow and two other children, one a confirmed invalid. They are very poor."

"Then leave them in their poverty, I charge you."

Mrs. Lambert spoke with unusual warmth. The subject had disturbed her greatly. Something more deep and subtle than her indomitable pride had been touched, of which she was even herself unconscious.

That moment a card was brought into the dainty boudoir in which this conversation had been held, which was followed so quickly by Miss Lucy Spicer, that there was no possibility of refusing her admission, even if the occupants of the room had desired it. But her presence was welcome to the lady, for she arose promptly to receive her guest, glad to escape a subject which was hateful to her.

"Looking younger and more lovely than ever!" exclaimed Miss Spicer, after kissing the lady with enthusiasm. "I wonder if it will be possible for me to grow handsomer as I grow older? Of course not. It's only one or two women in a generation that can do that. Now this is a treat, Mr. Lambert; one never expects to find you at home; but here, with mamma, in this bijou of a room, is a surprise. Come, now, let us make up before the maternal ancestor. It wasn't my fault. I couldn't, for the life of me, help seeing you, and that abominably handsome shop-girl. Why didn't you take a back street?"

"Then it was you. I could not imagine who had done me the honor of reporting my movements," said the young man, bowing low.

"Angry, ha! Don't like people to make a note of his little escapades. Well, it isn't quite fair. But when one overleaps all the barriers of society so bravely, of course, he must expect it to be known."

"And, of course, young ladies who have nothing else to do, must be expected to magnify and multiply the news."

Miss Spicer threw up her hands.

"Nothing else to do! Now I like that; as if there ever was seen a creature so hard-working as a young lady in society. Only think of the notes one has to write; putting off disagreable people, and entering on the other set; the shopping; the walks down town just as business breaks up, when crowds of us turn southward as steadily as sunflowers keep with the sun; hunting down dress-makers, tormenting milliners, reading all the Punch novels, little flirtations with one's music-master, learning love phrases with one's Italian teacher. I tell you, Mr. Lambert, one has to crowd life even to get in gossip and scandal enough to spice it respectably. Don't talk to me about having nothing else to do."

"I never will again. The occupations you enumerate are too grand and noble for dispute. Hereafter I shall set down a fashionable young lady as the busiest and most useful creatures on earth."

"Of course we are. Eternally on the go, scarcely time to breathe from morning till night."

"Perhaps that is why so many of them are called, 'fast,'" said Lambert, demurely.

"Oh, you abominable creature!" cried the young lady, shaking her cane-parasol at Lambert. "That's intended for me; but I don't accept it. You are to consider me as among the prudes and conservatives, remember. Did I not come here to rebuke your own fast conduct? Don't expect to get rid of the shop-girl by attacking me."

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"I have no wish to get rid of her in any way, Miss Spicer," said Lambert, gravely. "Nor do I care to make her the subject of this conversation. Mother, have you any commands?"

Mrs. Lambert, who had been quietly listening to this war of words, shook her head.

"Oh! if you are going down the Avenue, I don't mind walking a block or two," said the irrepressible Miss Spicer, pulling down her lace mask, and grasping the coral-mounted handle of her parasol, as if it had, in fact, been a cane. "It will require something of that kind to set you right, after that promenade with the lady we don't care to mention. But, wait one moment, I had forgotten what brought me here. Mrs. Lambert, do give me your advice. I have a card for that Mrs. Carter's party. What shall I do about it?"

Mrs. Lambert looked up quickly, and a flush of unusual color came into her face.

"I—I beg pardon; what did you ask, Miss Spicer?"

"Only if I can venture on accepting. She is so awful shoddy, it will be great fun."

"I have received cards," answered Mrs. Lambert, quietly, "and it is barely possible that I may accept."

Miss Spicer let her parasol drop to the floor, and clapped both hands.

"That is splendid! Then we can all accept. They tell me her house was like a curiosity-shop, when her brother, a great artist, came from abroad, and pitched all the trash she had been collecting into the stable. He's splendid, every one says! Awfully handsome, and so aristocratic. I know half a dozen girls that are dying to go on his account. The wall-flowers are all in a flutter, I can tell you, for he isn't young."

Mrs. Lambert arose hastily, walked across the room, and re-arranged the folds of an amber-satin curtain, that fell over a broad window of the boudoir. In her nervous haste, she loosened the heavy cords that held it, flooding the window with silken drapery, and the room with mellow, golden light.

Miss Spicer laughed, lifted her parasol from the floor, and began gathering up the folds of silk with it, thus throwing Mrs. Lambert's face into full light.

"Why how strange you look!" she said, in her reckless way. "Pale as a ghost! Wanted air, and going to open the window. I'll do it for you."

A gust of fresh air swept through the open sash, and brought some color to Mrs. Lambert's face.

"Are you better, dear madam?" said Ivan, approaching the window with tender anxiety.

"Better! No, indeed! I've not been ill. It was only the shadows thrown from this yellow drapery. Help me draw the cords. No, no! leave the lace down, a softened light is pleasanter. Now, Ivan, I will not detain you or Miss Spicer from your walk."

"That is giving us both a polite dismissal," cried the young lady, laughing. "Well, come along, Mr. Lambert, your maternal ancestor gives permission I won't take your arm, unless you insist. No one will have a right to think us engaged, if I don't, not even the pretty—— What, frowning! Well, I never will say she's pretty again—never! never! never!"

It was some moments before Miss Spicer's voice died away at the front door; and for a long time Mrs. Lambert walked to and fro on that moss-like carpet, treading down its clustering blossoms as if she longed to trample them out of sight forever. The elegant coldness of her manner had vanished entirely; her hands were clenched, her lips moved, uttering nothing but shadowy words, until at last they broke into sound.

"So they will make a lion of him. Even these girls have found out how more than handsome he is; how infinitely above the shallow men they profess to admire. Great heavens! has it come to this? Thirty-seven years of age, and jealous of him now, as I was then! Oh, how I did love him—how I do love him! Can such feelings die? Can the grave bury them? Can a human soul cast them off? And I, I met him with scorn. The madness of that fatal hour seized upon me when he stood before my face, like one from the tomb. How could I look him in the face? Why was it that my pride refused to bow itself, while half my being yearned toward him? What does he think of me? Scorn and loathing! Scorn and loathing! What else can I expect? What else would a sane woman wish? But is this sanity? Will this passion haunt me forever? Even then, is it not better than the barren life I have led all these years?"

The woman, too restless for continued motion, threw herself on a couch, and buried her hot cheek in its amber cushions, as she had done years before, when love for this one man threw her heart into tumults of tenderness or doubt. Had years done nothing for her then? Had time dug no gulf between them? Had silence, like that of the grave, failed to chill her soul into indifference?

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He had asked none of these questions. Would he ever care to have them answered? Was the heart, he had given her, dead? Yes, yes! he had left her to bitter retribution. Had he reproached her, there would have been some chance of defence. Had he entreated, as he did once. But, no; her sin against him had been too great; how could love or fogiveness outlive that?

This woman was not given to weeping, but she cried like a child now. For weeks and weeks she had expected this man to seek her again. In spite of everything, she had a lingering faith in the love which had seemed immortal, and the great nobility which had been capable of infinite forgiveness. But he did not come; and now she heard his name uttered by that flighty girl, suddenly, and with flippant ease, as if it were not a thousand times removed from her, or the women she coupled with it.

While the woman lay thus wounding her soul with bitter memories, her maid came in, saw that she was resting, and left a note upon the table near her couch. She started up, as the door closed, holding her breath. It was from him; she knew that before the address met her eye—knew it by the wild tumult in her bosom, by the joy and pain that thrilled her from head to foot.

How strangely her name looked written in that hand. The seal—ah, yes! she remembered it. Letters upon a tombstone could not have made her so sad. Her fingers were cold as she broke the wax, and, oh! how they trembled as she unfolded the paper underneath.

The note began coldly. It addressed her as Mrs. Lambert—the hateful name that clung around her like a serpent, now. In that name the writer embodied ten thousand reproaches—a world of withering contempt. It was needless, she thought, to utter it in any other form. Still, he made, or implied, a request—that was something; a request, where he might have commanded, and she would not have dared to disobey. It was a little thing. He had just learned that an invitation had been sent to Mrs. Lambert for his sister's party—a thing he had not thought to provide against—and which might seem like an ungenerous effort to place her in a false position. It was, perhaps, best that they two should learn to meet in the world, to which she belonged, and thus spare themselves the pain of such accidental encounters, as circumstances might force upon them; but of that, she must judge, and hold herself free to accept, or refuse, this invitation to his sister's house, as her own wishes might dictate.

The note was cold and formal enough. Ross said nothing of his own wishes, but left her free—a thing which no woman ever yet desired, where the man she loved was concerned. But, chilling as it was, this woman pressed it to her mouth and her heart, with a wild, passionate fervor, never known to her girlhood, or that of any other woman. Over and over again she devoured the words with her eyes, and would, if possible, have plucked them from the paper with her lips. Would she go? Would she meet him again? Yes; if an army had stood between her and him, she would have forced a passage through. So completely had her heart taken up its old passion for the man she had cruelly wronged.

Miss Spicer was not given to much ceremony at the Lambert mansion, and, in an hour after she went down those broad steps with Ivan Lambert, her high-heeled boots pattered up them again; for the young man had lifted his hat politely to her, when they came opposite to a fashionable club-house, and sought refuge there. The young lady stood on the sidewalk long enough to get up a laugh, and clench her parasol, which she shook at him, to the edification and delight of half a dozen young men gathered in the club-house windows. Then she retraced her steps, and, much to her disgust, walked up the Avenue alone, making keen observations as she went. All at once, she started off into a quick walk, and, having obtained admittance at the front door, ran up stairs. Without waiting for an answer to her knock, she darted into the boudoir, and found Mrs. Lambert lying on the couch.

"Do get up, this minute, Mrs. Lambert; they are going by—that girl and the gentleman we were talking of. What an awful flirt she must be—first one man and then another. It's just awful! Oh, how I wish you could see her now!"

Mrs. Lambert started from her couch, and hurried to the window, urged forward by an impulse that swept away her usual slow grace of movement. Miss Spicer was astonished at the impetuosity with which that delicate hand dashed the lace curtains from before the glass.

Quick as lightning, those jealous eyes took in the two figures moving along the opposite sidewalk. Both were tall and of commanding presence. The man's head was slightly bent; the girl's face was uplifted, and she was listening to him, with a smile on her lip. Truly, she was beautiful. The face, too, seemed familiar;

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something she remembered afar off, came back to her, as she looked upon it; something lost and vaguely regretted; but what, or when known, she could not tell—the attempt was like groping through a dream.

"Is that the man Ross you were speaking of?"

Mrs. Lambert's voice was low and forced. The lace which she grasped shook in her hand so violently, that Lucy Spicer must have seen it, if she had not been crouching on the floor, and watching the two people through the lower sash. As it was, she only answered,

"Yes, that's the man! Splendid, isn't he? but old enough to be her father. Oh, I hope she'll catch him, if it's only to spite Ivan! for he treats me shamefully; indeed he does. If I could only give myself time, I'm sure it would break my heart, the way he goes on."

Mrs. Lambert heard nothing of this. She was only conscious of a quick, darting pain, which settled down into leaden heaviness, through which she could hardly breathe. Those two people went slowly out of sight, the lace dropped from her hand and settled down, softly, as snow-flakes fall, under the warm amber of the curtains. In this rich twilight the woman hid her pallor, and the red flush about her eyes, from the curious girl, who still sat watching on the carpet, and went back to her couch, hearing the clatter of that ceaseless tongue as men listen to a far-off wind.

"Mrs. Lambert, now remember, you saw this girl flirting like wild-fire with a man she never saw before half a dozen times in her life; that's certain, for I've taken pains to find out all about him. There never was so great an artist born as he has been. Gets thousands and thousands for a picture; so that he don't trouble himself to paint for common people. Besides all that, he's the only brother that rich Mrs. Carter has got; and her husband says he don't want a better heir to his property; so he'll be an awful catch, everyway; quite too good for that creature; and if it wasn't for getting into a scrape with Ivan, I'd cut in there. I have a mind to do it now. It would serve Ivan right for daring to walk with her and own it to my face. Couldn't even take the trouble to cheat me with a fib. I hope you'll give it to him, Mrs. Lambert; he don't care a cent for what I say. Won't you, now?"

Here the young heiress gathered her plump little person from the carpet, and knelt down by the prostrate woman, who lay with her face turned to the cushions, which her hands grasped nervously.

"You will talk with him, Mrs. Lambert, alone, and earnestly."

"Talk with him! No, that can never be again!" cried the woman, in her passionate grief, lifting herself from the couch. "Why should we two be alone. I am nothing to him. That day has gone with my youth and beauty: these it was that he loved—and how much of them is left?"

The unhappy lady threw out her arms, as if appealing to her own image. In a great mirror opposite her couch, the pale, anxious, disturbed shadow of a woman flung out her arms also, as if repelling her appeal. Miss Spicer was astonished; she had been speaking of young Lambert, and found this burst of feeling incomprehensible.

"Now I'm sure you are mistaken," she said. "Men don't care a bit about their mother's beauty, and can't, in reason, expect them to be young. I'm sure Ivan loves you a great deal better than most sons love their own parents. So do think of it, and give him a good talking to; for one thing is certain, I'm not going to take up with a shop-girl's leavings."

In a confused, weary way, Mrs. Lambert comprehended that the girl was speaking of her own affairs, and had no idea of the anguish which had made her so reckless of exposure. She had seldom lost her proud self-possession so thoroughly, and made a strong effort to recover herself before that sharp girl could observe how disproportioned her agitation was to the ostensible subject in question.

"Excuse me, Lucy, my head is aching fearfully."

"Poor dear! I know how to pity you; only mine is the heart, which your cruel son is just breaking," answered Miss Spicer, pressing both hands to her right side, just where the organ she spoke of was not, and shaking her head woefully.

This attempt at the sentimental did more toward restoring Mrs. Lambert's composure than any amount of reasoning could have done. A keen sense of ridicule broke up the tumult of feeling that had almost prostrated her, and, spite of it all, she smiled.

"How am I expected to help you, Lucy?" she said, with a degree of her usual sweet manner.

"Why, Mrs. Lambert, I have just been telling you."

"But that was while my head ached so badly."

"Well, if people won't listen, it's of no use to ask advice; but, if I must say it all over

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again, I want you, in short, to give that son of your's a good, hard scolding."

"I never scold," answered Mrs. Lambert, with a grave smile, for there was trouble at her heart yet, not the less felt because pride held it in abeyance.

"Well, then, stop giving him money."

"Oh! but I rather think he would like that, Lucy."

"Like it! Like it! No he wouldn't!"

"I don't know; he's getting restless, of late."

"Ever since he saw that girl—I wish that shawl had been in the bottom of the Red Sea! Oh! if I had her within reach of my cane-parasol for ten minutes! Did you ever see such a great, tall thing as she is? Sweeps along like a peacock. Oh, mercy! There he is coming! Don't tell him that I've been here. I'll run down the back stairs, and out through the garden!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Ida Laurence was dressing for her first party, and the very anticipation of its delights gave resplendence to the wonderful beauty of her face. She was young, ambitious, and rich in that vivid talent which doubles enjoyment, and gives a keener edge to pain than ordinary natures ever endure. Ruth was sitting up among the cushions of her couch, looking bright and happy as an angel. Her soft eyes were full of serene love-light; a faint color came and went in her cheeks; and little quivers of delight stirred her fingers, as she smoothed the drifts of snow-white tarlatan that draped her sister's slender person.

"Oh, how beautiful it is! How soft and white! You look like a bride, Eva!"

"Or a ghost!" muttered Mrs. Laurence, in a troubled undertone. "The ghost of a child we have sheltered and loved, but who will belong to others when we want her most."

"What are you saying, mother?" cried Eva, who was stooping forward to look at herself in a little mirror between the windows, which just took in the outlines of her splendid neck and shoulders. "Something about my dress that you dont like, I suppose. It was extravagant spending so much money; but you must scold Ruth. She would do it, wouldn't you Ruthy, dear?"

"Oh, yes! mother must scold me! but she won't do it in earnest. I'm not afraid. Didn't she work like a regular dress maker, to help finish the dress; and isn't it beautiful? All it wants is a little warm color."

"It wants nothing in the world," said Eva, passing both hands over the dark braids of hair that feel in rich loops down her neck, making its whiteness like the leaves of a magnolia flower. "I never was dressed so well in my life, and, perhaps, never shall be again, who knows?"

"I know," answered Ruth. "These fashionable people adore good looks; and, oh! sister Eva, how beautiful you are! Come down here, and let me kiss you. How warm and red your cheeks are; it is like feeling a peach at one's lips. How I would love to paint you just like this, only a little color in the dress. I insist on that in the picture; it costs nothing, you know."

"Come in," Mrs. Laurence called, a little sharply, for she was ill at ease that evening, and even a knock at the door annoyed her.

It was only little Jimmy, who peeped through the door, after knocking, to make sure that even his presence might not create some confusion while that momentous toilet was in progress. He carried a mass of loose roses in his arms, white, golden-tinted, and red, some half open, some in full bloom, and others folded buds, clasped in with moss.

No wonder Ruth uttered a glad cry, and clapped her delicate hands, gleeful as a child who suddenly finds its wishes gratified. No wonder Eva sprang forward, and put a hand on either side the boy's face, and kissed him, rapturously, over and over again.

"You darling! You boy of boys! Where did you get them?" she cried. "Oh! how could I be so careless?"

In her eagerness she had swept half the flowers from Jimmy's arms, and they lay at her feet, sending up odors that filled the little room. She stooped to gather them up, still questioning him.

"Where did they come from, so fresh, and such long stems? There is one on your train; it seems to be buried in snow—such a lovely color," cried Ruth, fairly glowing with delight. "Now I will make the dress perfect."

"Where did I get them?" answered James, emptying his fragrant burden on Ruthy's couch, and kneeling down to gather up the portion scattered around Eva. "It's a pretty way to find out, smothering a fellow with kisses, and asking him to talk. Well, if you want to know, a friend of mine gave them to me."

"A friend? Oh, James!"

"Yes, I say it again—a friend. You have seen him, Eva, through an iron fence; gray hair; legs like broomsticks. Does it strike you?"

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"What, that old man? No!"

"I tell you, yes! He was watching for me by the gate. I'd been leaving some groceries in the basement, you know, and took a peep through the railing. Always do. The gate opened softly, and his queer, old face looked through. 'Come in!' says he. 'Have you got a basket?'

"'No,' says I. 'The cook hadn't time to empty it.'

"'Well, come along; I want to send something to that pretty sister of your's,' says he.

"I went in, so astonished, that I was steering through the middle of a flower-bed, when he called out, 'This way!' and went on among a whole heap of bushes, just as full of roses as they could hold. Here he took out a great jack-knife, and cut away like fun, giving the flowers to me till my arms were full, and their breath made me long to dance.

"'Take them to the young lady,' says he, 'and say it wasn't just old Storms that sent 'em, but some one else that——'"

"Oh, James! did he say that?"

"Of course he did, and more yet; but I'll tell you that when we are all alone. It's sort of private."

Here the boy made signs, and whispered mysteriously, glancing at his mother, who was retreating to the kitchen with a cloud of unusual darkness on her face. She saw in all these preparations only signs of disaster and separation.

"Now we are by ourselves, girls, I'll tell you all about it. There was some one else in the garden."

"Some one else!" exclaimed Ruth; Eva blushing vividly over face and bosom, began to arrange the folds of her dress with great earnestness, but said nothing.

"You know who it was, Eva," said James, with a sly glance. "I've seen you walking with him."

"No, no, James! only as he was coming the same way Don't believe it, Ruth. I never did more than that," cried Eva, eager to defend herself, yet trembling with a sense of shame.

"Who said you did? Oh, Eva! Eva! I've found out something. It wasn't old Storms that gave you this, anyhow!"

Here James held up a little cluster of sweet-scented violets, and sprigs of heliotrope, gathered around a moss rose-bud.

"*He* picked this, Eva, with his own hands. I wish you could have seen what a fuss he made in putting them together. Old Storms offered to help him, but he said, no! he would do that himself. Then he said, 'Give this to your sister; I know that she is going out to-night, and shall be honored—that's the word, Eva—honored if she will wear it.'".

Eva took the tiny bouquet and held it, irresolute, casting a shy glance at her sister, who looked gravely, almost reproachfully at her.

James, who was watching them both, broke forth in his boyish impatience.

"There, now, Ruth, don't be an old maid, and spoil all her fun. She hasn't done anything, I tell you. Not one quarter as much as all them Fifth Avenue girls are doing every hour of their lives. Now what are you pouting for?"

Ruth smiled again. A passing doubt had haunted her for a moment, but it passed from her innocent mind like dew from a lily, and all was bright again.

"Who is he, Eva?" she said, reaching out her hand.

"A gentleman, Ruth; if ever one lived. He has been at the store several times, and Mr. Harold introduced him. They went to school together, and—and that is all. Only his name is Lambert—Ivan Lambert."

"His mother is as proud as if she were governor of North America; but he isn't—not a bit of it," broke in James. "The way he talks to me is quite friendly. That fellow, Joyce, now, would never condescend to it, knowing that I tend that baby sometimes; just as if he and his red hair was anything particular. If Mr. Lambert had not been a thorough gentleman, I wouldn't have brought his flowers, anyway; you ought to have known that, Ruth."

"As if I did not know it," answered the sweet invalid, penitent and ashamed of the momentary cloud that had come over her. "Eva, dear, let us begin again."

Ruth gathered up the flowers in her lap, and began to arrange them in glowing clusters, with which she looped back the over-dress.

"Now just a dash of this warm crimson for your hair, and nothing can be more lovely," she exclaimed, pulling Eva down to her knees, and fastening a red rose and some of the mossiest buds among her braids.

When Eva arose from her knees she held the little cluster of violets in her hand, looking wistfully down upon the blossoms. She unconsciously took a position, which filled Ruth with the enthusiasm of an artist.

"Oh, if I could paint her now!" she thought.

"Would there be any harm?" questioned Eva, in a low voice, turning her eyes wistfully from her flowers to Ruth's glowing face. "I—I

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suppose he would rather expect it. Don't you?"

Ruth smiled, and held out her hand for the flowers, but Eva pretended not to see her. Even to that gentle hand she would not, for one moment, consign the precious blossoms. So, with a gentle wile of abstraction, she placed the flowers on her bosom, which rose and swelled to their almost imperceptible touch, as waters bear lotus-flowers on their waves.

"Now, isn't she stunning?" exclaimed James, moving in a circle, and on tiptoe, around the room, afraid of touching the snow-white train with his foot. "That Miss Spicer, who goes down the avenue to meet him, every day at three o'clock, will be nowhere. In fact, I don't believe there'll be a handsomer girl at the party to-night. She's A No. 1, and a picked article at that. Hallo! Who's coming?"

James heard the outer door open, without a knock, and a heavy rustle of silk in the passage. Eva gathered up her dress, and sat down on Ruth's couch, ashamed of her own beauty, and wondering who the intruder could be. Ruth smiled, and said,

"I dare say it is Mrs. Smith."

So it was, that good woman in all her glory. She pushed the door wide open; for, with a huge panier added to her own generous proportions, the skirt of her dress turned upward, and thrown over her shoulders, that open space seemed scarcely sufficient to admit her.

"Just run down to give you a look at my dress before the carriage comes," she exclaimed, flinging an avalanch of red moire antique down from her shoulders, and spreading it along the humble carpet with the pride of a peacock. "What do you think of that, now? Seven dollars a yard, and twenty-five yards, besides trimming. Going it, rather, for a corner groceryman's wife, isn't it? But when an old friend asks you, a'most with tears in her eyes, to be at her first party, one can't refuse to do the thing up brown, which I think Smith and I have done it. Low in the neck, you see, and Marier Antoinet sleeves, to say nothing of white kid-boots, with heels like that!"

Here Mrs. Smith lifted her dress and brought to view a high-heeled boot, strained till the buttons threatened to fly off, over a large, dumpty foot, which, in form and whiteness, looked exceedingly like an apple-dumpling prepared for cooking.

"There, now, girls, just take a survey of me all round, and give us your opinion; but first, Eva, let me take an observation. All in white, and looking like one of them great swans in the Park; not bad! Though I should like something a little more stylish. Your going as my friend, and I'm anxious about your looking first-rate. Still, it's my candid opinion that you'll do. Step out here, and let us see how your dress falls. Gracious me, what a train! Longer than mine, I do believe; streaming out like a white banner. Yes, I say it again; you'll do, Eva! Now just do a thing or two for me. I couldn't trust Kate Gorman to put on my head-dress, and brought it along. Stylish, isn't it?"

Mrs. Smith drew a paper from her pocket, and unfolded a yellow feather, long enough to take in her head at one sweep, which she held up triumphantly.

"See how it curls and quivers; something like a feather, that! Now, I want you to put it on, like a queen wears her crown, over the forehead, round one side, and streaming out behind!"

Eva and Ruth changed glances of dismay. Both hesitated to wound the kind woman's vanity, but felt that silence would be cruel.

"I would not wear anything on my head, Mrs. Smith; you have such fine hair, it seems a pity to conceal it," said Ruth. "Let me do some braids, and change it a little. Then you can have nothing more becoming."

"But I bought the feather a purpose," answered Mrs. Smith, eyeing her purchase with rueful regret; "and it is such a splendid one, with a contrast to it. That was what the milliner observed when I told her the color of my dress."

"Still I would not wear it this evening. Eva sees a great many stylish people, you know, and can tell you that feathers like that are not in the fashion for evening-dress, just now."

"Oh, if she says it, I'll give in!"

"Then let me change your hair at once. Sit down by me. What quantities of hair, and how long!"

Deftly, and with fingers that seeme to fly through the long tresses of hair, Ruth soon crowned the head of her friend with a matronly coronal of braids, and made some other alterations in her dress, which were submitted to with inward protest. Just as the last touches were given, a carriage drove up, and some one rang the door-bell.

Mrs. Smith sprang to her feet, drew up the skirt of her dress, and ran into the kitchen, protesting that she would not see a stranger for the world. As her dress swept with a rush and voluminous rustle through one door, Mr. Ross came through the other.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

For our first illustration, this month, we give a Walking Suit of Percale, or Lawn. The lower-skirt is perfectly plain, cut like the ones of the preceding spring months. Over this is worn an upper-skirt, coming just below the knee, in front, and slightly longer in the back, where it is looped in two places, as may be seen by the cut. The bottom of this skirt is cut in large, deep scallops, about five inches broad, and equally long. These scallops are trimmed with a ruffle of the material, slightly full, and put all round the scallops. The waist has a long, deep basque in the back, trimmed to match, terminating, in the front, in a simple short basque. Coat sleeves. Fourteen yards of good, wide lawn, or percale, will make this costume. Turban hat of straw, trimmed with black velvet and heron plume, or with ribbon and field-flowers

Our next illustration is a Walking-Dress costume of Mohair, Percale, or Lawn. Sixteen or seventeen yards will be required for this dress. The lower-skirt is ornamented with one deep flounce, headed by a side quilling of the material, to stand up. The upper-skirt has a short apron-front, the rest being perfectly straight, and moderately full. No looping. It is trimmed only with the quilling. The basque is to be worn over an under-skirt of white linen, leaving a surplice front; and it is cut after the same design as the upper-skirt. As may be seen, the fronts are quite short, and the back longer, and box-plaited into a postillion basque. Coat sleeves, slashed two inches up the back seams, and slightly rounded.

Next, we give an illustration of a Dinner, or Evening Toilet, for Watering Places; a very pretty and seasonable costume. The under-skirt is perfectly plain, and made of blue silk, or blue mohair, of the color commonly called "French blue," which is a trifle deeper than

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sky-blue. This under-skirt will require six and a half yards of silk, or more, according to the height of the person. All skirts are made just to touch the ground. Over this blue is worn a plain skirt of white alpaca, trimmed with four rows of inch-wide velvet ribbon, without looping. The waist is cut in a long basque, slashed half way up the back, and open in front, trimmed with one row of velvet, as are the open sleeves and surplice-neck. The skirt of the basque is looped with bows of the black velvet ribbon. This design would look well, also, in white pique, or French muslin. If the latter, there would a waist of the blue be required. Fourteen yards of white alpaca, or ten yards of pique, is sufficient to cut this over-dress, and two pieces of inch-wide black velvet for trimming. The hood is of blue cashmere, trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon.

As this is the season when ladies (at least in the Eastern States) are thinking of the sea-shore, we give a variety of illustrations for bathing-dresses, caps, shoes, sandals, etc., etc. Most of these are in the front of the number, where we have devoted a page especially to this purpose. By referring to that page, it will be seen that we give an oil-skin cap, forming a visor in front, bound with red worsted braid, with strings fastened under the chin by a rosette bound with red. Next a costume for a little boy or girl, in blue serge, trimmed with white worsted braid, a white woolen sash tied at the side, and white buttons on the bodice, and on one side of each leg of the trousers. Next, another oil-skin cap, a deep ruche in front, divided by small bows of blue wool, and a bow at the side Next, a plaid costume, composed of trousers, and of a long tunic, open in front, and fitted to the waist with a cord and tassels, double row of buttons, and long sleeves. Then, a very elegant costume of white flannel, trimmed with red. Trousers gathered under the knee, with red bows at the side. Bodice, with cut-out basques, bound with red braid. A trimming of the same braid simulates the outline of a graceful, low bodice, with cross-strips forming a chimisette. Very short sleeves, with bows. Then, sandals, placed upon an open-work sole; bow upon the instep, crossed ribbons, coming half way up the leg. Then, a slipper, formed of cross-strips of unbleached linen, with revers and bow of blue wool. Next, gaiters of unbleached linen, with sole of plaited straw. Finally, a sandal, with ribbons fastened in front with little bows and stars.

We now give, here, an illustration of a bathing-dress for a young lady, which we shall

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describe more at large. This dress is made of black and white plaid flannel, and trimmed with scarlet worsted braid. It consists of drawers, which are fastened to an under-body. These drawers are trimmed up the outside, as seen in the design. The over-dress is cut in a deep, loose sack, coming half way to the knee, or longer, if preferred, and is cut double-breasted, like a boy's blouse, with slightly open sleeves, all trimmed to match, to which is added a worsted fringe, two inches deep. This sack is belted in at the waist with a leather belt. The cap is of oiled-silk, bound with scarlet braid. By making the over-sack to come below the knee, this could easily be converted into a very pretty "boating costume," with the addition of a sailor's hat. Six to seven yards of plaid flannel, and one piece of scarlet alpaca braid, and six yards of fringe will make this dress.

We give, next, an illustration of a bathing, or boating dress, for a little girl. It consists of drawers, which are fastened to an under-waist, and made of gray flannel, bound with scarlet flannel. The bottoms of the drawers are trimmed with a band of the scarlet, two inches wide. The upper part is a loose sack, with a piece of the scarlet flannel put on heart-shape upon the waist, and continued in the same shape upon the skirt. Pointed cuffs of scarlet at the bottom of the tight coat-sleeve.

This sack is belted in at the waist with a scarf of the scarlet flannel, pointed at the ends. Four yards of gray flannel, and two yards of scarlet, will be required for the dress for a girl of eight or ten years.

BORDER FOR LUNCHEON-CLOTH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We gave, last month, a design in the appropriate colors, for a monogram, etc., for a Luncheon-Cloth, to be worked in red ingrain cotton.

It was so exceedingly popular that we follow it up with a design for the Border of a Luncheon-Cloth, also to be worked in red ingrain cotton. The design is in the front of the present number, and is printed, as will be seen, in the appropriate colors.

It goes admirably with the corner design given last month.

BABY'S VELVET BOOT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, an engraving of a Baby's Velvet Boot. This is a white velvet boot, lined with flannel, and bound round with scarlet braid. Cut out the boot and the pieces for the button-holes; bind each piece separately with scarlet braid, and sew the pieces together; make the button-holes, and sew on pearl buttons and braid rosettes. The boot may be made of white or blue merino, or cashmere, in place of the velvet. If blue, bind with white braid, instead of scarlet, in order to make the colors appropriate.

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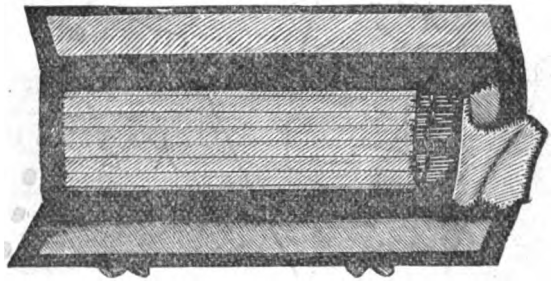
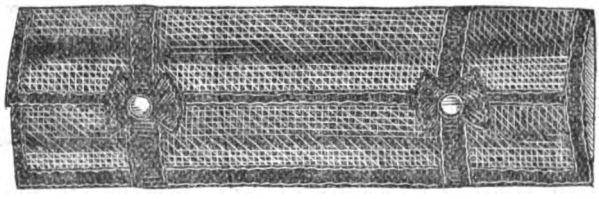
CASE FOR KNITTING-PINS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This Knitting-Pin Case is nine and a half inches long; the middle part is two and three-quarter inches wide; and the flaps which fold over, are each one and a half inch wide. Flannel, to hold six sets of pins, is stitched in. The outer part may be in Berlin work or canvas, or be made of leather or cloth, embroidered with silk in long stitches. The whole of the inner parts are lined with flannel, and the separate parts are bound with braid, and sewn together at the edges. We give, it will be seen, two illustrations of this case, the first representing it open, the last representing it closed.



BOY'S DOUBLE-BREASTED BLOUSE.

BY EMILY H MAY

As something especially suitable for the season, we give here an illustration of a boy's double-breasted blouse We give also a diagram by which to cut it out, and likewise the pants to match.

This pattern is for a boy four years old, or thereabouts. It will require three and a half yards of material, twenty-seven inches wide, and merino, poplin, serge, plaid, or linens, are suitable. It consists of,

No 1. Half of Back.
No. 2. Left Side of Front.
No. 3. Right Side of Front, which is smallest.
No. 4. Sash.
No. 5. Sleeve, Upper and Lower Parts.

The pattern requires twelve buttons in No. 2, and twelve button-holes in No. 3. Be careful to place the buttons in their proper places. If made of poplin or merino, bind with braid, and put two rows around the band. Five and a half yards of braid will be necessary. For the Pants we give one leg, No. 6, and the Waist-

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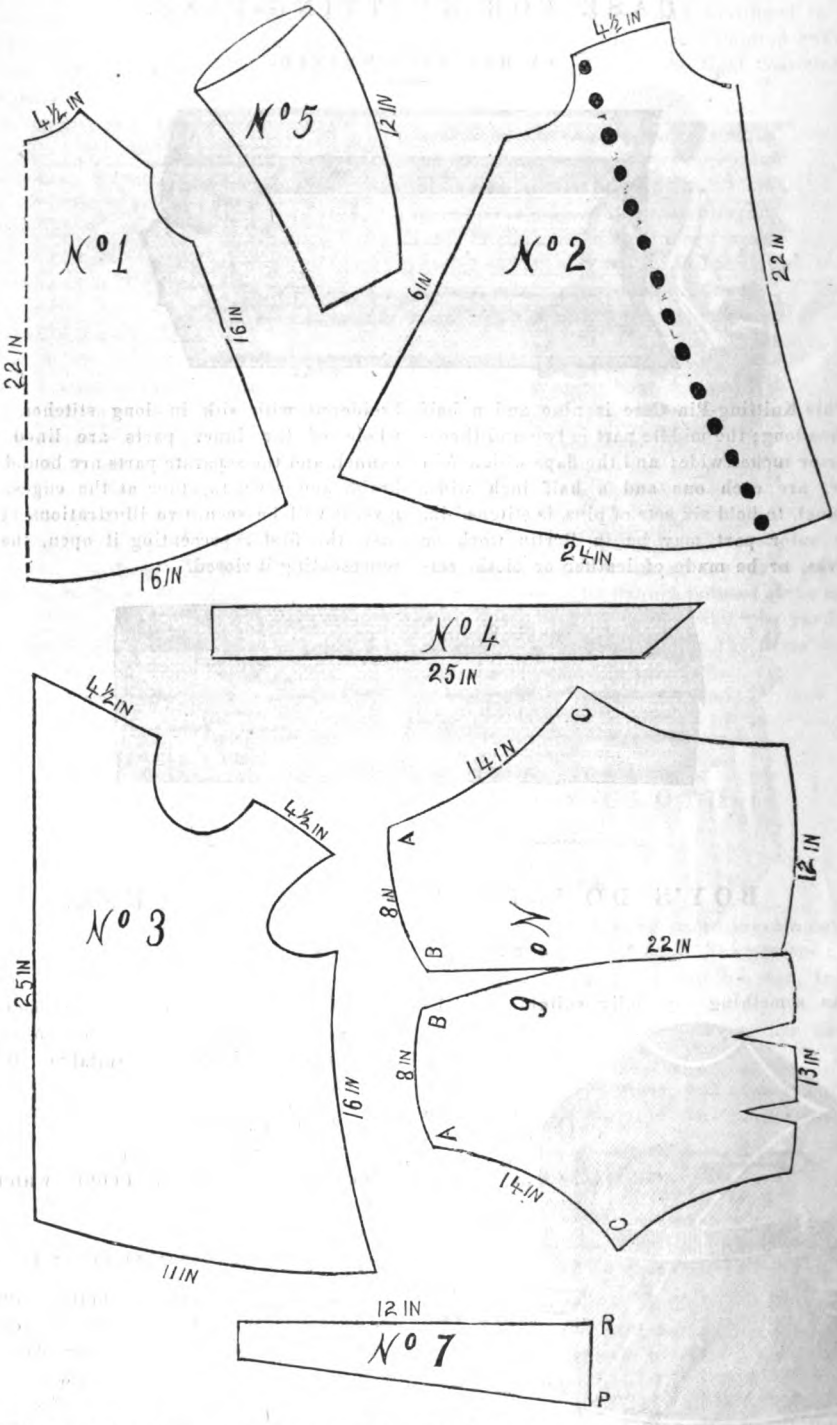

band, No. 7. The point goes in front, and the front part of the leg is gathered or plaited into the band, thus completing this part of the costume.

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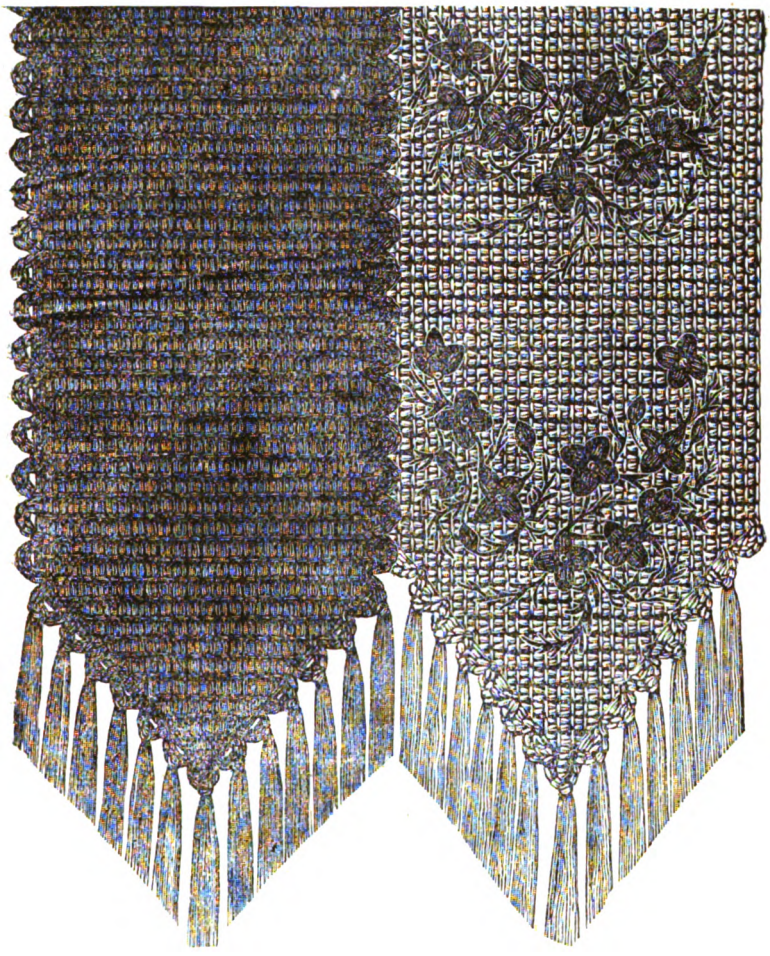
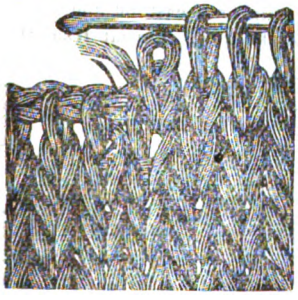
PERAMBULATOR-RUG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE pattern here represented, has the long sides straight, and the cross sides closing off



in scallops; the stripes are alternately white and blue. Work each separate stripe first cross wise with Berlin wool or fleecy, that ornamented with embroidery (white) in the common tricot stitch, the plain one (blue) in a pattern tricot stitch. Begin each stripe at the point of the scallop with two stitches; in the white, which is thirty-two stitches broad, in the first fifteen rows increase always one stitch at the beginning and end; and work the colored stripe just the same, but increase only in the first eleven rows, so that the stripe is only twenty-four stitches broad; continue until the stripes are the length required for the cover, and close with a scallop as at the beginning. In the colored stripe each stitch requires two loops, which, in each row forward, are collected separately upon the needle, and are worked off together returning, sticking the needle behind the chained-off chain-stitch

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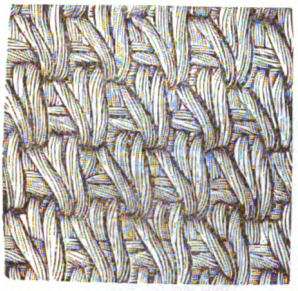
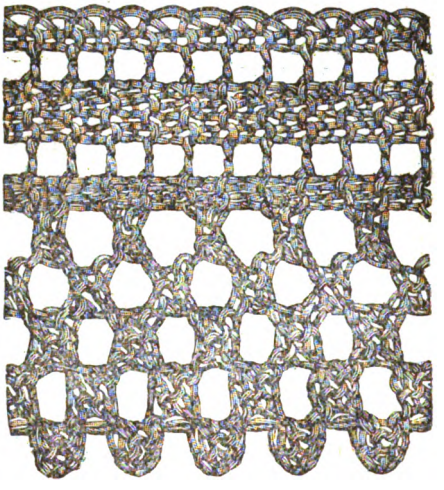
line of the preceding row, as in wave stitch—



that is, in the thread at the back, lying perpendicularly, drawing one loop through each. We give illustrations of two easy tricot pattern stitches which may be used on either side, or reversed by making the upper the under side. The pattern-stripe has a picot edge to match in color, which is afterward sewn on, resting upon the side edges of the white stripe. The white stripe has picots at the edge of the scallop only, which form the heading for the fringe, which is afterward knotted in. Each picot consists of five chain, one double, passing over one stitch. The joining-on consists of one double all through in the side edge. Branches, arranged as a kind of diadem, with foliage worked with several shades of wood, brown wool, and blue flowers, with calices of yellow knots, are sewn into the white ground, as shown in the design.

KNITTED BORDER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Cast on eighteen stitches.

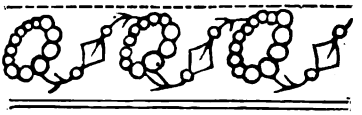
First Row: Slip one, * knit one, wool forward, knit two together, knit two. Wool forward, knit two together, knit one, * put the wool forward, and knit two together. Repeat from * three times more; one plain.

Second Row: All this row is plain, with the exception that in the wool put forward for the four last times in the last row; in this second row, have one purled and one knot in each.

Third Row: Slip one, knit one, wool forward, knit two together, knit two, put the wool forward, knit fourteen.

Fourth Row: Slip one, cast off four, knit the remainder of the row. Repeat from the first *.

INSERTION.



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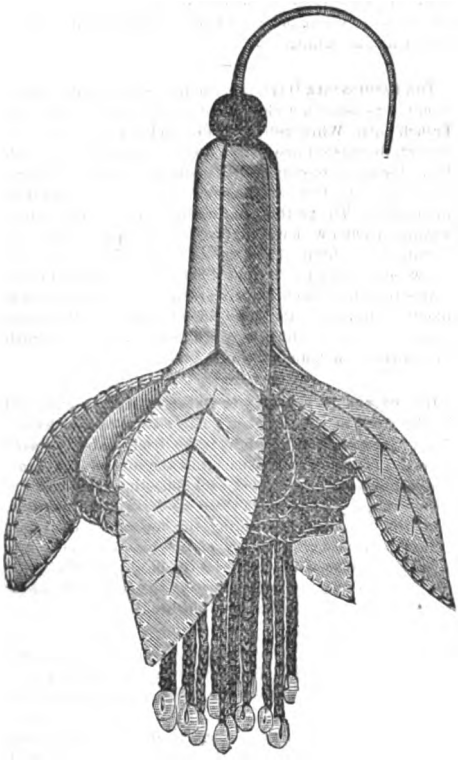
LAMP-GLASS COVER

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

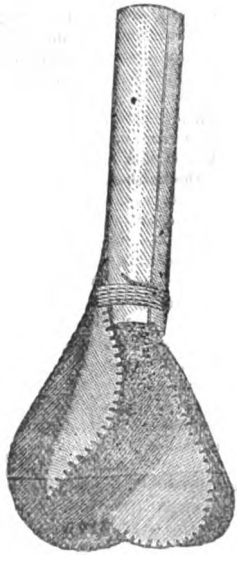
THIS design is extremely pretty. Three engravings are necessary to illustrate it: the first represents the Lamp-Glass Cover finished, the other two represent the details.

The cover is made of red and violet cloth. Begin with the stamens, which are made of a crochet chain in double red netting silk, with a crystal bead threaded on at the bottom, (see second cut, at the top of the next column,) then take four thin wires, seven inches long, and wind them round with red floss silk, and twist them together, fastening the stamens round them, and adding small, red cloth leaves, likewise tightly tied on to the wires. Now cut



from illustration at the bottom of the next column, eight pieces of violet cloth, overcast the edges, and arrange them round a cardboard tube. For the outer petals, cut out from illustration at the beginning of this article, four pieces of cardboard, and cover them on both sides with red cloth, overcasting the edges, and working the veining on the

outside. Gum these four leaves on to the tube; then cover the tube with a piece of red cloth; gather it up at the top, and draw the wires through a large bead.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

To Look as Beautiful as She Can is the duty of every true woman. Part of her mission in this world is to gladden and brighten it, in this way, just as it is part of the mission of trees, and flowers, and skies, and waters, and all other lovely things. Those families, in which the sense of beauty is cultivated, are always the most genial, and sweet, and loveable. Flowers, prints, books, a nice choice of colors—all these refine and elevate insensibly. So does dress. To be well dressed is to look, and even to be, charming, for it satisfies ourselves, and makes us affable. The pretended moralists, who denounce dress, are not moralists at all, but blind leaders of the blind.

The mistake is in supposing that to dress well leads to extravagance. But it is the taste of a Paris dress, not its cost, that really makes it so superior. The French have a natural eye for beauty as applied to dress. Why should not American women imitate this taste? Why spend so much money, when less, judiciously applied, will produce a better effect? Now one of the aims of this Magazine is to diffuse a knowledge of the art of dress, so as to enable American women to dress elegantly, without being extravagant. It is principally for this purpose that we have begun the series of articles, "Every-Day Dresses," which we now give monthly, with illustrations.

It is not the material of a dress, altogether, that makes it desirable: to a very much greater degree it is the style; and we describe the best styles, and describe them in advance of all others. We hope yet to work a complete revolution in this matter of dress. Already, most American girls dress with more taste than English peeresses: we shall yet see the day, when the American girl will look as well, even in calico, as the best dressed ladies of foreign countries in silks.

New and Stylish Costume—One of the most beautiful costumes, that has come out of Paris lately, is a mourning one, (nearly everybody in Paris dresses in mourning,) of rich, black faille silk, which is worth describing, as colored dresses may be made in the same way. The skirt is trimmed with a deep flounce, above which are crape flutings and rouleaux, plain in front and very full behind, just looped up sufficiently to form a panier waist, with small basques and crape trimming, remaining open in front to wear with a chemisette; but there is a plain piece, or plastron, of black silk, to be worn, if preferred, inside the waist, thus making it quite high for a morning-dress, while for evening, the open bodice looks best with a chemisette of crimped white crape or tulle. The under-sleeves are particularly pretty, soft bouillons of white crape or tulle, with a frilling round the wrists. These are worn in the morning, For the evening, open lace sleeves are more suitable. The jacket, of the same faille silk as the dress, was tight-fitting behind, with bow of crape and silk at the waist—loose and double-breasted in front. It is entirely lined with silk, and slightly quilted. Trimming of crape to match the skirt. Colored silk dresses may be made after the same fashion, with silk trimmings of another color, for that is the best style. Light brown and maroon, buff and leather-brown, mauve and violet, pale and dark-gray are very favorite combinations of color. Quillings are the most fashionable style of garniture, and are put on both skirt and bodice.

Home Lonely Without It.—A lady writes to us:—"I took 'Peterson' last year, and home seems lonely without it, therefore I determined to get up a club."

The Fashion in Hair is being changed at last, or at least a serious attempt is being made to change it. The new style is to have the hair combed down very low over the forehead, in thin, fluffy waves; then a towering coronet, formed either of a very thick plait, or of smoothly-braided hair; at the back of this coronet, the heavy masses of hair droop low down in the neck. Smooth hair and *invisibles* are no longer appreciated, the present mode seeming to prefer the hair rough and frizzly. In the evening, no net of any sort is worn; in the morning, a kind of net, the very opposite of the invisible, is now in vogue. It is made of large loops of thick silk cord, with very big knots, indeed. Bows are still much worn in the hair. The favorite is the *papillon*, of the butterfly shape, as its name implies. It is often a bow of bright, corded, silk ribbon, with a filagree butterfly laid against it. Necklets to match, are worn of rather wide ribbon, forming a rosette inside, and long ends at the back; a locket, or cross, hangs down from below the rosette. Iona, and other crosses, and also lockets of pure rock crystal, with enameled crest, or monogram, are much in vogue, especially for young ladies. Crystal ornaments are admitted for half-mourning.

The Fashionable Hats, this summer, show great variety. There is, as usual, a decided difference between English and French hats. While nobody in England can make a stylish bonnet, there is yet one person there that makes a stylish hat. We mean, of course, the famous Mrs. Brown, of Bond street, London. Her hats, however, are heavier in look than the French. The prettiest hat we have seen this season, is a Paris one, and we have engraved it, and inserted the engraving in the front of the number. This hat is of black straw, edged with a wide band of black *faille*, which entirely covers the edges, the brim being turned up high at the sides, like the musketeer hats; large *faille* bow, with double loops, which serves as heading to a long ostrich feather, which surrounds the hat, and falls at the side.

One of the New Styles of Dressing Hair is engraved in the front of this number. The *bandeaux* are divided down the center of the head; the front hair is waved over the forehead, and fastened on the top of the head, while the side-hair is combed back smooth and loose from off the temples. The ends of these *bandeaux*, thus re-united, form three long curls, covering the top of the head, and falling at the back. The rest of the hair is formed into a *torsade*, or rope, which encircles the head, and falls low on the back. Two long curls fall over the shoulders, and a velvet bow is added at the top of the head.

Elegant Aprons are now worn, generally with plain silk receiving-dresses. We give, in the present number, two pretty engravings of these kinds of aprons. For afternoon callings, it is the fashion to receive in rich trimmed dresses of black moire antique, with elegant aprons, covered with rich lace, or embroidered with jet, with silk, and even with gold and silver, in imitation of mediæval embroidery. These dresses are closed at the neck, and Valenciennes lace is usually worn with these toilets.

The Hair for Morning-Dresses, as we have said above, hangs in a net, made of strong, thick, silken cords, or narrow ribbon. Every color of net is worn. Blue, scarlet, and pink nets, appear everywhere, instead of the long-prevailing fashion of nets to match.

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A NEW VOLUME begins with this number, affording a good opportunity to subscribe, especially for those who do not wish back numbers for the year. But back numbers, to January inclusive, can always be furnished, if desired. Six months subscriptions will be taken, as usual, at half price, beginning with the July number and ending with that for December, 1871.

NOW THAT WAISTBANDS are being discarded, necklets over high dresses are coming into fashion. We saw a very beautiful one, lately, made of three rows of amethyst beads. These necklets are especially pretty over the new President Collar, which describes a large square *nobot* in front.

BESIDES the reading matter in this Magazine, which is nearly a thousand pages annually, the subscriber receives fourteen steel engravings, twelve colored patterns, etc., etc. Where else can you get as much for your money?

DEMI-TRAINS are entirely superceding the awkward court trains of last year.

WHEN THE DIRECTION of a magazine is to be changed, send us the name of the old post-office, as well as of the new one.

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS to this Magazine must begin with either the July or January numbers.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life and Times of Lord Brougham. Written by Himself. In Three Volumes. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is the first volume of the long-expected autobiography of the late Lord Brougham. It carries the story of his life down to the year 1811, when he was in his thirty-third year, and is rich in reminiscences of his boyhood and in quaint anecdotes. The narrative is printed exactly as Lord Brougham wrote it, without alteration, or suppression of any part. The work, when finished, will form one of the most curious, interesting, and valuable autobiographies ever published.

Heat. By Jacob Abbott. With Numerous Engravings. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is the first of a series of volumes intended to teach science to the young in an agreeable and yet exact manner. The style adopted is the narrative, and each volume is copiously illustrated. The present is devoted to "Heat." Mr. Abbott, the compiler, acknowledges his obligations to recent European, and especially French writers. We predict for the series a wide popularity.

A Visit To My Discontented Cousin. 1 vol., small 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—A charming book, which is a novel, and yet not a novel. It resembles "Friends in Council" somewhat; but is lighter in character than that work. With cultivated and thoughtful readers it will be very popular. The volume is printed in a small, square duodecimo, like the famous "Tauchnitz" serials, the most convenient form for the reader ever designed.

Bragelonne. By Alexander Dumas. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A sequel to "Twenty Years After," which is, it will be remembered, a sequel to "Three Guardsmen." The three novels form, in fact, but one, and certainly the best novel of its kind ever written. No writer of fiction has ever equalled Dumas in the stir, and movement, and life, of his best stories. A cheap edition, in double column octavo.

The Head of the Family. By the Author of "John Halifax." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The first of a new edition, in duodecimo, and bound in cloth, of the novels of this popular author. The volume is just the size and style for the library, and will be heartily welcomed by the author's numerous admirers.

Valentine Vox: The Ventriloquist. By Henry Cockton. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—For broad fun commend us to this novel. The adventures which Valentine Vox meets, principally through the commotion his ventriloquism excites, are among the most amusing recorded in the English language. They are, indeed, second only to those of the Pickwick Club, the best of Dickens' productions. A cheap edition.

Tried For Her Life. By E. W. E. N. Southworth. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The scene of this novel lies in Virginia, with which the author is perfectly familiar. Her descriptions are graphic and natural, therefore. The plot, as in all her stories, is full of life and movement. The novel is a sequel to "Cruel As The Grave." The volume is handsomely printed and is bound neatly in cloth.

Why Did He Not Die? After the German of Ad. Von Volckhausen. By Mrs. L. A. Wister. 1 vol., 12mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A charming German tale, admirably translated. Mrs. Wister never selects any novel that is pernicious, but, on the contrary, stories that instruct as well as interest. As a translator, she is unrivaled. "Why Did He Not Die?" will be as popular as the "Old Mam'selle's Secret."

A Smaller Scripture History. By William Smith. D. C. L., LL. D. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This comprehensive and admirable little work gives us the Old Testament History first; then the connection of the Old and New Testaments; and then New Testament History to A. D. 70. It is illustrated with engravings on wood. In every way an excellent book.

The Mills of Tuxbury. By Virginia L. Townsend. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Loring.—A new novel by a favorite American author. The story is well told. Whenever Miss Townsend writes fiction, she writes, not merely to please, but also to instruct. The volume is illustrated by Merrill.

A Life's Assize. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A reprint of a late English novel. The story is a very sad one, and there is too much didactic writing in it, but on the whole the tale is told with power.

Public and Parlor Readings. Edited by Lewis B. Monroe. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—Selections in prose and poetry, for the use of reading clubs, and for public and social entertainment. All the pieces are of a humorous character.

The Monarch of Mincing Lane. By William Black. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—By the author of "Kilmeny," "Love and Marriage," etc., etc. The best chapters are those which describe Torquay and the river Dart.

Knight of Gwynne. By Charles Lever. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A cheap, octavo edition, in paper covers, of one of the best of Lever's novels. The scene is laid in Ireland.

Anteros. By the author of "Guy Livingstone." 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A cheap, double-column octavo reprint of the last novel of that popular novellist, Mr. Lawrence.

Basil. By Wilkie Collins. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—No living writer better understands the art of story-telling than Wilkie Collins. This is one of his best novels. A cheap edition.

The Ogilvies. By the author of "John Halifax." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Another volume of the new and beautiful duodecimo edition of Miss Mulock's novels

Desk and Debit. By Oliver Optic. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—One of the "Upward and Onward" series. It is a story of a clerk. The volume is illustrated.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

LEADS ALL RIVALS.—Says the Camden (N. J.) Democrat, speaking of this Magazine:—"Mr. Peterson is as reckless of expense as he is of labor, in his efforts to lead all rivals, and has been rewarded by unprecedented success. The reading matter is always chaste, refined, and particularly adapted to the large class of readers who patronize him. His corps of contributors comprise well-known literary celebrities, who well maintain the exalted character of this excellent Magazine."

THE NOVELS OF DUMAS, now being re-published, in cheap form, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, are about the most agreeable summer reading that can be had. For vivacity of plot, for continued interest, and for a spirited style, the late Alexander Dumas had no rival as a story-teller. His recent death has renewed the interest in his fictions, and hence this cheap, convenient, and readable edition of his works.

IF YOU WANT GOOD, YET CHEAP, summer reading, send for a copy of the Catalogue of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. That firm publishes more readable novels, in double-column octavo, with paper covers, at prices ranging from twenty-five cents up to seventy-five cents, than any other in the United States. Catalogues are sent free.

CHEAPEST AND BEST.—The Tecumseh (Mich.) Record, says of the last number of this periodical:—"Peterson's Magazine for June is received far in advance of all its competitors. It is fully up to the standard of former numbers, and notwithstanding it is the cheapest among the ladies' magazines, it is also conceded to be the best."

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL CIVIL ENGINEERING, Surveying and Drawing, in Reynold's Block, Chicago, Ill. It fits students for railroad and field work in from three to six months A thorough course in one year. Send for circular.

ROSES AND ROSE-GARDENS.

WORK FOR DIFFERENT MONTHS.—We have now gone through, at considerable length, the whole subject of roses and rose-gardens, gone through it, at least, at sufficient length for amateurs, or even ordinary professional florists. We shall close this series of articles by a few observations on the work suitable for different months, beginning with the current one.

July.—Should mildew make its appearance, remove the leaves most affected, and cover the rest with flour of sulpher when the tree is wet from shower or syringe, giving them another good washing next day. An experienced florist also recommends *soot*. He tried sulphur without end, and at last smothered them with soot, in desperation, in the dew of the morning. This rested on them for four or five days, and was then washed off. The effect was marvelous; the mildew disappeared; the leaves turned to a dark green; the buds opened freely; and the flowers were brilliant. The grub which produces the saw-fly, in this month attacks the rose, sucking the sap from underneath the leaf, and changing the color of the part on which he has fed from bright green to dirty brown. The process of "scrunching" is disagreeable, but it *must* be done. Fading roses should be removed from the tree, and preserved for the *pot-pourri* jar.

August is also a propitious month for budding; but if the weather is hot and the ground parched, it will be desirable to give the beds a good drenching with water "when the evening sun is low." The cotton may be removed from the briers budded in July; it should remain about a month upon the stock.

September brings us little to do, except to remove suckers and weeds, and to enjoy our second harvest of roses.

October.—He, or she, who desires to form, and to maintain, or extend, a rose garden, must now make their arrangements for planting in November. Commence in this month the first pruning of your rose-trees, shortening by one-fourth the longest shoots, and thus prevent the noxious influence of these stormy winds, which would otherwise loosen the hold which the tree has upon the soil, and which sometimes decapitate the tree itself. These cuttings will strike, many of them, if put in, about six inches in length, and closely, in some sheltered place, by a wall, for example, looking north or west, and protected by a hand-glass; or they will strike, some of them, without protection overhead, if planted in a like situation, but deeper in the ground, seven or eight inches, with two or three "eyes" above the soil.

November is the best month for transplanting roses. When planted they must not be set too deeply in the soil, about three inches will suffice, but must be secured (I am presuming that the trees are chiefly low standards, according to advice given,) to stakes, firmly fixed in the ground beside them. Some gardeners plant deeply, to save the trouble of staking: and indolence has its usual result—debility. The established rose-trees should now, if the ground be dry and the weather fine, have a good dressing of farm-yard manure dug into the beds around them. And in

December you should take advantage of the first hard frost to wheel in a similar supply for the new-comers, the freshly-planted rose-trees and stocks. In the latter case the manure must remain upon the ground to protect, and to strengthen, too, and need not be dug in until March. At the same time, it will be wise to give a munificent mulching to roses of a delicate constitution, planted out of doors, the little Banksian, for example, or Tea-scented Chinas, on their own roots, against our walls. Thus defended, we shall feel less anxiety for them.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

DESSERTS.

Fruit Puddings.—Take two baskets of raspberries, and one of red currants, and squeeze or press all the juice out of them. Mix a good tablespoonful of maizena, or corn-flour, (more of arrow-root,) with a little milk or water: pour the fruit-juice to it, adding a little more water, if the juice is rich enough to stand it; sweeten to taste; stir it till it boils, and pour into a mould. Use the following sauce for it: A cream-jug full of milk, boiled with half a vanilla-bean in it, and a little sugar; pour it to the well-beaten yolks of two eggs in a little more milk, and heat it again just to boiling point. Let it cool.

Ice-Pudding.—Six sponge-cakes, four eggs, one pint of cream, a little vanilla or essence of lemon, and a little powdered loaf-sugar; soak the cakes in new milk, beat the other ingredients together, and add to the eggs cream; beat all smooth together, and freeze. The mould it is put in should be ornamented with cherries and orange chips. Nesselrode pudding is the above with no flavor but vanilla or ginger, and no fruit. It is more fashionable, but does not look so pretty.

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Crystal Palace Pudding.—Two large teaspoonfuls of corn-flour; mix it with half a teacupful of new milk, half a pint of cream, half an ounce of isinglass, loaf-sugar to the taste, and a few drops of essence of vanilla. Let all these ingredients boil together ten minutes over the fire, stirring one way all the time. Take the pan off the fire, and stir in quickly the yolks of two fresh eggs, well beaten, stirring all together till nearly cold. Pour the mixture into small tin moulds, which must have been previously wetted with cold water. Put dried cherries at the bottom and the sides of the moulds before filling them.

CAKES.

Oliver Biscuits—Four to five pounds of flour, half a pound of butter, one pint and a quarter of milk, and a little yeast, or one ounce of German yeast. Take one-half of the milk, make it warm; add the yeast, with about a pound of the flour, so as to make a sponge, and put it in a warm place. When it has risen and fallen rub the butter into the flour, add the remaining portion of the milk, warmed as before, which mix with the sponge, and make the whole into a dough; let it prove; roll it into thin sheets, and cut the biscuit with a plain cutter, dock or prick them, and place them in rows on tins; bake in a rather slow oven. Or two pounds of flour, eight ounces of butter, three eggs, one drachm of carbonate of soda, and sufficient milk to make the dough of moderate consistence.

Biscuits.—Mix together two pounds of flour, three drachms of carbonate of ammonia in fine powder, four ounces of powdered sugar, one ounce of arrow-root, four ounces of butter, and one egg; mix the whole well together with new milk into a stiff paste, then beat it with a rolling-pin for half an hour, roll out thin, and divide into biscuits. Bake in a quick oven, for fifteen minutes.

Sweet Biscuits.—Beat eight eggs into a froth, add a pound of powdered sugar, and the peel of one lemon grated fine; whisk the whole well together till it becomes light, then add to it a pound of flour and a teaspoonful of rose-water. Divide into biscuits, sugar them over, and bake them in papers or tins.

Pound-Cakes.—One pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one pound of flour, ten eggs, and one nutmeg, grated. Stir the butter and flour to a cream. Beat the sugar and the yolks of the eggs together, and the whites separately, until they will stand alone. Mix the whole, and beat together until light. One pound of citron or dried currants may be added. Bake two hours in a moderate oven.

Cake.—Boil three quarters of a pound of sugar in one teacupful of water; beat up seven eggs, leaving out the whites of four. When the sugar and water boil, mix them with the eggs; beat them twenty minutes; then add gradually one half pound of dried flour. Beat up quickly, and bake in a quick oven.

SUMMER DRINKS.

Currant Shrub.—Your currants must be quite ripe. Pick them from the stalks, and squeeze them through a linen bag. To each quart of juice allow one pound of loaf-sugar; put the sugar and juice into a preserving-kettle, and let it melt before it goes on the fire; boil it ten minutes, skimming it well. When cold, add a gill of the best white brandy to each quart of the juice. Bottle it, and set it away for use, sealing the corks. It improves by keeping.

Blackberry Wine.—The following is the plan used by the Swiss settlers in the United States, and it is said to make most excellent wine: To one bushel of berries put two gallons of water, and express the juice; to each gallon of the liquid add one pound of refined white sugar. Put into a cask about a peck of freshly-burned charcoal, broken into small pieces; then pour the liquid upon it. Let it ferment. As soon as fermentation subsides, close the cask tight, and let it remain until January, or later; then rack it off and bottle it, and set it in a cool cellar.

Strawberry Vinegar.—Take the stalks from the fruit, which should be a highly-flavored sort, quite ripe, fresh from their beds, and gathered in dry weather; weigh, and put it into large glass jars, or wide-necked bottles, and to each pound pour about a pint and a half of fine, pale, white wine vinegar, which will answer the purpose better than the entirely colorless kind, sold under the name of distilled vinegar, but which is the pyroligneous acid, greatly diluted. Tie a thick paper over them, and let the strawberries remain from three to four days; then pour off the vinegar, and empty them into a jelly-bag, or suspend them in a cloth, that all the liquid may drop from them without pressure; take an equal weight of fresh fruit, pour the vinegar upon it, and three days afterward repeat the same process, diminishing a little the proportion of strawberries, of which the flavor ought ultimately to overpower the vinegar. In three days drain off the liquid very closely, and, after having strained it through a linen or a flannel bag, weigh it, and mix with it an equal quantity of highly-refined sugar, roughly powdered; when this is nearly dissolved, stir the syrup over a very clear fire until it has boiled five minutes, and skim it thoroughly; pour it into a delicately clean stone pitcher, or into large China jugs, throw a folded cloth over, and let it remain until the morrow; put it into pint or half-pint bottles, and cork them tightly with new velvet corks, for if these be pressed in tightly at first, the bottles would be liable to burst; in four or five days they may be closely corked, and stored in a dry and cool place. Damp destroys the color and injures the flavor of these fine fruit vinegars, of which a spoonful or two in a glass of water affords so agreeable a summer beverage, and one which, in many cases of illness, is so acceptable to invalids. When there is a garden, the fruit may be thrown into the vinegar as it ripens, within an interval of forty-eight hours, instead of all being put to infuse at once, and it must then remain in a proportionate time; one or two days in addition to that specified will make no difference to the preparation. The enameled, German stew-pans are the best possible vessels to boil it in, but it may be simmered in a stone jar, set into a pan of boiling water, when there is nothing more appropriate at hand; though the syrup does not usually keep so well when this last method is adopted.

Raspberry Vinegar.—One pound of fruit in a china bowl; pour on it one quart best white wine vinegar; next day strain the juice on to one pound of fresh fruit, the same the following day; don't squeeze the fruit, drain it through a sieve, the last time pass it through a canvas wet with vinegar; one pound of sugar to every pint of juice; stir it when melted; put the jar into a sauce-pan of water: let it simmer, and skim it; when cold, bottle it. The fruit, with an equal quantity of sugar, makes excellent raspberry cakes without boiling.

Raspberry Acid.—Six pounds of raspberries, one quart of water, two and a half ounces of tartaric acid, dissolved in the water cold, and poured over the fruit; let it stand twenty-four hours; strain through a flannel bag. To one pint of syrup add one pound of lump-sugar; then, when it has stood for some time, skim it, and bottle for use in three or four days.

Black Currant Vinegar.—Well bruise the currants, pour the vinegar over them, putting in a little sugar to draw the juice. Let it stand three or four days, stirring it well each day. Strain the juice from the fruit, and putting one pound of sugar to one pint of juice, boil it gently three-quarters of an hour; skim, and, when cold, bottle it.

Raspberry Brandy.—Put your fruit which must be fine and dry, in a stone jar, and the jar in a sauce-pan of water till the juice runs; strain; to every pint add half a pound of sugar; let it boil once, then skim when cold; add an equal quantity of brandy; shake, and bottle it.

Mixed Fruit Vinegar.—Raspberries and strawberries mixed, will make a vinegar of very pleasant flavor.

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FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF PONGEE.—The skirt has three scant ruffles, with a plaiting of the same material above them; the basque is of a Polonaise shape, gathered in full on the hip, forming a deep tunic at the back. Two ruffles trim the tunic, and buttons fasten it down the front. Straw hat, with roses.

FIG. II.—WATERING-PLACE DRESS OF BLUE SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with two flounces of striped *gauze de chamley;* the upper flounce is put on with a ruching of blue silk; the the *gauze de chamley* tunic is also trimmed like the lower-skirt, and looped up with large bows of ribbon. This tunic is much longer behind than in front. The sleeves and waist are trimmed with *gauze de chamley.* Large Leghorn hat, lined with blue silk, and ornamented with a long ostrich plume.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF DARK PEARL-GRAY SILK.—The skirt has three flounces, each trimmed with a narrow ruffle. The silk waist is high and plain; the over-dress is of gray striped gauze, trimmed with fringe. Hat of gray straw, trimmed with gray feathers and ribbon, and a large pink rose.

FIG. IV.—BATHING-SUIT OF MAIZE-COLORED WOOLEN, trimmed with a red worsted braid, put on in a Greek pattern. The trousers are made full below the knee; the tunic is a little shorter, and the low basque is belted in at the waist. The bathing-cap is silk oil-cloth, trimmed with red worsted braid.

FIG. V.—WATERING-PLACE DRESS OF VIOLET-COLORED FOULARD.—The skirt is trimmed with three puffings of violet and white gauze, put on with violet velvet ribbon. The deep postillion basque has trimming of the same beneath it, and two deep ruffles ornament the sleeves. Gipsy hat of white chip, trimmed with clusters of violets. Pongee parasol, trimmed with violet silk.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF GRAY SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with eight rows of black velvet, put on clusters of two. A mantilla of white, dotted muslin, trimmed with a band of tartan ribbon, and fringe.

FIG. VII.—WALKIEG-DRESS OF WHITE MOHAIR—Two flounces pass all the way around the skirt, and a third is placed only at the back. The basque is trimmed with a profusion of black velvet bows.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is but little change, except in making dresses, which are of a much looser make than we have been accustomed to see them lately. Nearly all mantles are in the shape of circulars or shawls, or if paletots, they have very wide, open sleeves, and are quite loose in front, though sometimes fastened in at the waist, behind. This comes from the change in the shape of sleeves, which are now generally made loose and open. The sleeve, fastened in by a band at the bend of the arm, and thence flowing in a full frilling, is by far the prettiest, though there are other models, more open and streaming, which are much in vogue.

IN EVENING DRESS ribbons are very extensively worn. The beautiful gold and silk woven ribbons, which form such effective trimmings, are among these. Few sashes are seen, but low waists are made with short, and much-trimmed basques; sometimes these are at the back only, while in front the waist is made with points. As a change from the panier, of which one is getting very tired, the upper-skirt is sometimes made very long, and then just caught up at the back with a bow, or a branch of flowers.

THE FAVORITE COLOR still seems to be maize, canary, and Gloire de Dijon, a beautiful morning dress of pale lemon color; the skirt long, and trimmed to simulate a train. Walking-dresses are made rather longer, and do not clear the ground. Flounces still maintain their sway, and a number of these cut bias are used for stylish dresses.

IN PARASOLS, the small, round form is leading; the trimmings are chiefly ruches, with fringed edges, lace-flowerings, and rich embroideries. Lace trimmings are fastened with bows at the top of the parasol, and winding round, terminate with another bow to correspond.

IN LINGERIE the muslin kilting is in favor; this kilting is edged with lace of all kinds, and the kilting is even employed in dressing toilets.

FICHUS of white muslin and of colored, and of black *crepe de chine,* are worn to preserve the corsage from the long chignon, or flowing tresses, which soil silk dresses in a few hours. These fichus are trimmed with lace, and with lace insertion, and folded *a la vierge,* and fastened with a jeweled pin. Many of these fichus are embroidered in color on fine *crepe,* and on China silk; others have *entredeux* of lace, Valenciennes or guipure, and are edged with the same laces.

MORNING CAPS are made very small: they will rest in the palm of your hand, lappets and streaming ends excepted, of course. A circlet of gathered lace, a bow of ribbon in the middle, with ribbons and *barbes* flowing behind, will readily compose a cap according to modern ideas.

UNDER-SLEEVES are long, and terminate in linen cuffs for the morning toilet, and in handsome Pagoda and *religieuse* sleeves for evening and dressy toilets.

DRESSES are frequently now, cut round, and with single skirts; and shawls, so long discarded, are coming into fashion once more.

BONNETS are a little better, but the quantity of hair still worn on the head, forces them to be still perched forward in a very unbecoming way; and the same may be said of hats.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF A LITTLE GIRL OF FIVE TO SIX YEARS.—The skirt is cut gored to the waist, and is of light blue summer poplin, or mohair, trimmed to simulate an upper-skirt, or tunic. The trimming consists of a bias band of the material, two inches broad, headed by a quilling of the same. This is put on in the apron form, in front, deepening at the sides, and in the back; bretelles of the same. This is worn over a muslin body, high necked, and long coat-sleeves, fastened in front with bows of blue ribbon. It may also be worn simply as an over-skirt, over an entire white dress, only making it a little shorter. Five yards of single-width material, or four yards of double will be required.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF WHITE ALPACA FOR A MISS OF TWELVE YEARS.—One skirt, gored in the front, and very full in the back. The front of the skirt has the trimming put on to simulate an apron, coming up at the sides, and finished off with a bow. Waist slightly full, and trimmed square. Coat-sleeves, cut up on the outside of the arm. The trimming consists of three narrow pipings of colored silk, with a quilling of the same, or the quilling may be of the alpaca, bound with the silk. Six yards of alpaca, one yard and a half of silk will be required.

FIG. III.—MISSES DRESS OF WHITE PIQUE.—Eight yards of French corded pique.—Under skirt perfectly plain. Over-skirt, apron front, full in the back, slightly looped at the sides. Loose jacket, open sleeves, worn over a muslin high neck, long sleeved waist. The trimming consists of three rows of white Marsailles braid on the jacket and over-skirt, finished with a plaited ruffle of Victoria lawn.

FIG. IV.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF SIX YEARS.—This dress is of summer silk, small check, pink or blue. The lower-skirt has one slightly gathered ruffle, four inches deep, cut on the bias, and bowed. Low necked, plain waist, with short sleeves. The tunic has an apron front, gored all round, cut in deep points at the back, and open to the waist; the "bretelles" are fastened to the belt of the tunic, pointed ends to the sash at the back. The trimming for the tunic is a bias band, headed by a quilling of the same, similar to the description given in Fig. 1. Eight to ten yards of silk will be required, or more, according to the size of the child. These checked silks can be bought at $1.50 per yard. This costume can be made of any of the cheap plaid summer mohairs, such as can be bought for fifty cents per yard.

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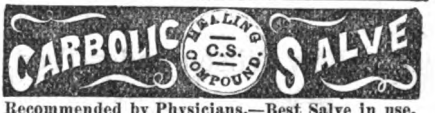

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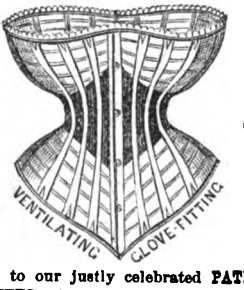

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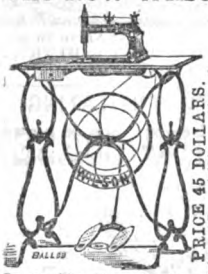

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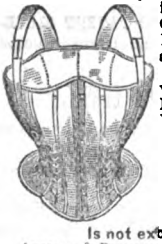

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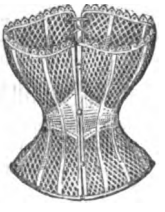

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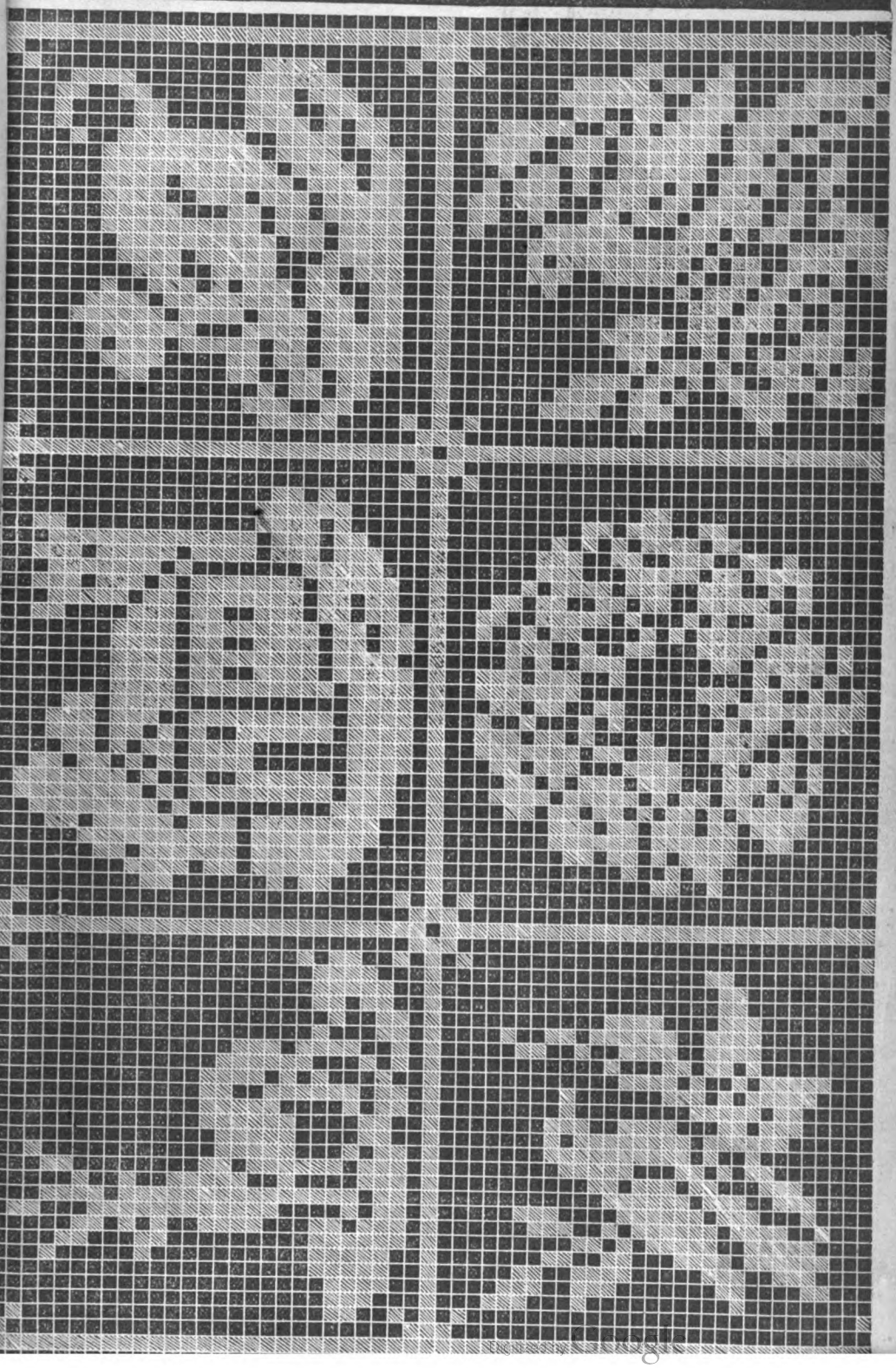

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READING HIS POEMS. [*See the Story.*

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BLACK STRAW BONNET. LACE AND TULLE BONNET: WITH THE NEW STYLE OF WEARING THE HAIR.

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TRAVELING-DRESS. FRONT.

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TRAVELING-DRESS. BACK.

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WALKING-DRESS. HAT. BONNET.

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HOME-DRESS. CHEMISETTE AND SLEEVE. IN-DOOR SACQUE.

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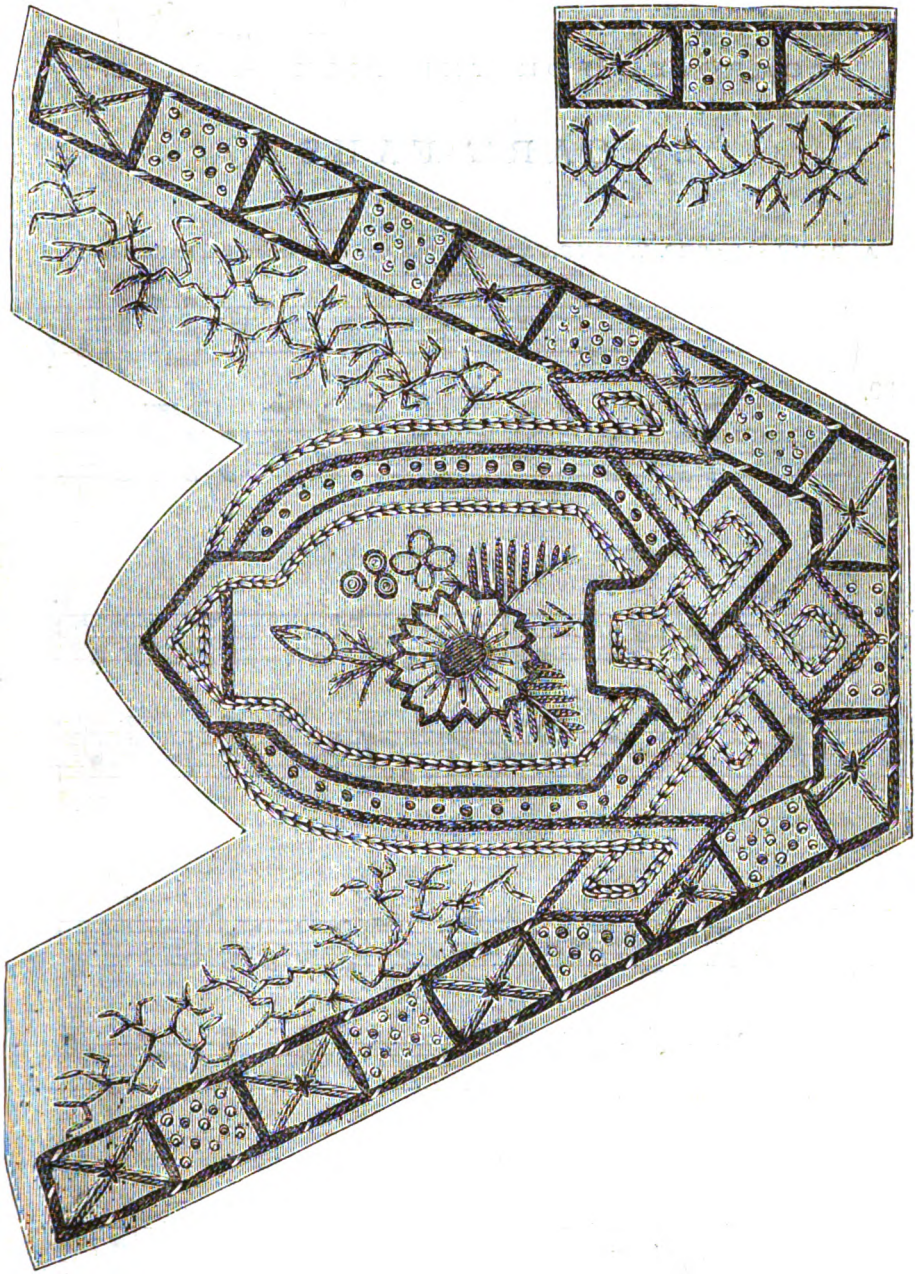

EMBROIDERED SLIPPER.

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SHARP-SHOOTERS' MARCH.

COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

By CARL FAUST.

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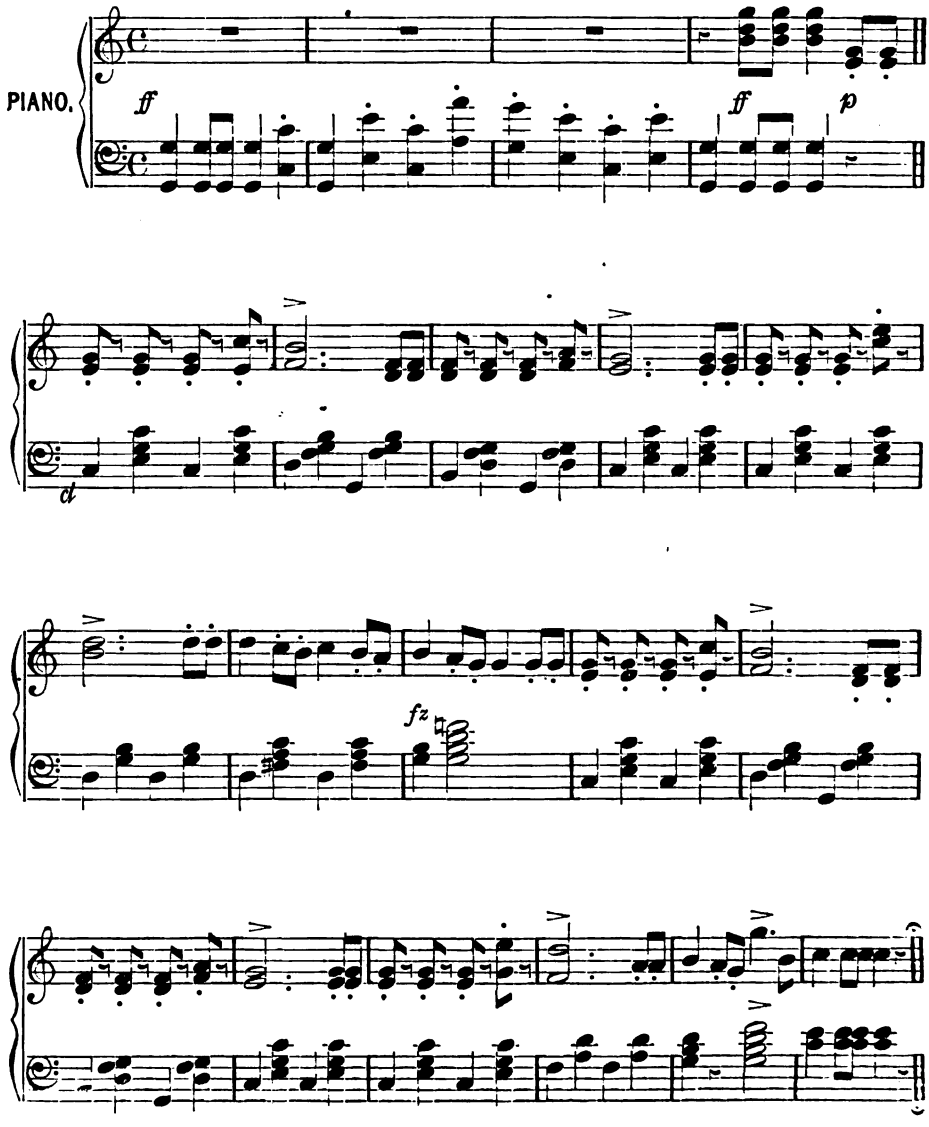

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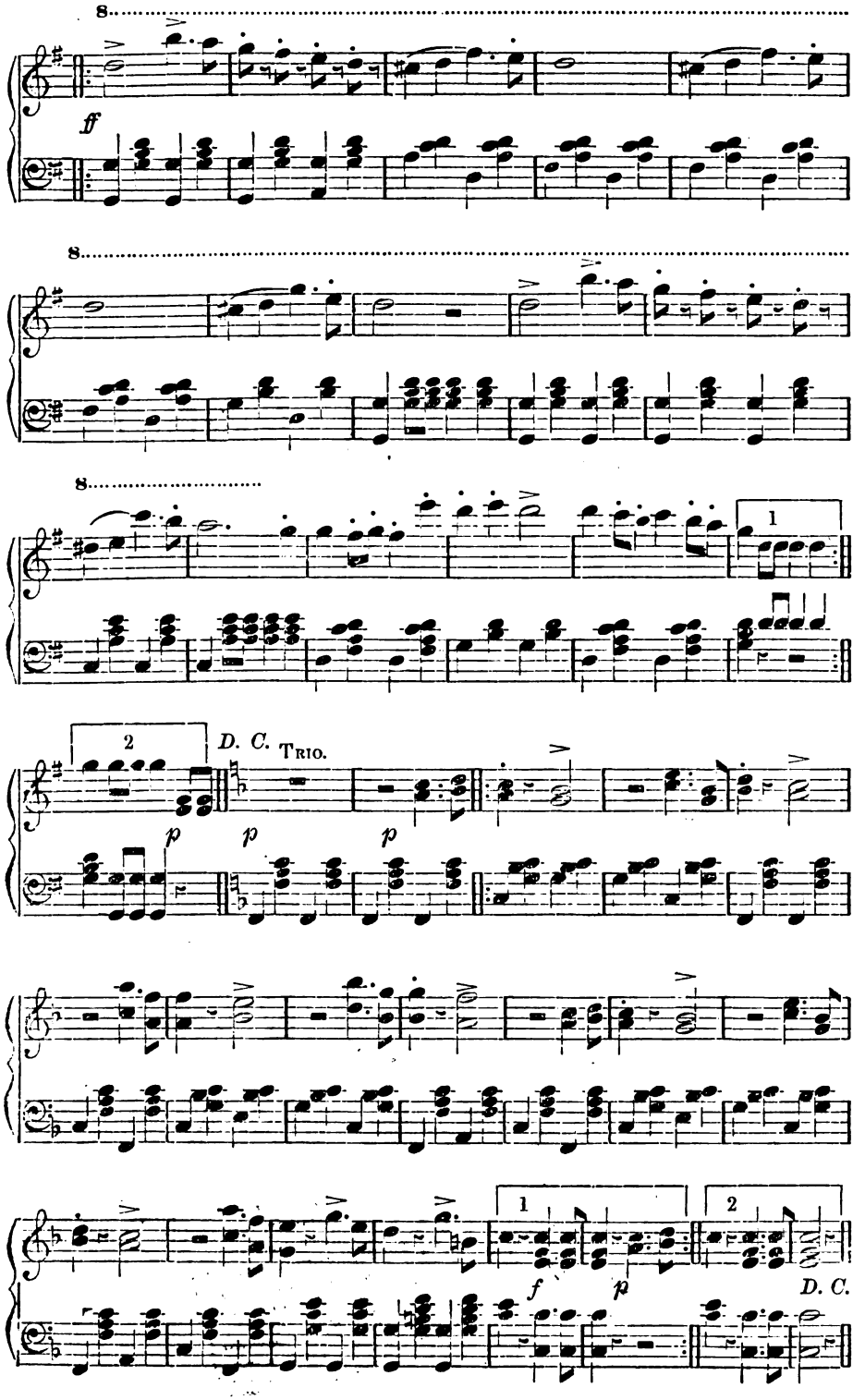

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. LX. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1871. No. 2.

DOWN IN A CELLAR.

BY HETTY HEATHERTON.

It was very dark without, and the wind blew in fitful gusts. The old oak, in front of the house, groaned dismally. The gates were burst open, and slammed to and fro incessantly.

Flora and I cowered together in the parlor, more and more frightened as the hours went by. Our house was a lone, country mansion several miles from the county-town, and we were quite alone, all the family, including even the servants, having gone to the annual fair, and intending to stay till morning.

"I never heard such strange sounds," I said. "Surely that was somebody on the stoop just now."

Nonsense," cried Flora, looking around nervously, however.

"It was only two nights ago," I replied, "that Mr. Brown's house was robbed. They do say," and here my voice fell to a whisper, "that an organized gang of thieves is going round the country."

"Mercy!" cried Flora, turning deadly pale, "suppose they come here. What's to be done? Hadn't we better go over to cousin Bell's?"

"What! at this time of night. Nothing would tempt me."

"This is a punishment for refusing cousin Sam," said Flora. "If you had only behaved rationally, we could have had one of the servants from Elmwood to stay with us. But I suppose cousin Bell is so angry at the way in which you have treated her son, that she will never speak to us again."

I had no reply to make. I already, in my heart, regretted the coquetry which had made me refuse cousin Sam; but was too proud to admit it to anybody but myself.

To turn the conversation, and endeavor to inspire Flora as well as myself with courage, I went to the piano. But before I could strike a note, my attention was arrested by a grating sound, that seemed to come from under the floor. I glanced at Flora. She was trembling from head to foot.

"Oh, Rose!" she whispered, "some one is getting into the cellar. We shall all be murdered." and she wrung her hands helplessly.

We both listened. But I heard nothing but the beating of my heart. I was not naturally a coward, and my resolution was taken at once.

"Flora," I whispered, "you bang away on the piano, so that if there is any one below stairs, he will not suspect that we have heard him. I will go and listen at the cellar-door."

I went through the long, dark entry, to all outward appearance bravely enough, but expecting at every step to be knocked on the head. At last I reached the kitchen. Putting one ear to the trap-door, that led into the cellar, I listened. But I heard only Flora playing on the piano, the gate banging and slamming, and the old oak creaking in the gale, and knocking with its branches against the house.

"What cowards we are, after all," I said to myself, boldly raising the trap-doop, and peering down into the cellar.

I could see nothing, but the air smelt of rain.

"One of the windows must be open," I said. "I hear the rain dashing in. That explains the queer noise."

I descended the stairs, intending to shut the window. Gradually my eyes became more and more accustomed to the darkness. When I reached the bottom of the steps, I turned around to look for the window. Great heavens! it was not there!

My heart stopped beating. I clung to the cellar-steps. As I looked, the window re-appeared, now plainly wide open. I stood staring at the patch of faint, gray light, for a full minute, then, laughing silently at my fears, and persuading myself that the shutters had blown to, and now had blown open again, I advanced, intending to fasten the shutters

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securely. I had gone more than half way across the cellar, following the wall, when the window was obscured again, and a gruff voice cried, "Here, lend a fellow a hand." At the same moment, I saw a burly form creep through the window. My knees now absolutely gave way under me, as another voice behind me, answered, "We had better wait till the family go to bed." In a moment, however, I recovered myself, and turned to fly up stairs, even at the risk of being caught by the ruffian behind me. But before I could move a step, the trap-door fell with a bang, and I knew I was shut in hopelessly with two, if not more, burglars.

There was a horrible silence. But for the support the wall gave me, I would have sunk to the ground. Directly one of the ruffians tried to light a match. I heard the scrape on his boot, and saw the flame for a moment; but fortunately the wind blew it out. The imminent peril gave me sudden strength. To attempt to raise the trap-door from below, was impossible for me, I knew: my only hope of escape was through the window; and toward it I fled as swiftly and noiselessly as possible. I remembered that an empty vinegar-barrel stood almost directly under it. On this I sprang, and clutching the sill above, was about to draw myself up, when the nearest burglar discovering me, darted at me with an oath. He was, luckily, just one instant too late. Quick as a flash I was up on the sill, and out of the window, and had run around the house to the front entrance.

The door, to my surprise, was wide open, and a flood of light streamed over the stoop. But I did not stop to think why this was so. Breathlessly I rushed in, and as breathlessly fled into the parlor, where the first thing I saw was Flora, talking and gesticulating violently to some gentleman, who, facing around at the noise of my entrance, revealed the form and face of cousin Sam.

I did not have the hysterics. I did not faint. But forgetting everything except my happiness and sense of relief in cousin Sam's presence, I flung myself into his arms, saying, "Sam, dear Sam!" and I know not what else beside.

My story, you see, is told. In a minute or two cousin Sam started for the cellar, but the burglars had taken the alarm and flown. Then he explained his presence. He was returning from the fair, and seeing lights in the house, and knowing that robbers were about, he had stopped to ask if we were afraid. All this he told, with his arm around my waist. Then he turned to me, with a sly smile.

"Rose," he said, "I take it, you proposed to me, just now. I think I'll accept you, which is treating you better than you treated a certain suitor, a few days ago."

I was covered with blushes. But what could I do? I did what a great many women, under similar circumstances, would have done—I burst into tears.

Cousin Sam soothed me, and kissed me, and told me again and again how much he loved me. But he tells everybody, to this day, that I proposed to him, and not he to me.

STAR-GAZING.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Like other dreamers, strange fancies
  Are mine by night and day;
Of the world that is round about us,
  And the world that is far away.
I think, sometimes, in the twilight,
  That the sky is a sapphire sea;
And the stars are the souls of mortals,
  Sailing into eternity.

I see them come up from the Eastward,
  Above the horizon's rim,
And go drifting onward, and onward,
  Over the Western brim;
And I think somewhere there is lying,
  Away in the mystic West,
Girt in by this sapphire ocean,
  The islands of the Blest.

And I watch the stars go Westward—
  To me they are souls of men—
With a strange, deep awe in my bosom,
  And I question softly, When,
When shall my soul go drifting,
  Over the sapphire sea,
Out to the beautiful islands
  That we call eternity?

And I think, as I watch the pathway
  Of each Westward-going star,
That some have vanished forever,
  Ere they reached the horizon's bar;
Can it be that the lost stars, told of
  By men of wondrous lore,
Were the lost souls that we read of—
  Shipwrecked forevermore?

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READING HIS POEMS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

It was up at Duff Kinzey's place that it all happened. You will never believe it, but his name really was Macduff. Few persons ever found it out. His wife used to hold the telling the secret over his head as a threat, wherewith to keep him in order. But this is all I need tell about the pair, except they were charming, and had a lovely place, away in Ulster county, where, during the summer and autumn, they had a way of collecting the most delightful people of one's acquaintance, seldom making the mistake that ordinary hosts invariably do, by inviting antagonistic elements at the same time.

Eleanor Vaughn had been expected for days, and finally arrived at the close of a bright October day. She was a distant cousin of Mrs. Kinzey's, and made them a long visit yearly. This time she went with certain misgivings that she was acting against her principles. Carey Fosbrooke was to be there, and she had conceived for him one of those terribly violent aversions, which impulsive women do get up toward unknown men who have been represented to them in an unfavorable light.

Miss Eleanor chanced to be in a willful mood; she would not get into the carriage which met her at the station, (the fourth time in as many days it had been sent for that purpose,) and which would have landed her decorously at the house in ample time to dress for dinner. She chose to walk; the expostulations of old Wallace, the trustworthy coachman, and most tyrannical of the race of ancient servants, were of no avail whatever. The path through the wood was pleasant, and she meant to follow it, caring nothing for the fact, which Wallace elaborated in many different ways, that the dressing-bell must be ringing at the moment—that twilight must overtake her. Follow the wood-path she was determined to do; and this was what befell her as a punishment for her obstinacy.

The golden and red light streamed through the autumn-tinted leaves; the faint breeze sighed about like a song; the robins fretted musically before going to sleep; the path was capricious, as only something beautiful has a right to be; now winding through deep shade, then out upon unexpected heights, from which a picturesque landscape, with the river in the midst, spread out below.

Eleanor went slowly dreaming on—not that she would have acknowledged the weakness to herself—and her fancies wove themselves into a very pretty poem, only she did not think about it, and would have been indignant if some spirit had hinted the fact, as she never indulged the young-lady mania for verse making, and would have been heartily ashamed to find herself able so to do.

At length she discovered that she had wandered out of the broad path. It was growing dusk and chill. Old Wallace was proven a prophet of the highest order—she had lost her way. It was no very serious mischance, the wood was not extensive; but she might come out a mile or so below the house. It would be dark; she had already wet her feet, and began, into the bargain, to discover that she was hungry. She rushed impatiently to the left; found herself in a thorny thicket; started back, and took the right-hand, where there seemed a break in the trees; caught the fringe of her dress on a bush, which maliciously stretched its claws in her direction; was disentangling herself, with her temper more lacerated than her fringe; heard a voice exclaim something—looked up. She was standing face to face with a man, and the man cried eagerly,

"Why, Mrs. Winterton! What an odd meeting. I feel as if I must be walking in my sleep. I——"

By this time Eleanor was looking full at him. A rather handsome man he was to regard, and while he stared in wondering perplexity, she said coldly,

"You have made a mistake, sir. I don't know the person for whom you have addressed me."

The last bit of information she forgot, in her anger, was unnecessary, though it was true in a way. She always cut Mrs. Winterton dead, now-a-days. A dashing, flirting, sparkling, audacious woman, much talked about, but keeping a certain position in society, thanks more to her relatives' social standing than her own prudence.

It was Eleanor's pet grievance that she looked like this woman. To be mistaken for her always made the young lady heartily detest the unfortunate offender. She could more

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easily have forgiven somebody who attempted to assassinate her in cold blood.

She knew in an instant who this man was—Carey Fosbrooke, of course! Her chief dislike of him, in anticipation, had been the way in which his name was mixed up with Mrs. Winterton's; a clue, according to her verdict, to a career of flirtation, which, in Eleanor's mind, stamped him as that meanest of animals, a male coquette.

In less time than I have needed to make this explanation, Fosbrooke comprehended who the young lady was he had so evidently annoyed by mistaking for the volatile widow. During the last four days, everybody had been talking about Miss Vaughn's arrival, and sounding her praises, until, with the natural perversity of human nature, he hated the very utterance of her name. Besides, some malicious spinster, anxious to cover him with confusion, had told him that Eleanor looked enough like Mrs. Winterton to be her sister, therefore he did not require to be a seer to hit the truth quickly on this meeting.

So, now, Carey said, respectfully enough, but with an ease of manner which displeased Miss Vaughn exceedingly,

"I beg pardon; I think it must be Miss Vaughn. You were expected at the house when I came out. May I introduce myself, Carey Fosbrooke, and ask if I can be of any assistance? Had you lost your way?"

There was nothing for it but to reply courteously, though Eleanor longed for the unrestrained freedom of savage manners, which would have permitted her at least to pull his hair.

"I know the path perfectly," she said, as carelessly as good breeding would allow. "Pray, don't let me take you out of your way by my uncertain course."

"I was on my way back to the house," Fosbrooke answered, "I came for a run before dinner, and strayed further than I intended."

"Now," thought Eleanor, "he's going to make a speech about the happiness of meeting me. I hate him, and I'm sure he's a dunce!"

He disappointed her; he did not speak a word of any sort. Indeed, he looked glum, and not a bit overpowered or obliged to fate. He saw she had conceived an aversion to himself, and he had no mind to be snubbed, and was prepared to dislike whatever she did.

They walked on in silence; came out of the wood at the back of the grounds, and appeared in sight of the party waiting on a side veranda, discussing Miss Vaughn's oddity in choosing the walk—Jehu having arrived with the information that the young lady would not listen to reason.

"It is growing dark," said Mrs. Kinzey. "The dinner will be on the table in a moment. I must send for her, only I'm afraid she'll be vexed."

Then the cantankerous spinster of the group cried out shrilly,

"Bless me, there comes Miss Vaughn with Mr. Fosbrooke! Dear me! did he know she meant to walk?"

Mrs. Kinzey treated her to a glance as keen as a needle. "You forget," said she, with awful politeness, "my cousin never had met Mr. Fosbrooke."

"Until she took this ramble," tittered the spinster, with a laugh as sharp as her chin.

By this time Mrs. Kinzey had reached her cousin. Fosbrooke bowed himself off; and while dashing into dinner-dress, in the secrecy of his own room, he vowed that, during the next fortnight, he would see as little as possible of Miss Vaughn, and never speak to her when he could help it. Usually, when people make similar resolutions in regard to strangers, fate takes a spiteful pleasure in bringing them together oftener than the most attached friends are generally allowed to meet.

The rule held good in Fosbrooke's case. He could not stir without encountering Miss Vaughn. Whether he took a solitary ride among the hills, or a long ramble through the wildest scenery within reach, he was certain to run across the young woman, and it was perfectly apparent that she was no better pleased than himself, though each could not help seeing it was undesigned on the part of the other.

Then Mrs. Kinzey was always, it seemed to him, calling on him to do something for Miss Vaughn, or listen to Miss Vaughn, or take her part in an argument against Miss Vaughn, till, in spite of him, the beautiful girl was so constantly presented to his thoughts that she actually got mixed up with his dreams, haunting him like a nightmare, as he ungallantly said to himself.

At first, when they met in those out-of-the-way places, they used to exchange frigid bows and words, and Eleanor would say, "Pray, don't let me detain you," or employ some other polite formula of dismissal, which caused him to grind his teeth; not because he wished to remain, but because her unbounded arrogance and insolence amazed him.

In fact, he wasted a great deal of energy in

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detesting her, and there the young lady had the advantage of him. She told herself that he was not worth a thought; his life and his morals were bad. No doubt he was fascinating in talk, or people said so; but he was to have no place whatever in her mind. Indeed, he had none. She informed her reason of this truth so frequently, that if another person had tried by the same means to prove to her that this was a way of not thinking, she might have had her doubts; but in a personal matter, analysis is not so easy; and Eleanor was quite satisfied with her grand indifference.

The days went on pleasantly, as they always did at Duff's place. Everybody, except the two people with whom I have to deal, voted the visit delightful.

Fosbrooke was in an irritable, carping mood, at which he rather wondered himself, as it was not a demon that often haunted him; and Eleanor found the days dull, stale, and unprofitable, and wished she had turned her steps in any other direction than toward the hospitable house of her cousins. She had hard work to hide that she was bored; but her sense of duty in this particular was rigid, and she succeeded so well that nobody perceived the truth, except Mrs. Kinzey, and she puzzled her brains for a reason, whenever she had time, but was unable to come to any satisfactory conclusion, "only Eleanor alwas was odd," she declared: there is a relief to one's friends in saying that, on all occasions.

In the meantime, fate proceeded in her own way with the work she meant my young people to do, and they followed her lead as blindly as each one of us has, or will in good time.

Fosbrooke had to admit, at length, that Miss Vaughn merited the praises bestowed on her, though she certainly did not attempt to exercise her powers of fascination on him; then, manlike, he was curious to know the reason; and it was not pleasant to settle down on the only one easy to arrive at—that she did not consider him worth the trouble.

Kitty Kinzey let the truth out, one day, when she was driving with him, whether thoughtlessly, or with deliberate purpose, it was impossible to say. Odd as it may seem, considering the gossip there had been, Fosbrooke was not in the least aware of it, or that people were divided in their beliefs as to whether he or the widow was the victim and the one jilted. He did not see fit to make an explanation; that he might be misjudged was a thing which affected him very little. He said to himself that, for Miss Vaughn to misjudge him was of less importance than the verdict of any human being he had ever met.

After dinner, that night, he and Miss Vaughn fell into a horribly polite quarrel, and though he did not care for her opinion, he managed to give her a score of sharp thrusts on the subject of condemning strangers on account of unfavorable reports; and they both said a great number of disagreeable things, and felt mutually sore when it was over.

So the days went by. I told you at the outset that something was to happen to bring the pair together, so I need not waste time in making a mystery, or getting up a sensation. It was a sufficiently prosaic cause—no more or less than Duff Kinzey's illness. Nobody ever knew the great, strong fellow to be ailing before; but he caught cold, and, however it happened, came down with a genuine old-fashioned typhus fever, such as few people of this generation have vitality enough to get up.

The guests scattered like sheep; for, say what you please, people will catch typhus fever if they stay within its reach; so these dear souls made excuses to get away, just as most people will, and tried so hard to make their case good, that they almost believed themselves they were going from a fear of being a trouble in the house under the circumstances.

Eleanor Vaughn staid. Carey Fosbrooke staid. Eleanor could not leave her cousin, for Kitty was in no state of health to bear the fatigues of nursing or any wearing anxiety by herself. The best of it was, Eleanor thought Carey had gone, and he understood that she had, until they met face to face in the hall, one day.

"I thought you had left," said Eleanor, the first to speak, of course, considering the pair were man and woman.

"No," said he; "I understand fevers, and I mean to see Duff through it. I'm glad you are here with poor Mrs. Kinzey. You can't do anything for Duff, but she needs care almost as much."

Eleanor looked at him with a fine assumption of patient contempt. After thinking she had the sick man, and his wife, and the children, and the rest of the household on her shoulders, it was vexatious to find this yellow-bearded epitome of conceit looming in the foreground, and putting on airs. She snapped at him, of course—grandeur is difficult to carry into details.

"I've been in Duff's room, and I'm going again," said she; and then Fosbrooke glared at her. The term is strong, but Eleanor always

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insisted it was the only one applicable, and I am inclined to think she was right.

"I don't think you ought to have run the risk," he answered, after a moment's silence, during which he was a prey to a score of odd, anxious feelings, which he could not analyze.

"I suppose I may run risks as well as you," said she, "or Katy, and Katy's there half the time." And now her words did not sound sharp, because, when he looked at her, he saw there were tears in her eyes.

"So be it," said he, very gently. "We'll all do the best we can. It's in higher hands than ours."

Now she stared in surprise, for he had been represented to her as an atheist, and she had believed it. She went away to her room, and when they met again it was in Duff's chamber, where there was no opportunity either for quarrels or discussions in regard to each other's belief.

The pair were occupied with various kinds of Samaritan labors for the next three weeks, and, as a matter of course, had gained a somewhat clearer estimate of each other's character, though I am bound to say, that Eleanor clung to many of her prejudices, while Carey had clean forgotten that he ever had any in regard to the handsome creature.

Good and satisfactory reason for that—he had fallen in love with her. He was not as yet exactly aware of the fact, but any slight cause might make the matter plain to his comprehension, at any moment.

Just now, Mr. Duff saw fit to recover enough to enjoy all the delicious privileges, tyrannical and otherwise, which belong to convalescence. They were all delighted to spoil him, though Katy, in her womanly wisdom, had an eye to future discipline, and told him daily,

"It's nice and right enough; but, oh! just wait till you're big and disagreeable again, and can smoke, and go shooting, and say bad words, won't you catch it!"

"You never heard me say a bad word," Duff declared.

"Never mind, you think them, I know!" pronounced the undeceivable, and then fell to kissing him, and cooing over him; and Carey watched the pair, rather curiously, from his seat in the bay-window. Straightway he fell to thinking what a lonely, desolate life his was, and so worked himself into an unwholesome, misanthropic state of mind, in which he was only fit to write poetry; so he went off and did it. And this was one of the secrets which Duff, with the usual perfidy of masculine nature, proceeded to betray to Eleanor, as soon after his recovery as he found time to think about anything beside himself and his unappeasable craving for supplies of the soups and jellies, wherewith the two foolish women pampered him, in a way which Carey did not approve.

Master Carey wrote poetry, and had actually published a couple of books, that Eleanor knew well, and in regard to whose authorship she had always felt a certain curiosity. The secret had been so well kept, however, that she was never able to learn who perpetrated them, and she finally decided they must be English, partly because she often saw poems under the same *nom de plume* in the London magazines, partly because it is a habit with most patriotic Americans, if they read a book which pleases them, to fancy it must have been born in the British isles.

It naturally enough followed, that when Eleanor learned the pretty little secret, she was incapable of keeping it to herself; and, more than that, unconsciously influenced by Kitty's harangues, jumped at conclusions, where Mr. Fosbrooke was concerned, entirely at variance with her former opinions. She could not rest until she had made the fact known to him. Any woman will understand why.

After dinner was Kitty's time for having her husband's society all to herself; so Carey and Eleanor had hitherto been forced to do the politely awful to one another in the drawing-room for the space of two hours.

This night they were left alone as usual, and Eleanor astonished her companion by saying,

"Don't take refuge in the newspaper, Mr. Fosbrooke; I want to beg your pardon, and offer you my thanks."

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, dropping the newspaper, and looking so utterly stupid with surprise, that Eleanor fairly laughed.

Then he came out of his bewilderment, and asked,

"Have I been more unpleasant and abominable than usual, Miss Vaughn, that you should stab me with two such fearful blows?"

"That is cynical and pretty, according to modern ideas," she answered; "but I am in earnest—so it is not civil"

"I beg pardon in my turn," he said, good-naturedly. "As a sign of your forgiveness, please answer categorically. First——"

"It sounds like a sermon," Eleanor put in, parenthetically. "Well, for the first clause, Mr. Fosbrooke?"

"Why did you wish to overwhelm and utterly crush me by asking my forgiveness?"

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"Because I had made a wrong estimate of your character," and she was too serious about it to appear absurd.

"I am too much confused about it to answer," he said, laughingly. "Go on to the next remarkable statement. How on earth have I earned your gratitude?"

"I'll tell you, because the answer involves the first question. You wrote 'My Thoughts,' and it is one of my pet books."

"I never heard anything so frightfully illogical in my whole life," quoth he, mightily pleased all the while, as any scribbler would have been.

"I hope so," she replied. "I should be sorry to have my worst enemy accuse me of being otherwise."

Then they both laughed, as we of this generation do laugh at such ridiculous speeches, and rather feel there is a merit in making them.

But they were started on the right track now; that is, so far as feeling amicably disposed toward each other was concerned, and before Kitty's wonderfully long two hours were over, had got so far along in confidential chat that Carey absolutely threw his dignity overboard, and did something he had hitherto scorned to do, in his obstinate life, he asked Eleanor what it was that made her dislike him in advance, meaning, if she acknowledged the reason, to tell her the whole story from beginning to end.

But as she was a woman, the reason was not easy to give, so she fenced, and finally refused to say a word; but sometime she would, she promised,—wouldn't he please be very generous and good, and rest satisfied with that? She asked the favor with such bewitching humility, and such a heavenly smile, that he would have been beguiled into any promise, though it might have been as imprudent as that unfortunate one Herod made his step-daughter.

"But whatever it was, you will give me an opportunity, sooner or later, to clear myself?" he said.

"Yes; but don't shame me by your forbearance into telling now. I'll promise not to think of it once——"

"That's enough," he broke in; "a thousand thanks!"

He looked so bright and animated that she wondered how it was she had so long refused to consider him handsome.

After a little, Kitty came down for a few moments, and they were both astonished when she began to excuse herself for having allowed Duff to talk so long—they had no idea it was late.

The next day it was beautiful as only an October day can be. Duff was well enough to take a long drive; and I doubt if four gayer, happier people ever drove through the old woods and lanes.

Then followed two such weeks as do not often come more than once into any mortal's life, and at the end of them Carey Fosbrooke understood his own heart, and determined to put his hopes in one grand venture, and know exactly how much happiness or misery destiny had in store for him.

But he only got uncertainty, after all, though it was not a very dismal one. Eleanor asked for a little time; but there was a look in her beautiful eyes which made his heart bound with hope, even while he remonstrated against her cruelty. Of course, he promised to be patient, and not to hurry her; and, of course, the first chance he got, he began his story over again, and it sounded even pleasanter in Eleanor's ears than it had done the first time. She had had a day and a night to think of the matter, and her common sense told her it was better to be frank and honest in the beginning. So she said, resolutely enough, though it required a good deal of courage,

"I want to ask you a question."

"Twenty, if you like, though you will not answer me one," he said.

"Oh! that's a different matter," she replied, blushing so beautifully that Carey was ready to fall at her feet prostrate, like a Hindoo before his idol. But she hesitated, and kept her head inverted, until he urged her to give voice to her question. "I was told you were engaged to Mrs. Winterton; that you received letters from her since you came here."

"I should as soon think of marrying my sister," he exclaimed, eagerly. "I never corresponded with her in my life. Is that what made you dislike me?"

Then he plunged into tender talk, and they both forgot Mrs. Winterton. But just when it seemed probable that Eleanor was preparing to make up her mind more quickly than she had promised, of course, they were interrupted—some visitor's called, and Eleanor had to go and see them, as Kitty was occupied with Duff.

It was rather unfortunate that the very next morning Miss Vaughn should be seized with a fancy to rise much earlier than usual, and to get down into the breakfast-room before anybody was visible, except Wallace bringing in

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the letters. Eleanor took them from his hand, and proceeded to amuse herself by distributing them by the plates of the rightful owners. Three for Duff—those must be sent up stairs—two for Kitty—none for herself—and one for Mr. Fosbrooke.

It was as well that Wallace had left the room, for there was an odd gurgle in Eleanor's throat as she stood staring at the writing and the monogram more fixedly than people often do at such trifles. A very odd hand—one not to be mistaken or forgotten; no more was the monogram—F. R. W.—and the W. made a snake, encircling the other letters.

Miss Vaughn had seen the writing several times during the summer, as she chanced to be staying in the house with a friend of Mrs. Winterton's. She remembered Fosbrooke's declaration that he never corresponded with her. Up sprang Eleanor's morbid tendency to lack of faith, and helped her on toward a fine fit of rage and misanthropy.

She went back to her room as thoroughly punished for getting up before it was necessary, as Charles Lamb, or any other advocate for late rising could have desired. She had her breakfast brought to her there, and, of course, did not eat it, and was short with Kitty when she came up to know if there was anything the matter.

Duff was got down stairs that morning, and one of his old aunts arrived to spend the day, and, altogether, the house was in such confusion that Eleanor had not a moment to herself after the gloomy half hour which Kitty interrupted.

Fosbrooke was busy answering piles of letters for Duff, and Eleanor kept out of the library. But fate had made up her mind to torment the young lady; so, of course, Eleanor met Wallace coming out of the library with a note in his hand, which he dropped at her feet, and as he was old and rheumatic, she was too kind to let him stoop for it—and there was Mrs. Winterton's name in Fosbrooke's writing.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," said Wallace, "I'm going to send Joe with it to the village."

Eleanor let him pass on; she stood a few seconds in the hall irresolute, strongly moved to enter the library, and give Carey Fosbrooke the free expression of her contempt and wrath. He had lied—there was no other word would answer! He was in correspondence with that woman; more than all, she had come up here to meet him—what did it mean? Eleanor soon got at a conclusion which she was satisfied was the real one; Fosbrooke knew that she was rich—he wanted her money. Mrs. Winterton had heard of the matter, and he was trying to appease and keep her silent. Once possessed by her demon of jealousy and doubt, there was no length of accusation to which Eleanor's thoughts would not go, even where those she loved best were concerned.

She did not see Fosbrooke alone during the whole morning, and he got no opportunity of speaking even a word privately. That she looked, in one of her moods, not to care for anything mundane, was not of sufficient rare occurrence, unfortunately, to make him in the slightest degree uneasy. But he was restless enough, for he had a confidence to offer her; and in spite of every effort he made, no possible occasion would present itself. He sent twice to her room, but she was not there either time. He went in search of her, and found her busy with the guests. The afternoon was wearing on, and he must go. He sat down and wrote her a note, explaining everything, as I think, according to my old-fashioned ideas, he ought to have done. He would be back before dinner; as a sign that she considered he was acting rightly, would she wait for him in the library? There was never anybody there at that hour; or if by some horrible chance there should be this day, when everything went so crookedly, if she would hold in her hand that poor volume of his verses which she professed to like, he should understand that she approved, as he was certain she would do, knowing her generosity and kind heart.

He gave the letter to Wallace, with strict injunctions to hand it himself to Miss Vaughn—and Wallace was always as safe as a church. But this time he failed, for the best reason in the world—he did not see the young lady. He had one of his bad attacks of rheumatism come on suddenly, and betook himself to his bed, too full of aches, pains, and groans, to recollect the trust that had been intrusted to him.

Late in the afternoon, tired of the effort of entertaining uncongenial people, weary of her own wild struggle, mad with herself because she could not at once tear out of her heart all affection for the man whom she believed guilty of such premeditated and unpardonable treachery, Eleanor got away from everybody, and set off on a long walk.

She went down through the wood toward the village; it was a bright, beautiful afternoon, soft and hazy with the golden light of Indian Summer; but the quiet and loveliness only added torment to her agitated state. She reached an open space, from whence one could

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look down into a pretty glen. She would go no further; she was better off, shut up in her dull room, than there.

Suddenly, her eye was attracted by a gleam of bright color half way down the glen. She looked closer, then, after one quick breath, that was like a sob, stood for several moments contemplating the tableau before her.

A man and woman were seated on the trunk of a fallen tree—it needed only one glance to assure her that it was Carey Fosbrooke, and his companion, Mrs. Winterton. He was holding her hands as he had once held Eleanor's own; his face was bent toward the beautiful woman, whose countenance was raised to his with an expression of wild entreaty, while her voice reached Eleanor, so broken by sobs that no word was audible.

Eleanor roused herself at last, and ran away, never pausing until she had reached the house and had securely bolted the door of her chamber against all intruders. Then she had her spasm of pain out; but it was long before even her wounded pride could afford her strength enough to stand up under the blow which had stricken her heart so mortally. She felt that her last power of faith in any human being was gone—that was the hardest of all to forgive. She could bear her suffering; she could fling that false man's memory from her soul with scorn. The world was still going on, and she had a part to act in it; so she put by her troubles, and dressed to go down stairs, ready to baffle all eyes by her calm demeanor.

Before she left the room she gathered together a few trifling mementoes Fosbrooke had given her during the past weeks; remembered that a volume of his poems, for which she had asked, lay on the library-table, and certain that the room would be deserted, went down there to add the book to her little package, which she meant to send him, with a few of the bitterest and most contemptuous words she could pen.

The room was empty, the lights turned down. Eleanor found the book; some impulse, which she could not resist, made her open it to glance, for the last time, at a sonnet which he had read to her only the evening before—some verses to an ideal, which he told her had found their fulfillment.

Her back was toward the door; she was so absorbed that she did not hear it open, or know that Fosbrooke was stealing toward her on tiptoe, his face radiant with happiness, as he caught sight of her, and recognized the volume in her hands. He had hurried to his room on his return, dressed for dinner, and come thither to learn his fate.

"Eleanor!" he cried. "Eleanor!"

She started to her feet; before she could utter a word he was beside her, stretching out his hands to take hers, and saying,

"You read my letter—you thought I was right. God bless you, Eleanor! You will give me hope! You do care a little for me!"

And before he could continue, or Eleanor could overwhelm him with the torrent of wrath swelling in her bosom, the door opened, and two of the guests entered—and the pair had to get back to commonplace as best they might.

As soon as she was able, Eleanor ran away to the shelter of her chamber. On her table lay a letter—it was the one that had been intrusted to Wallace—he had remembered, and sent it to her.

Her first impulse, in her rage, was to tear it, unopened; but she changed her mind, broke the seal, and read. She learned the bond between Fosbrooke and Mrs. Winterton. She had been, for more than a year, secretly married to his cousin—secretly, through fear of one of her relatives, whose heiress she was to be. Quarrels had risen between the pair, and Carey had been a mutual confidant. Just now, in her trouble, she had asked to see him, and he had gone to insist on her daring the worst, that is, disclosing the whole truth at any risk.

Eleanor ran to Kitty's boudoir, and astonished her cousin by ordering her to go down stairs and send Fosbrooke up; and Kitty, like a wise woman, went without a word.

Eleanor was weeping wildly; and again Fosbrooke's voice startled her, by calling her name. This time she went straight into the shelter of his arms, and sobbed out the whole story of her wicked doubt, the effect of the morbid want of faith in which she had so long indulged herself.

"I think I am rather glad of it," Carey said, when they were both able to talk connectedly.

"Why?" she asked, in surprise.

"Because it needed some powerful reason to make you believe you cared for me," he answered; and Eleanor laughed and cried at once, till she was not fit to appear at the dinner, and felt that she should never fully recover her dignity and pride after so terrible a fall.

Of course, it ended happily, even for Mrs. Winterton, for the old relative behaved sensibly; and the spoiled beauty learned that it is always better to tell the truth, however much policy, or any other mean motive, called by a fine name, may reject the idea as imprudent and unwise.

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AT MRS. HATHAWAY'S.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L———'S DIARY."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 42.

CHAPTER XIX.

"WHERE are you going? I see you're going off somewhere. Going to take those old things?" tossing from her the sleeve of an old, dirty coat, that had been a year or two hanging in the open garret. "And this? Where are you going, James?"

Her face was very anxious—very miserable; her voice was faint. She sat down on the foot of the bed, her hand on the post.

Seeing this; feeling for her, and hoping something from the softness, he told her he was going away to earn his living.

"And the living of that miserable girl!"

"His wife's living," he told her, again going on with his packing.

And then again she stormed, with now and then a pale ray of sunshine, when she tried to coax or bribe; talked of what things they would say to his father, (lies, every one of them,) "to make him" let them have money, so that James could go off—to England, or somewhere—to stay until the girl got tired waiting for him, and married somebody else. Would he go so, and stay till the miserable thing—not fit to wipe his shoes—married somebody else? It wouldn't be long, probably. Certainly would not, if he gave her a hundred or two; for this would bribe some of those fellows over there, and they would take her off his hands.

His answer was a more resolute cast of features, and greater activity in his preparations.

"Oh, dear!" said she.

He was lifting the heavy trunk to take it to the head of the stairs.

"I would help you if it was anything else you were doing. I can't help you about this; for you are going straight to ruin."

He'd been *there* a long time, he told her. He was going somewhere else, now—he was going to Boston; and when he was a prosperous man she'd see him there, and not before; when he could bring his wife, a prosperous woman, a welcome one, too. She'd got to come a welcome one, or neither he nor she would ever come at all. He had told father he was going; and he had given him some money—his voice giving way a little—enough to pay his fare down; and this was all he wanted. "Good-by, mother!"

"I shan't say good-by. You're not going to stir a step! I'll stop it!" hurrying to leave the room.

"There's only one way—receive her."

"I shan't!" turning round in the door, facing him with the resolution of a dozen ordinary women (and vixens, at that,) in her front. "I shall not! I never shall! You've got to get rid of her. I shan't rest till something's done."

It would not be car-time for three hours yet; and she resolved to undo the whole matter, and put things as she liked them, in that time.

"Sophia!" half whispered she, at the girl's door; not only her tones, but herlooks and gestures, denoting the secrecy in which she was accustomed to involve half the proceedings of her miserable life. "I want to tell you something."

She told Sophia all about it. The latter listened, much shocked, full of pity for her cousin, and for the young girl, at whose uncommon face she had many a time looked, at church, lyceum and concert, wishing that she could take her into a near friendship, to watch, and see how, under the encouragements of such interest and affection as she was sure of being able to show her, the thin film of coarseness would fall, and leave a face of such beauty, intelligence, softness, and manners of such grace and courtesy, as she had never seen yet in any person.

"Now," thought she "is the time." And she was comforted.

Mrs. Hathaway's plan was, that she and Sophia should take the carriage, and drive over to see the girl, and try to persuade her to give James up. To the former part of the proposition, Sophia readily acceded, raising no objection to the latter. She knew her aunt too well for that. And Mrs. Hathaway hurried away to see her husband, and find out just what he was ready to do for James, if he would settle down there at once, doing as they wanted him to.

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It was a generous thing in the good father. He would give him, at once, two-thirds of all he had, in real-estate, in stocks, and in money. Showing no more feeling, no more appreciation of the generosity, or the true fatherly emotion with which he accorded it, than if he and she both had been stones. She hurried off to find James.

CHAPTER XX.

When the hour for the visit drew near, Mrs. Hathaway shrank from an undertaking for which, as she said, she felt herself unequal.

"I couldn't do anything with James," said she, "and I couldn't with her. The miserable creature is his wife, and she knows it. What can I do?"

She felt perfectly discouraged; and, in fact, her distraught features, and high color, of themselves denoted some such mental condition.

She wished Sophia would go; wished her father would carry her, and leave her there, while he drove over to the West Road, to see the Pinkertons—old friends of his, that he wanted to see, of course; and they were too old to come to him. Would she?"

Sophia acquiesced. And, after having bathed her aunt's head, and spoken a few of the little encouraging things that the young, who are generous, speak so easily, and that are so magical in the brightness they impart to the mature, she stepped into the carriage, and was driven off on her errand.

"I have come over to see you," she said, speaking with the kindest looks, and kindest tones, to the young creature who came, with wide, troubled eyes, and shaking fingers, to receive her. "You are married to James. You are my cousin now; and no two cousins were ever more to each other than we must be now."

They were standing face to face, within the poor, but neat parlor, their fingers locked very close, their eyes—Laura's still very wide, very tumultuous—were on each other's face.

"You are going to have a hard time, at first, you and James; and I want to help you through it."

The young creature released one of her hands, bent her face into it, weeping. But Sophia, seating both herself and Laura, taking the latter into her arms; taking the forlorn head to her breast, said what she would do if James and Laura thought as she did about it. She and her father. She had already talked with him about it on the way. He approved the plan. Why, it was, indeed, as much his as hers, she said, and he was ready to do his part.

This was the plan. The doctor had already, before he came back, determined what should be his course with regard to a home. Centering there at B——, he had a thousand memories of a childhood, then an early maturity, into which one bitter trial had certainly come, but into which had also come a very large amount of purest enjoyments, both as boy and man. His mother, his father, both so venerated, so beloved; both linked with nearly every childish, boyish, manly delight and pride. The precious, precious mother! whose memory was growing every year a more tenderly-cherished benefit and joy; because, see how gray his own hair was becoming! feel how he knew himself to be now, at sixty-five—pretty well along on the road of life, leading to the lovely shores where she, his mother, now more than ever, was ready to receive him into her arms again. Close by her the father walked in the glory of his immortal strength; close by, the exquisitely-beautiful wife, her lips parted in smiles, held the fine, white hand out to take his into its loving embrace.

He was, it is true, many a time a sad man, with yearnings for those beloved ones, and for the shores where they were, that seemed to rend his life. But was he not, withal, a transcendantly happy man? Ah! indeed he was; and especially now, when each hour of renewed intercourse with his son and daughter showed him some new sweetness, grace, and excellence of womanhood in the one, some new virtue of manhood, some new features of humor and genius, too, in the other. And much more, when he saw how the son and daughter already loved each other, and felt how love was the tidal-pulse of his life and theirs, making them one in the enkindled interests and purposes of life.

Now, there must be a home. He had stores of curious things ready to come over from England, obtained, not only in the countries to which his travels had extended, but through the courtesies of gift and exchange from many others.

So he bought back a beautiful field in front, lying along the wide, pleasant, country road—a field belonging to the old homestead—now, as the reader remembers, owned by Deacon Hathaway: a brook for the trout and perch; and flat-sides, too, dear reader, ran, with fair meanderings, through it. And back of this were the wooded hills, and the gray old ledges, half hidden by trees at its foot, and bushes, and ferns, and lichens growing out of its sides. At the front were fine elms, which had had the

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grace to rise to just such height as not to hurt the lovely views, at the horizon, of mountains and woods, or of either sunsets or sunrises; and on this spot Dr. Athol was going to build his house.

And now we come back to the poor bride, who could not help being filled with a sense of her needs, her short-comings, by seeing what advantages Sophia had over her in her education and dignity.

While the house was under erection—which would take the remainder of the autumn, and all the winter and spring, it was to be so large, substantially built, and so handsome—Sophia and Laura were to be together, somewhere, where there was an excellent school. At South Boston, probably, where lectures, concerts, the best of Sunday preaching, and opportunities for seeing beautiful things in art, would be constantly available. They would be near James, there; would see him often, and he them, Sophia added, which filled the cup of Laura's gratitude and joy.

Only, there was the poor old father, the poor mother, the poor house, there on that barren hill, in that neighborhood, barren of even the decencies of intelligence or morals.

But the doctor, our true, humane, good man, had, it seemed, been thinking of that at the same time that Sophia and Laura thought. He remembered Mr. Haviland as a man of prosperous circumstances, owner of one of the largest, best-managed farms in the west part of the town, where the farms were all good; remembered the sleek span he drove in his open-carriage to church, every Sabbath, bringing his wife, a neat-looking woman then, in her black silk-gown, straw-bonnet and white trimmings; his neatly-jacketed boy; his little girl, with bright eyes, and airy movements. He remembered that this property was most foully ruined by Lawrence, a sharper, with the air, and birthright, too, of a gentleman, who went largely into trade in the village; built the most costly house in the county—and the county included the capital—furnished it accordingly; bought and sold houses, lands, oxen, horses, sheep, wool, hay, grain; everything, in short, in the market, seemed to drift into his hands. His entertainments were sumptuous. No other woman wore such shawls, and such gowns, as Mrs. Lawrence; no young people had such opportunities of education and journeying, or had such innumerable indulgences lavished upon them, as those at the great house behind the rows of Lombardy poplars.

But, all at once, there was a great smash, he remembered; and then it was found that almost every well-to-do tradesman, mechanic, farmer, in all that region, had either sold all their productions to him on credit, or endorsed his bills, or lent him all their money; a few of them to the full extent of all they possessed—the inheritances from their fathers, or the earnings of their own lifetime.

One of these was Mr. Haviland. There was no homestead exemption law then; and all was swept clean away, save that, to get Mrs. Haviland's signature of acquittance, the poor, sandy place on the hill was made over to her. That was all. Boston merchants got everything, so it was said.

That was all, I said. But we will see if it was all. Mr. Haviland became the sot we have seen. Mrs. Haviland the weak, disheartened woman we have seen. The elder son, whose education had been commenced after all manner of drifting about, and of mishaps, came home broken, and was soon laid in a drunkard's grave. The other son had done well for himself; but he had had a hard time; had been marred and scarred in all his being. And so had Laura. Both had quick intuitions; intelligence, taste, grace of movement, and beauty, were natural to them—but they had had no helps. Ready for the touches of the master's hand, the hand had not come; and the precious years of youth had been lost to them.

When Dr. Athol, thinking of these things, inquired what had become of Mr. Lawrence, he was told that he was settled there on his father's fine old place, just out of the village; that he must be in very good circumstances, judging from the way he lived—always had lived, they said. The failure put an end to his business, they said, but did not make a poor man of him. One of his sons was Judge Lawrence, of C——. One of his daughters was married to lawyer Dunlap, of the same place; and another to Collweather, Clerk of the House, the last session. And so on.

CHAPTER XXI.

Well, the doctor visited Mr. Haviland; attended to him as he did not to another man at B——; gave him good clothes of his own for which he had no use; told him that he was a man—a man of God's making; a man, of whom God required much; a man who had no right to give himself up, soul and body, to any spoiler, as he knew he had been doing; not to discouragement, rum, or any other spoiler.

He often took him out for long, pleasant drives, reining up often, in the road, in the

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harvest fields, and at the gates, to speak with the busy, prosperous people they both remembered; talking in his brotherly way with him, and holding him with unflinching hand to this most earnest, most sacred requirement, that he should be a man.

Mrs. Haviland, meantime, did not require that much should be said to her. She rose out of it in a day, as it were; helped out of it at once, by the delicate treatment she received from both the doctor and Sophia; by seeing her husband's life clearing itself—his face, his step, his waking energies and refinement declaring such clearing; and by seeing her daughter, under the loving companionship of Sophia, expanding more and more into such beauty as she had never seen on any other face, she was sure; not even on Sophia's, beautiful, as by general assent she was declared to be, and was.

"The girls" (this is what the doctor always said in speaking collectively of Sophia and Laura,) "wrote very often to James; wrote sprightly, encouraging letters; only, it is true, that wherever, in any part of Laura's page she said anything of Sophia, there fell the quick rain of tears to blot it.

James, seeing them, said—some decorous, right thing, does the reader think? No; he was all worked up about it. He could have added a tear or two of his own, if he would, but he would not. He gave his feet an energetic planting on the top of the chair opposite, perhaps; brought his empty hand, with a bang, down on the table, and said, "She shan't cry! I won't have this! I can't stand this! She shan't! I'll go up and shake her! I'll shake it out of her! I'll shake her until she laughs, if it takes a day. But isn't that Sophia a trump?"

And then came the need of a fresh brushing of the lids, a fresh banging about, to keep back other waters of tenderness—waters of penitence, that rose.

Dr. Athol had, meantime, been down to see him; and he and Deacon Hathaway had put him in the way of doing better for himself than he could have hoped—better a thousand times than he did hope when he went, that bitter day, to Boston, to earn his and Laura's living some way.

And was not this strange? He thought it was, and wrote so to Laura, that he cared no more for his cups than he did for poison. He loathed them just about the same. "And this," wrote he, "is because now I have got a wife, and one that is a great deal too good and too pretty for such a scamp as I am, or have been, nearly all my days. They say I was a good little boy. I'm in hopes I've come to a new road now; but I am a poor fellow now. Don't think I am anything else until I have told you so in plain words."

CHAPTER XXII.

MEANTIME, our popular doctor often met Mr. Lawrence. It could not happen otherwise, with all the pains the latter took to bring about such meetings, at the post-office, store, hotel, and reading-room.

"Going to build?" said Mr. Lawrence, one day, coming to place himself on the settee where the doctor was reading his morning Journal.

The latter nodded slightly, without looking up.

"A pretty fine house, I suppose."

No word; no attention whatever.

"Large?" after having eyed his taciturn subject a little. "Are you intending to build a large house?"

"Don't know," shaking his head, without looking away from his reading.

"Haven't a fixed plan?" said Mr. Lawrence.

"Not yet," rising, pocketing his Journal, and going off to his rooms.

After a score of like repulses, he still followed him; because he, Mr. Lawrence, Judge Lawrence's father, Mrs. Dunlap and Mrs. Collweather's father, in a way, the biggest man in the village before our doctor came, must, by some means, get round the reserve he could not help connecting in his mind with his old rascalities toward Mr. Haviland and others. He must get round it. It must be seen in the village that he and Dr. Athol were on good terms—intimate terms.

So he again made his way up to the doctor, to tell him of a horse, a perfect animal, (or he would not be recommending it there,) that the doctor could get at a bargain, he would like, if he made an early offer. He knew of several who wanted the beast; but he had asked it of Col. Crittendon, as a personal favor, to wait until he heard from him again.

But the doctor abstractedly shook his head, and turned to talk with Mr. Cabot, one of the village clergymen, about the new thing going on in the British Parliament upon some Irish question.

Our great man found this a most mortifying rebuff, as he had many another, where, as in this case, there were many witnesses.

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"You don't seem to feel very well toward me, Dr. Athol," he at last said, one day.

The doctor made no reply.

"What is it? Tell me, and perhaps I will make it right." He was thinking that perhaps he would make over a few hundreds to Mr. Haviland, if that would smooth things over, making it right between him and the doctor.

But you should have seen the eye, the lip quivering with scorn; you should have heard the tones, the waking as of distant thunder in them, when the doctor answered, "Make it right! Make it right!"

A fine gentleman, in broadcloths, one of the upper-crust; in fact, with his family connections, constituting full two-thirds of the upper-crust of a community, does not often hear such a sermon as that, and from another, a still finer gentleman, in still finer cloth; another, whom he has never wronged of a penny, or in any way—only as he has wronged his brother man, wronged himself, wronged the cause of God, of Christ, that dear friend of the poor and the oppressed; that scorner of the oppresser, and of the rich man who loves his riches better than he does the good of his soul.

The tones were low; the face came nearer that of the wicked man before him; his eye every moment fixing him closer and closer, as he told him of that son in a drunkard's grave; of that father despoiled of his energy, his trust in man; of that daughter, despoiled not only of the delights but of the decencies of girlhood; and that mother, rubbing so hard through it all. His voice grew tender at the thoughts of that mother and that daughter; he was filled with awe, before the height and breadth of the wrong he laid open before the listener. The listener himself became very pale. His eye fell at length, and he did not raise it when he answered, "I never looked at it so before."

"I presume you never did," replied the other, speaking in tones of great kindness. "You see it now, though."

"Yes, I do. I see it very plain," his eyes still bent, his face betraying much emotion. "There has been nothing to help me to see it. I mean," noticing the doctor's questioning looks, "I mean, nobody here has looked upon it as you do. I've kept my place, and——"

"And Mr Haviland has been trodden under foot," interposed the doctor. "Or would have been, if he had not kept himself out of society's —polite society's—way. This is a wrong, a tremendous wrong, that has got to be answered for at Christ's judgment-seat. The wronged and the poor are especially His. He will not let their just cause go unavenged. We may all of us be sure of this. I—I, Mr. Lawrence, am a sinner in much. I am nothing so near Christ as I ought to be. This I know; but the poor shall speak to me, and I will listen. I will not see any man wronged, without being a help to him, if I in any way can. Mr. Haviland is trying now; and it belongs to you, to you above all others," again kindling, "to help him. It belongs to you to be his best friend; to you to say to him, and to others, that you have been a rascal toward him, for you have! If it belongs to any man in this town to humble himself before God, and his own God-given soul, it is you, who have wronged so many."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The reader can see that our doctor said the right thing all round—to Mr. Haviland, that he had no right to lay down his manhood or his energies before any man's wrong-doing; to Mr. Lawrence, that he had no right to wrong another.

The reader should have seen Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Haviland together, after this. I do not think there were any other two men at B—— who came quite so near to each other. For Mr. Lawrence raked and scraped, and denied himself, planning for the whole residue of his life of self-denial, and paid back to Mr. Haviland the whole principal of which he had robbed him, and would have paid back more, but that Mr. Haviland stopped him.

And when Mr. Haviland, having sold his poor place on the hill, and putting the two sums together, bought a beautiful little farm on the river-road, near the village, Mr Lawrence kept bringing one thing after another—books off of his own shelves, some of those that he most valued, too, pictures from his walls—engravings they were, but good ones—grape-vines, rose-bushes, beautiful tamaracs, these tamaracs were so rare to be found; he could not be done bringing, helping to place, or coming afterward to contemplate their appearance.

And is not the reader glad of this?"

One day, upon his return from a benevolent errand of this sort, he found a "Luther Nailing his Thesis on the Church-door" there, in oils, done by, I forget what artist. It was a gift from our doctor to Mr. Lawrence. His children brought their gifts; they let him see their augmented love and respect, wrought by his so greatly augmented deserving. His neighbors, for the first time, loved him, and called

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him a *good* man, just now, as he was beginning to call himself vile in God's sight.

Is not the reader glad of this?

He and the doctor (it began with the doctor, as the reader knows) made honesty, right dealing, the best, most popular thing in morals at B——; made knavery, all sorts of fraud and lies, the loathsomest thing.

This was one of Mr. Cabot's texts in the time "They helped every one his neighbor; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage."

CHAPTER XXIV.

And how was it with our bad, false woman, Mrs. Hathaway, all this while?

She kept her mouth shut; and no one, that is, neither the doctor, nor her husband, nor Sophia, said one word to her of the Havilands or James, although they and their affairs were often talked of in her presence.

Busy as bees, working, they treated her very politely, but gave her no lot or part in it until, too much ashamed of herself, too much abased before their goodness, to be able any longer to cope with it, she began to cry, and say she thought it was too bad that, hard as she had been trying all those years to do the best she could by them all, they should all treat her so now, not telling her anything, or giving her a chance to do anything. She thought it was too bad, and cried like a hysterical woman, who, after all she may say of her good intentions, has no bank of repose in her own sense of uprightness, or in the well-deserved confidence and affection of her family—it was a great deal too bad, when she had done so much for them!

False still, as the reader sees. Perhaps she will be false, in one way or another, to the very end. But, God forbid! for, "in good society," there is no worse spectacle.

She thought Laura was too bad, never once coming near her; swimming round in her long trains as if she were a queen, (but she wasn't, by a great deal; she was old Maviland's daughter!) out and in all the best gates; going to C—— to visit lawyers, and judges, and their families, (she was thinking of Laura's visits to the different branches of the Lawrence family at C——,) her lips showing a vain smile; showing that she had somewhere in her a spot that loved James yet, and could not help feeling glad of the gathering eclat she saw attending all the steps of his wife. Then she wined again; and this was because she was given no share of the eclat. James was too bad, she said, or he would write to *her*—to Laura, she meant—advising her to call, after all she had been willing to sacrifice for him. Too bad! and then she cried again.

And neither Sophia, nor the doctor, nor, indeed, her sedate spouse, could help smiling a little, to hear her, and think how the tables were turned upon her, so that it was not Laura standing afar off, trembling, waiting for her grace, but it was the proud scorner, scorning no longer, but waiting and watching for some signs of Laura's approach and favor.

By-and-by, when they all thought she was pretty well punished, at a large party given by the doctor, at the hotel, given to his daughter and her friend a few evenings before the day fixed for their leave-taking, Sophia, approaching her aunt, said, "Come, aunt; come out here and speak to Laura."

"Oh, well!" hitching forward on her seat to rise, "I suppose I must. I suppose she will never come to me till I've been to her. But it is too bad," catching her breath, "after all I've done for James! I'm ready—as ready as I shall be!"

"But, auntie," looking brightly into her face of dolor, "she does right. It belongs to you to go first to her. She is good—we all love her; she is beautiful—is she not beautiful? Look, you ought to feel proud of her. And the marriage with her is really saving James—is saving him, aunt! Only think! You ought to go to her."

The woman brightened; James saved! James saved! she said, within herself! Saved by that beautiful girl!—her eyes were on the face now—his wife! her daughter! Her daughter? the beautiful creature that everybody was admiring so much was her daughter. Not all the world could cheat her out of this; and her boy was saved! Had not Sophia just said so?

Thoughts like these kindled the old brightness in her eyes, the old color in her cheeks, and in her manners, the utmost suavity she had ever in her most successful moments shown, as she went with Sophia up to Laura's side, and spoke to her as if this were their one hundredth meeting instead of their first, saying, "You must come and see me to-morrow. I will have Sophia, and her father, and Harry. Husband will be glad to see you. Come to dine, and stay the rest of the day, and all night, if you can. I want you to very much."

As for Laura, she behaved just right. She was sweeter than a June rose, and promised to come, saying it would give her also pleasure.

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CHAPTER XXV.

Mr. and Mrs. Haviland were invited to come with Laura. Mrs. Hathaway went down herself to invite them, and would listen to no refusal. She was like a girl, she felt so nicely, and put her arms around Mrs. Haviland, as if she would carry her. I do not believe the woman had ever before just such happiness.

Somehow, after this, the things ran together that belonged together, and were welded.

James came in the next day, just as they were sitting down to dinner. Sophia had secretly telegraphed to him to come.

"Oh, Jamie! Jamie!" was the mother's cry, seeing him come in looking so changed, so joyful. "This was all I needed, and I did need this."

Of course, the deacon did not say much. No one present could have told that he said anything. But James felt what a grip it was upon his hand; felt what unspeakable thanksgiving was in the eyes that rested on his; and they all knew how difficult it was for the good, true man to get through with saying grace.

James, at different times that afternoon, turned things upside down, as it were, but not after the old fashion.

When his mother, in her grand fashion, (for the reader cannot think how proud she had grown in less than twenty-four hours,) proposed to them all going to the garden to see how the limbs of the peach trees were propped, on account of the weight of ripening fruit, and started to lead them in grand fashion; James, coming up behind her, set a hand on each shoulder and made her run a yard or two.

She looked round to see if there was anything of the old disrespect in his face, but seeing only the spirit of fun, like that she remembered seeing so much of when he was a little fellow, she said, "Why, James! I'll box your ears!" trying, running of her own accord after him to do it.

"You see what a husband you've got, Laura," said she, out of breath.

"Yes," said James, taking Laura up in his arms, and running with her down the path. And a laughing, lovely burden she was.

Impromptu invitations were sent out for the evening; and Mrs. Hathaway had, this time, the reasonable satisfaction of seeing assembled in her rooms one of the liveliest companies she had ever seen in anybody's house.

Our excellent Sophia, standing apart, half-hidden, as she felt glad to be, by the heavy folds of a curtain, listening to the sounds of merriment, seeing James and Laura the life of the company, thinking that now her work there was ended; that these two, with their feet set forward in virtue's ways, needed her no more, grew sad at heart, and full of yearning toward one she valued even more than she valued father or brother, inexpressibly dear as, in that hour, and at all hours she felt them to be—one whom she would never see again; or, if she saw him, it would be as the husband of another—the good, true husband of another.

Her heart was very desolate at the thought. The thought made her so desolate that she was longing to get away to her chamber, turn the key, and give herself up awhile to the loss, when her aunt came looking after her, found her, and said, "Come and see if you know who this old gentleman is in the library. I hardly knew him at first, he is old, so bent, so—so—there he is."

And it was Col. Alliburton, looking his best; better than Sophia ever saw him look before, great as were the advantages under which she had seen him; he was hastening toward her.

Of course, our manager disappeared, shutting the door, and standing guard, that no intruder might get inside where the lovers were.

For lovers they were; they were not long in finding this out.

And now was Sophia's cup of joy full, especially when, after having been escorted to the company by Mrs. Hathaway, (escorted is the word; Mrs. Hathaway would not be satisfied if any other were used,) she introduced him to her father, and saw him winning his heart as he had won her own; and after it was all over, when clinging to her father's arm, her face at times hidden on it, she told him all about it.

"*I* did it!" said our excellent schemer. "I knew what was wanted to bring it about. I knew all I had to do was to write to aunt, ask her to tell Mrs. Hazewell that James was married. I somehow expected him to-night. I think I've done one good job, any way."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Col. Alliburton was at the bar, was already prominent. He stood high with his party in politics, who wanted him at the capital; and he established himself there. It was only a few minutes to B——, by the cars; only an hour of easy driving along the pleasant country-road. And so it was settled that the young people should live with the doctor and Harry.

But a better thing happened. Harry, as he ought, fell in love with bright Mollie, Alliburton's eighteen-years-old sister, a lovely little

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creature, with all the needful qualities of excellent sense, education, and womanliness about her. When Sophia was married, Mollie was one of the bridemaids; and, without being told, the reader knows what place Harry held in the ceremony.

Not many months after, as soon as the busy bee could get her outfit ready, she and Harry were married; and she came to be her new father's pet and housekeeper. And Alliburton and Sophia established themselves in a delightful place at the outskirts of the capital, on the B—— side.

So the two united, happy families could go back and forth to dinner, or to tea, and even to breakfast, when the breakfast at the doctor's was to be cakes of the new buckwheat from his own field, honey from his own hives, trout from his own brook, and luscious fruits, and cream from his own dairy.

The doctor and Harry are farmers—"model farmers," the agricultural papers and lecturers on agriculture call them. Their grounds are like a beautifully-kept garden; and, what is better, other farmers, seeing what they are doing, and hearing the doctor's intelligent comments, are led to imitate, so that the farms all about are beginning to look like gardens.

On the doctor's place there are rows of trees and coppices. Single trees dot the sward with their shade, in field, pasture, and lawn. The margins of the brook and river are lovely as Eden, with mossy rock, shrub, and over-hanging tree. On every hand are fruit-trees, berries, vines, and roses. Oh, such quantities of roses! climbing, nestling low, contentedly diffusing their fragrance and displaying their beauty.

James and Laura have their home at F——, where are the mills which the good father has given to his boy. Their house is a lovely cottage, on the hill-side, overlooking island, stream, bridges, cliffs, and all the mills, and houses, and thronged streets, of that busy, prosperous place. James is managing the mills with no mean energy, liking and success. He and Laura lost many a year, as the reader knows. The reader, I suppose, believes in Dr. Young, when he says, "A moment that is lost, is lost forever." This, in a sense, is true. But we have all heard of the phœnix, that rare bird, rising out of the ashes of loss and death; rising into the beautiful, free life of strength, of wonderful instincts; and so, many times, thanks to the great Law-giver and Gospel-giver, out of loss and death, in the human soul, there come the very highest qualities of power, benevolence and grace. They came to Laura. She could not see a woman breaking down with her heavy burdens, a man besotted, a young girl, or a young lad, growing up in ignorance and immorality, that she did not go to work to save them. James was less saintly. But, when he had listened to her story, which he did intently, and with few words, he applied a strong hand to moving things round, to make a place for them on his works; or, with few words, he opened his purse, and let her take money for her purposes of heavenly charity. That over, business of any kind off his hands, and the jollity of his nature was ever ready to come uppermost. Their house was one of the liveliest to be found. Every circle into which he and his wife came, in society, was a lively one; that is, if the purpose of the gathering was social enjoyment. If it was business, there were no graver features or manners.

This village is half-way between the homes at B——, and the Alliburton's, at C——; and each, including Mrs. Hathaway, does his and her part to keep the grass from growing between them.

"I don't want to live in the house with mother," James said, one time, to Laura and Sophia; "as it is, we get along nicely. I like her. If she were to die, I should find that I like her a great deal better than I know now. I am sure of this. I often think of this."

ANTICIPATION.

BY MRS. P. C. DOLE.

When Summer skies were softly blue,
And Summer airs were fresh and sweet;
How swift the golden moments flew,
How bright the blossoms at our feet.
The silver-throated warblers sang,
Their joyous notes on every spray,
And here and there bright waters rang
Their tinkling music all the day.

The breath of Winter chills us now,
The skies are dark, the days are cold;
I bind no blossoms for your brow,
As in the happy days of old.
And if I had no dreams of bliss,
Of what the Spring-time holds for me—
Sweet stores of honied happiness—
How dark the passing hours would be.

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HOW WE SPENT THE SUMMER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

July 1.—We opened our secret box to-day.

It is a square box, about a foot deep and wide, covered with green, starred paper, excepting the slit in the top. John took it down from the bookcase. "It's heavy, girls—very heavy," weighing it in his hands. I had not seen his eyes dance, or his cheeks burn in that fashion for a year. It had been just a year since we pasted the starred paper on the box, and put it up there. This very day, indeed, last July. when we discovered that there was no hope of getting out of the breathless heat of the city for even a day. It is breathlessly hot again now, and our sole chance of fresh air and health lay in that box-full of pennies, and ten-cent notes. No wonder we were glad to feel how heavy it was.

While John dusted it off, and went for a chisel, I lighted the gas, and told sister Sue about how we came to think of the box. Sue was not living with us last summer.

"You've no idea of the stench and heat in this narrow court later in July, Sue," I said; "nor how utterly run down John is, after a year's steady work at the desk."

Sue nodded, glancing over at his face and thin hands trembling over the chisel. "I thought all the clerks at Postellwrusts have a furlough," she said.

"So they have. John had a fortnight last year, but only half pay for the time. We could barely live in town on it, and take a jaunt to the Park two or three times. As for a glimpse of a green field, it was just as impossible as to unbar Heaven's gate, and look in at the streets of gold. We counted it all over this first night in July, and gave it up. Two or three weeks of rest and good air would have given John new years of life. I felt as if we were signing them away."

"So, then, you thought of the box?"

"Then we thought of the box. John and I were sitting just here by the window, looking out at the dirty alley, with its sickening sights and smells. He said, 'God gave the country and fresh air to cure and strengthen all his children, Sally; and, please God, we will not be cheated out of our share another year. We'll save every penny.' 'The only way,' I told him, 'to do that, was to put the pennies where we could not lay them out.' We nailed and papered the box that very night. You know how we've saved for it."

"Yes, I know," said Sue. *I* know a good many of Sue's little earnings have gone into it.

The truth is, I was very uneasy about bringing her home last spring with me, after mother's death, though our house seemed the natural refuge for the poor, motherless, homeless girl. But the most grating stress in poverty is, that your love and generosity have all to be weighed and measured out to suit the miserable monthly salary, before they can become active. John's salary barely feeds and clothes ourselves and the four children. If I overrun my allowance fifty cents in the week, it is long before I can make it up, so closely are we narrowed down. What were we to do with a hearty, growing girl of seventeen? Of course, the first intention was, that Sue should support herself; but when we came to look into it—what could she do? She was the best hearted, jolliest, fat little thing in the world; kept John and the children in a perpetual chuckle and riot with her fun. But she seemed to know nothing in the world to be learned out of books—so she could not teach; she could not even count well enough to make change—so there was no chance for her in a shop.

"I've no genius, nor skill, nor even handiness," she said, holding up her plump ten fingers, and laughing. "I don't know what you can make of me, sister Sally." But, although she laughed, she went out quietly and got some law-papers to copy. She done it in a big, round hand, but they pay her for it. She makes tatting and knits baby-socks in the same quiet way; but she is constantly bringing me in bits of money. The child pays for her boarding twice over; and then, how her absurd nonsense brightens up the house. What with the anxiety of mere living, and keeping the wolf from the door, John and I have almost forgotten in the last ten years that there were such things in the world as jokes. or laughter, or downright fun, for the sake of fun.

Well, as I said, Sue had slipped many a penny into the box. I have stinted the Sunday dinners all through the year; we gave up the theatre at Christmas, to which we

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always treated the children; John has worn his ragged shirts another season; in short, we have lopped off every little relief and relaxation that had always made our bare life endurable through the year.

"Never mind, children," John would say, "it will come back in the summer. The summer! There will be your puddings and your theatre, all in one."

The children were in bed early to-night. John had hurried home, so that we might have time to count our treasure leisurely.

"If there are more than fifty dollars," said Sue, "the mountains. If there are less, a country farm-house."

"I thought sea-bathing would be the very thing for John," I ventured. "And Jenny—Jenny is teething."

"Oh, impossible! You've no idea of the expense of sea-bathing! No idea, whatever!" said Sue, decisively. "Besides, we've no dresses fit for a watering-place." Now Sue is an authority on dress.

The large tea-tray was brought, and the box placed in it. John applied the chisel—whiz, presto, off came the lid! Sue and I drew a long breath.

"It is not—not quite so full as I thought," said John, looking in—and then he overturned it. "Take some of these notes to count, Sally. Sue, you're equal to the pennies, eh? Make piles of ten."

So we went to work. We were a very little while in getting through. Then Sue and I waited until John should dot it all up.

"Fifty! The mountains," she whispered, nodding.

But I was afraid that was too high an estimate. John finished counting, and then did not speak for a minute. "Thirty-five dollars would give us all a week at Farmer Potter's," he said, "taking us there and back."

"A week! Is that all?" I cried. I could not keep the tears out of my eyes. I had made so many plans. I have been all the year making plans.

"But it cannot be even that—it is only twenty dollars." No one spoke for a little while. John put his hand on mine. "I am so sorry for your disappointment, Sally. Never mind, little wife."

My disappointment? I looked up at his sunken jaws, and the red spot on his cheek-bones. Something must be done to ward off death. For it was that which was surely coming. Far-off, perhaps, but surely coming. Death.

"La, ta, ta!" sang Sue, nervously, walking up and down.

There was a ring at the door-bell. John did not gather up the pennies—it was only Dr. Clough. We have no secrets from him. I tried, though, to shade my red eyes—I want to make the house cheerful for the doctor, that he may not give up his habit of smoking his evening pipe with John. He is the only chum left of John's early days, when he, too, had leisure and money for study, and rare editions, as well as the grave, scholarly professor. Then, too, I fancy the dry old bachelor finds something of the warmth and comfort of a home, with us and the children. Sue, though, jars against him, I know. He is so full of hard, unflinching sense, and poor Sue has all a silly girl's fondness for show and fashion. She is so dull, too, as not to be at all in awe of him.

"Something may be done with twenty dollars, surely," she said, when he was seated, and provided with a light for his meerschaum.

"There are ten of us," said John, in his sober, argumentative way. "The cheapest board that I can hear of in farm-houses is five dollars for adults and half-price for children. Then there are the traveling expenses. No! we must stay at home, Sue."

"How do the other men in the office manage, Eckert?" asked Dr. Clough.

"Ford goes fishing in his fortnight, and leaves his wife and children at home. I couldn't do that, you know, George. Peters takes his wife to Cape May for a couple of days; nothing can be done with the children, of course. Stoll sent his daughter to Long Branch, for a week. It pinched the whole family for a year, he told me. But she is a pretty girl, and he wants her to have a chance to marry well."

"Fanny Stoll came home full of ideas about dresses," cried Sue, with eager eyes. "She made her last winter's merino precisely like Mrs. General Short's silks from Worth. And she says they have such lovely hops at Long Branch!"

Dr. Clough looked at poor Sue's flushed face with cool contempt. I would have liked to snub him well, if I dared. She is only a child. Is it unnatural she should long for fine dresses and dances?

"Your colleagues, John, certainly have very strange ideas of the way to secure a stock of health and courage for the year's work, out of their one holiday," said the doctor, with a quiet sneer. "Can you manage no better?"

"I'll have the fortnight's rest in town. We'll make it as pleasant as we can. We'll have to

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give up green fields and barn-yards. Yet, I wish Sally could have had a glimpse of them," looking wistfully at me. "The little woman is worn out."

"Yes, she is worn out," said the doctor, gently.

I tried to say no; that it was John who was overworked; that I had done nothing but attend to the house and children; but I broke down, and making some excuse, came here, up stairs. The baby moans incessantly in her sleep. She was fat and chubby but a month ago; but the disease has left her wan and white as a little ghost. Our two bed-rooms are but twelve feet square, and so close, that every sound is heard from one to the other. When John comes home, exhausted, fagged-out with the day's work, the stifling heat, and the baby's cries make the nights more wearisome than the days.

I don't want to complain. I make the best of it to John. But the air from the alleys is foul and heavy with disease. The whole world seems to pause to take breath in this heat; but for us, in-doors, there is the same hard, drudging work that goes on from year's end to year's end; and without, the glaring sun, and vile sights and smells. It is not only that my children are growing up without a glimpse of all the beauty and glory God has given to the world, but their bodies are being poisoned for life in their infancy. Why should health, and pleasure, and all the beautiful works of God be kept for those who have a few poor greenbacks more than we? unfairly earned, too, sometimes. Why should all of His blessings wait for that gross liquor-dealer at the corner, who can pay for them, while John, who has culture and refinement— God forgive me! I don't know what I say. But when I look at him, I feel as if my burden was more than I could bear.

July 10.—The heat is almost intolerable. John's vacation begins on the 15th. I have determined that he shall take the money and go with Ford fishing. Rest, and fresh air are absolute necessities for him.

Mrs. Peters called this morning. Sue and I were with the baby.

"Where do you go this summer, Mrs. Eckert?" she said.

I told her I thought, nowhere.

"Dear! dear! Why, it's quite the thing to leave town. Everybody of any gentility goes away, or, at least, shuts up the house," with a giggle. "Peters and I are going for our summer to Long Branch, when the season is fairly begun. We want a change from Cape May, where we went last year."

"How long do you call the summer?" asked Sue, spitefully.

"Well—ah! Not the whole hot weather, Miss Sue, of course. Certainly not. One grows weary of the frivolty of fashion, and longs for the quiet of home. Why, you are in a hurly-burly from morning till night. Such dressing, and flirting, and dancing! one is so hot and anxious, one has hardly time to draw breath. And the expense of it! You've no idea! Why, what with my dresses and Peters' broadcloth suit, and our boarding, one Cape May season, swallowed just one-third of our last year's income. But then we sat down cheek by jowl with all the high-flyers, every day. One must have a glimpse of high-life, you know, Miss Sue."

"Yes; to come home discontented with your own for the rest of the year. And your season only lasted a week, after all."

Sue's tones were very tart, and Mrs. Peters' face as red as the flowers in her hat. I thought it time to interfere, and began talking of baby's medicines. But she answered me very drily, and rose soon after, and went away.

"I'm afraid you were rude, Susy."

"I suppose I was," the angry tears rushing to her eyes. "But why should that vulgar woman come here to boast? Why should she wear silks, and thrust herself into good society, while you sit here in a shilling calico?"

"My calico is cooler than her silk to-day; and we are 'good society.' 'Where McDonald sits, there is the head of the table.'" But I could not bring a laugh to Susy's face. She went to the window and stood looking gloomily out. I knew, through the glaring brick pavement and dirty gutter, she was looking at the gay beach and brilliant ball-rooms at Cape May.

While she stood there, Mrs. Price came in to look at baby.

"She does look peaked," she said, poking at it with her bony finger. "Try gin in her milk."

"Sally or I take her to the square in the morning before the sun is up. The air is a better tonic than gin," said Sue, who was ready for combat with anybody.

Mrs. Price gave one of her disagreeable laughs. "Oh, to be sure! The fresh air! The next step will be the baby must not have salt baths, or a month in the country. It is astonishing how many sick babies and women crop up just at the fashionable season for leaving town. For my part, I despise people of our means who toady and ape fashionable manners, Out

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of town for the summer, forsooth! I met Mrs. Peters coming out, all agog for Long Branch! Men and women, like Peters and his wife, are the laughing-stocks of the real gentility at the watering-places. No wonder men are dragged down in their business, with wives full of such whimsies and follies."

"You don't go out of town in summer, then?" I said, with a sudden wrench of my conscience. Was it nothing but a folly and whimsy in me, then?

"Out of town! What in the name of common sense would take *me* out of town? What takes any woman out of her own comfortable house, flying here and there to watering-places and sea-beaches, like a wild goose that has lost its way, but the silly wish to follow after geese bigger than herself, and to cackle about them? No, Mrs. Eckert, I don't go out of town! And if the Peters had laid by the money they've wasted at Cape May, and the like, they'd have as snug a sum as Price has now in bank. People of our means, that bring children into the world, ought to look to their future, and provide for them. They've no right to vanity and junketing."

"I am quite sure of that," I said.

I hardly heard what she said as she went away, the matter troubled me so. What if she was right? John and I had always tried, out of our poor means, to make our home as pleasant, and life as cheery for the children as we could. Until this year, we had spared a dollar, now and then, for the theatre or a concert, or a rose to set in the window. There was Tom's violin and Joe's rifle—was this all selfish thoughtlessness? Ought we to have laid by these odd pennies for the boys' education? Our first duty was to them, no doubt. This trip we had planned to the country, too? Were we like the Peters? Was it a sin, or a weak aping of the wealthy classes, for people of our means to spend any money in pleasure? Was it to be all hard drudging?

I felt so anxious and conscience-stricken about it that I spoke to John and Dr Clough this evening, and told them all that was in my mind. Neither of them answered me for a moment.

Sue did. "I suppose God did not mean to cheat you and your children of your birthright of enjoyment, sister Sally. I would take it at any rate. If I could not have a summer at Long Branch, I'd have a week—a day. I'd stand side by side with the wealthiest of them all, if only for an hour, no matter what my means were!"

Sue's face was unusually flushed; she wore, too, two last summer's dresses made into one, and panniered and ruffled in imitation of Mrs. Peters' silk. It looked blowsy and untidy, to me. I could see the old rippings and darns under the flounces. Dr. Clough, after the first glance at her this evening, had carefully avoided looking at that side of the room. I was mortified. The doctor is used to associate with the most refined and elegant women in the town; but he need not feel contempt for poor Sue for trying to imitate them—she is but a child. Miss Foley, the banker's daughter, whom, they say, he is going to marry, is the most exquisitely dressed woman in the city. He contrasts all women with her, I suppose.

The doctor answered me at last. "Miss Britton is right, madam. Certainly, both rest and enjoyment are the birthrights of you and your children, and you ought to take them, It would be a poor education for the boys, if amusement was left out of it."

John nodded. "I thought that," I cried; "but I was afraid."

I was grateful to Dr. Clough; he takes such wise, cheery views of life. I was glad, too, that he let Sue's folly about Long Branch pass unnoticed. He does not notice her in any way since she grew anxious about dress and fashion. He used to ask her to sing for him, sometimes. Sue has a fresh, curiously-sweet voice, and, what is rarer, she knows what it cannot do; but he has not asked her for a long time.

July 13.—Jenny is worse. Sue and I have watched with her for the last four nights. Oh, God! if she should die.

July 14.—Jenny lies on the crib, without motion, except for the faint, slow breath. Hester is at home from school. She sits by me, and will sit here, until late in the night, watching the baby. She is a prematurely old and thoughtful child. Her pale, anxious face is as sad to me as my poor, sick baby's. Oh, if I could pour health, and strength, and hearty pleasure into my children's lives! If I could give my heart's blood to do it! Tom and Joe, too, have left school. I cannot shut up two boys of ten and eight in this cramped house and fearful heat, consequently, they run the streets. They are finding their education in the gutter. Every day they come home with some new profane word or vile habit. What can I do? I must sit holding the baby. I can pray, but that is all. Sometimes I think if I had them in the green meadows, and the yellow sea-beaches. Heaven itself grows dull beside them, to my sick fancy.

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Evening.—The physician has just gone. I noticed a change in his face when he looked at the baby. "Is it worse?" I said.

"It is worse, Mrs. Eckert. I think it right to tell you that I can do nothing more for the child. The only chance for its life is an immediate change of air. You must take it out of town."

"I cannot," I said stolidly. I knew that there were but the twenty dollars. If I and the baby went, John stayed at home, and if he had not this chance, he could not live through another year. John should be saved, let what would come to the others. But my head swam, and my ears grew dull; I could not hear what the doctor said to Sue and John, who came into the room, and stood looking down, with pale faces, at the baby, while Hester sobbed on the floor, by the crib.

After awhile, I felt them lift and lay me on the bed. The doctor had his finger on my pulse. "Overworked," he said. But I knew it was not that. It was that I carried John and the children so long on my heart, and the weight was too heavy for me. "I wish God would help me with them," I said. I could not waken for a long time. I last I heard a man's voice, so cheerful and hearty, I could hardly believe: it was Dr. Clough. He had Jenny in his arms. Country air? Of course, she shall have country air! or the salt sea-winds, which is better. We'll have her fat and rosy in a week's time. But you must leave the matter to me, John. I ought to have taken it in hand before; but I was afraid of meddling."

"Do as you will. But, Clough," said John, "remember, I have but the twenty dollars. Make it go as far as it can for the child and her mother."

"Why, bless your soul, man, you're all going! You, and Hester here, and these two dirty, frightened ruffians; and Miss Sue, if she will accept my plans. I do not think, however, I can compass even a day at Long Branch."

Sue was too terrified and troubled to hear or heed him.

"Clough!" John put his hand on his arm, "you are very generous; but I cannot accept money, even from you."

"I do not mean to advance you a penny. I mean that you shall all go for the twenty dollars. Leave me to manage. You will not refuse to accept my good sense in lieu of your stupidity, eh, old fellow?"

He handed back the baby to John, laughing. His face was red, though, and his eyes wet. I never thought him handsome before; but he seemed to me now as if he looked like one of the messengers of God.

July 21.—I have time now to write down all that has happened in this wonderful week. I cannot but think, as I sit here on the beach, the awful solitude of the sea before me, Jenny asleep in my lap, with a soft tinge of pink in her cheeks, that we have been transported on the magic carpet which carried Aladdin to his fairy palace. But it was practical work enough which brought us here. By daylight, the morning after the physician had ordered us off, Dr. Clough was at the house. "My vacation began yesterday," he said. "All hands to work! There is not an hour to lose!" His coat was off in a twinkling, and John and he, in their shirt-sleeves, with the boys, in the midst of a dire confusion of trunks and boxes, Sue and Hester flying here and there, busy and happy as bees. By ten o'clock, behold the result of their labor! Three trunks packed with all our half-worn and shabby clothing; (the best garments were left in the closets:) A second-hand army-tent, strapped, ready for transportation; two barrels, filled with pots, gridirons, flour, sugar, coffee, soap, sheets, and blankets, an axe, hammer, nails—and fifty other unconsidered trifles, which Dr. Clough remembered to add. By noon, the whole party, in a sort of bewildered daze, given over to the doctor's guidance, like a flock of sheep, were steaming through New Jersey, on the Camden and Amboy road. Then followed two hours jolting in an open wagon, which deposited us, at sundown, on the yellow-sand beach, pine-woods behind us, and the ocean before. With the first breath of the salt air baby opened her eyes, and presently gave a feeble little crow. I sat and nursed her, while John and Dr. Clough, both old campaigners, dug a drain around a square spot of ground, pitched the tent in the middle of it, heaped sand for beds, and spread blankets over it. The boys and Sue kindled a great fire, and made coffee. Then the shelter-tent was pitched for the men and boys. That first night was all a wild, uneasy dream, so sudden and violent a change as almost to terrify me. Now that a week has passed, it seemed to me as if I had lived here always, as if this wild gipsying was, after all, the true life. My baby is not only safe, but is growing fat and rosy, as the doctor foretold. I lie through long hours with her on the warm sand, watching the change from violet to sullen gray, over the vast, heaving plane below, and feel new life stealing into every vein. We have gone to housekeeping regularly.

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The empty bed-ticking we brought has been filled with chopped straw, which we purchsaed from the farmers for a few cents. The drift-wood on the beach supplies us with fuel; and the sea and marshes are our market. We live on the delicacies of the season, and hunger gives a sauce which Delmonico could not buy. Fish, snipe, crabs, clams, oysters, the men and boys bring in until my larder is full to repletion. Hester clung to my side at first, awed, and half afraid of the sea. But now she is off by daylight, with her brothers, wading, or gunning, or crabbing—a veritable tom-boy. I can hear their shouts and laughter now ringing over the beach.

July 22.—A cool day, full of soft, gray, tender shadows over the woods and sea, crisp, white foam lapping the shore at our feet. The white-sailed ships, spectral in the mist, passing noiselessly all day along the horizon, in the stately procession of a dream. The doctor, John, and the boys, were up and off to the marshes before dawn, coming back uproarous, and starving for breakfast, by the time the great wood-fire was burning. They are all cooks; John and the doctor have gone back to their old boyish days, and fancy, I believe, the frolic is to be perpetual. Unending old stories and jokes are brought out; John goes in and out whistling, his head erect, his eye sparkling, and his skin the color of the brown kelp.

Sue is the only one who is ill at ease when she is alone with baby and me. She is, her old self, alive with the keenest enjoyment; but, in the evening, when we all gather around the fire, she is grave and distant. I try in vain to detect the cause of her secret trouble.

Evening.—John asked Dr. Clough for a statement of our expenses. He jotted it down.

One second-hand tent, bought at auction, - - - - - - -	$6 00
Railroad and wagon fare, - -	7 25
Expressage for tent, - - -	1 50
	$14 75

"Which leaves," he added, "$5 25 to take you back home. The twenty dollars, as you see, have covered the expenses, except two dollars, which you must allow me to pay, as a border, to put it on business footing."

I wish there was some way for me to make this statement known to the thousands of poor men and women stifling in the city, for whom a week or two of rest and return to this simple out-door life would give strength and courage for a year of drudgery.

July 23.—I left Jenny asleep in the tent this afternoon, and going down the beach, found Susy alone, watching the tide go out. She sprang up to find me a seat, and heap the sand comfortably at my back, joking and laughing. But I saw the marks of tears on her face.

"It is dull for you here, dear child," I said. "You should not stay alone with the sea. The oppression of its solitude is something terrible to me."

Sue shook her head. "I don't understand such fancies. It is not dull, Sally. I am very thankful for this strange, beautiful life here. I never knew before what it was to stand face to face with God, and to leave," she added, with a laugh, "Mrs. Peters, and money, and fashion, all so far out of sight."

"Now, only see how I wronged you. I thought you were still thinking of Long Branch."

"They all think so," she said, quietly. "John, and—the—the boys. They all think me silly and weak. But it is no matter."

I said nothing. John and the boys, of course, are not in the question. It is Dr. Clough, who, no doubt, has hurt the child with some of his savage sarcasms. Susy is a tender-hearted little thing, if she is a trifle silly. A rough word will cut her to the quick. What is Dr. Clough to her, that he should trouble himself with her short comings? He presumes upon his kindness to us. There he goes, now, down to where she is sitting alone on the edge of the marsh. I will join them; I will take care not to leave her alone with him again to be criticised and supervised.

I walked down the beach, but met them coming to the tent: the professor stalking along, with his dryest, most critical face, Susy flushed and embarrassed, as she always is, when with a person she dislikes.

"I am going with Dr. Clough, in the boat, for John, Sally. He wants me to steer," she said.

She is always ready to be made use of; but, if I were in her place, I would not now be so forgiving.

Evening.—They did not bring back John, after all—he came on foot. I went down at sunset and found the boat still drifting with the tide in the little cove, the red water curdling about the prow. Susy was singing softly to herself, and the professor leaning back in the bow, smoking, not troubling himself to entertain her; lost, I suppose, in meditation about some unknown equation, or the Spencerian theory. They landed when they saw me.

"Where did you row, Susy?" I asked, as we strolled together home to the tent.

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"I—Indeed I don't know," she said, confused.

I looked at her quickly. "It was pleasant on the water?" I asked.

"Yes; it was pleasant." Her cheeks blushed the softest rose-color, and her eyes had a far-off, dreaming look, which I had never seen in them before. It sent a thrill of fear through me. Susy was young, impressible, affectionate. What if——?

She, I knew, was nothing to the professor but a homely, silly girl. Even if he had discernment enough to see what integrity and tenderness lay under her commonplace ways, she was not of his class or kind.

July 24.—I missed the professor when breakfast was ready this morning. "Has Dr. Clough gone to the marshes?" I asked, observing furtively how Sue waited for the answer.

"No; he has rowed up to the Point. There are a party from town there," said John, intent on carving the great, blue mackerel—"the Foleys, and some others." I stole another look at Sue. My fears had been just. It was pitiful to see such sudden terror and pain on a chubby little face that was only made for laughter. But she is a thorough woman; she spoke the next moment in a perfectly indifferent tone.

"There was a report in the city that Dr. Clough and Miss Foley were to be married this fall."

"Yes, I understood that," I said, quickly. "Joe, eat some bread. It is astonishing that children will forget the simplest rules of the table. Some more coffee, my dear. Our coffee never has this delicious flavor at home."

Susy waited. "You were about to say, brother John——?" she said, steadily.

"Oh! Clough and Miss Foley? Yes; I believe there is an engagement. It would be very suitable. The young lady is unusually delicate and refined in her tastes, I hear, and would just suit Clough. He's a peculiar fellow. Then she has money. His salary is moderate."

"So is yours, and I had no money; but I never heard you complain that our match was unsuitable," I said, sharply, wreaking my vexation on poor John.

"Suitable, eh? Try this fish, Susy. Well, it never occurred to me before, whether it was suitable or not. I fancy we did not think much of salary in those days, Sally."

"You married for love," I said. "Why should not Dr. Clough have the same privilege?"

"It seems to me it would be a wise thing in him to find a rich wife, however. Why should you think he marries Miss Foley for money alone?"

"Why, indeed?" I answered. John looked up with surprise at my tart tone, and let the matter drop.

It is now evening, and Dr. Clough has not yet returned. I wish we would never see his face again. And yet, next to John, he is the man of all others who seems to me most genuine and noble; and he has been a steadfast friend to us. But Susy's pale face wrings my heart to-day. I feel that I have taken a mother's place to the child, and her pain is my own.

Later.—I went out, after writing, up into the long grass that edged the beach. Sitting there, I heard crunching steps in the sand, and, in a moment, voices.

"There is an encampment, Agnes," said Dr. Clough.

"It is very picturesque," said a thin, yet not unpleasant voice. "Is that your friend, Eckert? What a noble figure, and a scholarly head! Who is the woman with him?"

"Miss Britton, Eckert's sister-in-law."

"She is a nice little body." I fancied the tone grew thinner and sharp. "You told me that his wife was your ideal of a genuine, loving woman. You never told me of his sister."

"Did I not?" indifferently. "She is a nice little body, as you say. Come, Agnes, I want *you* to know John." I fancied a tender lingering of his voice on her name. I came through the sedge hastily, to be with Susy before she met her rival.

Miss Foley was a delicate blonde. Blue velvet in her hat and coat threw into relief the pale, exquisite coloring of her face, and fair, glistening hair. As with most blondes, her eyes did not lack either intelligence or shrewdness. She greeted me with effusion. She had, she said, "long desired to know Dr. Clough's first friends." There was a tacit claim in this, I thought, to share all Dr. Clough's possessions. We walked together to the beach, where John and Sue have just landed from the boat. Susy comprehended the situation at the first glance. Her honest face changed strangely, for a moment, and then she came quietly forward to meet us; with a self-possession, of which I did not think the child capable. Miss Foley scanned her face keenly; but she did not once glance down at the coarse, brown dress. They stood side by side. Even my partial eyes had to confess, that by the brilliant, delicate beauty, my poor Sue degenerated into an honest, "nice little body;" no more. No wonder, if Dr.

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Clough made the distinction. I was ill at ease, and constrained; full of an unreasonable rage and antipathy against the woman. It was no fault of hers that she had made my poor little girl's life bare and empty. Sue, on the contrary, was unwontedly warm and cordial. Her cheeks burned, and her eyes sparkled. She overflowed with hospitality to Miss Foley; showed her stores of shells and mosses; gave her graphic, absurd descriptions of our tent-housekeeping; accepted promptly her proposals for renewed intimacy in town. I stood puzzled and wondering, for Sue, with all her warm heart, was not apt to take every new young woman into her home and heart, after the ordinary fashion of girls.

Dr. Clough, meanwhile, watched his friend narrowly.

"I will remain at the Point, to-night," he said, on parting. "Miss Foley's phaeton is beyond the woods. I drive her over."

Sue stood calmly smiling, fastening a feathery spray of moss in Miss Foley's hat. "The effect is very pretty against fair hair," she said.

They started, John accompanying them to the woods. When they were nearly out of sight, I turned to Sue. She had sunk down on the sand, pale and limp, her hands helplessly pressed against her breast. I sat down, and took her head in my arms, but said nothing. What could I say?

"You must send me away from you," she said, after awhile, trying to speak calmly. "I cannot see them, when she is his wife, and live. What can you do with me? I cannot teach; I am not able to be a shop-girl, or a servant. And yet, I thought I was fit to be his wife! What can you do with me?" She sobbed, again and again, desperately. "No poor girl was ever so miserable before," she said, looking up at last.

I could not help smiling. "Many a one, Sue; and they have lived to laugh at their own wretchedness afterward." It was an ill-judged speech, for she chilled instantly. She rose, and dried her face.

"It was selfish in me," she said, camly, "to bring my trouble to you; you have such heavy weight of your own to carry." Adding, after a pause, "I would be glad if you would speak to John of my wish to leave the city; he could probably hear of a situation for me." Then she went out to wander over the sands alone, while I had a miserable cry to myself.

When John came in, I was forced to account for my red eyes. "Susy wants to leave us, when we go back—is talking of a situation."

John smoked his pipe, thoughfully. "What's the matter, Sally?"

"How should I know? Some absurd notions of independence, I suppose."

"Independence, eh? Very right, too; very right. Sue would be much happier if she had her own roof over her. What does she want to do? School, of course."

"She is not qualified for that; but I did not know, John, you were tired of the child, or wanted to be rid of her." I was both hurt and angry.

"Tired of her? No; certainly I am not that. But I've no doubt she would be happier if she had her own footing to stand on. By-the-way, I did hear of a situation, as you call it, which would suit her capitally. I'll speak to her of it, to-morrow."

I waited for him to enter into details; but he smoked on, placidly. "Would the child be comfortable?" I demanded.

"Oh, yes!—comfortable."

"The work is nothing menial?" impatiently driving in the spur again.

"No. I think it is work that precisely suits Sue."

"And the salary?"

"What she receives would depend on what she deserves." John got up, and sauntered out, I knew, to avoid my persecutions.

July 25.—A warm day, with a soft south wind stirring the pungent wood-smells from the pines behind us. The sea throbbing in long, low swells, warmed, in its depths, into clear violet, which is to me the very color of passion. I was in the tent when Dr. Clough returned, and did not go out until he had passed on up the beach. I thought I heard Miss Foley's incisive voice with his. When I put aside the flap, and came out on the sands, I found I was quite alone. Even the baby, with Hester, were up in the forest. I could hear their shouts and romping-play where I stood. Suddenly, I saw Dr. Clough approaching. He walked hastily, and looked, I thought, pale and embarrassed.

"Will you walk with me up the beach a little way, Mrs. Eckert?" he said. "I wish to speak with you on a matter of importance."

I acceded civilly, angry at myself that I could not be cordial; but the professor was so absorbed in his own thoughts, that he did not pay the slightest attention to me, or my manner. He was, indeed, so greatly agitated that, if I had not been so preoccupied with Sue, I would have been filled with sympathy and interest for him.

"I wish to speak to you alone," he said. "I

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have, as you know, no near relative; no friends, in fact, but John and yourself. I feel that, no matter what happiness came to me, it would not content me, if you did not sympathize with me."

I muttered some unintelligible words, in secret consternation. Was the man coming to confide the story of his approaching marriage to me? Was *I* to be expected to congratulate him?

"I don't know if you have ever thought of me in any other light than a peculiar old bachelor," with an awkward laugh. (It was coming!) "But I am sure you know, and care for me, as a friend, enough to think I would do all I could, in my own way, to make a woman happy—and to be tender with her——"

"I am sure of that," I said, heartily.

"I—I wish to show you my wife, then," jerking out the words with an effort. "I wish to ask you to welcome her as my wife."

"I have seen her before, you remember, Dr. Clough?" I suggested, drily.

"Yes; I know," still hurrying across the sand to the shade of a grove of cedars, where, I conjectured, he had left Miss Foley.

"It is an attachment of long standing, I believe?" I said. But my most cordially-plumed thoughts froze into the formallest of words.

"I have loved her a long time; but I never found courage to tell her so until to-day," with an awkward laugh. "She is here!" And the next moment he had parted the undergrowth of cedars.

There, on the mossy ground, her rosy, happy face, half-hidden by her hands, was Sue.

I said to John, this evening,

"Was this the employment, my dear, you designed for Sue?"

"Yes. But if you would prefer to keep her—it is not yet too late. You are not tired of the child? You don't wish to shuffle her off?"

"Nonsense! But when did the doctor take you into his secret?"

"Only yesterday. There was another matter, Sally, which he wished me to tell you myself." And John placed an open letter in my lap, watching me, curiously as he did it. It was from the trustees of the college, nominating John to the post of librarian. The duties were light, and the salary a thousand dollars more than that which he received. "Clough got it for me," he said.

The day had been too much for me. I was glad to put my arms about the dear old fellow's neck, and sob awhile.

"But if we had the wealth of Crœsus, we will always come back to the tent by the sea," said John.

And that is the way we spent our summer.

INTO THE COURT OF THE KING.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

Into the court of the King,
  Tremblingly, silent, and slow;
Led by a Vow and a Ring,
  See where the worshipers go!
Hark to the musical swell,
  Dizzily hovering 'round;
Organ, and pealing of bell,
  Drunk with the magic of sound.

Lo! where the King, in his grace,
  Bends from the altar to bless,
Full in the light of his face,
  Stamped with angelic impress,
Pauses the worshiping throng;
  Hushed and expectant they wait;
Slow through the rifts of the song,
  Glimmers the face of a saint.

Out from the tremulous dusk
  Flashes a cross and a crown;
Perfume of myrrh and of musk,
  Struggle the senses to drown.
Down from the galleries dim,
  Passing each arch and each column,
Flutter the notes of a hymn,
  Saintly, and joyously solemn.

Here, in the court of the King,
  Reverently, silent they stand,
Lured by a Vow and a Ring,
  Waiting a hush, hand in hand.
Paint me a seraph, straightway,
  Vestal, and saintly, and white!
Limn it divinely, I pray,
  And crown it with heavenly light.

Up from the silk-sandled feet
  To the pale gold of her hair,
Never a bride was more sweet,
  Never a bride was more fair.
Noble, and manly of port,
  Worthy to stand at her side,
Worthy to worship the King in his court,
  Is he who is claiming the bride.

Out from the court of the King,
  Passing elate, happy-hearted,
Joined by a Vow and a Ring,
  Lo! when the train has departed.
Hark to the peal of the bells!
  Sweetly their clamors uprise;
Blessing and gladness their harmony tells
  And echo, delighted, replies.

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JUST IN TIME.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

I was coming up on a steamboat from New Orleans to St. Louis. The night was oppressively warm, and I had gone out on deck for a breath of fresh air. There were only two other persons there, a man and a woman, who were walking back and forth, conversing together in low voices. As I passed them, I heard her say,

"Do you want to drive me crazy? I tell you I can't forget him; and it's no use talking to me about my duty. I don't believe a word that wicked woman says. He isn't married again—he isn't dead. He's alive, and true to me, I'm sure of it."

The words were low, but intense and passionate, and I stopped involuntarily.

"Don't get excited and unreasonable, my dear woman. Look at the facts of the case. You havn't heard from your husband in nearly two years; he left you with scarcely a week's provisions on hand, and ten dollars in money; if it hadn't been for me, you and your child would have starved—yes, actually starved. Yet, you talk as if it was your duty to remain faithful to the memory of such a man; and that, too, in spite of the proof you have received, by a direct revelation from heaven, as it were, that he not only deserted you, but married another woman, and lived with her as his wife, for three months before he died."

I can't tell why it was, but there was something in the smooth, insinuating voice of the speaker that sounded to me like the hiss of a serpent, and inspired me with a feeling of abhorrence that I could not overcome.

The next morning I scanned the faces of the passengers to discover the speaker. He was seated at the breakfast-table—long-haired, thin-visaged, with thin lips, and light-blue eyes, that looked hard and cruel; but with a general air of sanctimoniousness pervading his whole aspect.

A little, pale-faced woman sat on his right hand, whom I recognized at once as his companion the night before. She held in her lap a child two or three years old, and was rather pretty than otherwise, although her eyes were red as if from continual weeping.

But the face that chiefly attracted my attention was that of the woman on his left hand. Her complexion, in its unearthly pallor, resembled that of a corpse; her lips were livid; and her eyes, deep sunken, and with dark circles around them, were dull and expressionless. It was a face that, at the same time, repulsed and fascinated you. She, too, as well as the other woman, seemed to be under the control of the man whom I have described.

I noticed a great many curious glances directed toward these persons during breakfast. Afterward, I learned who they were from the captain. The man, it appeared, was a celebrated spiritualist, with a wonderful gift of healing in his hands, who subscribed himself S. S. Johnson, M. D. The woman with a corpse-like face was a clairvoyant, who always traveled with him, and went into trances for his benefit as often as he desired. The two together were said to be very successful as healing mediums.

"I don't know what to think of it," said the captain. "There is something remarkable about this clairvoyance. I am convinced that Johnson is an impostor; but as to the woman—why, I'd take my oath that she isn't conscious of what she says and does in those trances. Johnson has a curious kind of power over her, and I believe his will actually forces her into a semi-comatose state, and puts the words in her mouth that she is to say."

"But who is the little, pale-faced creature that accompanies them?" I inquired. "Is she a clairvoyant, too?"

"Oh, no! but her husband left her nearly two years ago, and this Johnson has befriended her, for reasons of his own, I've do doubt. There's a mystery about it, somehow. I was well acquainted with her husband. He was a steady, hard-working man; but times were poor, and he thought he could better his fortunes by a trip to the mountains. So he went, leaving wife and child rather scantily provided for; but it was the best he could do. He hoped that, before their money and provisions were exhausted, he would be able to send them more. This Dr. Johnson was his principal adviser in the step he took, and promised to see that his family didn't come to want. From that day to this, however, no direct communication has ever been received from Joe Morrison. It is known that he arrived in St. Louis safely, that

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he embarked there for the mountains, and that is all. His wife is a weak, helpless little creature, strong only in devotion to her husband, and would have sunk under this blow if it hadn't been for the child."

The captain stopped, as if he had finished his story; but I turned to him eagerly, for the conversation of the night before recurred to my memory.

"Isn't there some rumor about Morrison's being dead or married again? And what about this Johnson? Has he kept the promise he made her husband?"

The captain did not seem inclined, at first, to say anything more, but was finally persuaded to tell me the rest of the story, together with his own suspicions as to the relations at present existing between Johnson and Mrs. Morrison.

"I can't deny," he said, "that Johnson has befriended her, but he is a man I wouldn't trust, and I believe he has done it for purposes of his own. As to what those purposes are, I have my suspicions. After Morrison had been gone over a year, Johnson advised her to consult Sarah White, his clairvoyant friend. Lucy, that is, Mrs. Morrison, yielded to the proposal readily, as a relief from the doubts and fears that distracted her. But imagine her horror, when informed by Miss White that her husband was alive and well, and married to another woman! She wouldn't believe it, and refused, at first, to have anything more to do with clairvoyance. But the communication had its effect, undoubtedly, on her weak and credulous nature, for, when months passed on, and there was still no word of tidings, she again consulted Miss White. This time she received a direct message from her husband himself, who had been killed in a *melee* among some miners, according to his own assertion, and was thus enabled, through spiritual mediumship, to console his wife personally. He confirmed the former statement of Miss White, as to his having committed bigamy before he died, and expressed a degree of contrition therefor truly edifying. Lucy was overwhelmed by what she heard, and, out of sheer desperation, resolved to go to St. Louis, and there seek for traces of her husband. As it happened, Dr. Johnson was going north, and took her under his protection. It is my private opinion that he has been plotting all along how to get her into his power. Whether or not he has had anything to do with Morrison's mysterious silence, is more than I can tell."

"It's a strange story," I said, musingly; "but I am inclined to think you are right in your suspicions." And in return for the captain's confidence, I related the conversation I had accidentally overheard.

"Just the plea I thought he would urge—duty. Duty to her child, probably. The hypocrite! he knows she won't marry him for any other reason. But what are the crowd doing over there?" and he pointed to the opposite side of the cabin. "Ah! I understand. Isn't that Johnson and Miss White? He asked my permission, this morning, to display her wonderful skill as a clairvoyant. Come along; I want you to see her in a trance."

I am not superstitious, but there was something uncanny in the air that morning, and a thrill of actual dread ran over me as we approached the clairvoyant. Her eyes were open, but rolled back in her head; and there was a ghastly expression to her face I shall never forget. She was talking and gesticulating earnestly, and near her stood Dr. Johnson, whose fixed, magnetic gaze, never left her for a single instant. As soon as I could distinguish what she said, I discovered that she professed to be under the control of Joe Morrison, and the captain informed me that she imitated perfectly his tricks of voice and manner. What made this more remarkable was the fact that she had never seen him.

"There is no use, Lucy, in crying any more," she said, "for I am a miserable scoundrel, and not worth the tears you shed. You are wrong, too, in neglecting your duty to Willie, the way you do. He is *our* child, remember, and I want you to consider what will be best for his future, instead of mourning for me any longer. You are altogether too headstrong and suspicious, and won't even listen to the advice of your friends."

At this point her discourse was interrupted by a sudden stir among the crowd—Mrs. Morrison had fainted. The captain and I carried her to a sofa, and sprinkled water in her face; but it was sometime before she regained consciousness, and not until after the clairvoyant had come out of her apparent trance.

The next morning the boat reached St. Louis. I put up at the "Planters'," as usual, and so did Dr. Johnson and his friends. I had several business commissions to attend to, and did not see anything of them for several days. But one evening, as I was going to my room, little Wille came running along the hall, sobbing as if his heart would break.

"What is the matter, Willie?" I said, taking him up in my arms.

All I could make out from his broken speech

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was that somebody had "hurted" his mamma, and that she was crying "dreffull hard," and would not even speak to him.

A sudden impulse came over me to offer my friendship to Mrs. Morrison, and thwart the plans of Johnson, if possible, for I felt convinced that he had occasioned her tears. While I was thinking how to do this without wounding her delicacy, she came out into the hall, looking for Willie. He ran up to her eagerly, dragging me along, and I was really shocked at the change in her appearance. She was thinner and paler than when I had seen her last, and there was a look in her eyes like that of a hunted animal at bay.

I can't tell how it was that I gained her confidence so readily, but we hadn't been talking ten minutes before she began to tell me of her troubles. My white hair, and venerable appearance, had something to do with it, probably; and then, too, her need of a friend was urgent and imperative.

She could not get the slightest clue to her husband, it seemed, in St. Louis, and was almost ready, in her despair, to believe everything the clairvoyant said. The net had been subtly laid. He had placed her under pecuniary obligations, that galled her womanly spirit, and made it the harder to reject his proposal. Then, too, he promised to care for and educate Willie—and love for her child pleaded strongly in the mother's heart.

Johnson was going to Chicago the next day, and was coming to her in the morning for a final decision. If she refused to accompany him thither as his wife, then all was to be at an end between them. But what was she to do in St. Louis, alone and penniless?

I did not hesitate as to the advice I should give her, and I promised to do all I could to assist her.

I slept but little, for I was thinking of her. Late the following morning I went to breakfast. Opposite to me was a traveler, sunburnt, and coarsely attired, but honest, and genial-looking. We entered into conversation. There was something in his voice and manner that seemed strangely familiar, although I could not recollect that I had ever met him before. But it came over me like a flash of light, when he spoke of having just returned from the mountains, that this was the man whom Sarah White, the clairvoyant, had personated on the steamer "Dresden."

"Pardon me, sir; but isn't your name Joe Morrison? And didn't you use to live in ——?"

He started to his feet.

"For God's sake, sir, can you tell me anything of my wife and child? It is nearly two years since I've heard a word from them."

Joy seldom kills, and I had not the heart to prolong his suspense.

"Yes, yes; they are alive and well," I answered, "and are here in this very house, in No. —."

"My God! it isn't possible!" he cried, rushing away from the table like a madman.

I followed leisurely, and found him with Willie in his arms, pressed close to his breast, laughing and crying at the same time, and frightening the child nearly to death. Mrs. Morrison was not in the room; she had just gone out with Dr. Johnson, the chambermaid said.

A thrill of apprehension ran over me.

"Do you know where they went?" I asked.

But she could not tell, certainly. "The gentleman had said something about Squire Dawson's," she answered.

That was enough. I rushed down stairs, and through the streets, dragging Morrison and Willie with me. We did not stop to see whether people stared or not. Just as we reached the door of Justice Dawson's office, Johnson and Mrs. Morrison came out, and my heart sank within me. Willie caught a glimpse of them, and cried out, shrilly, "Mamma! Mamma!"

She started, and turned, and Morrison sprang forward with the child in his arms, but before he could reach her, she had fallen prone upon the pavement. But she came to quickly, and the greetings between husband and wife were silent, but affecting. A little later, she returned to the hotel, leaning upon Morrison's arm, a proud and happy woman. My fears were unfounded; she had refused to marry Johnson, even after he had decoyed her to the office of Justice Dawson.

As to the mutual explanations that followed this happy re-union, I have little to say. Morrison was thunderstruck by the treachery of Johnson, in whom he had placed such implicit confidence as to send him several large sums of money for the use of Lucy and the child. And he could not help mistrusting that their correspondence had been intercepted, for neither husband or wife had received a single one of the letters they had written to each other.

Neither of them ever saw Johnson again. He disappeared that very day. We heard afterward that he married Miss White, the clairvoyant, and that he lives by lecturing, and deluding people, she being an accomplice.

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A SPLINTER FROM A PARIS SHELL.

BY ALICE GRAY.

"I TELL you, Emily, I will not have it! I will not have it! My daughter shall never marry a foreigner. I have told you that often. I have warned you a thousand times since we came to Paris—you remember it!"

"Yes," said the girl.

"These rotten old races," continued Gen. Roberts, rising and walking about the room, "the light in which they view her sex, makes happiness with any man belonging to them impossible for an American woman. They can't help it—it's in their blood, and all they see and hear nurtures it. And this Victor Labordiere, he has not a *sou*, I suppose?"

"He has his profession," murmured Emily.

"Ah, yes," with mock gravity; "he is an *avocat*, and writes for the papers besides—and mixes in politics, doesn't he? Something like our ward politicians in New York, I suppose; mounts tables in wine-shops, and gives philippics to the crowd."

"He does nothing of the sort!" said Emily, angrily.

"Ah, indeed! nothing so honorable, perhaps," sneered her father.

"I will not hear him abused!" she exclaimed.

"Whew-ew-ew!" whistled Gen. Roberts, "you want to marry him, do you?"

Emily bit her lips, but made no answer.

"What do you want to marry him for?" said her father, coming close to her. "It is easy to see why he wants to marry you; he thinks I am rich, because we live at this stylish *pension*, and you have your gewgaws, and your bills from Madame L'Archseque, on the Boulevard. But what makes you want to marry him?"

The girl shrank as if something hurt her, and in her heart swelled a longing cry for her dead mother.

"Do you love him?" asked the powerful voice of the large, florid man.

She raised her clear, brown eyes to his.

"Yes, I do," she said, firmly.

"Ah—a—a! You love him!" Then, in a low, hissing tone, "Ar'n't you ashamed to tell me that so boldly?"

"No, I am not," replied she, still facing him steadily.

He looked at her for some moments.

"And does he love you?"

Alas! alas! Emily had to bow her head now, and say, falteringly,

"I think so."

"Ah, ha!" said her father, and strolling to the window, he stood fingering the paper flowers in the *jardiniere;* then he came back.

"I'll put him to the test. He is in the army. Will he give up that for love of you? Does he love you enough for that? Come, now! no one can say that is an unfair test, for, could I wish my only daughter left a widow, in all probability, in a few months! Did I come here to link her fortunes, her happiness to a country and a people toppling on the brink of ruin? Do you think he'll stand the test?"

"Yes," said Emily, defiantly.

The next morning she made the proposition to her lover in her father's presence. The smile fled from Victor's lips, and his eyes looked blacker and larger than ever.

"That I cannot do!" he said, slowly and sadly.

Gen. Roberts sat in the background, saying nothing, but watching him.

Victor Labordiere fixed his eyes on Emily.

"Can it be possible, Emily?" he said. "Emily, is it you who ask me that? Do you? Can you?"

Emily's vain little heart smote her; but she tossed her head.

"It is as a testimony of your love I ask it, Victor. Don't you care enough for me to do this?"

Victor put his hand to his forehead.

"Care for you? Oh, *mon Dieu!* I wanted you for my own—my very own!"

He gazed in her eyes a moment longer, and it needed all her pride to keep her steady. Then he drew a long breath, and glanced round the room as if to assure himself he was in his right senses.

"Is this the way you Americans do?" he continued, bitterly looking from daughter to father. The latter sat mute, his eyelashes veiling his eyes, and his iron-gray mustache completely hiding the expression of his mouth. "Is it that you do like this, you Americans? I had thought quite otherwise. I have heard such tales."

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"Victor," said Emily, sweeping back her ringlets sweetly, and letting the tears just fall on her pink cheeks, while her mouth wore its loveliest, most appealing half-smile, "Victor, surely I thought you would do this for my sake—for my sake!"

Vain the allurements, vain the winning glance, Victor again repeated in slow, firm tones, "That I cannot do."

Then he extended his hands, as if to say farewell, but suddenly grew pale and staggered. "No, I will see you once again—to-morrow," and he went, Gen. Roberts still watching him silently.

When Gen. Roberts came back from the cafe, that night, he found his daughter in hysterics.

"Ah! a true woman's way!" he said, shrugging his shoulders; but he looked graver when he was roused in the night to send for a physician.

She was calmer in the morning, and he drew a chair by her bedside, saying, "Emily, I will make a compromise. I rather liked M. Labordiere—yes, I liked him. I will give him fifty thousand dollars the day he marries you, and my influence (and it is considerable, in a certain way) to advance him in his calling, if he stays here; or, if he will go to America, I will make him a career there—I can do it. Only let him give up this soldiering, this risking a forlorn hope. What is his life but a drop in the ocean of blood that is to run here when the bombardment begins—but a drop wasted; it can do no good. Mind! I say yet, I detest foreigners; but this young man I like so much that I am willing to take the risk of his saying yes. You can make this proposition to him, or I will for you."

Emily was radiant. "Now, surely," she thought.

Gen. Roberts only smiled under his mustache. All he let fall to his daughter was to touch her elbow as she repaired to the *salon* to meet M. Labordiere, and whisper, "Mind! it is a test of his affection, and that is worthless, unless it comes out bright."

Emily only shook her curls confidently, and tossed her skirts yet more *bouffante*.

The young Frenchman flushed to his temples as he listened. It was the hand of love, of the gay, little girl he loved so dearly, that guided him to the mountain-top, and cunningly and deftly placed before him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them. Once in the career of every man and woman they are bidden to choose between a common and a heroic life. Victor Labordiere's choice was made in the same words he had used the day before, "That I cannot do!"

Then came poor little Emily's moment of choice, her point of possibility. "Listen!" said Victor, holding her hands, "the one path is commonplace—degraded, now; the other, the lofty, noble one. We may breast it together, perhaps on earth, perhaps in heaven. The men of my family, the men of my nation, have always lived for an idea, have shed their blood for it many times. If we forge ever so small a link to unite the ideal with the life of the *pave*, it is glorious. The ideal and the actual, they are two, and we must make them one, *voyez-vous?*" And then he paced to and fro, his face worked, his alert and subtle gestures deepened and pointed the meaning of his words and his dark, flashing eyes. From the window he looked out on the broad, bright, spotless streets of the American quarter, comfortable and enticing, like the life he was tempted to by the red-lipped American girl who sat within. "You deal me," he continued, coming back, "the most cutting of insults. We Frenchmen, forsooth! are not worthy to lead a noble life! Ten years ago, you, in American, sent your young men forth to battle, with blessings and pride; but we—ah!"

"But, Victor, it is of no use," said Emily. "My father says so—everybody says so."

"No use!" repeated Victor, his eyes flaming. "No use! is that the way you—— But I need say no more—that's of no use. And yet it must be that you will not receive my words, not that you cannot. This chimera of a test of my love has come between us."

He strode back and forth, springing with infinite suppleness from metaphor to persuasion and reasoning.

Emily sat, sometimes in tears, sometimes trembling. She gave herself great credit for her firmness.

At length she burst forth into a passion of weeping, "No," she sobbed, "you do not love me enough; and if that is so, it is better that we part. Go, go! I will be second to nothing! Not even to country!"

"American women did not always talk so," he burst forth. "And is not France as dear to us as America was to them. I am glad to go," rejoined Victor, passionately. "If you love me, you will be proud of me, that I love France."

He was darting out of the door when Gen. Roberts opened it, and saw at a glance the state of things. "Stay, stay!" said he, "this must not be settled now! Take a week to decide! Take one week!"

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A mixed feeling prompted him, or rather an instinct speaking independently of his mind. On first coming to France, Gen. Roberts, in common with most Americans, had met only selfish, corrupt time-servers, and had learned to despise all Frenchmen. But this fervid, loyal young fellow had given him a new view of a foreigner. Many young men of his own country were far more artificial, calculating, and complex, in their sentiments. And so now he said, "One week, one week!"

"For me," thought Emily, as she walked to her room, "it will be one week to decide whether I give up this test or not."

Victor sprang into a *fiacre* in Avenue Josephine, and growled his direction to the coachman. The man did not understand him, and he shouted it at him in tones of thunder. Arrived at home, he flung into his room, and emerged only at dinner-time, white, with eyes full of gloom and suffering. He went to his mother, who sat knitting by a tiny *blaze*, and kneeling down, put his head in her lap. How Gen. Roberts would have laughed, even with his new-found perspicacity, to see him in so utter abandonment.

"My son," said Madame Labordiere, laying her hand on his head, "is it all over?"

"For me, yes!"

"Do not give way. This is not her country; she cannot love it as if it were."

"But I thought she loved me," said Victor.

Madame Labordiere sat silent, only stroking his hair at intervals. At last she said, "*Mon enfant*, she has gone out of your life, she must go out of your heart also"

"But," interrupted Victor.

"But—the sooner the better," said his mother. "She is not worth——"

Victor shuddered, and Madame Labordiere stopped.

The next morning he went to his drill, and returned still gloomy and resentful. He went about all his occupations with an even increased zest, which puzzled his mother; but, day by day his face stiffened, and his heart hardened.

When the week was out he presented himself in Avenue Josephine firmly, but with eyes flashing with resentment. Emily would not make up her mind to accept the life offered her.

So that was over. And so the fateful autumn-days sped on. France, Paris might have repeated to Victor the words of Richelieu,

> "Thy fate and hers, with mine, for good or ill,
> Are woven threads. In my vast sum of life
> Millions such units merge."

After a time Victor's anger against Emily cooled, and, no longer sullen and irritable, he sat down gentle and gay with his mother and sister at their scanty meals, in a half-warmed dining-room, and assisted his mother with the mixture of tenderness and gallantry so pleasing in French sons. And then he thought of the happiness painted in so gloomy colors by sweet, seductive tones. He never dreamed of scaling the wall that rose between, but he drew near it, and looked over. He looked continually, and saw the golden fruits, the fluttering birds shining in the sun, and heard the voice he loved singing among the trees. Is the struggle over when the irrevocable choice is made? Ah! those after thoughts, that come with solitude or perplexity! not regrets for the decision, but so vivid a sight of what we have forgone as pales all the present sky, and, lo! the alacrity creeps from the resolution, and the worth of nobleness from the sacrifice. Look too long, and you will say it is self-deception for a man to suppose he can do anything not base in its outcome, if not its essence.

"I can be second to none," Emily repeated to her father, when she talked to him.

"You have decided wisely, my child," he answered; "but that principle, let me say for the future——"

The girl winced.

"Yes, yes, I had best give you my little bit of advice now. For the future, remember, that's rather Quixotic. How many women do you think hold the first place in their husband's life? Ah! I understand that little impatient jerk! But consider, my daughter, you are a nice little girl; but are you the kind of woman to take up a man's soul into your own in that way?"

Then Gen. Roberts began to pace the fast-darkening room, saying, "Well, well! I am sorry times are not quieter. That stuff of his about joining sentiment and practice, is not so very Utopian, after all, even to me, a practical man. There have been times, there may be again,"—and so he went on maundering in a way very different from his usual clear-headed, incisive one, but evidently conscious that he could not measure Jacob's ladder, which pierces the heavens, by his two-foot rule.

Pausing in his walk, he looked over at Emily, as she sat, in a lost way, by the window, and came and laid his hand on her head with unwonted tenderness. "Emmy, my dear, I'll keep you a little longer, then, won't I?"

Emily turned and laid her arms around his neck, and her head down on his shoulder.

"There! there! Oh, you mustn't cry about

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it. It's done now, and all for the best, I don't doubt. "You'll think so in a month," and he kissed her, and went away. He went down to the railway-station, where he was much interested in the starting and management of balloons; he had even invented a new valve, he was anxious to see tried—much more important than Emmy's love affairs, he thought. But several times that evening he looked at her curiously—I fancy he would have respected her more had she insisted on marrying her "foreign lover."

For two or three weeks Emily's pride sustained her; but it oozed away, drop by drop, and she woke to find herself alone with bewilderment—and regret, was it? She would not call it so, even to herself. She took to aimless wanderings about the city, giving up her accustomed employments. One day she was walking on the Champs Elysees, which yet preserved a feverish gayety, when suddenly, as if a window had been opened in her brain, she saw that her test of Victor Labordiere's affection had in reality proved it nobler, more worth having, because proving him so.

"Yes!" she said to herself, "he was right. There are times when a man must prefer his country to everything else. Nor does it prove that he don't love——"

She stopped, and stood stock still, regardless of all observers, her eyes dilated, her little hands clenched, looking like one who gazes on fathomless waves, beneath which a priceless treasure has sunk. She turned aside a few paces, and leaned against a tree. People stared at her, she stood in so desolate an attitude. It was very cold. The wind moaned among the leafless branches, dashed into her eyes grains of sand, whisked from the high mound reared around the Arc de Triomphe. She saw nothing, felt nothing.

"Miss Roberts," she heard a voice behind her exclaim, "what are you doing here? You are blue with cold."

With a desperate snatch at composure and carelessness, she turned to meet a fellow-boarder at the *pension*.

They walked home together. "I will make your excuses at the dinner-table, if you want to lie down," said Miss Gilman, kindly, though in utter amazement. "Here is the back stairs," she continued, as they heard the group just descending to the *salle-a manger*—and Emily fled up them.

Miss Gilman was an English woman, one of that large class one constantly sees at foreign *pensions*. Everywhere you meet them along the banks of Lake Leman, in Florence the fair. They have gathered a large stock of experience, and if they have the least tact and natural sensibility, are valuable friends. They are of all kinds, adventurers, mere entertaining women of the world, or women having good hearts and brains, whose exceptional training can be well and quickly applied to any case.

When Emily entered the *salle-a-manger*, the next morning, pale and hollow-eyed, Miss Gilman made room for her, with a kind look, that fell gratefully on the tired spirit—and Emily clung to her ever after. She cared now for no life but that of her own mind. If Miss Gilman would only pilot her through this other one—shield her from sudden squalls and sunken rocks! And it seemed as if she would undertake it. When this and that one rallied her, saying, "Miss Emily, how is it that we never see you anywhere? Where is all your benevolence—it was almost patriotism with you?" Miss Gilman put an answer into her mouth. She never asked a question herself. Occasionally a passing wonder, as to her motive, crossed Emily's mind; but she was too much wrapped up in herself to notice that every one was commenting upon it.

One morning Emily did not appear. Miss Gilman went to her room, and receiving no answer to her wraps, opened the door and went in. Emily, in a heavy sleep, lay on the outside of the bed, wrapped in a dressing-gown. A large chair was drawn up facing the window. There were no books, no papers scattered about; no evidences of occupation—all was bare and cheerless. The dress and ornaments she had taken off lay on a chair close by the door.

Miss Gilman advanced to the bedside and looked down on the worn young face. She read plainly the pain, the disappointment, the weariness graven in every line. She saw, too, a peevishness round the mouth, and the utterly spiritless attitude did not please her.

The Venitian blind was pulled up to its highest, and the morning sun glared into the dusty, neglected room. Miss Gilman pulled down the blind, folded the evening-dress, straightened the gloves and handkerchief, then put a goblet of fresh water on a little stand, found a *flacon* of eau de Cologne to put beside it, and drew it close to the bed. Then she stood still again, to gaze on the white face on the pillow, bearing so plainly the record of the past few weeks. Emily woke, and Miss Gilman started and colored, as if caught reading a private letter.

Emily glanced at the shaded window, the

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neatly folded dress, the scent-bottle; but these evidences of kindness did not soothe, they seemed to sting her. At any rate they gave her energy. "Sit down here," she said to Miss Gilman, "and I'll tell you all about it."

"So you see," she said, when she had finished her tale, "I have thrown away my only chance of happiness—few people have more than one, they say—and I can do nothing to get it back, can I?" looking up imploringly.

Miss Gilman looked long in her face. "I do not see how you can, my child. This has passed out of your life, let it pass out of your heart, also."

Thus Emily received the same advice that had met Victor's ear.

"It is not only that I would have been happy," said Emily, turning impatiently away, "but I could have been good, I could have lived my best. I could have lived that noble life Victor talked about, and that he lives now."

"But, Miss Roberts, it does not seem to me that you are fitted for the part of a heroine," said Miss Gilman.

"There! that's what my father says," returned Emily, fretfully; "what every one would say, I suppose. I never said I was—I never thought so—I don't wish it; but I could have aided him, and he will be a hero—he said I could; and I could have loved him, that I know."

"But, Emily," said her friend, "why, why did you send him away?"

"I did not love him so much, then," said Emily, simply.

"By thinking, dreaming, then, you have—— Oh, Emily, don't you see you must give up this solitary brooding?"

"Miss Gilman," exclaimed Emily, "all last night I sat opposite that window. About two o'clock the fog lifted and the stars came out, clear and shining, and every one of them seemed to be saying to me, all night long: 'You did it yourself! you did it yourself!' I seemed to hear them; and once I thought I was going crazy, and then I tried to keep still and think of something else; but, oh, Miss Gilman, there's nothing else that I care for!"

"As you sat at that window, did you think of the ring of fire that is all around us, and the cold and the hunger, and the breaking hearts?"

"I thought of it all, and I did not need it to increase my gloom."

"Not to increase it, no, but——"

"Do you think it would soften it? Each one suffers for themselves." And Emily rose restlessly and dashed water on her throbbing temples, and began to brush out her hair.

From that time, perhaps because a human hand had touched her burden, albeit with no power to lighten it, she was no more the dull, flaccid creature the first wave of grief had flung on the strand. She was feverish and wild.

She walked incessantly about the city. "Oh, if I could meet him!" she thought; "if I could only meet him! one look would do all."

She went now into all the society open to her—small, quiet re-unions, concerts for the benefit of the suffering, fairs, etc., and particularly to every house where she had ever met M. Labordiere. But all was in vain. She never caught a glimpse of him. "Perhaps he is gone to the army outside," she said to herself. "Oh, if I knew!"

One night she crept to her father's room, and besought him, with broken words and face hid in her hands.

"No, no, no!" said Gen. Roberts. "I can do nothing. Why, I am astonished at you, Emily; I am astonished at you! No wonder you blush! I am surprised you didn't blush too much to come in here. How did you screw yourself up to the point?"

"Because I was so wretched, father," answered Emily, grasping her forehead tightly, "I could take any way."

"To think of asking me to find him and tell him you have changed your mind! I tell you, Emily Roberts, this thing is done—it is finished! I thought you had more pride, more spirit. I never before heard of an Ohio girl with so little spunk."

Emily leaned drearily against the window-frame, while her father flung about the room. Presently he came to her and turned her face towards his own. The wandering eyes that met his were no longer those of a frivolous girl; he read in them a depth of feeling, a breadth and keenness of apprehension he had not dreamed they could develope. Emily felt the change herself, but only vaguely; had she been born on the keen hills of New England, she would long since have been brooding over her own consciousness, the scalpel of metaphysics in hand.

Her father only said as he felt her hot cheek, "I must have the doctor to you, to-morrow," and then he turned away, muttering to himself, "I wish her mother was alive!"

Still he did not guess what it had cost her to come to him, or with what humiliation she crept from the room.

All this time Victor Labordiere was in the

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thick of the turmoil and vacillation of the Provisional Government, his thoughts, hopes, plans, merely a shell of a soul that his country illuminated and gave life to. In all this Emily might have had a share, but she had shrunk back to the flesh-pots of Egypt. No one could despise her more than she did herself. But Victor said to himself, "Poor little thing! the steps of that life were too high for her, she could not scale them; but I could have taught her, I could have taught her, if she would have let me!"

One morning, at daybreak, as he lay on his bed, something whispered to him that perhaps she had repented now, and could not let him know it. "She could send her father to my mother—yes, surely! but our French ways are, perhaps, not hers." He sprung at once from his pillow. "I will go now. How I have been foolish, perhaps cruel!"

But it was too early. He must wait certainly till nine o'clock, at least. With nine came a summons to instant duty at the forts, outside the walls.

So, that was over.

The very next day Emily Roberts, now utterly desperate, drove to the apartment of Madame Labordiere and inquired for Celie, Victor's sister. The girls had met a few times in society, and to her Emily poured out in a torrent her love, her self-accusation, her hungry need. Celie sat aghast. She was convent-bred, and reared in complete ignorance of anything lawless, and during her year in society had been watched and shielded by her mother as only French girls are. Her pure, pale, olive-cheek flushed with wonder, but her heart began to flutter a little.

Just at this point Madame Labordiere entered from the next room, and sent her away on some errand, explaining to Emily that she could not allow her to witness such unrestrained, ill-regulated passion—mademoiselle must excuse her, but it was no fit sight for a pure-minded young girl.

Now, at length, Emily's cup of abasement was full. She, an American, with the fresh, healthy blood of her own savannas coursing in her veins, to be deemed a dangerous, contagious example for a scion of one of those "rotten old races," as her father called them—and *his* sister!

"Madame," she said, thoroughly cowed, "I love your son perhaps too well, and I am separated from him through my own fault—and I thought—perhaps—he mourns for me."

"I do not think my son is unhappy," said Madame Labordiere, proudly. "He lives for his country."

Then Emily learned that he had gone to his duties, perhaps to his death, and staggered back to her carriage.

Now there was no object, no hope left for her. "Come and help us!" said her young friends who worked for the charity-fairs, nursed in the ambulances. "You used to be so busy. What is the matter with you?"

"No," she shuddered. "That privilege is not for me. My fingers would bring no blessing."

One day she paused at the half-open door of St. Roch. A dim, dusty interior, with golden bars of light across it, and everywhere groups of kneeling women, some sobbing with heads nearly touching the pavement, some with tear-stained faces, all absorbed, all intent on surrounding their heroes with a golden cloud of prayer.

She stepped within the door and stood there watching. She too bore one on her heart, as dear as any whose name was whispered there, but she had no right to pray for him.

Soon after New Year's the bombardment began. At first it was languid, and people collected where the shells fell, and had to be warned off. Children chased the fragments. But after a few days the air shook with the thunder, and at night it was one incessant roar and flash. Emily went about, pale, eager, each shell screaming its way along her nerves.

One evening she walked out with her father. They paused near a spy-glass, where people were watching the bombardment at a sou a look. "Here, we should not miss this," said Gen. Roberts, who was very æsthetic in his sympathies.

Soon there was an outcry that a lady had fainted—"a young American."

"Ah, the poor, tender heart," said one woman, while another, gaunt with hunger, grimly helped Emily's father to carry her to the parapet of the bridge.

"Ah! how dare I faint?" exclaimed she, as she came to herself. "What presumption in me? How dare I feel anything?"

"Emily—what do you mean, in the name of common sense?" said her father.

"It's that girl of Roberts'," said an American in the crowd to his companion. "She's crazed about something. He was foolish to keep her here—and yet what a bright, strong little thing she was, three months ago!"

Gen. Roberts made his way through the crowd of people who cumbered the street with

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their household goods, as they fled from the left bank of the river, Emily continuing to murmur, "How dare I? It was not for me?"

The next morning Miss Gilman came in to see her. "I have something to tell you," said she. "Your father asked me to marry him, yesterday"

Emily started, "Do you love my father, Miss Gilman?" she asked, after a moment.

It was Miss Gilman's turn to color. Really, she had never thought of that.

"If you do," continued Emily, "let nothing, nothing under Heaven stand between you and him. If you do not, and even think of marrying him, you are a very wicked woman. No, no, you need not get angry. I mean nothing that ought to anger any one; but love and marriage are solemn things to me."

"At my age," commenced Miss Gilman, and then she stopped, ashamed of the commonplace on her lips. She knew it false. "Emily," she began again, "I respect your father, I like him——"

"Oh! it is a *mariage de convenance*, then. I know nothing about them. May I ask why you consult me?"

"Because," answered Miss Gilman, "I will never enter any family without the consent of its members."

"Oh! you've got as far as that? Well, it's all settled, then. Don't let us talk any more about it."

"But we must talk about it, for one of the things spoken of between your father and me was (if I should consent to this arrangement,) my trying to get you to let go of these dreams, for they are draining your life."

'Dreams, do you call them?" said Emily, sadly.

"Yes, dreams; for your mind has—how shall I express it?—manipulated the facts till they are not the same. Your own love, you say yourself, is more vehement and deeper. If, now, you met M. Labordiere, would you find him the being your morbid regrets paint him? Would his affection for you equal the feeling you have nursed yours into?"

Here Miss Gilman touched a fear that had often come to Emily. "Oh," she groaned, "you take from me everything, even what it comforts me to think about."

"My dear child, are these visions what you are to live upon? I have seen dreams far more baseless than yours steal the elasticity and the pith from a young life. If I take your mother's place, Emily——"

Their conversation was interrupted. A few hours after Emily was in the street, when an ambulance passed her bearing a wounded man. God of mercy! Yes, it was his face her gaze again rested on, ghastly, the eyes closed, seemingly unconscious. As fast as her shaking limbs could carry her, she followed the little crowd, and saw the litter disappear into the Hotel du Louvre, now become a hospital.

She hastened to the sister in charge. "I must go in! I must see him—I mean the Garde Mobile who has just been brought in; will you allow me to see him?"

"You are his sister?"

"No."

"His *fiancee*, then;" said the nun, putting out her hand to lay it on Emily's arm, and then quickly withdrawing it, as if to sympathize with such feelings were a sin in her.

"No," said Emily, once more.

"In that case, mademoiselle, it is impossible."

Emily looked down and writhed in perplexity and grief. "It is a long story, I cannot tell you, but I *must* see him."

"*Non*, mademoiselle," repeated the sister.

Emily then bethought herself that few European doors move not to a golden key. She pressed some Napoleons into the sister's hand. "You need much here for your patients, sister. See, you will let me in."

But she was waved back. "It is impossible, mademoiselle. None can go in but regular nurses."

"I will be a nurse, then. I *must* take care of him."

"No, our corps of nurses is full, and all are sisters. That also is impossible."

"Nothing is impossible," burst out Emily. "I tell you, you shall not keep me from him. Oh! where shall I go? Who must I ask? Tell me where I shall apply for a permit, or order, or whatever it is?"

"It will be vain, mademoiselle, I assure you; but——" and the nun shrugged her shoulders.

Emily flew to the bureau designated.

"His sister?" asked the official.

"No," admitted Emily, "but——"

"Any relative?"

"No, but a friend dearer than any. Monsieur, for God's sake!"

"It cannot be," was the inexorable answer.

She hurried back to the sister. "Oh, while I am here, he may be dying. He may die and I not see him."

"I can set your heart at rest about that," returned the sister, and ringing a hand-bell, she gave an order, and soon obtained the in-

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formation that Victor Labordiere was doing well at present, though sorely wounded.

Emily drove home as fast as possible. "Miss Gilman," she exclaimed, bursting into that lady's room, "if you are to be my mother, now is the time for you to do a mother's part by me;" and she told her of her fruitless efforts at the ambulance. "They all stare at me so—a young girl coming on such an errand—it is so opposed to French customs, you know. I don't care for that, but they won't let me in. If you, an older person, were with me, perhaps—— Oh, come! come! Beg them! promise them anything!"

"My dear, my dear, this unrestrained passion, these ungoverned impulses!"

"Ungoverned impulses! Yes, that is what some one said to me before—who was it? Oh! I remember now, *his* mother. Miss Gilman, I am asking you for my life. Do this for me, and you will do more than my own mother, you will open to me a life that will redeem my past one, that will keep me from cursing it."

"Emily, Emily! stop! listen! I will do all I can. But you must wait till morning. It is too late now. And in the meantime you must be quiet and sleep, or you will be fit for nothing. In the morning I will go with you."

"And all night!" said Emily, in a hollow voice. Her eyes looked so wild, her breath came in such gasps, as she knelt before Miss Gilman, her arms resting on her lap, that the latter feared an outburst of hysterical passion; but, to her surprise, a sudden calm fell over the face, a sort of resolved dignity, and rising, Emily said, "I have waited so many nights, that I can go through one night more."

Just then the roar of a bursting shell shook the windows, "Hark!" said Emily, "one of these may settle all difficulties before morning."

"We are not in their range," said Miss Gilman, "and neither is the Louvre."

"Perhaps it would be better if we were," said Emily.

Gen. Roberts tapped at the door and entered. "Ah, my daughter, you here? I am glad of that. Well, are you not going to congratulate me?" and he rubbed his hands and smiled consciously.

Emily gazed at him with her fixed, mournful gaze. He looked very spruce, he had been dyeing his hair a little, this middle-aged lover. What a heaven-wide distance between him and his daughter! She had mounted up out of his world, and stood, yet quivering and quailing, on heights whose rough, searching winds were transforming her daily.

"Well, have you nothing to say to me?" he repeated.

"Old people like us don't want congratulations," said Miss Gilman, advancing. "Emily has come to me, to-day, as she would to her own mother, and that is enough."

"Enough! certainly it is," said Gen. Roberts, kindly, stooping to kiss his daughter, who raised her lips to meet his.

In the morning, Emily said to Miss Gilman, "I shall first inquire if M. Labordiere has sent for his mother, if not, I shall go after her."

No, it appeared that no one had come or been summoned to No. 14, and turning the horse's head they drove to Rue Francois. They were shown into a fireless room, and just as Madame Labordiere, wrapped in a large mantle and furs, appeared at one door, Manette, an old servant, came in at another, not noticing the visitors.

"*Voila*," she said, throwing down a small piece of horse-meat and some black bread, on an elegant inlaid table, amid the thousand costly trifles that filled the *etageres* and sparkled in the mirrors. "*Voila!* behold! all I could get, and I have stood since before daylight—five hours—at the butcher's! But I am am cold—cold!" and she held up her fingers, bleeding from the frost.

"Mademoiselle," said Madame Labordiere, after Emily had told her errand, concluding with, "You will have him home, I suppose, and, perhaps, you will let me help you nurse him."

"Mademoiselle," motioning toward the table which Manette had cleared, "you have seen, you have heard! I could not take care of him—oh, *mon Dieu!*" and Madame Labordiere covered her face with her hands as a shell passed over the house and burst, seemingly very near. The three women cowered and listened to the explosion, and the quick cry of "fire" that followed. The sky was clear, and fiercely, pitilessly cold, the quarter very silent; and each felt in her own soul the horror and despair of the shattered home, which an instant had laid in ruins.

Victor had to stay in the hospital, and when Emily went there with his mother that day, he was delirious, and only the latter could be admitted to him. So it was day after day and week after week. She never saw him.

One day she came to Miss Gilman with a gleam of pleasure on her countenance. "Will you get my father's consent, or, rather will you tell him, I am going to take Miss Stevens' mu-

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sic-scholars? She is ill, and obliged to give them up—and I want some money to buy things."

"Why, I would give it to her," said Gen. Roberts, when he heard.

"No, no, let her be," replied Miss Gilman. "She does not wish to take your money. She wants to work for him herself."

"I don't know the girl, she has changed in a night," cogitated Gen. Roberts, on his daily morning walk to the *Mairie*, to look at the bulletin of the wounded by shells. It was strange how quickly these things were adopted into the daily life of spectators.

Miss Stevens had had a large and wealthy connection; and day by day the lessons went on, often amid the thunder of the explosions, and the clatter of the glass and china in the houses; and day by day came the little basket of delicacies, for the young, languishing sufferer. As often as Emily passed near the Louvre, she would steal in, and stand perhaps in the passage, close to the opening door of the ward, perhaps in the waiting-room, looking at the sister in charge, with large, melancholy eyes. "If you only would let me carry in a bucket of water!" she sometimes said. "If you would only let me scrub the floor!"

But she was no longer vehement and desperate. There was a strength of patience and sweetness about her, utterly unknown to her character in any former time. She worked very hard. Her nerves had been strung up to such tension that she almost cried out with the pain sometimes.

The last forty-eight hours of the bombardment were one incessant, appalling flash and roar, peopling the air with horror and tumult. In the very center of Paris the window-glass was clattering, and all movable objects in the houses keeping up a continual dance. When it ceased, some people were deaf, all were numb. A few days afterward, Victor Labordiere crept to his home. He had lost an arm, he was lame, a ball was yet in his lungs, and his health was completely shattered for life.

When Emily Roberts knelt by his couch and looked in his face at last, he understood all. There was no need of words. He pressed her pale, thin fingers to his heart, and then turned her spiritualized face to the light, "I thought I could teach you, darling," he murmured, "but you have found another teacher."

"Emily, Emily, it cannot be!" exclaimed Gen. Roberts, the next morning, when his daughter urged something upon him. "You don't realize what you say. Why, you might have married any one, almost—might yet, for that matter. We shall be off from here in a day or two. I am going down to-morrow to see Washburne about a pass."

"Father," she replied, "you will see M. Labordiere, and do as I say."

"No, no, I'll take you down to Mentone, or San Remo—somewhere on the Riviera—and you'll grow stronger, and get over all this."

"You may go if you wish, father," answered she, "but as for me, I stay here."

"Are you crazy, Emily? Don't you see Labordiere is a perfect wreck?"

"Father, don't you see there is but one thing left for me to do?" persisted Emily, with steadfast sweetness. "Go to Madame Labordiere, and say to her what I have told you."

Gen. Roberts went doggedly and sternly. But Victor would none of the sacrifice. "I—I am not worthy of such devotion!" he exclaimed. "And I love her too well to permit it. What! link her to this poor, hacked body. I were a brute to think of it!"

"But, Victor," said Emily, when she was permitted to plead for herself, "there is nothing else left for me in life; don't you see that, even you?"

"I do not. I hope there will be much. But, at all events, this must not be. I am not worthy. I, who know it, say it humbly. *Mon enfant*, I talked to you of an heroic life—you have got far beyond me now. I can see that at least."

They were much together. Victor found great pleasure and support in Emily's strength, her round, firm cheeks, her strong tread; she was pale and worn, compared to what she used to be, but to him it was buoyancy and freshness. "You make me very happy, my darling!" he often murmured; and Emily would forget all the past, and laugh with joy. "You make me very happy, darling!" was the tune to which all her endeavors were set. She persistently held off at arm's length from her thoughts, from her heart, all idea of what might be coming. Looking up to him as a superior being, she would humbly try to gain some instruction, remembering her past frivolous years. But Victor had no theories, hardly any principles to be reduced to practice. With him it had always been "This I must do!" or about other things, the old utterance Emily had heard months ago, "That I cannot do!" He was single-hearted as a western hunter. The end came suddenly. A sharp attack of pneumonia ended Victor Labordiere's career.

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Last April two or three American girls were seated among the myrtles, on the hill above San Remo, and one was saying, "I think Emily Roberts' visit to Paris has been rather a failure, judging from her looks and manner, don't you? There's something strange. She went with high hopes, and she had good introductions; and her father's affairs threw her into French society, and she was pretty, and stylish, and all that. I don't understand it. She hasn't succeeded."

What is success?

Lower down, in a shaded nook, sat Emily Roberts herself, looking far out over the blue waves, trying, unconsciously, to know herself. She had tried to put a spoke in the wheel of fate. The wheels had ground on remorselessly, but they had thrown out for her strong, fine wheat, to nurture her to firm, clean, sensitive life. She will be happy, I think—she will learn to be happy. The other lessons she has learned are like all God's lessons, not to be traced with pen, nor graven in stone, but writ, indelibly, on fleshly tables of the heart.

How quiet it was here? What a contrast to the hissing, deadly roar she had lived in for months. Was this drifting away from Paris? She looked round for something Parisian to grasp, and singled out a little turquoise cross—a fanciful thing in filagree, from the Palais Royal; peculiarly Parisian she would have said once, now that was to her a synonym for devotion and patience, equal to those of a sixteenth century Hollander, cutting the dykes. Ever after, when Emily Roberts fingers that blue cross, will she remember that April afternoon at San Remo, and the echo in her ears of Victor Labordiere's, "That I cannot do!"

"Talk not of wasted affection! affection never wasted.
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain."

TWO YEARS AGO.

BY MARY W. MICKLES.

The skies are gray, and bleak, and chill,
As on that night, two years ago,
We stood upon this bridge and watched
The swollen river's sullen flow;

Brown billows of the fallen leaves,
Tossed by the keen November blast,
Swept by like wraiths of Summer's bloom,
Low moaning o'er their vanished past.

Sad was your voice as that sad hour;
But, ah! your words were sadder yet;
A shipwrecked life, whose hateful bonds
Break only when death stills regret.

A shipwrecked life, an early death!
Thy fate, as then foretold by thee,
Two years have served to prove, and brought
Fulfillment of thy prophecy.

Thy hands, so strong and warm that night,
O'er frozen heart lie pulseless now;
Death's dreamless slumber seals the eyes—
Death's solemn calm is on the brow.

And still the river sobs as then;
The brown leaves flutter through the air;
But I am standing here, alone—
Alone in darkness and despair.

A LEAVE-TAKING.

BY JOSEPH MALCOLM CARNES.

A year ago we met as friends,
Our friendship then was fresh and new;
But it was pure as light, which lends
Its radiance to the morning dew.
Our hearts glowed with a sacred flame,
A flame which time should ne'er subdue;
Oh! it should burn on still the same,
Forever warm, forever true!

Ah! we were gay together then,
For gladness dwelt in all thy heart;
And we were sad together when
Deep sorrow pierced thee with his dart.

But now those varied lights and shades
No more their wonted round pursue;
Our friendship from thy memory fades—
Thy heart, alas! is no more true!

Yet I'll not ask thee to recall
The heart's-ease and the violets blue;
For they have drooped and withered all,
And faded is their heavenly hue.
But one lone thought survive them yet;
I'll speak it with my last adieu:
Oh! let thy changed heart ne'er forget,
My heart was always warm and true.

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THE REIGNING BELLE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67.

CHAPTER XIV.

MRS. CARTER'S party became the grand sensation of a week. Fashionable circles were profoundly agitated, by the great social question it evolved. The word "shoddy" became inelegantly common in ladies' conversation. Fastidiously exclusive people, whose fathers had raised cabbages, sold milk, and fattened pigs on land that time, rather than ability, had paved inches deep with gold, smiled significantly, or answered with delicate reserve, when asked if they would be at the Carters'. In fact, superfine jests and aristocratic sneers were the order of the day, until Miss Spicer made a round of calls through all the windings and ramifications of uppertendom, when a marvelous change was produced.

"Of course," the young lady said, "Mrs. Lambert was going, and openly expressed herself as highly pleased with the invitation. Why not? Mrs. Carter was enormously wealthy. Shoddy, indeed! What of that; after a great, civil war, society, like States, must be reconstructed." Mrs. Lambert and herself had settled on that, and nothing could move them; the thing must be done in the most liberal manner. The aristocracy of wealth had no right to exclude a lady like Mrs. Carter; as for the smaller and more exalted circle of genius, the lady's brother, Mr. Ross, stood high among the highest there—so the family had a double claim to consideration. At any rate Mrs. Lambert had accepted, and ordered one of the loveliest dresses for the occasion. In fact—though it was not a thing to talk about—some of her diamonds were being reset at Bell and Beach's. In years Miss Spicer had not seen Mrs. Lambert enter into the spirit of a grand toilet with such zest. She was anxious as a girl of sixteen about it. When a royal prince was here she had not cared half so much; but then Mrs. Lambert always did adore genius; and Mrs. Carter's brother was something really distinguished in that line—painted like an angel, and in conversation was perfectly splendid.

It was wonderful how much effect these repeated conversations of Miss Spicer had upon the great social mind of the metropolis. The diverging current turned at once in favor of the Carters. Those who had openly called the lady vulgar, now found her remarkably stylish—not handsome, but queenly and imposing; so generous, too. If she was a little showy and all that, it was because a rich, natural taste was likely to develop itself gorgeously when plenty of money was at hand. Her party would be something perfectly magnificent. Her orders for flowers had exhausted every green-house for miles around, and the supper would be marvelous. It was said that an *artiste* had come out from Paris to preside over its preparation.

All this came from Miss Spicer, who entered into the subject with spirit and imagination enough to have given sensation for a first-class novel. So Mrs. Lambert, sitting still in her shaded boudoir, regulated society as she had done for years without apparent effort; in fact, caring very little about it, except on this especial occasion, when she felt a nervous satisfaction in being the silent and unknown fairy who turned the whole fashionable world into Mrs. Carter's saloons.

The night came at last, and Mrs. Laurence's humble parlor was not the only one in which anxious and beautiful women were adorning themselves before their mirrors, though it was doubtful if one so small as that hanging between those parlor windows was consulted during the evening; or if the loftiest and broadest gave back a figure of more perfect loveliness.

Mrs. Lambert stood in her dressing-room, radiant with jewels, pallid with nervous excitement. She was still a beautiful woman; her mirror reflected that and more, it revealed the faint shiver of her hands, the anxious fire in her eyes, the swell and contraction of her white throat, under its diamond necklace. Ellen, her maid, had never seen her so strangely restless before; she turned her eyes imploringly on the girl, and besought her to

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say honestly if she looked so old as seven-and-thirty. The maid clasped her hands.

"Indeed, indeed, Mrs. Lambert, you do not look it by ten years."

The proud woman smiled, and touched the girl's shoulder, caressingly, for the first time in her life.

"Look again, Ellen; can you see no lines on my forehead, no contraction here at my throat?"

"Nothing of the kind; if they were there, I should, the diamonds light them up so."

"And my hair. Ah! Ellen, I see threads of white."

"That is because you are looking for them; besides, your hair is so glossy and black, the least thing shows. A dust of powder, now?"

"No, no, no! He detests—— You ought to remember that I detest powder. Take the jewels of my hair out, they kindle up every defect. My dress, too, it looks presumptuously youthful."

"Youthful, why not? There will be no young lady at the party half so beautiful. Besides, this shade of mauve is neither old or young, so delicate and rich; just a glimpse of blue, with a faint blush of roses breaking out, as the dress-maker said, when it came home, 'something for point lace flounces to tell upon,' says she, 'satin thick as a board, sweeping so majestic, with the lace floating over like—like mist.' That was what *she* said, but then, of course, you know best, ma'am—nobody ever had so much taste."

Mrs. Lambert was not listening, but unclasped her bracelets, and took off her necklace with an air of disgust.

"One would think I intended to dazzle some one," she muttered, "as if such things could do it."

"Oh, madam! you are spoiling everything."

Mrs. Lambert looked at herself drearily in the glass, her dress had lost its brilliancy—she seemed growing older.

"Put them on, again," she said, holding out her white arms, as if the glittering jewelry held by her maid were manacles of iron. "Nothing seems to become me, to-night."

"Indeed, madam, I never saw you look so lovely; no girl ever had an air like that."

This professional flattery was received by the lady with a quick feeling of interest. She longed to believe the girl; longed to think that much of the freshness and dew of her youth remained.

"Ellen," she said, with an appeal for truth in her words, and a piteous shrinking from it in her eyes, "no one will look on me with your partial eyes; suppose you had not seen me since I was—well, since I was married to Mr. Lambert, you remember that, just a chasm of so many years to leap over, would you find me so little changed then?"

"Indeed, ma'am, and I would!"

The girl spoke honestly; flattery had become second nature to her, and she believed every word of it.

Mrs. Lambert drew a soft, deep breath; she had lost faith in her own judgment, and it was pleasant to have her doubts swept away, even by the speech of a menial. She drew on her gloves, and took up her fan, with a bouquet of tea-roses that old Stearns had sent up.

"Madam, are you ready?"

"Yes, Ivan."

The young man stepped into the room with an exclamation of surprise at his step-mother's beauty. The admiration was genuine; Mrs. Lambert's eyes kindled under it, and a warm blush swept across her face.

"It is because you love me, Ivan."

"No, it is because I cannot help thinking you the loveliest woman in society. I never saw but one——"

The young man broke off, blushing more vividly than his mother had done.

"Well, that one, Ivan?" said the lady, with shadows gathering upon her face. "Surely, you cannot mean——"

"But I do mother; to me there is one other—but we will not speak of her. The carriage is waiting."

Mrs. Lambert allowed Ellen to wrap her in a soft, white opera cloak, and bent her head for a cloud of zephyr worsted, that fell light as snow upon it. At another time, she might have felt angry with Ivan for his mention of a girl she repudiated. But now she was self-occupied, and scarcely heeded it; so, wrapping the snow-white mantle around her, she descended to the carriage, with a feeling of anxiety which had not possessed her for years.

An hour before Mrs. Lambert commenced her toilet, Mrs. Carter entered her own private sitting-room in full dress, ready for her duties as a hostess. Her brother had sent up word that he wished to speak with her before the guests began to announce, and she was waiting for him with some impatience, for the grand epoch was drawing nigh, and she was rather anxious about the state of affairs below. She was fanning herself with vigor, wondering in her heart what Ross could have to say, when the artist came in.

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Then all the good woman's impatience vanished, and she came forward to meet him with her usual genial warmth.

"Now, what is it you want to say, Ross? Of course, whatever it is, I am ready to do it; but we must talk fast, or there's no knowing what will go on down stairs."

"Let the people take care of that, sister, they will know what is proper," said Ross, smiling kindly upon the good woman, who laughed in return.

"You see I did not wear them after all; just a little cluster here, to gather in the black lace —that don't amount to anything, you know."

Here Mrs. Carter glanced down at her silver-grey satin and soft black lace with something like a sigh. It was not at all the toilet she had decided on, but Ross, with suggestive insinuations, had toned down the superb conglomeration of lace, satin and jewels, into this rich, matronly dress, which really made Mrs. Carter look almost aristocratic.

"Nothing could be more becoming," said Ross, in reply to her half-reproachful glance, "I am so pleased that you preferred to wear the lace I brought you. As for the brooch, it is just enough."

"Well, dear, if you think so; Carter rather wanted me to flare out a little more, but, of course, you know best. Now, what is it you want to talk about? Sit down here, and let us take it comfortable."

Ross seated himself upon the couch on which Mrs. Carter was sweeping back her garments to make room for him.

"Sister," he said, with a faint quiver in his voice, "I have been thinking that you and I would be much happier in this great house, if we had some young person to enliven it."

Mrs. Carter drew back in her seat, and lifted both hands.

"Herman Ross, *does* this mean that you want to marry a young wife?"

Ross smiled and shook his head.

"No, sister, I have no thought of marrying any one; but I do think of adopting a girl, and want you to help me."

"Adopting a girl? Why, Ross, that is just what I have been thinking of myself—a pretty, little, curly-headed child, like one that's in her grave. Of course, I'll help you; more than that, I'll do it for you—she shall be mine and Carter's heiress."

"I was thinking of one who shall be my heiress," said Ross, gently. "I cannot give her millions, but there will be enough for us both."

"Thinking of one—why, who can it be, Ross? I had no idea that you had taken a fancy to any child."

"Nor have I, this is a young lady."

"You? You, Ross? A young lady?"

"Yes, I will adopt her; all that I have, or may have, shall, in the end, be hers. What I want of you, sister, is motherly protection for the girl. You will not refuse her a home?"

"Refuse her! When did I refuse you anything? But a girl—a young lady—I don't understand. Is it any one I know?"

"You have seen her. You remember the young lady who helped select your shawl?"

"That splendid creature! You adopt her?

"Yes, I will adopt her; in fact, you must do it in my name."

"And she is to live here?"

"That is what I desire."

"As my daughter?"

"Would you be ashamed of her?"

"Ashamed? Why you and I can make her like a princess. She can go out with me inthe carriage, write my letters, make calls. She shall have a maid of her own—shopping money without end."

"There, there, sister, your heart is running away with you. We must be kind to the girl without spoiling her. She is a sweet, modest young creature, rich in feeling, and bright as a flower. Let us keep her so."

"Of course—of course! Carter will be delighted. He does so like a pretty face, and her's is lovely."

"But he may not consent?"

"He? Of course he will! All she's got to do with Carter is to have his slippers ready, and read the newspapers for him, now and then; for, between you and me, Carter is not much of a reader, on his own hook. Oh, he's sure to like it!"

Ross leaned forward and kissed the flushed cheeks, which had become rosier and rosier, with the warmth of a generous nature.

"Then we will consider it settled," he said. "I mentioned it just now, because this evening will be an excellent time for introducing her as a friend of the family. That was a part of my idea, when I asked you to invite her."

"This evening? Well, why not, she can help me receive. It will be splendid. I only hope she will be dressed properly—that is, like the heiress we intend her to be."

"We need not doubt that—now I will go for her."

"And I'll just step down and have a talk with Carter about it."

Ross and his sister parted here; she went

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into her husband's room, and found him in the agony of putting on a new dress-coat, rather too small, and which fitted him like a straight-jacket.

"Mrs. Carter—Mrs. Carter, just come and give this skirt a pull, won't you? I feel as if corked up in a junk-bottle. Confound all your parties, and everything else that takes a fellow out of his frock-coat!"

"Why, Carter, dear, it's a lovely fit. Of course, you must expect to be tightened up a little, at such a time. Only look at me, would you ever have believed my waist could have been brought down to that, yet I don't complain. There are things, Carter, for which we must suffer."

Carter wiped his red face with a towel, there being nothing else convenient, at which his wife cried out, "Why, Carter!" and ran to a drawer, from which she brought a handkerchief of the finest linen, with an embroidered monogram in the corner, over which she dashed a liberal quantity of perfume from a scent-bottle, which she shook as if it had been a pepper-box. Then she brought out a point lace barb, parted over a white, silk cravat, which she tied around his stout, red neck, leaving a kiss on his cheek when it was arranged to suit her.

All this had its effect. In spite of his coat, Carter softened and became amiable. His hair had been nicely curled at the ends, a thing he had submitted to for the first time in his life, but, on the whole, rather liked. The diamond studs in his bosom glittered like fire-flies, and his watch-chain coiled down his white vest like a golden serpent hiding its head in his pocket.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Carter, "just stand back and let me look at you."

"Well, Mrs. Carter, what have you got to say about it?"

Here Mr. Carter put a thumb into each arm-hole of his white vest, and posed himself superbly.

Mrs. Carter took a general observation, drew nearer, smoothed the sleeves of his coat with her plump hand, and observed that better-looking men might be found in the great city of New York, but she had never set eyes on them. At which Carter, being a little doubtful of himself, blushed rosily, and attempted a dancing step, which proved an ignominious failure, his boots being as tight as his coat.

"My dear," said Mrs. Carter, busying her hands with the neck-tye again. "Do you know I've been thinking of a pleasant surprise for you—a *very* pleasant surprise?"

"Indeed, Mrs. Carter, you have given me one in this party, which I shan't get over in six months. What is it to be this time?"

"A daughter—a full-grown, lovely daughter. What do you think of that?"

"A full-grown, lovely daughter, Mrs. Carter? Well, I think you are in want of a straight-jacket more than I am, and, after the party, this coat shall be made over to you."

"But I am in earnest, husband!"

"So am I, wife, so much in earnest that I shouldn't mind giving up the coat now."

"We have often talked of adopting a little girl since you know when."

A flush came around Carter's eyes—he turned away from his wife.

"It would be a trouble to bring one up, you know, dear. Now supposing that done, and a girl came naturally into the family, about the age *she* might have been, wouldn't you rather like it?"

"I havn't thought about it, wife, have you?"

"Yes, Carter, and you'll see this girl, to-night. I've given you the idea, when you've seen her, just say if she won't be like a sunbeam in the house?"

"Like a what?" exclaimed Mr. Carter.

Mrs. Carter blushed and fanned herself nervously.

"It isn't my idea, Carter; I found it in a magazine story, and remembered it because it was so original."

"Let that go. If the girl was like a sunbeam, she'd never get into our house, for fear of spoiling the carpets. You'd be the first to shut her out, old woman!"

"Old woman! I don't like that, Carter. Look at me with your own eyes, from head to foot, and say if you are not ashamed of yourself?"

"Look at you? Well, I'm a doing it; but what on earth have you done with all them things from Ball & Black's; so far I haven't seen nothing but the bills. I thought you wanted to cut a shine with them, to-night!"

"Well, so I did, but Ross thought I'd better not. You know, Carter, that beauty unadorned looks better than overloading."

"Oh!" said Carter, "at the magazines again."

"Ross thinks so, at any rate, so I made myself simple, but elegant. Don't you think so?"

"Well, I don't know about that, Rebecca, but you're an all-fired good-looking woman, any how!"

"Oh, Mr. Carter! all-fired, and just as people are coming."

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"But it's only between ourselves, Beccy."

"But you might——"

"No, I mightn't. What is it, Jacob?"

"Mr. Ross has come, sir, with the young lady, and wants to know if he shall bring her up."

"Yes," answered Carter, after a moment's hesitation, during which he was fitting on a cream-colored glove, with all his might. "Take her into Mrs. Carter's bouder. We'll be there in no time."

Jacob went out, and his master tugged away at the second glove, which refused to meet at the wrist.

"Mrs. Carter, *will* you give a little attention? This confounded button."

"Yes, my dear, I know what it is, having suffered. There."

The glove was closed so tightly that Carter's wrist began to swell above it, but the spirit of martyrdom was upon him, and he marched out of his room without a word of complaint, resolved to perform his social duties to the uttermost.

Eva Laurence was standing near the window of that sumptuous little room. Her eyes had just fallen on Ruthy's pictures, framed in an exquisite network of gold, and the pleasant surprise brightened her face with a smile that made Carter hold his breath.

"This is the young lady," said Mrs. Carter, going up to Eva with a cordial welcome in her face. "Miss Laurence you have never seen my husband, but he has come to make your acquaintance."

Eva turned and saw a rather stout and rudely-formed man coming toward her, with his hand extended.

"Delighted to see you, Miss—make yourself at home, and welcome." Eva, grateful for the warmth of his greeting, laid her hand in his.

"You are very kind," she said, modestly; "but Mr. Ross told me I could expect nothing that was not pleasant here."

"Mr. Ross shall promise nothing for us that we will not perform," answered the host, blandly.

"My dear, that is a carriage—give me your arm. Ross, take care of Miss Eva. Dear me, there is a party going up to the dressing-room. What if we met them!—oh, the back stairs. They are a little dark, but I'll go first. Carter, take care of my train. Ah, this is something like!"

No wonder gave voice to her admiration. While she was in her dressing-room, chandeliers and wax-lights enough to turn night into noonday, had been kindled down the vista of three splendid rooms, separated from each other only by rich, flowing draperies of silk and lace, varying and yet harmonious in their colors, as tints melt into each other on a sunset cloud. In the far distance came the soft glow of milky amber, stealing through transparent under-draperies, and throwing a warm tinge over the delicate sea-green of the middle room. Here all the frescoes were delicate and subdued. Flowers seemed to have cast their shadows on the ceilings; the carpets were like snow, in which blossoms, in rich combinations, were sinking. There all was delicate, artistic and suggestive. Marble Floras, half the size of life, with their arms full of roses, held back the draperies which fell tent-like between the rooms. Adown the inner lace-folds, flowers were so arranged that they seemed floating in frosty air. At each window the same effect was produced. At one a crouching Venus half hid herself in the snow-fall of the curtains; at another, some dancing-girl peeped roguishly out, as if looking for a partner; all this revealed by rainbows of light trembling down from the cut-glass chandeliers, formed a picture which fairly dazzled Eva Laurence, who stood in the crimson light of the back room, lost and wondering, herself, unconsciously, the most beautiful object present.

Ross, whose genius had created all this, looked on her smiling. Never had his rare gifts wrought out greater happiness to himself. It was like leading this young girl into a paradise of his own creation; one, too, in which he resolved that she should remain all her life, if it so pleased her.

Mrs. Carter gave one glance at the rooms, another to make sure that they were still unoccupied, and flung her arms about Ross, kissing him on both cheeks.

"Let them search, let them say what they please, they'll find nothing like shoddy here," she said, triumphantly.

Mrs. Carter was right. Never was the union of wealth and genius more perfect in its work. The guests were taken by surprise. Those who came with covert sneers, forgot criticism in admiration. Everything was splendid, everything complete.

A legion of fairies could have devised nothing more perfect. Nor was the effect diminished when the host and hostess took their places; both were observant, subdued and careful. Many of their guests were nearly as rich as themselves. The war, in its fearful levelization, had given them plenty of company.

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If anything, Mrs. Carter was a little over zealous in her hospitality. She presented Eva Laurence sometimes more than once to the same guest. She was rather ostentatious of her brother, but people were prepared to like him, and forgave that.

The crowd grew denser and more brilliant as the evening wore on; diamonds shamed the light from the chandeliers; the glow of rich colors became almost oppressive. The crowd scattered itself across the broad hall and into the rooms beyond. In one, there was dancing and such music as makes the blood leap and thrill in young veins; another closed in the supper-tables, where servants were still at work like bees in a flower-garden. The hum of sweet voices, the chime of suppressed laughter, the flash of some witty reply gave zest and piquancy to the scene.

At first Eva was half frightened. She felt like a bird fluttering in a gilded cage. The scene was unlike anything she had ever witnessed, and her own share in it seemed like a fraud. More than once she was presented to the very persons who had commanded her services at the warerooms. Some of the lace floating around those superb dresses had passed through her hands She felt keenly the look of surprise with which she was occasionally regarded, and wished herself at home.

"What can it mean?" "Is she a relative?" "How strange!" Eva heard these low-toned observations frequently; her sensitive ear was keenly on the alert for them. She felt alone in that wilderness of people.

Among the last of the guests was Mrs. Lambert, with Ivan and Miss Spicer. The lady had lost something of her usual graceful repose, and her eyes shone under the light of her clustering diamonds. Ross was speaking in a low voice to Eva when this lady came up to pay her respects to the hostess. An expression of tender interest was on his face, and the girl answered it with a grateful smile. The woman's heart stopped beating; a deadly faintness seized upon her for a moment: she went blind; voices greeted her on all sides; she could not move through a throng like that without pausing every instant to receive the homage of her satellites. But this evening she passed on, hearing nothing, seeing nothing but those two faces. Still the habit of society was upon her. Her salutations had their usual grace, she spoke blandly to the hostess and the host, bent her head to Ross, and ignored Eva utterly. The girl blushed, and felt the pain of coming tears, for Ivan Lambert was with his mother. Would he too repudiate her?

No, the young man bent before her as if she had been a princess, and would have spoken, but Mrs. Lambert, who leaned on his arm, turned abruptly away. She felt the shiver that ran through her frame, and saw the diamonds on her bosom heave and fall, as if she panted for breath. Others noticed how pale she was, and detected the delicate shade of rouge, thrown into relief by that pallor—a thing they had never dreamed of before.

Ivan led the lady to a sofa, around which her friends thronged, full of anxious inquiries, each concealing a compliment.

"It was nothing," the lady said, "her foot had slipped in getting out of the carriage, and gave her pain for a moment. That was all."

This really seemed to be true. The lady had a strong will and indomitable pride. The blood came back to her face fresh and vivid, her eyes grew bright as stars. She, who seldom went beyond a smile, laughed now a low, sweet laugh, that penetrated the crowd with an under cadence that thrilled it. No young girl ever felt a power of jealousy like that. The maturity of a passion was there, breaking through all power of concealment.

The crowd did not care to search for the cause of this brilliant animation, or some one there might have read that proud heart, in all its fire and pain, and she could not have helped it. As it was, her lips had never been so eloquent, her features so gracefully impressive. The circle around her was lost in admiration. Miss Spicer seized upon young Lambert in her usual abrupt fashion.

"Come!" she said, "madame has no need of us, she has become a fixed star, and I'm tired to death of revolving. Mrs. Carter has got to introduce me to the great genius. Everybody says he is so charming, so distinguished and inaccessible—none of the girls can get a smile from him; but I shall, you may bet high on that!"

Ivan suffered himself to be dragged back to the great drawing-room: for he hoped now to speak with Eva; but just as he reached the place where she had been standing, Ross led her into the crowd. Miss Spicer saw her intended prey move off, and began to reproach Ivan.

"There he goes! and that creature on his arm! I wonder if he wants a shawl tried on. Such innovations! As if the Carters hadn't enough of a pull to get themselves into society,

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but they must attempt to empty Broadway of its shop-girls."

By this time Miss Spicer was close to the hostess, whom she addressed with vigor.

"Mrs. Carter, I have got such a quarrel with you. When am I to be introduced to that brother of your's? Can't you see that I'm half in love with him already; a dozen of us quarreling which shall be first—genius is so uncommon and so enticing. Is it true, Mrs. Carter, that you mean to give him lots of money? People say so; but that's of no consequence to such of us as can afford to do as we please—for genius, after all, isn't half so common as money. But when am I to be introduced?"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Carter, delighted. "If you had come a minute sooner! He just went away with Miss Laurence."

"Oh, yes! I saw it—that shop-girl. I beg ten thousand pardons! but truth is truth! Has carried him off! Now tell me—how did she happen to get here? Lots of us girls are dying to know?"

Mrs. Carter drew herself up with some degree of dignity.

"If you speak of Miss Laurence," she said, "her father was my brother's old friend."

"An old friend? Why he was nothing but a policeman. I have taken pains to inquire."

"Still he was an honest and honorable man."

"Every inch of him," said Carter, stoutly. "My roof covers no better man to-night."

"As for the young lady," joined in Mrs. Carter, taking fresh courage, "she is likely to become nearer to us than a friend. Isn't that so, Mr. Carter?"

Carter hesitated a moment, feeling as if his wife had entrapped him into a premature compliance with her wishes; but he spoke at last, resolutely enough.

"Yes, Mrs. C., there is no harm in saying that, if Ross stands his chance for a share of my property, the young lady will enjoy it equally with him."

Miss Spicer pursed up her lips and almost emitted a whistle.

"So, that's the way the wind blows," she said. "Won't it be fun to tell the girls!"

"Miss Spicer, we are keeping Mrs Carter's guests from her," said Ivan, observing a couple fighting their way through the crowd.

"Just like me, always in somebody's path!" exclaimed the girl, drawing back, but still keeping near the hostess. "Mercy on me! who are those people? Stupendous! Do look!"

The two people were Mr. and Mrs. Smith, she in the glory and amplitude of her moire antique, with the yellow feather in her hair, an addition Kate Gorman had insisted on with spirit, declaring that no mistress of hers was to be put down by them Laurence girls while she was to the fore. So, with her feather all afloat, and her dress sweeping out gorgeously, Mrs. Smith came up and dropped a voluminous curtsy before her old friend, who stooped down, like a queen, and, with both hands, lifted the grocer's wife out of the depths of her obeisance. Then Carter and Smith shook hands, and said, "How do you do?" with solemn gravity, while their wives dropped into conversation about the children at home; and Miss Spicer hovered near, taking voluminous mental notes.

"Oh, my! this is fun alive!" said the young lady. "I only wish your mother had been here to see that curtsy. Wasn't it sublime? I've seen girls making cheeses before this, but a grown woman, and stout at that, is excruciating! Do take me away, Ivan, or I shall say something dreadful!"

Young Lambert gladly led the girl back to his mother, who still occupied her place on the sofa, and had increased her circle of admirers. Miss Spicer took a vacant place by her friend, who was talking brilliantly.

"Oh, Mrs. Lambert, do stop one minute, and hear what I've got to tell you," whispered the young lady, impatient to impart her news.

Mrs. Lambeet turned from the gay throng around her and listened.

"He is going to marry her!"

"He? Who?"

The color left Mrs. Lambert's lips as she asked the question, and a cold shiver ran over her.

"Who? Why Ross, the genius—Mrs. Carter's brother."

"Well?"

"He is going to marry that Laurence girl. Mrs. Carter told me so herself."

"She told you so?"

The woman's voice was low and hoarse; those who had listened to her a minute before would not have known it.

"Yes, and her husband repeated it; he is going to give them all his money in the end. Isn't it disgusting?"

"Did they tell you this?"

"Indeed they did. He is with her now. I saw them going toward the dancing-room."

Mrs. Lambert arose, took the arm of a gentleman nearest her, and moved toward the dancers. She did not speak, could not, in fact, for a hand seemed tightening about her throat.

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Over the black-walnut floor, with its mosaic border of satin-wood circling the room a yard deep, a maze of dancers were whirling in and out, swaying gracefully to the music, as young trees bend to the wind. Among them was Ross and Eva Laurence, her hand was upon his shoulder, his arm circled her waist, yet scarcely touched it. He was still in the prime of manly beauty, and the girl was loveliness itself. She was dancing with all the spirit and grace of one to whom the exercise was a delightful novelty; and he seemed to feel the glow of her happinness in every nerve of his body. When they rested, he stooped over her lovingly, and smiled as she lifted her eyes to his. If ever exquisite tenderness softened a human face, the woman who watched his so eagerly, saw it there. Oh! how she hated that girl! With what bitter despair she gazed on the man.

A sort of fascination possessed Mrs. Lambert; she lingered in the room, and seemed absorbed by a scene that had long since ceased to interest her; but her observation was fixed on one couple; she saw every look, watched every motion with a strange gleam in her eyes, and an ominous compression of her lips.

At last the music ceased, and Ross was leading his partner to a seat, when Ivan Lambert came up, and claimed her. Then her face changed like a shaded rose struck by the sunshine; a delicate glow swept over it; her eyes drooped when his hand touched her waist; she leaned toward him as a flower bending on its stalk.

Mrs. Lambert saw this, and drew a deep breath. "Youth," she whispered to herself, "turns to youth. I will not believe it."

Mrs. Lambert turned, and saw that Ross stood beside her. She drew her hand from the gentleman who had led her to the room, bent her head in dismissal, and touched Ross upon the arm.

Did he shrink, or was that a thrill of pleasure that followed her touch? She would have given the world to know. Her hand grew bolder, and laid itself on his arm. He yielded to its pressure, and moved away.

In a wing of the mansion was a conservatory full of flowering plants, and lighted with lamps that swung to and fro among the flowers, like mammoth pearls all on fire. Toward this place Mrs. Lambert led her companion.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MOONLIGHT ON DONNER LAKE.

BY MRS. E. N. HUNTINGTON.

A CLEAR, bright lake, by mountains bound,
And framed by swaying pines around;
A flood of moonlight on the lake,
Save where the pines black shadows make,
O'er rugged rocks their image throw,
Inking the smiling wave below.
The air is full of golden haze,
Dreamy and soft, like liquid lays;
A glory from another sphere,
Seems lent to cast its halo here.
Oh, golden hour!
How rich thy dower!

Six friends are sailing on the lake,
The waters ruffled in their wake,
And chatting gayly as they glide
Gracefully o'er the gleaming tide,
Now where the lilies grow, and now,
Where moonlight rests upon each brow;
Forgetful they that day had care,
Or that the morrow's toil they share;
Remembering naught but the great bliss
Of charming hour, and scene like this.
Oh, happy heart!
How blest thou art!

THE GARDEN-WALL.

BY JOHN L. COLLINS.

MAY MERLE came to the garden-wall,
Where the roses clustered rich and rare·
Seeking the fairest among them all,
To tie that night in her shining hair.

And many a stem to greet her bent—
The bud and the full-blown alike hung low,
As if the wealth of their hue and scent,
Would be lavished well on her brow of snow.

But, slighting the sweet ones smiling nigh,
Though their fragrant breath did her praises call,
She longed for a proud rose hanging high,
And far from her reach by the garden-wall.

The brightest she rudely thrust aside,
And their petals tore with impatient scorn,
Till she grasped her prize in triumphant pride—
And her hand was pierced by a hidden thorn.

"Ah, thus!" she cried, as the red blood flowed,
"To our foolish pride do we victims fall;"
And her cheeks with shame and anger glowed,
As she wept her wound by the garden-wall!

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

A Walking, or Traveling-Dress, of Linen, is our first pattern for this month. These linens now come in every variety of shade,

from the lightest buff, or gray, to brown, lead, etc., at from twenty-five to fifty cents per yard. The costume which we give this month, is of light buff, the lower-skirt perfectly plain. The waist and upper-skirt are in one, in the form of a pellisse, with a basque set in at the back and sides. The trimming is simple, being only slashed at distances of six inches, and bound with brown alpaca braid; a narrower braid is sewn on above the binding. Coat sleeves. The pellisse may either be buttoned down in front, or fastened with hooks and loops. Twelve yards of linen will be required for this dress.

Our next pattern is of a House-Dress of striped and plain percale. The skirt is of the striped percale, green and white, blue and white, or two shades of brown or gray. If white is in the striped material, then the waist is of plain white, trimmed, as seen, with the striped material. If brown or gray, then use the lightest shade of either for the waist, trimming, as before, with the stripe. The skirt is only a little longer than the fashionable walking-skirt; and the effect of these combinations of material is exceedingly pretty and novel. Nine yards of striped, and three yards of plain, will be requisite. The American percales, a yard wide, sell at twenty-five cents per yard. French chintz, from thirty-five to fifty cents.

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The two following engravings represent a Scotch suit for a little boy four to five years old. It may be made either of plain or colored

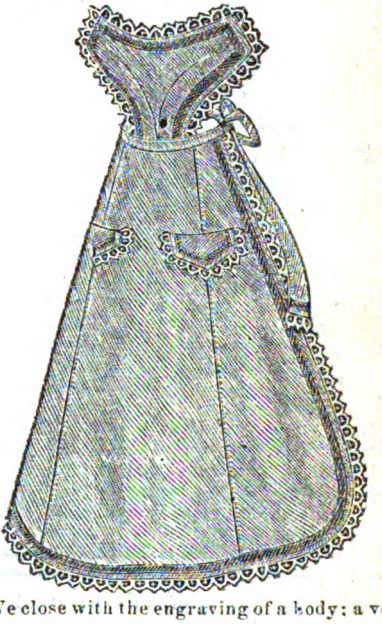
poplin, or plaid serge, or white pique. If the latter, trim with black braid. The skirt is cut bias, and very full, and plaited in deep plaits, put on to a band at the waist, with shoulder-straps; but we suggest an under-body as better. The jacket is cut like a lady's basque in the back, with side-bodies, and straight in front, and somewhat loose. The lower part of the

jacket is cut in five deep points, which are trimmed with two or three rows of worsted braid, and three buttons upon each point. The braid continues up the front and round the neck, where it is finished with a cambric ruffle. This is a very pretty and simple style for a little boy.

We give engravings of two over-skirts, suitable either for little girls, or their older sisters. They would be pretty in white muslin, or black

silk; or they may be used as patterns for the upper-skirts of a complete suit, making the under-skirt entirely plain, which latter is becoming quite universal for little misses.

We give next, a House-Apron for a young lady, which needs very little description. It is made of white, or buff linen, edged with Hamburg edging. Such an apron is both serviceable and pretty, and protects the dress during household duties.



We close with the engraving of a body; a very pretty affair to wear at this season of the year.

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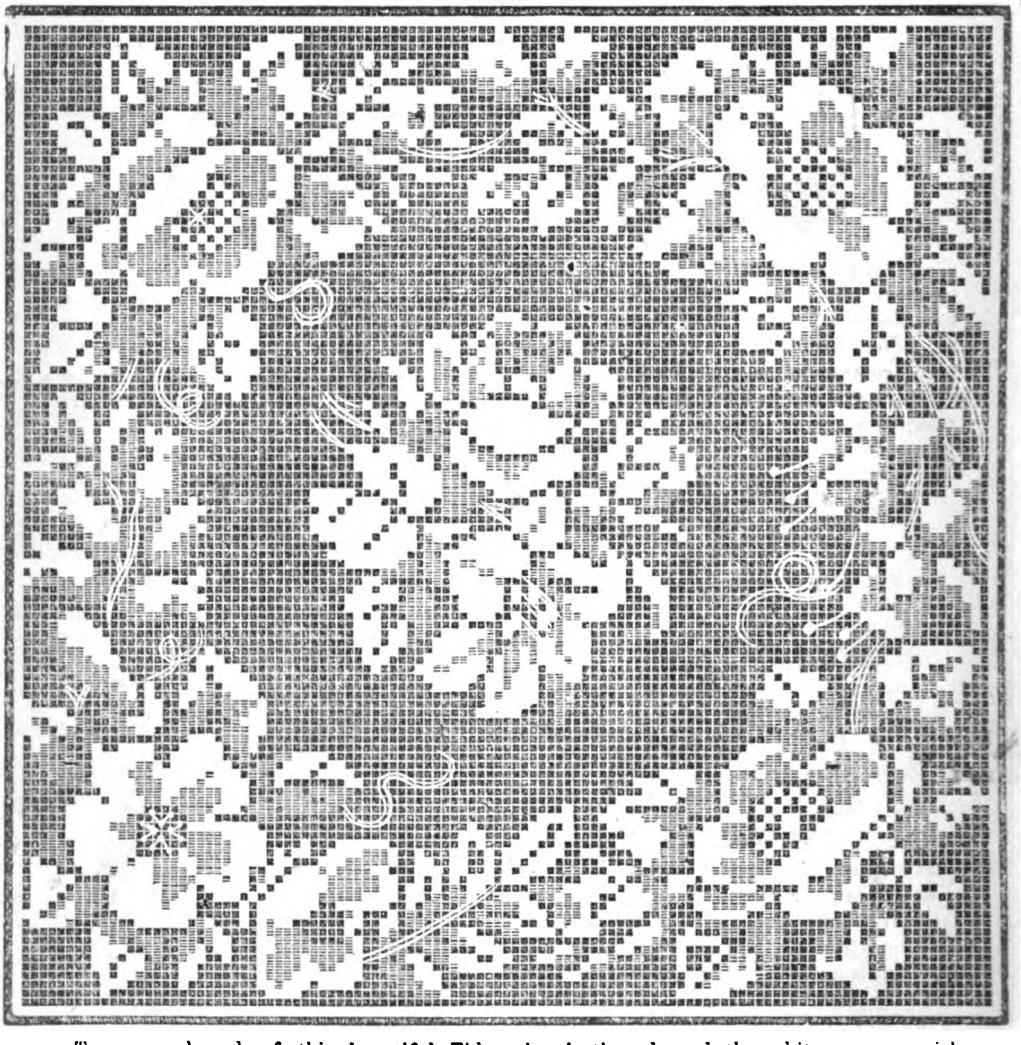
TIDY IN NETTING AND DARNING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The ground-work of this beautiful Tidy must be netted, commencing from one loop. It is then washed and well stiffened with starch, or put into a square frame. The design is then darned, the white squares with untwisted cotton, and the shaded squares with thread in *point de toile.* The cover may be finished off with a fringe.

EMBROIDERED SLIPPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number is a pattern for an Embroidered Slipper, to be made of gray cashmere. One design shows the front part, the other the heel. The embroidery is worked in different colors of purse silk and gold thread, in chain stitch overcast, point russe, and knotted stitch. This makes a neat and attractive slipper.

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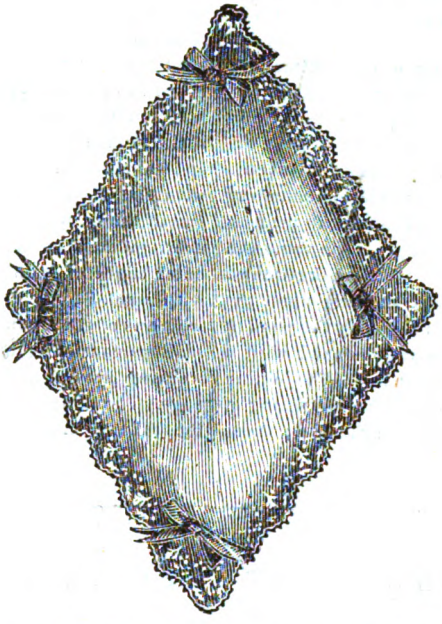
PILLOW-CASE, WITH EMBROIDERED EDGE.



A pillow-case of linen, ornamented with a pretty pattern in embroidery at the edge, and finished at each corner with a handsome satin bow, with embroidered edge.

COUVRE-PIED, CARRIAGE-BLANKET, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a pattern for a couvre-pied, carriage-blanket, etc., etc. It is a very handsome design, and can be made available for many purposes.

The materials are:—Wood tricot hook, No. 13, bell guage, bone crochet hook, No. 16, bell guage, Berlin wool, three shades—violet, black, white—yellow filoselle, back ditto, fleecy.

Each separate square requires three and a half skeins of wool for the foundation of tricot.

Each square is worked separately, and commenced with a chain of twenty-five stitches with a larger hook. The three shades of violet appear within each other. Work five rows in tricot of the lightest shade; lay on the second shade in the sixth row for the sixth stitch, and work with it fifteen stitches; the remaining five stitches of this row are worked with the lightest shade. It is advisable to have a separate reel for the latter, as in returning; at the beginning of another color, the wool is left hanging until it is required in the next row. Work four rows like the last; to these follow five rows, in which the middle is a little square of five stitches in the darkest shade; and for this, in the sixth stitch, the thread of the second shade is taken up. For these stitches of the second shade, separated in this manner, a second little reel will be desirable. When five rows with three shades are finished, work again five rows in two shades, and finish the square with five rows of the lightest shade. The white squares are of the same size, and also worked in tricot, commencing with a chain of twenty-five stitches, and afterward ornamented with a double cross stitch (with black silk threads

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twice over each other in the form of a star, crosswise.) The little pansies stand out in relief upon the light ground (see design.) These have five petals—three in the darkest, two in the lightest shade.

With the bone hook, for each leaf, make a chain of seven stitches; pass over the two last, and crochet in the following four treble and one double, and round this work a row, the first and last stitch of which must be double the remainder trebles. At the upper rounding increase a few stitches, and finish the petal at the under point with one single. The veins and middle are formed of loose, yellow silk stitches. The little flowers are laid slanting upon the middle of the square, and invisibly fastened at the points. The squares are fastened with a thread of wool upon the right side. The joining is hidden by little crochet picots, consisting of three chain and one double in the first; these picots are worked into the stiches of the foundation. Twelve picots are worked round the inner dark square, turning outward, twenty-nine round the second shade, and fifty-four round the outer edge of the square. For these use the lightest color, and let the scallops turn inward to rest upon the white ground. Similar picots of the two darkest colors ornament the little square inside the other squares. The spaces between the picots are stitched over with yellow silk. The number of squares and size of lining, which may be knitted with fleecy, are regulated by the size of the cover. The outer edges of both parts are sewn together with wool. For the heading for the fringe, which is of the second shade of violet, crochet scallops consisting of five chain, one double, working always into the third stitch of the edge. The fringe consists of eight threads five inches long, in the darkest shade.

GIRL'S TIGHT-FITTING TUNIC.

BY EMILY H MAY

We give, this month, a pattern for a charming tight-fitting tunic for a girl of ten or eleven years old. We also give a diagram on the following page by which it may be cut out.

This tunic is of silk, and has flounces at the edge, and a bow placed at the back. It is raised at the back by two plaited folds, on which a large bow is arranged. The round skirt has velvet bias placed lengthways on the

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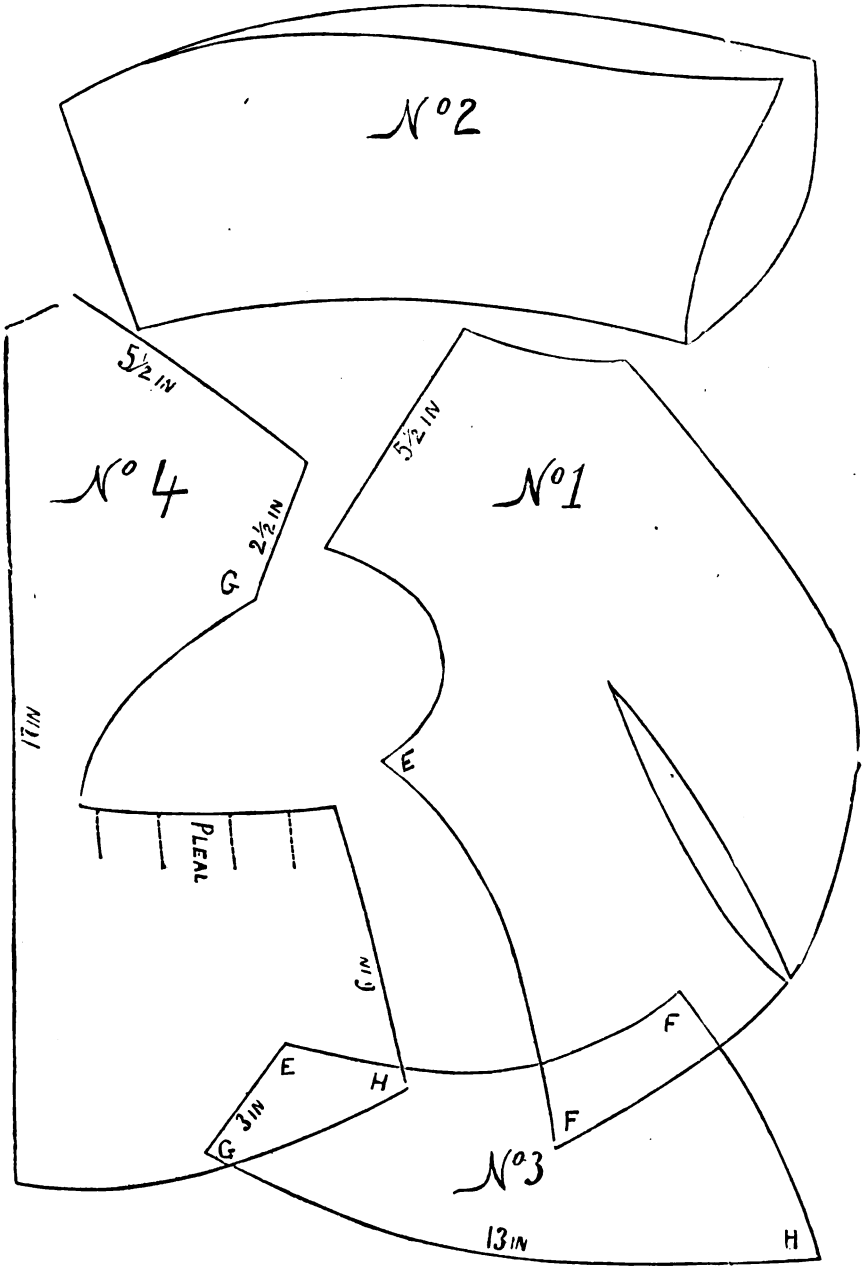
front, and is trimmed with a flat plaiting on the back widths.

The tunic is composed of four pieces, as will be seen by examining the diagram, viz:



No. 1. Front of Tunic.
No. 2. Back of Tunic.
No. 3. Side-Piece.
No. 4. Sleeve.

This is a particularly seasonable and stylish affair.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Women in Business.—The New York Evening Post, of which the veteran poet, W. C. Bryant, is principal editor, has always been foremost in all measures of reform. We, therefore, quote, with more than usual confidence, some remarks, which appeared in the Post, lately, in reference to the much-vexed question of women as workers at handicrafts, etc., etc.

The great fault of women, who seek employment, says the Post, is that they do not recognize the fact, that, in order to succeed, they must have more or less preliminary preparation for the work, and that they must stick to their task, as men have to do, in all weathers, well or ill, unless almost absolutely bed-ridden. As to the first, no carpenter, bricklayer, doctor, lawyer, clerk, merchant, or member of any other handicraft or profession, ventures to take it up without more or less preparation: the competition, in fact, is so great, that, unless he is a thorough master of his business, he generally comes to loss, if not to absolute ruin. So, when once he takes up his trade, he keeps at work, day in and day out, whether he feels like it or not. Now we know something of the occupations at which women work; we employ a great many on this magazine; but if there comes a rainy day, or a picnic is on hand, or there has been a party the night before, not half the women appear at work. "They do not feel like work," they say; and they think that this is an all-sufficient excuse. Yet what man thinks so, in a similar case? What father stays at home from work, because he "does not feel like it?"

Mr. Bryant, for we suppose he is the author of the article we quote, goes on to say: "Remember that when you engage in business, when you enter the labor market, you necessarily come in competition with men. Men are slaves; they *must* work, for they have families to support, or fortunes to make, or enterprises to advance; and they do not expect to marry. That is to say, marriage will only compel them to work more persistently, and force them to be more prompt, more accurate, more regular. These men, these slaves under the lash of all kinds of necessities, you have for opponents; they cannot give place to you if they would, for they are in the labor market, just as you are. If they work harder, better, and for more hours than you do, they will beat you; and your sex cannot help you."

Mr. Bryant continues:—"One man succeeds beyond another just in this way. It is not luck, it is not good friends—for though friendship may push a man along, it cannot keep him from falling back. It is hard work, unmitigated, unceasing, thorough; it is because A works harder, and better, and longer than Z, that he stands at the top, while Z grumbles at the bottom of the ladder. You cannot eat your cake and have it; try to get that homely proverb by heart, and you will have done much for success. In another and more comfortable world this will doubtless be changed, and we shall all rejoice. But in this world, which revolves once in twenty-four hours on its axis, and circumnavigates the sun once in a year, everything is fixed, regular, undeviating; and most things are unpleasant, and the opposite of what reasonable and sensible beings would like them to be."

Mr. Bryant concludes as follow:—"Finally, if you get a good offer, *marry*. Thus you will exchange many masters for one; and if you have the least tact, you will presently be the master of that one, without his in the least suspecting it. There are, on the whole, few things a woman can do so well as to marry. Possibly this is because her sex has been for so many thousand years trained to that; possibly it may be because this is, after all, her true calling; but, however that may be, it is certain that, as society is now constituted, and will for some time to come remain, it is the calling in which a woman on the whole has the greatest promise of success."

It may be said, that one reason why women cannot, in some pursuits, work as steadfastly as men, is that their nervous organization is more delicate, and that consequently days must come when it is impossible for them to work, without, at least, positive suffering. But this is the very point. Their organization unfits them, comparatively, for many things, because to do those things, day in and day out, is intolerable to them. So, on the other hand, there are things which, to the majority of women, are not near so irksome as to men, the tendence of children being one, for a woman has a divine patience with a child, and an insight into its character, which man, as a class, has not. Does not this suggest the solution of the whole problem?

To Make Good Ice-Cream.—This is the season when ice-cream is in particular favor, and one or two suggestions as to making it, therefore, may be welcome. To make lemon ice-cream, take one quart of cream, two lemons (the juice of one and the grated peel of one and a half) and two cups of sugar. Sweeten the cream, beat the lemon gradually into it, and put it at once into the freezer. The freezer should be the best patent one you can procure, there being several we believe, and all very nearly alike in merit. Freeze rapidly, or the acid will turn the milk. Use rock-salt, not common salt. Orange ice-cream may be made in the same way. For pine-apple ice-cream, take one quart of cream, one large, ripe, pine-apple, and one pound of powdered sugar. Slice the pine-apple thin, and scatter the sugar between the slices: cover it, and let the fruit steep three hours. Then cut, or chop it up in the sugar, and strain it through a hair-sieve, or bag of double, coarse lace. Beat gradually into the cream, and freeze as rapidly as possible. Peach ice-cream may be made in the same way, with two or three handfuls of freshly-cut bits of the fruit stirred in when the cream is half frozen.

If You Would Keep Flowers for evening wear, you must be up early, and gather them before the sun is on them, and, if possible, while they are still wet with dew. Place them in water in a shady place, and just before they are wanted cut a short piece off the stalk with a sharp pair of scissors—a knife will not do: then, if possible, keep them in one of the tubes used by gentlemen for their button-holes; if not, seal the ends of the stalks. Some persons can wear natural flowers much better than others; if the skin is hot and damp they will soon fade, and only hard-wooded plants should be chosen. For azaleas, scarlet geraniums, etc., a drop of gum should be placed in the center of each flower to keep them from shaking.

The New Style of Dressing the Hair, such as we have illustrated in this number, and gave engravings of in the July number also, was first introduced to the American public by "Peterson." Three years ago, when paniers came up, we were, in a like manner, ahead of all our contemporaries. If you wish for the newest styles, look in "Peterson:" if you wish to be misled, go elsewhere. We stop at no expense to excel in fashions, as well as in engravings and stories. "Forward, always forward!" is our motto.

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ADDITIONS made to clubs at the price paid by the rest of the club. But in such cases, the new subscriber, or subscribers, must begin with the same number as the rest of the club. All clubs must begin with either the January or July numbers. Single subscribers may begin with any month. Single subscriptions for six months, from July, 1871, to December, 1871, inclusive, taken for one dollar.

OUR NEXT NOVELET will be "The Tragedy of a Quiet Life," by the author of "Kathleen's Love-Story." Of this latter tale, the Clarkstown (Mo.) Democrat said, "It is one of the finest we have ever read." Scores of other newspapers pronounced a similar eulogium. The coming story is not less beautifully told. We shall begin it in the September number, and finish it in the November.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CATALOGUES of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, publications, the best list of cheap novles in the United States, sent, gratis, if written for. If you want good, yet cheap editions of Scott, Dickens, Lever, or of any other popular writer, send for this catalogue.

LITERARY MATTER UNSURPASSED.—The Huntingdon (Tenn.) Courier says of this Magazine, "Its literary matter is unsurpassed. It is unquestionably the best two dollar magazine published."

PEOPLE ARE GOVERNED best though their affections. You can lead a man, woman, or child, when you cannot drive them.

MORE FOR THE MONEY.—The Mount Joy (Pa.) Herald says of this Magazine, "It gives more for the money than any other."

OUR STEEL ENGRAVING, this month, is from an original picture, by one of the most eminent French artists.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Ralph, the Heir. By Anthony Trollope. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Anthony Trollope is always readable, and sometimes even more than that. In the present novel, he has struck out quite a new character, Neafitt, the breeches-maker, a character that would have made the reputation of any novelist of less ability. Polly, Neafitt's daughter, is also a good hit. So, in a less degree, is Moggs, her lover, the boot-maker. Ralph, himself, is something of a failure. There is the usual amount of love-making in the story, and, as in all Trollope's fictions, there is a happy ending. The volume is handsomely illustrated.

Light. By Jacob Abbott. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This, like its predecessor in the same series, "Heat," is an attempt to teach science to the young in a conversational and familiar way. As a rule, these "short cuts to learning" do not succeed But Mr. Abbott is singularly gifted, and has triumphed over all obstacles. If the other volumes of the series are as good as the first two, they will form an invaluable addition to our popular literature. The volume is profusely illustrated with engravings.

Strife. By Mrs. E. D. Wallace. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philada: H. C. Rogers & Co. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.*—A spirited, racy writer is Mrs. Wallace, and in this romance of Germany and Italy she has done more than justice to herself, and achieved a distinction as a novelist.

The Blockade of Phalsburg. By Erckmann-Chatrain. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.*—This novel is the joint composition of two French authors, who, for many years, have been writing, so to speak, in partnership. An experiment, that generally fails, has, in this case, succeeded. The present story is of the year 1814, and turns on the siege of Phalsburg, a French town, which then, as afterward, in 1870, was blockaded by a foreign foe. The tale is full of action, and belongs, in some respects, to the very highest order of fiction. It is a cheap edition.

Bench and Bar: A Complete Digest of the Wit, Humor, Asperities and Amenities of the Law. By L. J. Bigelow, Counsellor at Law. With Portraits and Illustrations. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A book after our own heart. The title-page well describes the character of the work. The volume is full of anecdotes to amuse and information to instruct. It is just the book for a cultivated mind, on a hot summer day, when the intellect, without wishing to go entirely to sleep, prefers the gay to the serious, and yet does not desire entirely to ignore what is useful.

Hans Breitmann in Europe. With Other New Ballads. By Charles G. Leland. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The new ballads, in this edition, are not less meritorious than those, which, in a former publication, made Hans Breitmann famous. Hans has lately been in Holland, and his descriptions of the Hague, Leyden, and Amsterdam, are simply inimitable. He has also visited Bavaria and Italy "takin' notes," as Burns says, everywhere. A glossary accompanies the volume. If you would enjoy a hearty laugh, and over real wit, get this new volume.

Little Men: Life at Plumfield with Jo's Boys. By Louisa M. Alcott. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—Few American fictions have made such a sensation as "Little Women" and "An Old-Fashioned Girl," and as this new story is quite equal to either of its predecessors, it ought to be equally popular. It is a great mistake to say that literature is a poor profession. Let an author make a "hit," as Miss Alcott has made, and fortune and fame come together.

Versatilities. By R. H. Newell. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This is a volume of verse, by R. H. Newell, better known to the American public as Orpheus C. Kerr. One of the cleverest parts is a bit of satire on the so-called poems which have sprung up, all over the country, in imitation of Bret Harte. Mr. Newell is particularly skillful in handling the Anglo-African dialect of the South.

Common Sense in the Household: A Manual of Practical Housekeeping. By Marion Harland. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.*—This is the result of an experience, for fifteen years, in housekeeping, and is a book in every way to be recommended. Every receipt in it has been brought to the test of common sense, and has been tried.

Condensed Novels. By Bret Harte. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.*—The imitations of style, in these travesties of popular novelists, are very apt. The burlesques first appeared some time ago, and before the author was so widely known as now. They are now re-published, with illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr. Unlike most things of the kind, these travesties are free from malice.

Arthur O'Leary. By Charles Lever. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A cheap, yet neat edition of one of Lever's most laughable novels. For summer reading, this author is incomparable.

Married in Both Worlds. By Mrs. A. E. Porter. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A well-written story, with a very excellent moral, pure in tone, and full of religious sentiments.

Blanche Gilroy. By Mrs. Margaret Hosmer. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—Mrs. Hosmer is one of our most popular American novelists, and her present book, which is a girl's story, is perhaps her best.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

ECONOMY AND TASTE.—The Piqua (Ohio) Democrat says of this Magazine, "The tales and romances are the very best out. The double-size colored steel fashion-plate is superb; and, in addition, there are some fifty wood-cuts of dresses, bonnets, collars, etc., etc. One of the most valuable articles is our "Every-Day Dresses," illustrated with engravings, showing how stylish and fashionable dresses may be economically made at home."

THE NOVELS OF LEVER, now being re-published, in cheap editions, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philada., are the best of their kind in the English language. For broad, rollicking fun they have no equals. Have you read them? If not, buy "Charles O'Malley," or "Harry Lorrequer," as a specimen, and our word for it, you will buy all the rest.

CHEAPEST AND BEST.—The Wilmington (Delaware) Tribune says of this magazine. "Although 'Peterson' is but two dollars a year, it gives as large an amount of reading, and as many engravings, as any of the three dollar magazines."

ROSES AND ROSE-GARDENS.

January will bring storm and cruel frost. We must make up our minds to some losses among the old and young, the worn-out in our rose-gardens, and the weakly bud, perhaps the best we could obtain of some new variety, or of some delicate tea, among our briers; but, with our ground well-drained, and our rose-trees well secured and mulched, we need not fear for the hale and strong.

February the cry is, "All in to begin," as it used to be the showman's, when we went to the fair, for no more rose-trees can be planted when this month has passed.

March is the month for our final pruning. We say final, because all the longer shoots will have been previously shortened in October. Different varieties will, of course, require different treatment; and the intentions of the operator, as well as the habit of the tree, will direct the manipulation of the knife. Some roses, of very vigorous growth, such as Blanii 2 and Charles Lawson, Triomphe de Bayeux and Persian Yellow, will not flower at all if they are closely pruned. They will need little more excision than that which they have already received—only the removal of any weak or injured wood. Ten or twelve eyes may be left on the healthy shoots. With the rose-trees generally the question is, does the owner wish for number or size, quantity or quality? If the former, let him leave five, if the latter, three eyes, on the strong laterals, of course, cutting out the infirm. Look over the budded briers. Rub off incipient laterals, and pull up suckers. Breaks on the budded shoot should be all removed, save one farthest from the bud, which should be left awhile to make the running—*i. e.*, draw up the sap. See to your stakes when the stormy winds blow, and toward the end of the month dig in the manure left about the newly-planted rose-trees and briers. Take from the latter all the lower growth and suckers, leaving the three strongest laterals nearest to the top. In the rose-garden lighten the surface of soil, if requisite, with digging-fork or hoe.

April.—Prune Tea-scented, Noisette, and Bourbon Roses, observing the previous rule—that is, cutting very abstemiously, when the growth is vigorous, as with Marechal Niel, Gloire de Dijon, Climbing Devoniensis, and Souvenir d'un Ami. Toward the end of this month the rose-grub must be sought for constantly and closely. The search must be continued during the early part of

May, and the pest will be found hidden in the curled leaf, from which he would presently attack the rose. Of all the months this to the Rosarian brings most anxiety. Nothing so adverse to his roses as late vernal frosts, cold, starving nights in May. The sap is checked, the circulation of rose-blood is impeded, and weakness and disease follow inevitably. The trees, which were growing luxuriently, suddenly cease to make further progress. They look well to the eye; the inexperienced apprehends no injury; but the disease is there, and the symptoms will soon show themselves. Cut in the budded laterals on the briers close to the bud, and take away all suckers and fresh growth upon the brier itself. Have your stakes firmly driven into the ground by the side of each stock, and rising about two feet above it. Watch the growth of the bud, securing the young, tender shoot with bast to the stake, so that it may be safe against sudden gusts, and look out at the same time for the grub. Examine the new growth of your established rose-trees, and when you think that it is too abundant, rub off here and there those breaking buds, which might weaken the plant, and prevent a wholesome circulation of air through the crowded "head" of the rose-tree. Order your selection of new roses in pots from the nursery, and keep them under glass for a time, so that in

June you may bud them on some of your most forward stocks; and then, by turning them out of their pots into the open ground, and by encouraging them in every way to make a fresh growth, you may obtain a second supply of buds in the autumn, when you will know more as to their merits. If May has been genial, June will be glorious. If not, we shall have *the aphis, honey-dew, mildew, rust, larva of saw-fly*. There is no cure. You may brush; you may powder; you may syringe; you may dip; you may mix your tobacco-water—your decoction of quassia; but where the aphis has once taken possession, you shall not see the rose in its integrity. The injury was done before the aphis came. But there is something better than cure—there is *prevention*. The aphis finds no food when the rose-tree is in perfect health; it will not taste the sap which is pure and untainted; it is a leech which sucks bad blood only. If situation, soil, and supervision be such as I have suggested, nothing but weather of unusual severity will bring aphis or harm to the rose. The final application of manure, as previously recommended, should simultaneously be laid on the surface of the soil.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Fried Veal with Tomatoes.—Cut some veal in thin slices, season it, and fry it of a nice brown. Have ready some tomatoes which have been stewed very dry; pass them through a sieve to take out the seeds, then put them into the pan in which the meat has been fried, and add butter enough to make a rich gravy. Pour them hot over the veal, and serve it. Beef is excellent cooked in the same way.

Lamb Stewed with Onions.—This is a French dish. Peel some onions, cut them in slices, and put them in your stew-pan; cut off the ends of the chops, pound them, and lay them in with the onions and some pepper and salt. Put in as much water as will cook them; let them stew slowly till they are tender, then add a piece of butter rolled in flour to thicken the gravy.

Salad de Volaille.—Take a fowl dressed the day before, either whole or cut. Remove the flesh in nice slices. Arrange them with taste, with a lettuce cut up. This should be placed at the bottom of a dish or salad-bowl. Add other lettuces. Garnish with anchovies cut in slips. Season with the sauce usually made for salads. This dish may be made with game.

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Poultry Salad.—Take a cold roast fowl and cut it up. Put it into a deep dish or salad-bowl. Mingle it with bits of the hearts of lettuce. Add hard eggs, anchovies, cut in strips, gherkins, and herbs. Vinegar and other sauce may be added after it comes to table.

To Cook a Tough Chicken.—Truss it neatly, stuff it with sausage and bread-crumbs; mix some flour and butter, taking due care that it does not color in the pan, for it must be white; plump your chicken in this, and add a little water, or soup, if you have it. Put carrots, cut in half, tops of celery, chives, parsley, etc., then cover close, so that all air may be excluded, and keep it simmering two hours and a quarter; it will turn out white and plump; place the vegetables round it, stir in an egg to thicken the sauce, off the fire, and your dish will make you blush.

DESSERTS.

Cream-Pies.—Three pints of new milk, eight eggs, half a cup of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one cup of sugar; beat the butter and flour together, and the sugar and yolks of eggs; let the milk get warm by setting it in warm water on the stove; a small pail is nice to put the milk in; set this in a kettle of boiling water, then add the butter and flour; stir a few minutes, then add sugar and yolks of eggs; stir until a little thick, then flavor with manilla; (this is the only kind of flavoring used for these pies, as lemon, etc., are not good for this;) take the pail from the kettle; have a crust made as follows: one teacupful of water, one teacupful of lard, a pinch of salt; mix this soft enough to roll out for pie-pan; have but one crust to the pies, they need no upper-crust; beat the whites of eggs, and one tablespoonful of sugar, to a froth. After the pies are baked, spread this over the top, and put the pies back in the oven a few minutes, letting the egg brown a little. This makes fine pies.

Chicken-Jelly.—For chicken-jelly, take a large chicken, cut it up into very small pieces, bruise the bones, and put the whole into a stone jar with a cover that will make it water-tight. Set the jar in a large kettle of boiling water, and keep it boiling for four hours. Then strain off the liquid, and season it slightly with salt and pepper, and mace, or with loaf-sugar and lemon-juice, according to the taste of the person for whom it is intended. Return the fragments of the chicken to the jar, and set it again in a kettle of boiling water. You will find that you can collect nearly as much jelly by the second boiling. This jelly may be made of an old fowl.

Cocoanut-Pudding.—Stir one pound of loaf-sugar and a quarter of a pound of butter to a cream; take the yolks of twelve eggs and the whites of six, and when beaten separately and light, add them to the butter and sugar; and then put in one pound of grated cocoanut; lastly, put in four tablespoonfuls of rose-water, four of cream, and the juice of two lemons; bake in puff-paste, and sift loaf-sugar over after it comes from the oven.

Ice-Pudding.—Take the yolks of fourteen eggs, one pint of raw cream, and a pinch of salt; mix well, and boil for one hour in a well-buttered mould, then ice it. For the sauce, take half a pint of sherry, half a pound of powdered sugar, the juice and rind of a lemon; boil all together till it becomes a thick syrup; when cold, pour it over the pudding.

Floating Island.—The juice of two lemons, the whites of two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of currant-jelly, and twenty medium-sized lumps of loaf-sugar; mix and beat them to a stiff froth. Put it into the middle of the dish, and dress it with sweetmeats. Just before it is to be served, pour cream enough in the dish to float it

CAKES, ETC.

Scotch Cake.—One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, clarified, half a pound of lump-sugar, one ounce of almonds, two ounces of lemon-peel. Mix together into a paste; butter, and put it out into a flat dish. Bake in a slow oven. Strew it with comfits.

Home-Made Yeast.—Two ounces of the best hops, four quarts of water, one pound of flour, three pounds of potatoes, half a pound of brown sugar, and one small handful of salt. Monday morning boil two ounces of best hops in four quarts of water for half an hour; strain it and let the liquor cool down to new milk warmth, then put in a small handful of salt, and half a pound of brown sugar; beat up one pound of the best flour with some of the liquor, and then mix all well together. On Wednesday add three pounds of potatoes, boiled, and then mashed, to stand till Thursday, then strain it and put it into bottles, and it is ready for use. It must be stirred frequently while it is making, and kept near the fire. Before using shake the bottle well up. It will keep in a cool place for two months, and it is best at the latter part of the time. The beauty of this yeast is, that it ferments spontaneously, not requiring the aid of other yeast; and, if care be taken, it will ferment well in the earthen bowl in which it is made. It takes four days to make, and thirty minutes to boil.

Almond Ice for a Cake.—If it is wished to ice a cake, as is done for bride cake, a layer of almonds must first be spread over the cake according to the following receipt:—Take the whites of three very fresh eggs, and beat them to a strong froth; bruize one pound of Jordan almonds very fine, with rose-water enough to prevent their oiling, in a mortar, and mix them with the white of eggs very lightly together; mix in by degrees one pound of loaf-sugar, finely sifted. When the cake is taken from the oven, lay this mixture on very smoothly. Let it dry gradually, and when dry enough, proceed to sugar-ice it.

Cross-Buns.—Rub four ounces of butter into two pounds of flour, and four ounces of pounded sugar. Put into a cup of yeast a spoonful or two of milk, and mix; then add to the ingredients with as much more milk as may be required to make them into a light paste, an ounce and a half of ground allspice, cinnamon, and mace. Make this paste into buns, and place them before the fire to rise. When this process is about half accomplished, press the form of a cross in the center of each bun with a mould. They must be quickly baked.

Sugar Ice.—Beat two pounds of double-refined sugar, and two ounces of starch; sift through a gauze sieve, then beat the whites of five fresh eggs till they are a perfect froth, adding the sugar little by little. When all the sugar has been put in, continue to beat it half an hour longer; then lay it over the almond icing, and spread it very even with a broad knife. If it is put on as soon as the cake comes out of the oven, it will be hard by the time the cake is cold.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—EVENING-DRESS OF LIGHT-BLUE GAUZE.—The skirt is trimmed with six flounces, plainly hemmed; the tunic and low basque waist are of white gauze, trimmed with a ruffle of the same, the ruffle being edged with a row of blue scalloped silk; the cape is composed entirely of a ruffle like the trimming on the tunic.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS OF ALMOND-COLORED MOHAIR.—The skirt is trimmed with one deep ruffle, edged at the bottom by a ruching of the mohair, and confined about two inches below the top by a series of bows put on a puffing of the material. The top of the flounce is lined with brown silk, which just shows above the edge. The coat basque is deep behind, trimmed with a ruffle of the material, which is headed by a bias band, corded with brown silk. Long, loose sleeves, trimmed to correspond with the basque. Hat of yellow straw, with almond-colored and brown feathers, and long, brown veil.

FIG. III.—WALKING-COSTUME FOR THE SPRINGS.—The under dress is of cherry colored and white striped mohair; the

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waist and sleeves are quite plain. The skirt has one deep, straight flounce, with a very full, pointed quilling of pearl-colored silk above the flounce. The upper-skirt opens in front, is cut in points, and is full and long at the back. The silk sleeves reach only to the elbow, and, like the skirt, are trimmed with a full, pinked-out ruching. A tiny hat, covered and trimmed with white lace, and ornamented by a red rose in front.

FIG. IV.—EVENING-DRESS OF A VERY DELICATE PEARL-COLORED GRENADINE.—The skirt has one deep ruffle headed by a bias band put on between two quillings of grenadine. The upper-skirt, which is short and round in front, and long and very much puffed behind, is trimmed with a ruffle which is deeper on the front, and has a heading, but is narrower and plainer behind. This tunic is looped up with sprays of roses. Low waist, trimmed with roses, the same flowers in the hair.

FIG. V.—EVENING-DRESS OF GOLD-COLORED GAUZE.—The skirt is trimmed with three straight flounces, put on with a narrow, black velvet ribbon. The upper-skirt is cut in points in front and at the sides, but is long and full behind; it is trimmed with a narrow ruffle of the gauze, headed by a band of black velvet, and is trimmed with black velvet butterfly bows. Low vaist, trimmed to correspond with the tunic. Butterfly in the hair.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF GRAY POPLIN, trimmed around the bottom with a deep, black tassel fringe, above which the skirt is ornamented with black velvet, put on in points, and black braid embroidery. The upper-skirt, which is deep in front, is cut up at the sides and at the back, and with the basque trimmed like the lower-skirt.

FIG. VII.—HOME-DRESS OF GREEN AND WHITE STRIPED SILK.—The petticoat is trimmed with eight rows of green velvet ribbon, put on in groups; the waist and tunic are of white muslin, spotted with green. The tunic is short, very much puffed, and trimmed with a ruffle of the material. A fichu of white organdy crosses on the bosom.

FIG. VIII.—TRAVELING-DRESS OF DARK-GRAY MOHAIR.—The skirt is trimmed with five plain ruffles; the upper-skirt is of lighter-colored gray mohair, trimmed with a band of the darker shade, like the petticoat. The sacque, which fits into the figure partially, is of the color of the upper-skirt, and trimmed in the same way. There is a plain waist, like the under-skirt, with long, close sleeves, worn under the sacque.

FIG. IX.—BACK VIEW OF THE TRAVELING-DRESS, JUST DESCRIBED.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give, this month, our usual variety of bonnets, hats, etc., all of the latest models; and yet the variety is so great that one cannot say that anything is *the* fashion, when so many charming things are before us to select from. It will be seen that bonnets are growing larger and a good deal trimmed—feathers, flowers, and lace, all are used. Hats are usually worn high, but some persons, to whom the lower crown is the more becoming, adopt that style. Our "in-door sacque" is made of fine, red cloth, without sleeves, and is edged with black velvet. The high pocket is also defined by a band of black velvet. The sacque laps a little to the left side, from which depends cord and tassels, which are fastened to the right side.

THE POLONAISES are very popular for white and buff linen suits. They are made in many white materials, and worn over silk skirts. When bishop's lawn is selected, a cross band of the same, and a frill or ruche forms the trimming; embroidered frills and insertion decorate Nainsook muslin, and either Duchesse or Valenciennes lace is used on Swiss muslin Polonaises. These white over-dresses look exceedingly well over black silk skirts, and similar skirts are worn under Polonaises of buff linen and *ecru* linen; the trimmings for these are Flemish guipure, made of unbleached linen. There are several forms of Polonaises—the one with apron front, and the other with postillion basques, are the two favorites; the latter is the more becoming to stout figures.

There is no change in the width and length of skirts this spring—we allude to those belonging to costumes. They are flat and gored in front and at the sides, and full at the back. The length is a matter of taste; those who desire comfort and convenience, wear a skirt that just escapes the ground, while others order it to trail an inch or two on the ground; they measure from three and a half to four yards round the edge. All costumes are made either with an over-skirt or a Polonaise, which has the same effect.

THE DECIDED change in the hair has been naturally induced by the alteration in the form of bonnets. The altered shape differs so entirely from the diadem bonnets of last summer, and from the *chapeau complet* of the winter and autumn, that we could not but expect the sudden fall of the chignon—the sudden deposition of the heavy coronet of braids. It is not to be supposed that the present modes will continue long in fashion, unless the reign of simplicity has begun in earnest in Europe as well as in Paris. The long wave of hair, kept in place by a net, is charming only for young or young-looking persons, and is ill-adapted for care-worn faces.

THE LONG BRAIDS will be found more becoming than the waves of hair, and a coronet *a la grecque* may be worn with these, but by no means any other kind of coronet. The long braids spring from beneath the bandeaux of hair, worn low over the forehead, and are carried down the head, which they outline. Those whose faces will not bear the ordeal of this coiffure, roll the hair off the temples over a small frizzette, and place the braids over this rouleau; but the waved chignon is the vogue of the day. To preserve the dress from contact with this wave of hair, the old-fashioned fichu is revived. It is worn crossed over the bosom, and fastened with brooch or breastpin. The fichu is varied in material; the most fashionable are *crepe de chine* for morning, and, for young ladies, white muslin, edged with Valenciennes lace, is used.

ORNAMENTS are chiefly of enamel upon gold, silver, or copper, and the cinque-cento style still prevails; even the form of this jewelry is exciting an influence on ordinary gold, as bijouterie, lockets, brooches, and rings, are modeled in this style, and the Marquise ring, in particular, may be cited as an instance of this.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF BLUE AND WHITE STRIPED LINOS FOR A GIRL.—The petticoat is untrimmed, but the white linos over-dress is ruffled with the blue and white linos. White hat, with blue plume.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF WHITE PIQUE FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The skirt, tunic, and berthe, are all braided in black. Straw hat, trimmed with field-flowers and black velvet.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF WHITE PERCALE FOR A CHILD.—The bottom of the skirt has a bias band of red and white striped percale; the low waist is worn over a high, loose waist of cambric, made with long sleeves.

FIG. IV.—DRESS OF LILAC-COLORED MOHAIR FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The petticoat is made with three flounces, edged with black velvet. Over-dress of white muslin, trimmed with ruffling of the same. Straw hat, trimmed with violet.

FIG. V.—DRESS OF GREEN AND WHITE STRIPED FOULARD.—The under-skirt is trimmed with two bands of white ribbon, each edged with green velvet; the upper-skirt is scalloped and bound with green velvet, and in each scallop is a velvet-covered button. Low, square waist, trimmed like the lower skirt, and worn over a thin, white muslin under-waist. Chinese straw hat, trimmed with green velvet.

FIG. VI.—KNICKERBOCKER SUIT OF FAWN-COLORED KERSYMERE FOR A BOY.—The jacket is deep, rounded-off in front, and open over a white vest.

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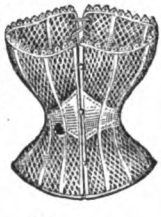

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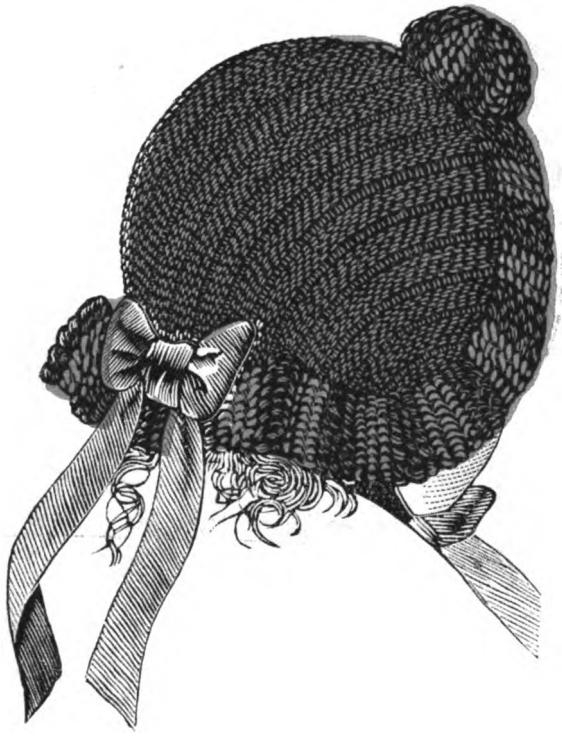

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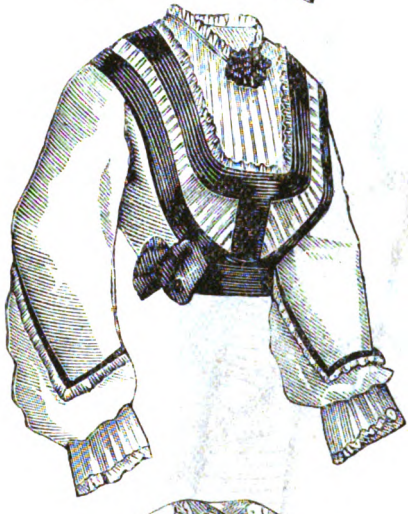

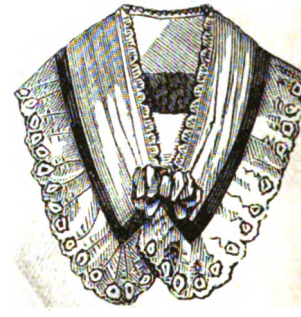

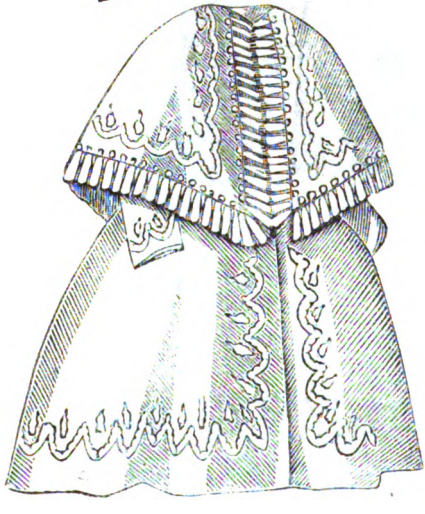

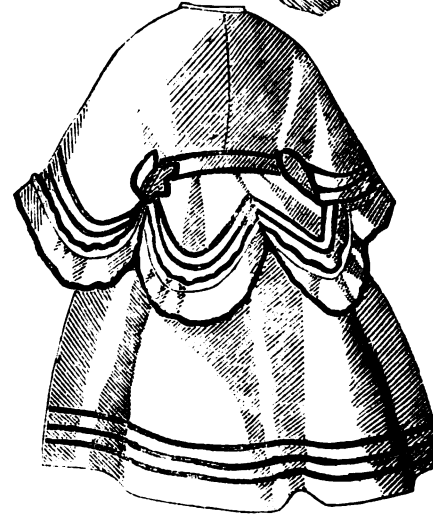

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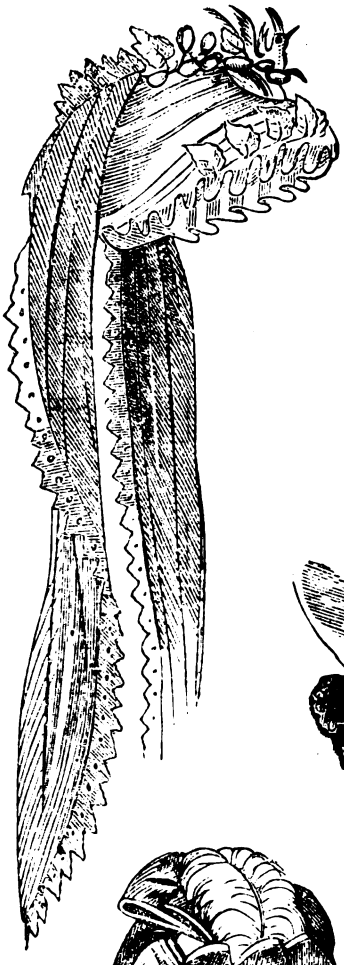

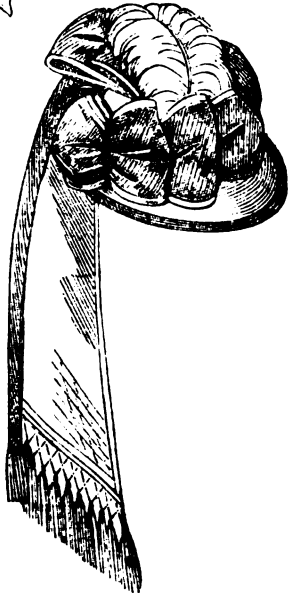

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SONG.

WORDS BY DR. MACKAY. MUSIC BY FRANZ. ABT.

As published by SEP. WINNER, & SON, 1003 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

Andantino.

PIANO.

mf *dim.*

1. O ye
2. O ye
3. O ye

mf

tears! O ye tears! that have long re - fus'd to flow, Ye are
tears! O ye tears! I am thank - ful that ye run, Tho' ye
tears! O ye tears! till I felt ye on my cheek, I was

con espress. *p*

wel - come to my heart,..... thaw - ing, thaw - ing like the snow; The
come from cold and dark..... ye shall glit - ter in the sun: The
self - ish in my sor - row; I was stub - born, I was weak. Ye have

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ice - bound cloud has yield - ed, and the ear - ly snow drops spring, And the
rain - bow can - not cheer us if the show'rs re - fuse to fall, And the
giv'n me strength to con - quer, and I stand e - rect and free, And

p

heal - ing foun - tains gush, and the wil - derness shall sing.
eyes that can - not weep are the sad - dest eyes of all.
know that I am human, by the light of sym - pa - thy.

p

O ye tears! O ye tears!
O ye tears! O ye tears!
O ye tears! O ye tears!

mf

4. O ye tears! O ye tears! ye relieve me of my pain,
The barren rock of pride has been stricken once again;
Like the rock that Moses smote amid Horeb's burning sand,
It yields the flowing water, to make gladness in the land.
O ye tears! O ye tears!

5. There is light upon my path! there is sunshine in my heart,
And the leaf and fruit of life shall not utterly depart;
Ye restore to me the freshness and the bloom of long ago,
O ye tears! O happy tears! I am thankful that ye flow.
O ye tears! happy tears!

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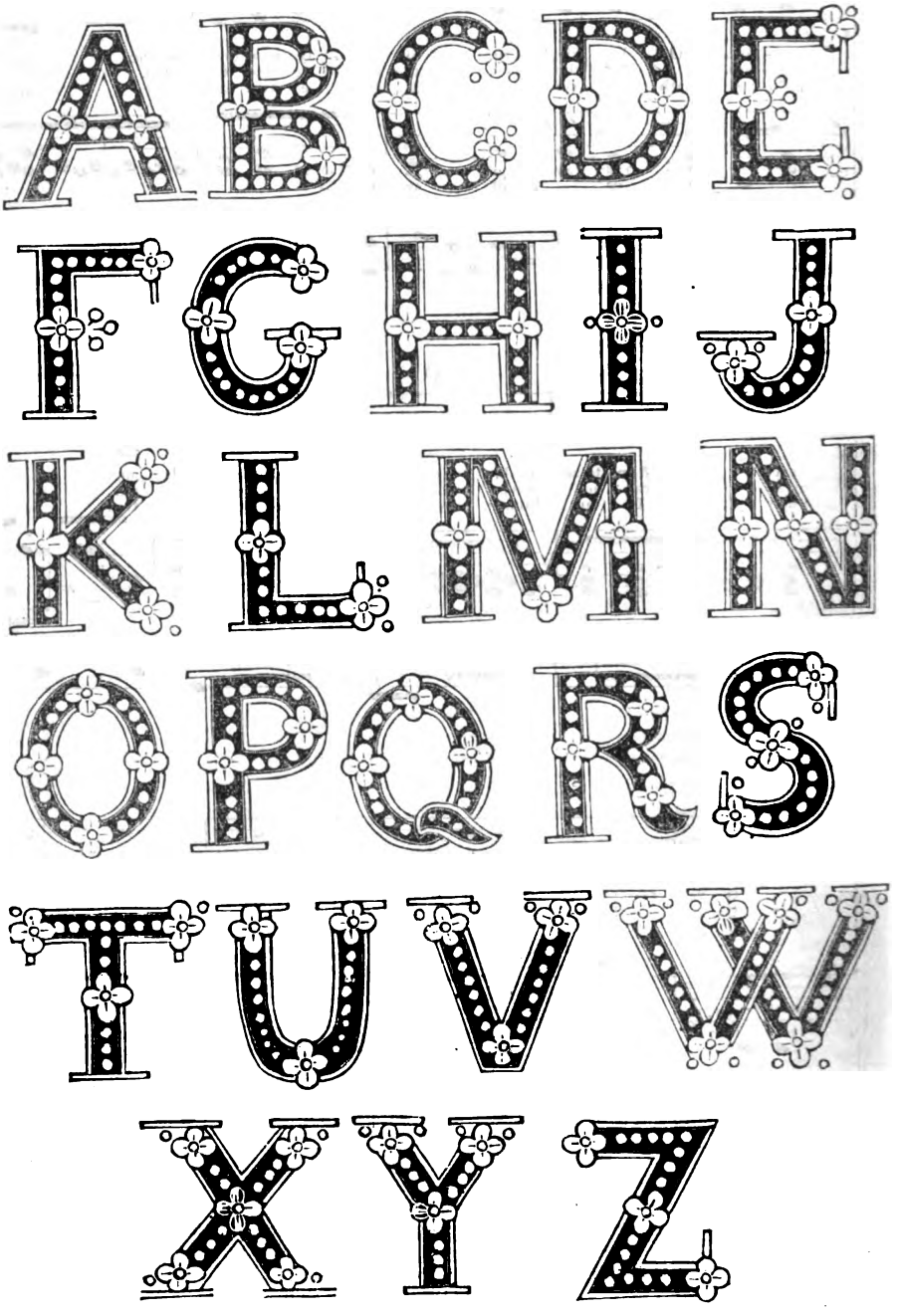

ALPHABET FOR MARKING HANDKERCHIEFS OR TABLE-LINEN

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LX. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1871. No. 3.

THE FATAL QUARREL.

BY WINNIE WOODBRIDGE.

"BUT I say you shall not."

"And I say I will."

The speakers were husband and wife. The former leaned on the mantel-piece, and frowned angrily, looking down at the latter as he spoke. The wife still sitting by the tea-table, for that meal had just been finished, did not glance up, as she answered, but went on talking to her lap-dog in terms of fond endearment, and feeding it with sugar.

Yes! they were husband and wife. Seven years before, Carrie Dayton, just eighteen, freshly freed from the trammels of a boarding-school, had launched forth into society, with a head full of romantic ideas of love and marriage. There she had met with Harry Aylmer. To her he seemed almost a god, so far superior to all others, that very speedily she found herself thinking more of him than any other admirer, and listening with beating pulses to his manly tones. He was nearing his thirtieth year, and was already somewhat world-worn; for, being wealthy, he had not been confined to the dull routine of a business-life, but had roamed the world at large, traveling in all lands, tasting every cup of pleasure; but he was still very handsome, and his manners in society were perfect. Men had envied him, women had loved him—and this man had grown weary of it all. But under the proud, cold smile, was hidden away a warm heart, somewhat crusted over with selfishness, it is true, but it was there. And when he met Carrie Dayton, he felt that he had encountered his fate. To him there was something irresistible in her bright freshness and beauty, and in the winning gayety of her artless manners. Then the polished marble of her fair skin; the golden curls that fell around her shoulders; the bright blue eye, full of light, these all possessed rare attractions for this man, whose heart had been so long untouched. Day after day found him at her side, putting forth every effort to make himself agreeable. So, after a few brief months, they were married, and went forth to tread life's journey together. They traveled for awhile, and the young bride, delighted with the new scenes opened up before her, was hardly conscious of the fact that his will, not her wishes, guided and controlled all their movements. It was very sweet to obey one she loved so fondly. At last they settled in a home of their own, replete with every comfort and luxury—and life began in earnest.

Now came the crisis. From early childhood, Harry Aylmer had shown himself possessed of an iron will, stern and unyielding. Carrie, too, had a will of her own. For the first few months of marriage it was very pleasant for her to have him will for her—and gracefully she yielded; but at length the reins were drawn too tight, the intense selfishness of the husband became apparent even to Carrie—and there began to grow up a spirit of rebellion, on her part, a desire to judge for herself sometimes, and to act accordingly. Matters grew from bad to worse. This opposition of wills, occurring only at long intervals at first, became frequent at last; both regretting it in cooler moments, yet neither confessing it to the other: he thinking she ought to trust his judgment entirely, she carrying ever in her heart a sense of injustice done her.

Those pleasant little courtesies, which serve to keep love burning brightly on the domestic altar, were by degrees utterly neglected, and the lamp of love grew dim. After the lapse of some three years, however, a beautiful babe lay on the mother's bosom; a bright, wee flower, with its amber rings of hair, its pure, white skin, and heavenly blue eyes—a very miniature of the mother who bore it. Reconciliation ensued, not spoken, but tacitly agreed upon. Husband and wife seemed drawn to-

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gether by this little golden link, and while the little angel gladdened their home, happiness remained.

But a bitter time came, which should have served to unite those severed hearts more closely. The child sickened and died. When the stricken parents bowed over their dead, each mentally resolved to be all in all to each other, that no shadow should come between them; but the lips spoke not of the resolve made in their own strength—pride kept them silent.

As the months passed on, the old spirit revived in each; and now, after a few years of wedded life, behold the pair whom "God had joined together," living in almost constant enmity—each heart hardened and cold, never a loving word or caress, only silence or upbraiding.

So matters stood at the time our story opened. The cozy room, with its rich furniture, looked very inviting. Nothing was lacking that taste could desire, or wealth supply. But the light from the glowing fire fell upon the fair face of the wife, where discontent lay like a dark shadow, while the red lip curled in apparent contempt or indifference. A heavy frown darkened the husband's brow; the firm set of the lips, and the curve of the dilated nostril, showed his excessive anger.

Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer had been asked to an evening party, and both had expected to go. But the husband had come home out of humor, which he proceeded to vent on his wife, concluding by saying he should not go to the party. Mrs. Aylmer, vexed at his manner even more than at his words, had replied, tartly, that she should go without him. "The invitation has been accepted: we have no good reason for staying away; and I, for one, intend to go."

"But I say you shall not," said the husband, pushing his chair angrily back from the tea-table, standing up, taking a turn across the floor, and then going to the mantel-piece, where he stood, as we have described, looking gloomily down on his wife.

"And I say I will," was the retort, as the speaker turned away from the table, but retained her seat, and began to fondle her lap-dog. This was too much for the husband. The cool indifference cut him to the heart. With a smothered oath he flung himself out of the room, put on his hat in the hall, and went off to his club.

When the outer door was heard banging after him, Mrs. Aylmer rose from her chair, an angry light in her eye.

"I only half meant it," she said, "but now I *will* go. If he had only asked me to remain kindly; if he had said he was sick, or even tired; if he had smiled on me, I would have staid at home. But I will not be ordered."

Never had she dressed with more care. Never had she looked more beautiful than when she entered her carriage to drive to the ball.

After a couple of hours the husband came home, for by this time his anger was over, and he felt rather ashamed of himself. His rage returned, however, when he found that Mrs. Aylmer had really gone, for he had persuaded himself that, after all, she would remain. "How dare she defy me thus?" he cried, angrily. But, after awhile, came calmer thoughts. His mind began to wander over past years. He dreamed of the bright maiden he had wooed so perseveringly, and who came to him in all her young beauty. The stern face softened as the sweet vision came up before him. He thought of the golden head that had nestled on his breast, of the blue eyes that had brightened at his approach, of the warm kisses that had melted away the ice that had crusted around his heart. He remembered how submissive she had been until he had driven her to rebellion by his exacting selfishness. Then came to him the memory of their child, and of the happy hours they had spent watching its unfolding beauties. His heart yearned for the mother of his babe. Memory, with her busy fingers, had unlocked the chambers of his heart, and her softening influence was doing its work.

He began to see, at last, how he had wronged and injured the wife he should have cherished. He sprang from his seat, and walked rapidly to and fro. "This shall be so no longer," he cried. "I will beg her forgiveness; I will win back my darling's love. She shall lie on my heart, as in the olden time."

The hour grew late, and he began to wonder why she did not return. Opening the door, he looked into the deserted street. A strange dread stole over him, for nearer and nearer came the sound of wheels, driven rapidly. Hastening down, as the carriage reached the door, he was confronted by a man who sprang out, exclaiming, breathlessly, "Mr. Aylmer, if you would see your wife alive, come with me." And forcing the terror-stricken husband into the vehicle, they were whirled away.

Returning from the party, Carrie Aylmer sat alone in her carriage, not thinking of the gay scene she had left, but of her unhappy

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married life. She was taking to herself much blame that she had not been more submissive, more forbearing, and wondering if it were too late to undo the evil. Tender thoughts of the husband, once so dear, were stealing into her heart. Suddenly there came a sound of men running, the cry of "fire!" the whirr of the engine, the rear and plunge of horses, the ineffectual efforts of the driver to control them, then she was thrown violently forward, and all was darkness

When the repentant husband reached the side of his wife, death had sealed her eyes Some one had lifted her fair form and borne it into the nearest house, but medical aid was useless, the vital spark had fled. The injury was internal, and not a blemish broke the pure white surface of the marble face.

Carrie Aylmer had never looked lovelier than now, when she lay there in her gala robes. Her dress of pale-blue silk, with its frost-work of lace and pearls, only made more pallid the rounded form, lately so full of life and health. She had passed away without pain, and very placid was the sweet face, fast growing cold in death

Words cannot picture that strong man's agony He flung himself beside the body, and his voice grew hoarse with pleading for one more look, one single word of forgiveness. Alas! none came!

Years afterward, a grave was dug by stranger hands, in a far distant land. None there knew that the lonely, broken-hearted man, whose last resting-place it was, had, when alive, borne the name of Harry Aylmer, and had spent his days, ever since that terrible night, in vain remorse for that FATAL QUARREL.

PARIS: MAY, 1871.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

SCORCHED and shattered, yet grim, she stands,
A battle-ship wrecked on the sulph'rous sands;
The smoke of her torment hides the sky!
And the nations gather to see her die;
And from earth and deep goes up the cry,
"Oh! Babylon, great Babylon."

She sate as a queen in her scarlet fine,
And the kings and princes they drank her wine,
And wantoned with her. But now, behold!
Her pearls are dross; and the feast is cold;
And her chambers damp with green, grave-mould.
Oh! Babylon, false Babylon.

And the merchants afar off, wail—"The great,
The mighty city is desolate!"
The Tyre of nations; the mart and den
Of sorceries foul: where again and again
They traded in bodies and souls of men."
Oh! Babylon, great Babylon.

And a voice from heaven was heard, that cried,
"Now God hath remembered her sin and pride!
Let her plagues come down in a day, a breath,
Let sorrow, and hunger, and fire, and death—
The Lord God judgeth," the stern voice saith.
Oh! Babylon, proud Babylon.

Black and shattered and grim she lies!
But awful spectres are in the skies.
Are they birds of prey; or phantoms dread;
Of ghosts of nations lost and fled,
That wail and wail and wail for the dead?
Oh! Babylon, great Babylon.

INDECISION.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

WE say our days are spent in sloth,
And all our deeds are done in sin;
Yet, careless of the life within,
We cannot shake our habits off.

And so we form resolves too weak
To rouse from rest the latent fire;
We lose at last e'en the desire,
Nor gain the peace that we would seek.

The peace that comes with holy guise,
And soothes the weary, throbbing brain.
When showers, like Summer's sobbing rain,
Would gather in our misty eyes;

The peace that follows days well spent,
With oft a word of kindly tone
To grieve sad hearts that grieve alone,
And win them o'er to sweet content.

That follows fresh on loving deeds,
Or blest forbearance when a foe
An arrow places in his bow
To pierce the heart until it bleeds.

This heavenly peace, whose reign supreme
Can make our passing moments blest,
And while we journey toward the West,
Can make this life more than a dream.

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THE TRAGEDY OF A QUIET LIFE.

BY MISS F. HODGSON, AUTHOR OF "KATHLEEN'S LOVE-STORY."

CHAPTER I.

THE rector of Coombe-Ashley raised his eyes from the manuscript over which he had been poring all the morning, and turned his face to the door with a half-wearied air of listening attention. There was a sound as of light feet in the hall below, and he was listening to hear if they would pass the parlor, and come up the stair-case. Yes, they were coming, for the next instant they were springing up the old oaken stairs with a gay, soft patter, and in a minute more they stopped at the half-open door.

"May I come in, papa?" said a fresh, girlish voice. "Or are you too busy? I have something to tell you."

His rugged face softened wonderfully at the musical sound, which was the sweetest in all the world to him; but his quiet nature would not let his tone express more than simple words.

"Come in Prue," he said, and then she entered.

Such a bright young face as she brought to lighten the dim old room, with its piles of dingy papers, and shelves of dingy books; such a fresh, sweet, bonny young face! Once or twice in a lifetime, perhaps, one meets with such a face as this little plainly-dressed Prue. The big, brown eyes had the innocent, untried look of a child's, the round, white chin, with the soft dimple in it, might have been a baby's; the sweet, serious mouth was as tenderly innocent as the veriest child's on earth. After all, of course, she was scarcely a woman yet, being little more than seventeen; but still there are few girls who preserve that simple tenderness of expression even through seventeen years. It is quite possible that her quaintly quiet life had made the rector's daughter less of a woman than she would otherwise have been. Making pies and broth for sick pensioners, and turning half-worn dresses, had been the greatest of her responsibilities; visiting the poor of the parish, and occasionally calling in timid state upon her father's patroness, Lady Strathspey, the greatest of her dissipations. Accordingly, at seventeen, pretty Prue Renfrew was as fresh and ignorant of worldliness as a child of seven, and as ready to be pleased, and as anxious to please, as few children of seven are in this age of civilization.

There was a little touch of excited pleasure on her face as she came into the room, and it made her look very petty indeed as she pulled off her well-worn little gloves, and unbuttoned her little rough coat.

"Guess who I have seen?" she said at last, coming behind her father to lean over his arm-chair. "Just guess, papa."

"Who?" he asked, looking up at her with a touch of a smile on his reticent Scottish mouth. He was a Scotchman, the Rev. David Renfrew, and, like most Scotchmen, grave almost to taciturnity; but this one ewe lamb of his lonely, hard-working life, was the light of his eyes. "Who was it, Prue?" he asked.

She shook her brown head with a little laugh.

"Guess," she said. "Somebody very important, to us at least; somebody very handsome."

"Old Donald Ross," with a dry humor in his voice.

"Now, papa! Somebody very grand. Surely you can guess now."

He shook his head.

She broke into a sweet little laugh of triumph.

"I knew you couldn't. Well, I have seen—my lord."

He started a thought nervously. In his quiet, restrained way he had a nervous, awkward dread of this long-absent patron of his.

"Not Lord Strathspey?"

"Yes, Lord Strathspey. He is very grand and handsome, papa"—stroking his grizzled hair with a timid little sigh. "The grandest person I ever saw, I think."

"Where did you see him?" he asked.

"On the Brae. I had just come out of Donald's cottage, when he passed by. He stopped a moment to look at me, I think, for he was looking when I saw him first, and he bowed to me. I wish I had had my best dress on," naively. "This one is so shabby, you see."

Her father glanced down at the garment in question, and echoed the faint sigh with which she had ended her words.

It was rather shabby, if the truth was to be told. Shabby dresses were no novelty to this

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pretty young creature, with her innocent vanity. Even the sober browns and grays which usually made up her limited wardrobe, were always turned and furbished until their fictitious newness became more than questionable, and her quiet little brown walking-dress was as well worn as it was precise in its neatness.

It had been a long-cherished hope of this business-like little Prue's, that Lord Strathspey's return would make matters better; and just now her small, brown head was full of it.

"I wonder if he will come here to see you papa," she said at last. "He ought to, you know."

She had taken a seat then, and having produced a before invisible work-basket, was stitching demurely on a new wristband.

"I think he ought to, you know," she went on sagely, "I don't think he would be doing his duty if he did not show some interest in the parish after neglecting it so long. Why he has not been here since—dear me! since I was quite young. For ten years, I should think. Has he papa?"

"No," with a faint smile. "He was sixteen when he left Scotland, and you were seven. I doubt if you have ever seen him before, Prue."

"Yes, I have," nodding her brown head. "I saw him in church once. That was how I knew him to-day. I remembered his face. I think I remembered it because it is so beautiful. It is beautiful—ever so beautiful," and a soft little blush rose to her cheeks.

To tell the truth, Lord Strathspey was something of a hero to his rector's daughter. She had remembered the handsome, boyish face she had seen in the grand velvet-hassocked pew as something to be admired with a tender sort of reverential awe. She had always been afraid of Lady Strathspey, and her stately ways; but her distant, secret admiration of her young hero had something half affectionate in it, in spite of what appeared, to her simplicity, his grandeur. As she had grown older, her remembrance of him had grown fainter; but it had been a remembrance still, and had helped her to recognize him when they met, even though he had become a matured man, in the prime of life—and the boyish face was lost forever. Then, again, she had heard so much about it. The few of his tenantry, who had seen him in their short visits to London, had brought back wondrous accounts of his grace, and learning, and debonair ways. "My son," in Lady Strathspey's eyes, was almost a demi-god—a noble young demi-god, to be bowed down to, and worshiped, at a respectful distance by his inferiors. The tenants, who had not seen him, had certainly heard of him enough, for "my son's wishes," and "his lordship's plans," ruled Coombe-Ashley as completely as any despot's iron hand, though, of course, in a milder degree. It had been a great trial to her stately ladyship, the people said, that Strathspey had cared so little for Coombe-Ashley, and had been so long a stranger to it, and a sojourner in foreign lands; and it was a great happiness to her, everyone knew, that he had, at last, acceded to her wishes, and decided to spend, at least the winter, on his long-neglected estate.

Just now innocent brown-eyed Prue was wondering if she should, at last, have a nearer view of this hero. Her thoughts were a curious mixture of romance and practicability. Perhaps he would come to the rectory, and then, of course, she would be obliged to meet him; for, long before bread and butter, and short dresses, were things of the past, she had been her father's help-meet, and the childish mistress of the little brown-gabled house. Then, of course, if he was as generous as people said he was, he would see how wretchedly-paid for the hard-labor of his rector had been; and then—— Well, perhaps, it would be easier to buy the quiet little dresses and hats, and possibly a time might come when her own gloves and papa's would not have to be mended so often. Having got to this turn of thought, she looked up at her father quietly. He had turned to the manuscript again, and was working as hard as ever. How grave his face was, and how gray he was getting, and how many weary hours he was obliged to spend over those dreadful books—for the poor pittance had to be worked out in more ways than one.

"Papa," she said, softly, "don't you suppose—" and then hesitated a little.

He raised his head, as he always did, at the sound of her voice.

"What is it, my bairn?" he asked. "My bairn" was the quiet pet name he had given her, from the first mournful hour when he had received her from her young mother's dying arms; and there was something almost touching in the quaint sound, as it came from his grave lips.

"Don't you suppose that Lord Strathspey's coming home will make a difference?"

"In what?"

"In—well—make a difference to you. Perhaps he will give you some more money," she said wisely. "He ought to."

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"Perhaps he will," returned the rector, half grave, half smiling. "What do you want, Prue?"

She laid her work down, and came behind his chair, clasping her arms round his neck, and laying her soft cheek on his grizzled head, with an odd little caressing nestle, like a baby's.

"I want a hundred things," she said, half laughing. "I want a dressing-gown for you, and something nice for Jamie Macdonnel, and a grand new dress to wear on Sundays. Lord Strathspey will be at church, you know, and—Well, I believe that is all." And she ended with a face a thought more serious than it had been when she began, for she was stricken with a sudden recollection of the questionable appearance of her best attire.

"Couldn't we manage to do something about the new dress, Prue?" he asked, with an odd anxiety in his face, or an anxiety which was odd in a man of his kind; but they had held these economical consultations for years together, and to diplomatize seriously over the purchase of the hardly-earned girlish garments, was nothing new.

She shook her head with a certain sweet gravity.

"Oh, dear me!" she said, seriously, "we could'nt think of it. You see there are all those people to be visited next week, and one can't go without taking them something. Oh, dear me, no!"

He touched her soft brown hair with a regretful sigh. "Poor little bairn!" he said, "You have a hard life."

She drew her arms tighter round his neck, in a closer caress.

"No, I haven't," she said, lovingly. "It is you who have the hard life, poor busy darling. I'm very happy. I don't care about Lord Strathspey. I dare say he won't look at me; and, besides, my dress is not so ugly, after all."

But, for all that, when she ran up sairs, after dinner, to her pretty white bed-room, she took the questionable garment out of the wardrobe, and reviewed it with some anxiety. It was not the dress so much, but she had a childish awe of these stately Strathspeys, and a childish desire to appear well in their eyes.

And, in the meantime, Lord Strathspey had gone back to the Coombe, with a curiously-pleased recollection of a tender, girlish-face, and a pair of big, innocent brown eyes, with a curious childish sweetness in them.

He was not a very good man, this Angus Lord Strathspey, and, certainly, not willfully a bad man; but, for all that, he was just the sort of person to commit a wrong, through the careless light-handedness, which was his chief characteristic. This very carelessness it was which had made him a stranger to his mother's home so long. The foreign lands, in which he had spent so many years, had pleased him well enough to hold him rover; and, as he had no very conscientious scruples on the subject of his responsibilities, and was in nowise inclined to regard life seriously, he naturally made a point—of pleasing himself, I was going to say; but I think I can improve upon the phrase, by saying, allowing himself to be pleased. The quiet little figure on the hill-side had pleased him, and the innocent face, and almost childish eyes, had struck him as something refreshing. Who did the innocent face belong to? He had no distinct recollection of having seen it before, and yet it seemed almost familiar to him. He broached the subject to his mother after dinner, when he rose to light his segar; and he held a fuse to his "weed," and puffed away enjoyably, as he described "the little apparition."

"A little creature"—he said between the puffs, "like a brownie. A pretty child, with an innocent face, and a shabby dress on. Who is she?"

"My dear Angus," expostulated her ladyship, "your child is a young lady. I think you must mean little Miss Renfrew, the rector's daughter—and she is nearly eighteen years old."

His lordship laughed. He had a musical laugh, by the way, with a clear, refined ring in its tone; but this laugh was only the least of his attractions.

"Is she?" he said. "She has the face of a child of eight. I think I must go and see Renfrew."

"Angus," said Lady Strathspey.

He laughed again; but colored a little, nevertheless.

"What is her name?" he asked.

"Prudence, I believe," replied her ladyship, gravely; "and I really can't permit you to go and talk nonsense to her, Angus. She is a good, contented little thing—as good as she is pretty; so the poor people say."

Strathspey knocked the ash from his segar with a smile. "She must be good enough, then," he said, with a thrill in his voice. "Those great, innocent eyes of hers are as beautiful as an angel's."

He did not say much more on the subject; but it was not forgotten, it is certain, though

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though he did not call at the rectory that week. Perhaps his mother's evident disapproval had something to do with it, or, perhaps, his time was fully occupied. At any rate, Prue's demure touches of toilet were lost for a few days at least. In her awe of him, she had been staidly anxious to be in readiness, and had watched the road almost fearfully; but Saturday came, and Lord Strathspey had not made his appearance.

But on Sunday, at church, she saw him again. She had almost forgotten him, for the time being; but, rasing her head, after the first prayer, she caught a sudden glimpse of the handsome Saxon face, with its clear eyes, and the big, golden mustache. He was looking at her, she discovered to her great confusion, and, in her momentary embarrassment, the sensitive color mounted even to her white temples. Strathspey smiled at the blush, it was so undisguised and innocent. This little Miss Renfrew was something of a novelty, it struck him; and the timid brown eyes, with the fluttered look in them, were even prettier than he had imagined.

He saw more of the rector's daughter that morning, than he heard of the rector's sermon. The small figure, which seemed almost lost in the big square pew, struck him with an odd sense of its childishness, and, half unconsciously, he found himself following the soft low voice as it sounded the response. He could not help fancying, with a sort of amusement, that she felt some qualms of conscience on the subject of her first glance, she sat so quietly in one corner of the big pew, her pretty church-service in her hand, and her brown eyes upraised to her father.

They left the church almost together, it chanced, when the service was concluded, and, on her way down the aisle, Prue saw the tall form before her, and as she passed out of the stone-porch, Lady Strathspey turned and bowed to her, and then, Strathspey himself, turning also, raised his hat with a fair, shapely hand, and remained standing for a moment looking after her, smiling faintly.

During the last week Prue had lived in a constant state of over-awed expectation; but, by the middle of the next, as the visitor had not made his appearance, the feeling wore off, and she neglected to watch the road altogether. He was not coming, she told herself. Perhaps he did not care to come, and then she drew a little sigh at the thought of her castles in the air. She discussed him gravely with Marjory, who was her household general and constant adviser, and, next to her father, nearer to the innocent young creature's heart than any one in the world.

"He is very handsome, Marjory," she would say naively, "and very grand; but I think, if he had cared about us at all, or about the poor people either, he would have called to see papa before now."

But whether he cared for the poor people or not, he came at last, though it would have been useless watching the road for his coming, for his visit was the oddest of surprises.

It was late in the evening when he called, and Prue was in the dining-room alone. The lamps had not been brought in, for the rector was absent, and there was no light but the blaze of the fire, which revealed to Strathspey, with the opening of the door, the most natural little picture he had seen in his life.

Prue was kneeling upon the hearth, demure, in a dusky little home-dress; her neglected work-basket stood upon the table; her soft, disordered hair fell loosely around her half-childish figure, and with the ribbon which had tied it, she was teazing a sober gray cat of Marjory's, at whose dignified discomfiture she was laughing softly.

It was rather a difficult matter to meet seriously the horrified face she turned to her visitor, as she started up with Marjory's familiar in her arms, when his name was announced. It seemed so dreadful to her staid sense of the proprieties, to be discovered in such a position. I have no doubt, that, if she might have had her own way, he would have found her ready to receive him in all the strength of timid decorousness with which she tried, poor child, to do honor to her father's calling, and so, no doubt, would have impressed him with an amused feeling of awkwardness; but now, taken by surprise as she was, she only looked wonderfully like a pretty child, and met him with the humblest little air in the world. In her reverence for his magnificence, she almost felt as if she had done him some injury, or annoyed him in some manner.

He advanced to meet her, holding his hat in his fair ungloved hand—a faint smile scarcely controllable, even by his self-possession, touching his lips.

What a grave offence the little *contre temps* evidently was to her, poor little thing, and how pretty her fluttered embarrassment made her.

"Miss Renfrew, I conclude?" he said, questioningly, and, on receiving her timid bow of

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acquiescence, he extended the fair hand with good-natured unceremoniousness.

"I am Strathspey," he said. "I think we know each other a little already, Miss Renfrew, and I for one am more than pleased to improve the acquaintance."

His careless gracefulness of manner set her more at ease. It was a peculiarity of his to be easy and unembarrassed on all occasions, and it was one of the peculiarities which made him always popular. Just now it helped Prue to recover her self-possession sufficienlly to return his greeting with the little touch of sober dignity which was natural to her.

She was very sorry that her father was not at home, she told him. He would be disappointed. Probably, if his lordship would be seated, and allow her to ring for lights, he would not be long absent.

"He had only one or two calls to make, I believe," she added, "and he is never very late."

Strathspey smiled. The touch of grave dignity pleased him as much as her innocent young face had done. Looking down at her small figure, he could not help being impressed as much as if she had been some child playing the serious, oft-repeated game, of being a woman.

"I shall be glad to avail myself of your invitation," he said. "Indeed, I don't know whether, upon the whole, my visit was not intended for you, Miss Renfrew.

The brown eyes opened with a serious timidity, which was like distress. What was he going to say?

"I have been a rover so long, you see," he explained, "that I dare say my tenants feel that I have neglected them a little. My mother tells me that you have been very kind to the poor people—quite a Lady Bountiful, in fact, and I am anxious to thank you for it, if my thanks are worth anything."

She blushed slightly, in her innocent surprise at his praises. She had lived her quiet life so wholly for these people, that she had never dreamed of being thanked for her labors.

"We—papa and I—try to take care of them," she returned, simply; "but I don't think I have done anything worth thanks. What I do is so little among so many, you know," with a deprecating upraising of her eyes.

"What you have done, I cannot sufficiently thank you for," he said, something like a thrill of admiration roused by her sweet face. "Lady Strathspey says, you ought to be a reproach to my self-indulgence. It is my duty to look after these people, she tells me," smiling a little, "so, as the nearest way out of a difficulty, I thought I would refer to you. If you will only promise to tell me what they want, Miss Renfrew, and call upon me for any assistance which is required, you will relieve me wonderfully. I am not what people call an energetic person, I believe, and my responsibilities are too much for me."

"I will promise that papa will," she said, with grave naivete, "and I am sure the people will be very thankful. Some of them are very poor indeed, and—we are not very rich ourselves."

She had overcome her first awe of him by this time. She was too thoroughly simply girl-like to be conscious for any length of time; and, besides, it pleased her so much to know that her pensioners were to be well-cared for at last. Though it had never occurred to her the life she had led, since she had been old enough to assume any responsibility, had really been a hard one. The work which had fallen into her young hands had been never-ending, and, in the eyes of any one less simple and tender, would have appeared the most thankless of labor. They were not all pleasantness, these long rounds of visits to poor, ailing, and sometimes not very grateful people; but poor little Prue had a staid conscientious scrupulousness on the subject of her duties, and would no more have thought of shirking one of them, than of doing anything else widely foreign to her affectionate nature. Strathspey found this out in the course of the evening, and the soft-voiced little creature's serious sense of her responsibilities, almost amused him. Her quaint affection for her father, was one of these responsibilities, he discovered. It was not the commonplace love of a commonplace girl; it was something more novel—something which was more the result of long companionship and trial-sharing; and it made her visitor feel that he had come upon a new phase of life.

"You see," she explained, simply, "We are not like anybody else—we are more to each other; papa has nobody but me, and I have nobody but papa."

It was difficult to believe his watch, Strathspey thought, when he referred to it at last. Time had flown so fast, and so pleasantly he acknowledged to himself, looking down at the girlish face, with its sweet, serious eyes, and frame of falling hair, like brown autumn leaves. It was a thought odd, too, that an evening spent as this had been, discussing broth and blankets,

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and rheumatic old women, with a quiet little girl, should have pleased him so much; but it had pleased him, and his face showed his enjoyment of it when he shook hands with her.

"You must let us see you at the Coombe," he said. "You are a great favorite of my mother's, Miss Renfrew, and the old place is dull enough at present, Heaven knows. Don't forget your charitable promise of assistance either, and thank you for the pleasantest evening I have spent for years."

When he was gone, Prue went back to her favorite seat upon the hearth-rug, and abandoned herself to her thoughts, in a flood of admiring happiness. She had seen the hero. He had been and gone, and his visit had probably been the greatest excitement in her life. She gave herself up to her admiration entirely. She thought of every word he had uttered, and of every gesture he had made, going over his graceful speeches again and again. She thought of his handsome face, and his musical, indolent voice; nay, even of the crested seal-ring on his white hand, and the big blonde mustache; and, when the rector returned, he found her still upon the hearth, resting her round chin upon the palm of her hand, and gazing into the fire with softly-flushed cheeks.

"Oh, papa!" she said, turning as he entered, "I am so glad you have come. Somebody has been here to see you, and guess who it was—Lord Strathspey."

CHAPTER II.

The Renfrews heard a great deal of Strathspey in the weeks that followed. To tell the truth, when he had discovered that things were not in such bad order after all, and that he was not to be troubled with any particular abundance of business detail, he was not averse to sauntering over his estate on sunny mornings, and dropping into the cottages with a few pleasant words, or good-natured jests for the inmates; and he was also not averse to being listened to, and looked up to, with the honest admiration and respect with which the good people regarded him. "A braw young fellow, the laird is," the most taciturn of them said—and it was quite natural that they should be so impressed. A certain careless *bonhomie* had been born with the man, and, together with his handsome face, it won people into believing in him, and taking his good qualities for granted. If his experience had bored him in the slightest degree, it is quite probable that his visits would not have been repeated; not from any real ill-nature, but simply because his good impulses were of a negative order, and he had an easy knack of avoiding annoyances; but it so chanced that there was a sort of novelty about it, and then it pleased his mother, and—— Well, shall I tell the truth of this man, who was less a hero than anything else, and say, that he had a faint amused idea that the little creature with the brown eyes would hear of his bounteousness, and exalt him in her innocent way.

They had no great wants, these poor hard-living, simple people; and, to a man in his position, it was easy enough to supply, here and there, their simple meals. So it came about, that Prue heard his praises everywhere, and, hearing them, listened with a thrill of delight.

He came again to the rectory, in the course of a few days, and, as before, his visit was something of a surprise. Prue was in the kitchen, as she often was, making some little delicacy for one of her pensioners—the Jamie Macdonnel of whom she had spoken to her father. The boy had been a cripple for years, and since her very childhood, Prue had regarded him as her chief care. She was very deeply interested in her work, for it was one of her principal characteristics to be as earnest in a small way over tarts and dusters, as she was over greater things. Perhaps, in all her life, she had never performed any simple action without a certain degree of conscientious thoughtfulness—it was so natural to her to be simply conscientious and thoughtful. She was so deeply engaged in this case, that she almost forgot everything else; and it was not very long before Marjory, arranging her master's room, heard the sweet, quiet voice from the kitchen speaking to her.

"I think they are done now, Marjory. Which shelf is the raspberry-jam on, if you please?"

Marjory laid down her duster, and came into the kitchen at once; but, reaching the door, she stopped with an expression of scandalized astonishment.

"Miss Prue!" she exclaimed, "For Gudeness sake!"

Prue turned her flushed young face from the open oven, before which she was kneeling in a sober sort of approval of her handiwork, and, turning, blushed more deeply than ever at the discovery she made.

Strathspey was standing at the open side-door, smiling a little, as if he had discovered something new; but still not without a certain appreciation of the novelty in his eyes.

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There was something almost like apologetic appeal in Prue's face as she rose.

"Oh, dear!" she said, with unconscious piteousness, "I am so sorry; pray excuse me. I was making pies, and I did not see you."

"Excuse *me*," he said, laughing in spite of himself. "It is I who ought to ask pardon. I could not make you hear, Miss Prudence, and I really was obliged to take the liberty of coming round here. I shall have a better appetite for pies in future, however. The old nursery rhyme is true, after all, I see—

> 'The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
> All on a summer day.'

May I come in?"

"Into the parlor, you may," she answered, slyly glancing down at her bare, childishly white arms, and big apron. "Not into here, if you please. Marjory will show you the way. Papa is at home, I believe."

He did not remain long enough to add to her embarrassment, only long enough to say a few graceful words, and then he followed Marjory; but he remained a sufficient length of time—even though it was only a few seconds—to intimate to her that his visit was not for her father alone, and that he should be disappointed if she did not join them.

Of course, she could do nothing else. She had always assisted her father to receive his visitors, and so, in a short time, Strathspey turned at the sound of the opening door, to see the little figure, in its trim, homely dress, enter quietly.

Her father stretched out his hand to her, and drew her to his side caressingly, with the old softening of his rugged Scottish face.

"You have seen my little girl before, my lord!" he said.

Strathspey bowed, his eyes kindling at the sight of the glow of quiet color which rose on the girlish cheeks.

"Prue and I are not like father and bairn, are we, Prue?" said the rector, smiling a thought sadly, as he touched her brown hair. "We are something nearer to each other; but I am afraid I make a dull life of it for her sometimes, poor child."

It was a pleasant morning to Prue. Months after she looked back, and wondered if it was possible that she had ever been the girl who sat at her father's side, listening to the clear, indolent voice, and glancing up now and then at the handsome face to admire it. He had come to discuss some improvements he intended making in the church, and there was an eager sweetness in her eyes as she took part in the conversation. It seemed that Strathspey appealed to her as often as to her father; and, as to the rector himself, he turned to his young helpmeet, at every other word, with as serious a confidence in her softly-spoken suggestions, as if she had been the oldest inhabitant of the parish. "Prue can tell us; Prue knows all about it," he would say every moment, showing that she was an absolute necessity to him, as, indeed, she was. Strathspey found himself smiling more than once at her, with her grave little ways, and the half-childish, half-womanly air of protection and advice, which seemed so natural to her in her intercourse with her father. Every man, woman, and child, in the place seemed to share her thoughtful interest and carefulness.

"How did you learn to know all these people so well?" Strathspey asked her on one occasion, when she had given them a much-desired piece of information.

"I visit them," she answered, simply. "I am obliged to go to see everybody, you know."

"Is it because you like to go?" he asked, actually almost touched by his fancy of this gentle little creature, living her innocent life, in such constant loneliness and labor.

She blushed faintly under his earnest eye, and looked down.

"Sometimes it is because I like to do it," was her naive reply, "and sometimes it is because I think I ought to."

She was called out of the room by Marjory, shortly after this, on the behalf of some poor woman, who was waiting for her in the kitchen, so he only caught a glimpse of her as he passed out; and she looked up from the basket she was filling, to bid him a sweet good-morning; but he went away with a half-tender smile on his lips, and a curious feeling of pity for her, and admiration of her kindly, gentle ways, filling his mind.

Prue went back to the room, when she had finished her work, and, as she entered, she saw her father standing at the window, and she fancied that his face had a look of relief upon it. She went to him, and clasped her hands through his arm, in the quiet carressing fashion, which never failed to show itself when she was near him.

"Don't you think the people will be better for his coming back, papa, dear?" she said.

"Yes," he answered. "And we shall be better, too, my bairn, or, so he says."

She looked up with a little glow of grateful relief.

"Oh, papa! Did he say so really?"

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"Yes," said the rector "He tells me that he had never thought of the matter before, until he accidentally happened to have his notice called to it, and now he wishes to repair the wrong he considers has been done me."

The big, innocent eyes glared like a little child's, as Prue nestled on her father's arm.

"How good he is!" she said, softly. "How good he is!"

And then her sweet gratefulness fell into silence, and lay in her heart, the germ of a fair flower, to burst, in after days, into passionate blooming.

The life in the brown-gabled rectory was a very quiet one, so quiet, indeed, that but for her responsibilities, the rector's daughter would have been as completely lost to the outer world, as if she had been shut up in some enchanted castle. The rector was often absent, and, as little or no company came to the house, Marjory and her young companion lived their lives almost like ogries and fairy princess. But, after this second visit of Lord Strathpey's, a gradual change came about. In the course of a few weeks, hardly a day passed without the tall, graceful figure lounging up the gravel-walk, the handsome, careless face, always touched with a sort of amused admiration of grave, childish eyes and gentle voice. He called on the rector to discuss the improvements he was making on the church; he called on Prue to ask advice; he called to talk to her about Jamie Macdonnel, with whom he had struck up a sort of friendship; and last, though by no means least, he called to while away the hours, which, now and then, hung heavily at Coombe-Ashley. Why not? The innocent little creature touched and amused him with her faithful conscientiousness, and, truth to tell, sometimes thrilled him not a little with her unconscious gravity and tender words. He brought her fruit and flowers, too, sometimes—hot-house grapes and nectarines, and bouquets of hot-house flowers; and, when she thanked him, he would laugh in his careless, musical fashion, at her pretty gratitude.

"Don't thank me," he would say, with a sort of indolent enjoyment of her. "Thank Lady Strathspey—her hot-house furnishes them, not mine, Miss Prue." But once he added suddenly, "No; thank me. I believe I must claim your thanks, after all, even if I don't deserve them. They are so sweet to me." And Prue stopped, with a swift beat of her childish heart, and looked up at him gravely, and then looked down, the soft color creeping upward, even to the folds of her brown hair.

No one had ever uttered such words to her before; no one had ever smiled down into her eyes with the tenderness which touched this fair, handsome face, and she remembered the words, and dreamed over them with a child-like thrill of happy wonder at their meaning. It never occurred to her that they were careless words, carelessly uttered.

Strathspey had smiled to himself, in his amusement at her blush and gravity As I said at first, he allowed himself to be pleased, and the poor, ignorant child was pleasing him. He never paused to think where he was leading her to, he never asked himself what the result would be. It was enough that the days were dull at the Coombe, and that the rector's daughter made them pass less heavily.

"The little innocent!" he said to himself, as he sauntered home that evening. "How sweet she looked! How sweet she is really! She almost looked as if she believed me. I wonder if she did?"

But she had believed him seriously and tenderly enough. How could the poor, earnest, conscientious, truth-telling child do otherwise. Her old pleasure in his kindness was growing slowly into something newer and deeper. She never tried to fathom it—she was not woman enough for that; she only thrilled, and glowed, and dreamed, as if she had been a very child, reading a strange story, dwelling on every word, and forgetting that an end must come.

Her tell-tale face, with its blush, and drooping eyes, brought him again and again. A girl of seventeen, who was so thoroughly unread in worldliness, as this young creature, was a novelty to him, even though he had seen women of all countries and orders. Her grave, softly-spoken, "My lord," gave him a vague thrill of pleasure, every time it was uttered, it sounded so like the sweet speech of a child. In time, the people who knew them, began to watch for the two figures, passing together, the handsome head bending low over the little straw hat, as they walked, for it rarely happened that she went out without meeting him somewhere or other. Sometimes it was upon the moor, with his rifle in his hand, and his game-bag slung over his shoulder; sometimes it was sauntering through the lanes, with a rather bored expression on his face, and something like a wearied frown knitting his white forehead; but, wherever he was, or however intense the boredom had been, he never failed to brighten when he spoke to her. Sometimes he walked on a little by her side, talking graceful nonsense to her, and watching her bright,

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serious little face. It was so easy to talk graceful nonsense to her, and so easy to bring that grave, shy silence upon her, which amused, even while it touched him. Her very simplicity of belief was her great charm for him. It was such a refreshing, curious thing to see her droop her brown eyes, over the old platitudes, which other women would have laughed at, for the reason that they had heard them a hundred times before. But Prue had not heard them a hundred times before—she had not even heard them once. She had read of such things, perhaps, in the one or two quaint novels she had met with in her father's library, and the men who said them had always been terribly in earnest in their love-making. How, I ask, could she be anything but sweetly serious, when this hero of hers, who was, in her eyes, the most magnificent of created beings, told her that his happiest hours were spent at her side, and that she helped him from the boredom of Coombe-Ashley, when nothing else could. So it went on, and she listened and believed, and wondered that her romantic happiness was not a dream; and, looking up at him, and seeing with her own truthful, ignorant eyes, saw no further than the careless, smiling lips, and graceful speeches. Her father, full of his labors, and blindly unconscious, only saw that the sweet face was growing sweeter, the soft voice softer, and the gentle, tender ways more winning every day, and so was content in her happiness. She never returned, after an absence, without stopping in his room for a few minutes; but thinking of her only as the "bairn" he had cherished in his sad heart, and carried in his arms, it never struck him as singular, that she rarely came in without mentioning his patron's name. "I saw Lord Strathspey, papa, dear," she would say. "He was at Donald Ross's." Or, sometimes, "Who do you suppose I met on the Brae? His lordship; and he told me to tell you that he would call to see you to-night, about the church, if you were at liberty."

Now and then, instead of bringing his flowers himself, Strathspey sent them by one of the servants of the Coombe, and, in that case, there was always a graceful message, or a dashing note, stamped with his crest of a gray falcon, and signed, "Your friend, Strathspey." And, on one of these occasions, the rector looked up from his sermon, after the door had closed upon the messenger, to see Prue standing at the window, with the gravest of young faces, the flowers in one hand, the open note in the other.

"What is it, my bairn?" he asked.

She turned with a little start, not coloring, only looking a shade more thoughtful than was even usual with her.

"I was only thinking," she said.

"Of what?" he asked again.

A tinge of color rose into her cheeks then.

"I hardly know, papa," she said, softly.

Perhaps it was the only time she had concealed anything from him in all her life; nay, I am sure it was, but it was not so easy, in her girlish ignorance and uncertainty, to tell him that she was dreaming over the note she held in her hand.

"Coombe-Ashley is boring me again, Miss Prue," her hero said, "so I send you a bouquet, as a herald of my intention to throw myself on your mercy for the hundredth time. I wonder if you care enough for me, to wear a cluster of these white fuchsias in your hair to-night. STRATHSPEY."

She put the flowers into her prettiest vase, with the tender silence upon her. It was too much for her, poor child, this careless, "I wonder if you care for me enough," over which—if she had only known the truth—the writer had smiled at his indolent fancy of how the little thing would droop her shining eyes over it, and flush in her loveable, half-frightened way.

She dreamed of it through all the day, and, when night came, she went up to her room to dress, and, when she had finished, looked at herself in the glass, as she had never looked at herself before. The new dress had come in its good time; but it was not a very grand one, though really the brightest she had ever worn, being a gay little tartan plaid, almost coquettish in its brilliancy of color. It was wonderfully becoming, too—the very contrast necessary to her brown eyes, and snowy skin; and the knot of scarlet ribbon in her hair was almost artistic. It was not much of a toilet, after all; but when, after fastening the drooping white fuchsias in the ribbon, she stepped back from the mirror, to look at herself, I think it quite probable, that there was not a woman in the land who might not have envied the pure, sweet, dark-eyed face of the rector's little daughter.

When Strathspey came, the parlor was bright with fire and lamp-light, and, in the rector's chair, the slender young figure waited patiently. Such a face as it was which turned toward him—softly bright—expectant; everything, yet still sobered, as it always was, with that touch of innocent gravity and re-

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serve, which always seemed like an unconscious shadow of her father's deeper reticence.

"Papa was obliged to go out," she began, with a faint little effort at self-possession "He was very sorry, and he told me to apologize to you." And there she stopped, for the handsome eyes were smiling her down with their glow of tender pleasure.

Inwardly, Strathspey was rejoicing in the absence which Prue had thought required an apology. The bright room, and the soft voice, would be more enjoyable without the grave face looking on. He took his seat near her, with a certain sense of novel enjoyment of his position. He wanted to talk to her, to please her, and make her show her pleasure in her simple way; he wanted to see the big, dark-brown eyes fill with that fluttered, tender timorousness, and he addressed himself well to his work. It was so easy to please her, poor little thing, and it was so easy to make himself a hero and a demi-god in her ignorant eyes; and, besides, her grave, believing ignorance was sufficiently refreshing to him to throw a novel grace into his manner of describing old scenes, which, but for this sense of their being so new to her, would have been worn out and threadbare.

He did not speak of the flowers at first; but it was not very long, before rising from his seat to get a book from a side-table, he stopped near her chair, and touched the white cluster with his hand.

"Did you wear them because I asked you to do so?" he said

She did not blush as he had expected she would; nay, her face was almost pale, he fancied, and she did not look up at him even—only answered lowly and softly like a child.

"Yes, my lord"

He went back to his seat smiling. Had Lady Strathspey been right, in saying that he must not talk nonsense to her. What would her ladyship say if she heard his pretty speeches? For a moment he was not quite comfortable, through a vague feeling, that perhaps this innocent amusement of his was not so innocent after all. Still, there are few men who would have found it easy to resist the temptation, and Strathspey was not one of them. The faint impression was as soon dead as born, and, the next moment, he was smiling at her blushes again, and making fresh speeches, more gallant and careless than he had ever uttered before.

He paused at the door, as he bade her good-night; and, as she waited in her shy, silent way for him to relieve the fingers he held, her upraised speechful eyes tempted him once more. Such a soft, slender little hand as it was to hold—such a soft, slender, fair little hand!

"Is there a spell upon the room, that I never want to leave it," he said, half-jestingly, half-tenderly, "or is it that you always make me so happy?" And then with his good-night, he raised the fair, little hand to his lips, and kissed it. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

COME SING OF LOVE!

BY W. BRUNTON.

Come, sing to me of sterling love,
A wild and gladsome strain;
To fall like sunshine from above,
That dances on the main;
To fall and play within my soul,
In feelings deep and strong;
Till all the golden billows roll
To love's majestic song!

Come, sing of some heroic maid,
That saw congenial heart;
And though his path in darkness laid,
She could not, would not part;
But still with constant care was true,
And after struggles long,
Was joined to him, with honor due;
Come, sing this love in song!

Come, sing the freedom, wealth, and worth
That love alone can give;
Unfold the heaven o'erarching earth,
Where loving spirits live.

Oh! tell the tale, till hearts are fired,
To crush unfaithful wrong;
And by the sense of love inspired,
Delight in true love's song!

Come, sing the tears, the sighs, and groans,
Neglected love has known;
Detail the sad, heart-rending moans,
When love from earth has flown;
And break our cold, unmanly pride,
Reveal love's angel throng;
And teach us faith, where we deride,
By love's melodious song.

Nay, sing no more, my heart is sad,
It cannot bear the strain;
And yet I trow, 'tis truly glad,
That such pure loves remain!
Oh, yes! true love still blesses all,
Who fear to do it wrong,
And list to hear its gracious call—
Its everlasting song!

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CURED BY AN EARTHQUAKE.

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

She sat there in the window, with her pretty hands clasped idly in her lap, the soft September sun throwing a golden ray on her bright hair; sat thinking, and calling herself all manner of epithets, of which "insane" was, perhaps, the mildest. And yet, looking at Sophy Schuyler's arch, lovely face, you would have thought him a fortunate man who could call that wistful, troubled smile into the gray eyes which filled their liquid depths just then.

"It's all in a tangle," thought Sophy; which, being translated, meant that she was partly engaged to one man, and awaking to the consciousness that she was growing rather too deeply interested in another. In stories, the heroines have a marvelous way of slipping out of such dilemmas; but the girls in real life are apt to find them more serious matters, and this particular girl had contrived to place herself in a most unfortunate position; for Vaughan Hesketh, the unlucky man to whom she fancied she owed allegiance, was an artist, and poor, while Owen Nugent was a wealthy bachelor whom half the girls in town were crazy about. Of course, this was reversing the order of things. Sophy ought to have clung to her poor suitor, and disdained the wealthy one; but, alas! she was possessed with quite a contrary demon; and it happened in this wise.

Sophy was an orphan, perilously pretty, and destined to be the heiress of a very rich old grandfather, who vainly endeavored to keep her in order, and frowned darkly over his gold spectacles upon all her lovers. I am sorry to say that aunt Cynthia, grandpa's sister, and some fifteen years his junior, abetted her willful little niece in half her naughtiness; and, if it had not been for the good lady's very culpable soft-heartedness in the present instance, Sophy would hardly have gone so far with Vaughan Hesketh.

Aunt Cynthia and Sophy had come up to Catskill quite early in the season, and among the guests at the boarding-house where they were located was this artist. Hesketh was very handsome; then he understood the world and women better than most men, and had fascinating manners, and great, mournful eyes, with a poetical way of expressing himself that did him good service; and finding this young, fresh girl, (with an aroma of grandpa Schuyler's fortune about her,) picturesque and pretty enough for a "study," he proceeded to study her in another way, and played the *role* of a man wearied, misappreciated, and lonely—wouldn't she just try to comfort and console him a little, poor fellow!

Sophy was too much of a novice in that style of game to accept it in any way but *au pied de la lettre;* she began to pity him, (which was exactly what he meant her to do,) and then—and then—oh! the old story. She worked herself up into a perfect fever over his imaginary woes; she spent two sleepless nights for fear he didn't love her; and, finally, when the declaration came, and he made an artistic and picturesque scene over it, to her intense bewilderment, Sophy was not half as happy as she had imagined she would be.

Aunt Cynthia had gone over to the enemy; that is, she had been as much bewitched as her niece with Hesketh's beautiful eyes; and she petted Sophy, and kept all her tremor about grandfather's objections to herself. What grandpa would say to this penniless artist—who, although he moved in very good society in town, gave but a very sketchy account of himself when the poetry and romance were sifted out of the story—what grandpa would say lay heavily upon Sophy's conscience; and the weight of that question did by no means diminish when Owen Nugent appeared one morning, fresh from a walking tour abroad, and armed with a letter of introduction to aunt Cynthia from no less a personage than grandpa Schuyler himself.

In personal appearance the two men were widely dissimilar. Nugent was not near as handsome a man as Hesketh; but there was something better than mere beauty in the broad, white forehead, and the frank, blue eyes that met your's so clearly; and his *physique* was certainly superb. He towered half a head above most of the other gentlemen in the house, and, like most very large, powerful men, his manner toward women was peculiarly gentle and deferential. And Sophy, little, bewitching Sophy, with her yellow hair, and lovely, child's eyes, had attracted him curiously from the very first.

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There was another essential difference between the two men. Hesketh sentimentalized over his "sad story," which, between ourselves, was a clever adaptation of the last French novel he had read into real life; but Nugent really had a history, although it was never spoken of. The summer roses bloomed above a little grave where, years ago, he had buried the love of his boyhood; and even now, it was some faint, shadowy resemblance to the sweet-faced New England girl, that brought the softest tones in his always musical voice, when he spoke to Sophy. But it is only the ordinary way of the world to be caught by outside show and glitter; that Sophy's unsophisticated eyes were dazzled by it is not to be wondered at.

Sophy would have gone on sometime longer, probably, in a vague state of discontent and uneasiness, scolding herself because Vaughan's society did not give her unalloyed pleasure, if Florence Cochrane had not come to Catskill, in all her radiant, successful beauty, fresh from a score of triumphs at Newport. Miss Cochrane was a belle of several years standing, and understood herself, as the phrase goes, thoroughly; that is, she had accidentally heard of Owen Nugent's return from Europe, and his presence at Catskill—and nothing but mountain air would content the beauty after that intelligence. So her obedient mamma gave a mild assent to the plan; and Florence, conscious beauty as she was, had never looked handsomer than when she walked out on the piazza the evening of her arrival, and renewed her former acquaintance with Nugent, as he was walking up and down with Sophy's hand on his arm.

For two weeks past Florence had posed, smiled, and angled for the golden prize, while Nugent seemed provokingly unconscious of the entire proceeding. To be sure, he was with her half the time, (it would have been a difficult matter to avoid her without undue rudeness,) and Sophy missed his little attentions, and wondered why it gave her an odd twinge of something she had never felt before, when she saw him playing chess with the beauty every evening. And to-night, as she sat in the window, she was speculating whether Vaughan would engross her all the time upon the trip which they were expecting to take up the mountain next day; or if—and here Sophy blushed alarmingly, and went away from the window, to nestle a cluster of roses in her blonde hair.

She came down to tea looking very bewitching, in her fresh, girlish loveliness, and found Florence singing, "*Non ti Scordar*" exquisitely, while she looked naively up into Owen Nugent's face.

"Sophy!" and aunt Cynthia looked a trifle discomposed. "I have had a letter from grandpa."

"Yes;" and Sophy stretched out her hand for it with the laziest little yawn imaginable. Hesketh stooped over the back of her chair.

"No bad news, *ma belle*," he said, in an undertone.

"Why," and Sophy's face was a reflection of aunt Cynthia's perplexity, "grandpa's coming himself. Dear me! what a new idea! I never knew him to exist without Dr. Gray for a week."

And then the blood rushed up into her face as she remembered her dilemma, and how dreadfully gruff grandpa's voice could be when he was displeased. Hesketh saw the color, and divined what called it up, and set himself to quiet her with a fine tact that eased her in spite of herself. And yet, with a dash of self-contempt, Sophy found that she was covertly watching the pair by the piano, and even felt thankful when the tea came, and effectually broke up the *tete-a-tete*.

The mountain party assembled early the next morning, but they did not get off without several secret heartburnings. Hesketh, very much to his annoyance, found that he was, as it were, obliged to go in aunt Cynthia's wagon; and that much-enduring lady was separated from Sophy, and compelled to matronize Florence and Aunot Osborne, a very tall, shallow young woman, whose rather too easy manners were forgiven, because of her papa's millions down in Wall street. And Sophy being, unhappily, wedged in between Mrs. Cochran and a priggish Bostonian, named Clay, became more resigned to her situation when Owen Nugent climbed up by the driver, directly behind her.

The day was a superb one, and the party arrived at their destination in due course of time, and concluded to take a stroll before dinner. And they drifted off in twos and fours, with exasperating disregard of their chaperones, until those good ladies finally went back to the piazza for a quiet gossip, and left the young people to wade through the mazes of their several flirtations as pleased them best.

Hesketh was a good deal piqued with Sophy for her innocent gayety on the way up. Every time her blithe, girlish laugh echoed down the

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path, he chose to feel personally aggrieved because she could be merry when any one but himself was beside her; and therefore, when she lingered a little, and looked rather wistfully up at him as they started forth from the hotel, he pretended not to see the glance, but went on flirting with Aunot Osborne. Aunot admired the handsome artist, and was privately exulting at drawing him away from Sophy—so the pair pursued their ramble very contentedly. And, somehow, Sophy dropped behind, and Mr Clay was more of a prig than ever, she thought, when she saw Florence's blue feather disappear in the distance, with Nugent in attendance.

The party got separated, of course, and Sophy artfully contrived to send Mr. Clay back with a message to aunt Cynthia, and then she strayed on alone, and very narrowly escaped coming to serious grief. She was going along the edge of a lovely little ravine, pausing now and then to admire its beauty, when suddenly somebody said, just behind her,

"I penny for your thoughts, Miss Sophy."

The voice startled her, she stepped on a round pebble, which turned treacherously under foot; she felt herself falling—gave a gasping cry—and then oblivion!

A warm hand clasped hers as she trembled back into consciousness.

"My dear child!" Owen Nugent's voice was a trifle unsteady. "Are you hurt by my terrible carelessness?" Sophy essayed to stand upright.

"I believe I felt a little faint," said she, the color rushing back to the pale face as she realized against whose shoulder she leaned. "How shall we ever get up, Mr. Nugent?" He smiled. She had, fortunately, escaped the rocks, and landed on a little green ledge, unhurt; they were about midway, and the ascent was not very great.

"I think I could carry you up," he said, quite gravely. "You are not a very great weight, you know." She laughed.

"No; but I think I will try to climb it with your assistance," and she put her hand in his with a child's simplicity. They were full ten minutes climbing, however, for Nugent would not let her go fast, and watched her steps with such solicitude that her varying color came and went more fitfully than ever. By-and-by they reached the top.

"I don't know what I should have done without you," Sophy said, with a shy, happy glance, that utterly upset his discretion. "I wish I could thank you properly."

"Do not," he said, softly; then, quite abruptly, "Will you solve a problem that I have been asking myself all the morning? Do you think, in time, I could make you love me?"

Every particle of color died out of the lovely face. "Mr. Nugent!" and she burst into tears.

"My dear child! have I frightened you?" he asked, a pained look crossing his face.

"No! yes!" she answered, vaguely, terrified because of a guilty throb of joy in her heart, which she instinctively felt ought not to be there.

"Oh! you don't understand! What would Vaughan say?"

"Have you given him a right to say anything?" Nugent's tone was sterner.

"I—at least he would think he had," she faltered out, feeling utterly wretched.

"My dear!" he touched the little, cold hand with his lips. "Do not look so troubled. I must not lose your friendship——" He broke off abruptly. There stood Hesketh and Florence.

"Truants! We have had such a hunt for you!" cried the beauty, with an angry sparkle of her eyes. Hesketh slipped Sophy's hand within his own.

"How dared that man kiss your hand!" he said, in a wrathful undertone, as they followed the others.

"Vaughan!"

"Oh, my love! do not you desert me! I have no one left in the wide world to care for me if you do."

And Sophy felt miserably guilty, and descended into the valley of humiliation, and Vaughan talked desperate stuff, and persuaded her (and himself very nearly) that she was his sole hope of redemption, while his thoughts, carrying on the double train that they often do, were busy speculating whether Sophy Schuyler, with her Carlo Dolei face, and prospective fortune, was as rich a prize as sallow Aunot Osborne, with half a million already her own. And for the rest of the day his mind ran upon a certain old proverb, which demonstrates the superiority of a bird in the hand, with curious pertinacity.

"What in the world have you been about, Cynthia?" asked grandpa Schuyler, the next morning, as he sat in his easy-chair on the piazza, and watched the party of young people at a little distance. "I sent Sophy off to get a few roses in her cheeks, and I'll be hanged if I see any improvement in that respect."

"Why, brother," said poor aunt Cynthia, at her wits' end, "Sophy is perfectly well, and enjoyed herself very much."

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"Hum!" said grandpa, reflectingly. Sophy's tears and misgivings of the previous day did make her rather pale that morning; but when the old gentleman called her, she came and stood behind her aunt with cheeks whose growing blushes he certainly could not complain of.

"Sophy, who is yonder handsome fellow in the Vandyke style—the one who seems smitten with that saffron colored young woman?"

"Aunot Osborne? Oh! you mean Mr. Hesketh, grandpa. Shall I bring him here, and introduce him? He has painted a water-color, which I think would please you."

Grandpa's quick, restless blue eyes, saw a good deal more than Sophy dreamed they did in that face of hers, and Vaughan had to bring his utmost gravity to aid him in the stern scrutiny that he felt he was receiving. But grandpa treated him with fine, stately courtesy; praised his water-color with a delicate appreciation, that pleased the artist; told him a racy story or two, and an old-time anecdote of Sir Joshua Reynolds—and read him at a glance!

Poor aunt Cynthia! When grandpa went to his room for his nap, he cross-examined her mercilessly, and involved her in a mass of contradictions before she half realized the fact. But, for some singular reason, Sophy did not receive the lecture, or questioning, which her guilty conscience told her she deserved; and the only remarkable thing which transpired that afternoon was, that grandpa took quite a stroll (for him) down the village-street, leaning on Owen Nugent's arm, talking animatedly all the time. And when Sophy gave him her good-night kiss, the old gentleman pinched her pretty pink ear, and told her, in an odd, gruff voice, that she was a "simple little goose," and that he should take her back to town shortly.

But the next day grandpa was attacked by a most untimely fit of the gout; and Dr. Gray was sent for in haste, and prohibited his stirring for a week, at the smallest calculation. And Hesketh played his double game of devotion to Sophy and Aunot Osborne very skillfully, while Florence engrossed most of Nugent's time, except the rare moments when he slipped away from her to perform some kindly, unobtrusive act for Sophy. And, between grandpa's growls and her sleepless nights, Hesketh's passion for melodrama, and Nugent's protesting tenderness, Sophy was growing a ghost of her former lovely self.

The weather, for some days, had been eccentric, to the dire bewilderment of all weather-prophets. Such stifling hot mornings for October, and torrents of rain at nightfall, with mists and damps at all hours of the day. Grandpa swore at the atmosphere as being the cause of his gout, and the company caged up in the house, groaned dismally, and began to talk of a flight to town. Therefore, when Sunday morning dawned without an actual storm, people congratulated themselves, and declared their intention of going to church, and being pious, regardless of the dull, heavy air.

Sophy was late, and when she came down at last, she hurried Hesketh off down the hill, and got into church after service had begun. The little edifice was very full, and she walked hesitatingly up the aisle, feeling grateful when Nugent's hand quietly opened a pew-door next his own for them, and she sunk down into a corner farthest away from Hesketh. Florence's blue feather nodding in front of her, beside Nugent's broad shoulder, distracted her attention for awhile; but when the choir of lovely voices joined in a chaunt, (they were a party of musical amateurs from the hotel, not singers indigenous to the place, reader mine,) solemn and subdued as the music was, Sophy's head drooped forward between her hands, and she began to weep softly. Sitting there, she realized with a sudden flash of self-understanding, that she could not, must not marry this man, who had so bewitched her girlish senses. Could she ever stand in a holy place like this, and give him the most solemn vows that can be spoken? Sophy shivered, and grew faint at the bare thought. No, she would not bear it another day; she would tell Hesketh to-night, and then, if he wasn't generous enough to release her, she would confess the whole matter to grandpa; his wrath was better than the burden of a secret engagement to a man whom she was beginning to realize she did not love.

Suddenly, the church seemed to grow darker; the gaslights on the altar quivered; the ground beneath her feet shook violently, and the walls seemed to totter at their very foundation. The music ended in a prolonged shriek; people sprang to their feet; women screamed and fainted; and everybody rushed into the aisles, crowding and crushing each other in their panic. Had the end of the world come? What was about to happen? Sophy's soul rushed to her lips in one agonized shriek,

"Owen! Owen! Where are you? Oh, come!"

Hesketh, with the frantic terror which sometimes seizes men in an unknown danger, was far in advance of the struggling crowd in the aisle; but Sophy's light form was lifted from the seat, and a voice said, tenderly,

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"My own darling! It is a slight earthquake—trust me!"

Sophy closed her eyes; in all her terror, one hot throb of joy thrilled her as no joy had ever done before. If they perished, they would die together. The air blowing on her face, and a gust of rain-drops, revived her; she opened her soft eyes.

"Owen, before we die, just let me tell you—"

"What, love?" For Sophy hardly knew what she was saying.

"That I am—— Oh! do you love me so very much?"

He set her down out of his arms, and right there, in the village-street, he kissed her till the lovely face was rosy.

An hour or two later, grandpa Schuyler, sitting in his easy-chair, surveyed Sophy with an odd smile as he gave the floor an approving pat with his gold-headed cane.

"Hum!" said he, slowly, looking from Nugent's happy face to the glowing, downcast one at his side. "We have experienced a remarkable convulsion of nature, upon my word! Sophy, do you imagine you know your own mind now?"

"Grandpa!" indignantly.

"And what's going to become of that artist (genuine face by Vandyke) whom you were so bewitched with when I came, eh?"

"Grandpa, how did you guess? Who told you?"

"Two servants who seldom lie, my dear—my eyes. If I were you, Nugent, I would not trust her, yet!"

Sophy stole a step nearer her lover, with such a pretty, appealing gesture, that he smiled involuntarily.

"Hum!" said grandpa, giving his spectacles a twitch, and addressing aunt Cynthia as the pair slipped away from the room. "That child grows very like her father. It's a merciful Providence that the earthquake occurred today. If you only had had the sense to see from my first letter that I intended Sophy for Nugent, half this bother might have been avoided. But women never do see above an inch before their noses—more's the pity! I must drop a hint to Hesketh. Clever man, Cynthia; but I have seen the species before."

Grandpa Schuyler kept his word, and saved Sophy any further importunity, by saying what he had to say in his courtly, sarcastic fashion, which made Hesketh boil inwardly, and curse himself and the earthquake together, while he strove to maintain an unmoved countenance under the ordeal.

Hesketh married Aunot Osborne, and had the supreme satisfaction of sending his wedding-cards to Sophy and grandpa Schuyler. How angry he would have been if he could have seen the lovely, unclouded face that bent over grandpa's shoulder as he opened the envelope, and the laughing, half-deprecating voice that said to Nugent,

"What a little goose I was last summer! Oh, Owen! to think that I had to be cured by an earthquake!"

But Sophy's husband closed her lips with a kiss, that said he, at least, was fully satisfied with an earthquake's results.

GIVE ME REST!

BY MRS. HELEN A. MANVILLE.

When the winds are softly blowing,
  Round my vine-wreathed cottage-door,
Then my heart grows sad in knowing
  I shall never see thee more!
Never see your dark eyes' glory,
  While the circling seasons go;
Never hear love's sweetest story,
  As I heard it years ago.

Journeying on, in life's dim mazes,
  Mine the heritage of pain;
You, my darling, 'neath the daisies,
  Ne'er shall know a grief again.
Clouds of sorrow hover o'er me,
  And my sun of hope hangs low;
But Death's river is before me,
  And I joy that it is so.

Joy to feel my pulse grow weaker,
  While my cheek forgets its bloom;
For this earth to me is bleaker
  Than the silence of the tomb.
Since I know that you will never
  See its beauties as of yore,
Hasten death, life's chain to sever—
  Give me rest forevermore!

Give me rest, for he is waiting
  On the banks of the unseen;
And these swift hours are delating,
  While the river rolls between.
Pull the oar with increased vigor;
  Faster, boatman, faster yet!
For my tired soul is eager,
  All my sorrows to forget.

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THE FIRST LOVE AND THE LAST.

BY JOHN E. PENRHYN.

March 3, 1854.—I am so tired of reading to-night, and of lying on my sofa, that I think I shall sit up and begin my journal. It is strange that I never should have kept one; but now that Gerault is Admiral Sir Gerault Bredon, and I am Lady Bredon, I think I ought to keep some record of our new life. Our new life! As I write these words, I seem to go back for fifteen years, to the evening when we first met. I shall never forget that evening, nor how wearily I sat in my corner, in the ball-room, telling myself, for the hundredth time, that I was a plain, little heiress, whom no one would ever love; how sadly I looked at the dancers, and envied the pretty, penniless girls, who were so sure to be loved for themselves, if at all; and how, just as I had reached the very depths of misanthropy, I heard a clear, kindly voice say, "No, I want to be introduced to that pale girl, sitting against the wall. She is not pretty, and she looks as if she were poor, but I like her looks, nevertheless!" My darling Gerault! When I looked up into his bonny, frank face, a moment afterward, I knew I saw a man whose love no money could buy, and who would never sell his manly honor. So, when he offered himself soon afterward, I accepted him quite fearlessly, and we were married. He was only a lieutenant then; but I knew that he loved me for myself, and not for my twenty thousand pounds—and we have been very happy; we are very happy still; he is a true lover now, although we have been married for fifteen years. I am thirty-nine now, and he is thirty-seven. I cannot help wishing that I were younger than Gerault. I was never pretty or striking, and always delicate; and now I look old and faded. But Gerault! I know it is not my love alone, which sees in him a gloriously handsome man. He is far handsomer than when we were married; and I have often been told that he is the handsomest admiral who ever trod a British deck. Oh, Gerault! I glory in your beauty; but I wish, I wish that you had a handsomer wife, for your own sake. Not that I think that he feels anything is wanting in me; he is naturally chivalrous, and even the constant illness which I could bear patiently for my own sake, but regret for his, has knit him more closely to me, so much does his tenderness go out toward weakness and suffering. And he has seen so little of women, that I am still somewhat of a curiosity to him.

Something I read to-night brought up before me one of my greatest griefs, and that is, that we have no children—never had children. I began to write, that I might forget the paragraph that set my one woe with such harsh distinctness before me, and yet it recurs, after all other thoughts, like a refrain. I will write it down, and also my own thoughts upon it, and see if I can thus close it up in the leaves of my journal. Here it is. "Sooner or later, a childless wife will lose much, if not all, of her husband's love. If he be a man of honor and true kindness of heart, he will not cease to treat her with kindness and consideration, perhaps even with affection; but his love for her will insensibly but surely diminish. He cannot feel for her as he would for the wife who would give him children to love. And such a marriage lacks even the crowning blessing, the strongest link in the chain of love, that 'heritage and gift which cometh of the Lord.'"

I cannot bear this sentence, and yet—and yet—I cannot but feel that there is a deep truth underlying it. Can it be that Gerault could love me better? It does not seem possible. And can it be that his love will wane; that his disappointment at not having children will recoil upon me some day? I must look this truth in the face. He loves children, I know, and longs for them, although he never says so now; and, sometimes, when I have seen a shade come over his happy face, as he watched children at their play, I have felt my heart contract with a strange pang. Well! I must bear it; I fear that pang will become yet more familiar to me, before life ends. During the fifteen years of our married life, I have not often felt thus. Gerault has been so often and so long away at sea, that, hitherto, he has only paid visits to me. It is only now that he has covered himself with glory, and will roam no more over the high-seas; now that he has a title and an estate, that he will learn what a home is, and, alas! what a home is, without the joy and light of a child's presence. Yes,

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and he will look out upon his ancestral acres, and think that no boy of his will ever own them. Ah, me! I am weeping already, and I must not weep. I must become familiar with these regrets; but, when I am alone, they will make themselves heard, instead of the silvery little voices I long and pray God for. But God's will be done.

I must stop writing now. It is almost time for Gerault to return. He has been dining with the new Marquis of Harrowby, who is by no means a young man, but a middle-aged one, with a large family of children, most of them grown up. His second son, Lord Charles Claude, was, as a midshipman, a great favorite of Gerault's, who brought him to see me this morning. He is a handsome, dark-eyed, and dark-haired youth, whose enthusiastic love and admiration for my husband touched me very deeply; and yet, during his visit, I was so absorbed in looking at Gerault himself, that I think I should scarcely know Lord Charles again.

I must sketch Gerault's picture here, while I am waiting and longing to hear his steps on the stairs. In a few moments, he will enter, bringing with him, as a necessary consequence of his magnificent vitality, airs which seem to blow from his own beloved sea. His is a presence, in which all living beings sun themselves; and I think none but the guilty ever shrank from the glance of his brilliant, laughing blue eyes. To begin with his height. He is six feet one, and so splendidly proportioned, that he has an air of as much easy grace as power. He has regular features, a firmly moulded mouth and chin; a strait nose, with open, sensitive nostrils; deep violet-blue eyes, which flash brilliant and black at any sudden emotion; a long, wavy, golden beard and mustache, superb teeth, a fair, sun-burned skin, a high forehead, and golden-brown hair. He looks both brave and bonny; I like the good old Scotch word, it just expresses the chief characteristic of Gerault's manly, Saxon beauty, namely, its joyful youthfulness.

March 4.—I had written so far, when I heard his bounding steps on the stairs. "Well," he said, as he came in, "I have had a delightful evening; it was principally a family dinner-party, and they are charming people. I took a young lady down to dinner, with whom I should infallibly have fallen in love, had I not met you first, my dearest."

"Who," said I, laughing, for I am not jealous.

"Lord Harrowby's eldest daughter, Lady Marion Claude."

"Lady Marian Claude?"

"Marion Claude; she corrected me very carefully, when I inadvertently called her Marian. She is extremely tenacious of the masculine O in her name."

"And is she a beauty?"

"To tell you the truth, I don't know; I suppose she is rather distinguished than handsome; but she is bewitching, irresistibly so." And then he began to talk of other things, while I thought of Lady Marion Claude. I feel an ominous pain at the sound of her name. Can it be a foreboding that she will work me ill some day? This is folly; but still I wish that I were not likely to see much of Lady Marion Claude. I suppose that it is because Gerault feels that he could have loved her, that I have an innate dislike to her, and to the sound of her name—a name so pretty in itself.

I had written so far, when I remembered that I had made an arrangement to go to the Soho bazaar this morning, and, as I had promised Gerault to go to the Royal Academy with him after luncheon, I drove to Soho at once. When I returned I found three cards on my table.

"The Marchioness of Harrowby."

"Lady Marion Claude."

"Viscountess Dalzell."

Gerault regretted most sincerely that I was not at home. For myself, I hope I am not wicked, but I look upon it as a providential escape.

April 2.—I have been too ill all day to think of my dear journal, having been able to do nothing but lie on my sofa, and wage an unequal battle with a nervous headache. Yesterday, however, I had an adventure; at least, I suppose I may call it so. Gerault and I went to the Academy to see a portrait which Belleairs has just finished of him. We were a little late, and the rooms were, consequently, not much crowded. Gerault stopped at the door of the entrance-room to speak to an acquaintance, and I, at once, singled out his portrait, which hung on the left side of the room; but at so great a distance, and so high up, that I could distinguish nothing but the general outline. I was attracted, however, by a group standing beneath, and looking up to it—a gray-haired gentleman, a youth of about seventeen, and a young lady, upon whose eager, up-raised face, two gentlemen, at a little distance, were gazing, with much greater intentness than is usually vouchsafed to anything but fair, living humanity.

And I could not blame them; it was a charm-

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ing, youthful face. Her small, white bonnet had fallen back, so that I had a full view of a small, finely-shaped head, with abundant, waving hair, of that darkest chestnut, which, nevertheless, has a golden gleam at the edges. It was brushed back in large waves, and displayed to full advantage, a profile, rather striking and high-bred, than eminently handsome. She turned as we approached, and I saw that her full face was even more beautiful than her profile; the complexion was of that exquisite tint, which has a faint, rosy blush all through it. The brow was broad and low, and the eyebrows distinctly marked, and perfectly straight, giving thereby a singular direction to the bright glance of the large and laughing hazel eyes beneath. The lower part of the face was, perhaps, a little too firm for absolute beauty, the red mouth a little too wide; but it was such a finely-turned, ripe, red mouth, looking as if it could smile as brilliantly as it did a moment after, when he caught sight of us, and eyes and cheeks lighted up at once, as she sprang forward, exclaiming, "Oh, Sir Gerault! I am so glad that you have come, to put your portrait to the blush; and I am so happy to meet Lady Bredon, for I am sure this is Lady Bredon?" "Yes," I said, taking the delicately-gloved, little hand, which she extended with as much grace as cordiality, and you are——?

"Lady Marion Claude."

I do not know what I said. I know that the Marquis and Lord Frederic Claude were presented the moment after; that we conversed for some time; that there was something said about a water-party to Richmond, and that I was relieved to find myself, at length, seated alone before the portrait, with Gerault bending over my chair. To be sure, I should have felt happier, if he had said anything but, "Is she not a lovely creature?" But I assented quietly, and then changed the subject; and yet I could not help turning to watch her, as she moved about the room; and I was still doing so, when Sir Henry Crampton, who prides himself on being the best critic of female beauty in London, approached, and sat down beside me. "You are looking at Lady Marion Claude," he said. "She is a superb creature now, without being an absolute beauty. She looks younger, too, than she did at eighteen, and twenty times handsomer. You would hardly think her twenty-four? But she has had the advantage of not being battered to death every spring. She has only had one season in London; and now that her father has his marquisate, has come back as fresh as a rose. And she will be even handsomer at thirty, if all goes well with her. She is, as some author says, 'One of those rare natures, whose fruitage is more perfect than their flower.'" So he talked on, and Gerault, and he, and I, looked at Marion Claude until she passed into another room. Sir Henry is a bore; but he spoke truly of that fair and high-born maiden. Not only the hey-day of her beauty, but the happiest part of her life, is yet to come. For myself, I already know that I am passing into the shade.

CHAPTER II.

September 3.—Harrowby House. We are actually here! I was very unwilling to come; but I had no good reason to assign for a refusal, and was, beside, unwilling to damp Gerault's pleasure in the invitation.

We arrived this morning, just before luncheon, and were very cordially received by the Marquis and Marchioness, and Lord and Lady Dalzell. Lady Marion I did not see, and was indulging in a faint hope that she might be away from home, when the Marchioness said, "I cannot imagine where Marion and Charles are; they have anticipated your arrival with so much pleasure. Where are Lady Marion, and Lord Charles Jenkins?"

"They were playing billiards all the morning, my lady; but her ladyship went with the general, a little while ago, to the stables to see the new bay mare."

I was glad that Gerault heard this, as I know that he detests masculine women; but that joy vanished a moment after, as Lady Marion entered, balancing her cue lightly in her left hand, and holding a bunch of red, pomegranate-blossoms in her right, which were rivaled by the glow on her lovely cheeks, as she welcomed us with many graceful apologies for having been out of the way. "But, indeed, Lady Bredon," she added, smiling at me, "it was partly my anxiety to give you pleasure, which has made me the last to welcome you to Harrowby. I remembered your fondness for pomegranate blossoms, and, as we were passing the hot-houses, I detained uncle Jack, by force and violence, until I could gather some for you."

She wins upon me, in spite of myself; and yet I cannot look at the pomegranate blossoms, which are lying on my writing-table now, without a strange thrill of pain. Gerault is already very fond of Lady Marion; he says so, and she has a girlish enthusiasm for him, which she manifests with a charming direct-

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ness and simplicity, which is a part of her character, and is justified by Gerault's friendship for her father and brother, and by his thirteen years seniority. But there is something strangely winning and loveable in that manner of hers; the more so, as she treats her young admirers, with a half-haughty, half good-humored *insouciance*, which is very discouraging to any hopes they may entertain for an exclusive preference on her part.

She is a lovely, stately, gracious creature. I must do violence to my feelings, by writing the truth of her; and yet I cannot disguise from myself the fact, that my feelings toward her are any anything but friendly. I wonder if any woman before me ever had this singular trial, not the feeling of present jealousy—for I trust Gerault's chivalrous loyalty, and steadfast love for me, as I trust my hope on heaven—but the feeling that I must pass away before long, and that, in my stead, when time has assuaged his grief, my husband will love this girl, and love her perhaps better than he ever dreamed of loving me. It is a relief to me to pour out my folly, if folly it be, to these pages. But now I must dress for dinner, and then will come the intolerable evening, the effort to amuse and be amused, the increasing pain and languor, with which I daily struggle; and, lastly, the effort to hide it all from Gerault, which is rendering wearisome even the hours we spend alone together.

September 10.—I have not opened this journal for nearly ten days; but I have, in truth, had little to write about, nothing, indeed, but the ordinary events which mark a long visit in the country. Never were there—I write it unwillingly—more charming or kind people than these; and Gerault is so radiantly happy among his old friends, that I have had no heart to do otherwise, than feign to be equally pleased, and wear out the days as best I might. I can no longer disguise from myself that I am losing ground rapidly; and Dr.——, who came down from London to see me, has ordered me to Rome for the winter. We shall go from here to the Dean of Evremonde's, some four miles distant, then to London for a few weeks, and thence, traveling leisurely through the south of France to Rome. I am looking forward, with feverish impatience to leaving Harrowby, and we have but two more days to stay.

To-night, a grand ball is to be given in our honor, and I have been saving up my strength for it, by remaining in my room all day; but still it wants some hours of the time, when I must dress, and, until then, I shall write. I shall give to these fair, silent pages, such a history of my grief, as I should not dare to give to any sympathizing human ear. This month has been a very painful one to me; painful, because I have been daily growing more ill and languid; painful, because I cannot help seeing Gerault's looks of wistful anxiety, and discerning, in his exquisite and increasing tenderness and attention, that he is feeling an undefined dread of what the future may bring; and painful, for many other reasons, which I shall state presently. That dread which, in Gerault's mind, is undefined, is, at least, quite clear in mine; and I have been calmer and more patient, as I have slowly become convinced, that the days which are appointed to me here are numbered, and hastening to their close. That close, the end of the journey which, for fifteen years, has been made almost too happy, by the love of the noblest of men, is not yet in sight; not yet have I reached the last stages; not yet have the shadows of the last night begun to lengthen on my path. But the end approaches, and this much I know, that, whether it advances speedily, or, what is more likely, lingers on its way, there will be no return to health and strength for me. I have long felt a dread of this, and, when Dr. —— came here, I discussed it alone with him, quite calmly and fully. At first, he made evasive replies; but, as I convinced him that I could bear the truth, he told me that my disease had reached a stage, in which it had become incurable, and that my life was a question of care; that, with the utmost care, I might live a year or two. I thanked him for telling me this, and made him promise not to tell Gerault. The doctor encouraged him, therefore, and made ambiguous replies, from which Gerault joyously evolved the hope, that "a winter in Rome would set me up again." My love! my husband! to the last will I hide my pain, and the dread of a near parting from you. When the pang comes, you must bear it, alas! alone; but you shall not anticipate it. But, before I cease writing, I must confess, that not even my illness; not even the thought that death is approaching, and that Gerault will be left alone, has most grieved me here. No, the greatest grievance has been the presence of Lady Marion Claude! It relieves me to write down what I have kept pent up; to declare that the sight of her grace and beauty have deepened my gloom; that her tender, considerate attentions to me have almost maddened me at times; and that, when she has sprung forward eager to do me some

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service, I have felt tempted to repel it fiercely, and to weep with grief and rage at the sight of her ripening, hopeful womanhood, as compared with me.

And, day by day, and hour by hour, there has grown up within me, the conviction that some day, when I am gone, and, perhaps, forgotten, Gerault, when the first pain of loss has passed away, will turn to her for consolation, and will be first consoled, and then charmed—charmed so that he will, in time, forget me altogether. Aye, and in time,

"Baby lips will laugh me down."

It is impossible for me to see her as I do daily, among her little brothers and sisters, without thinking of this—without thinking what a wise, and loving, and stately young mother she will be. Shall I ever forget her radiant beauty yesterday, as she came up the long flight of steps in front of the house, her little brother Edwin clinging to her hand, and that tiny, blonde fairy, Lady Harriet, perched upon her shoulder? As she saw us, and smiled, Gerault turned to me and said, "How beautiful she always is with a child in her arms!" And I assented readily, and yet, God forgive me, I almost hated her; and bitterly did I envy her the hopes of her dawning womanhood, the superb health and strength, the grace and beauty which seemed to mock my weariness, my pale looks, my shattered hopes.

I cannot like her, and yet I must be just; and justices obliges me to say, that her friendship for Gerault is as innocent and platonic as anything could be; and that she is as good as she is beautiful, and as generous and humble as she is richly dowered; that, if he marries her, he will have a queen of women, abundantly gifted with every gift which will make him happy at home, and proud of her abroad; rich in resources, in which he cannot weary—a being, in short, to fill a man's life to the brim, as, God pity me, she will, I know, fill his some day. There; I have written fairly of her—I may rest now; my conscience is at ease.

September 11.—The ball is over! and, to-morrow morning, we go to Aytoun. I have retreated early to my room to-night, very glad to shut myself up alone, for the endurance of Lady Marion's company is becoming too much for me. Last night, as I was dressing for the ball, Gerault came in with a new and beautiful set of ornaments, which he had ordered for me. He kissed me, when I was quite dressed, declaring that I looked extremely well; but the glimpse I caught of my pale face, and shrunken form, as I turned away from the looking-glass, only made me inwardly repine, and rage against my looks. Gerault, however, was in such good spirits, and so entertaining, that I had almost forgotten my little troubles, by the time I left my room. Just as I opened my door, Lady Marion was descending the stair-case opposite, her tall, graceful figure arrayed in a floating dress of white tulle, with innumerable festoons, caught up by bouquets of blush roses, tied with blue ribbon, a crown of roses in her dark hair, and a bouquet in her hand. Gerault and I involuntarily exchanged admiring glances, and he said, "Stop, 'rose of May,' and let us look at you;" but she only shook her head and laughed, as she ran past us. A sofa had been prepared for me, at the upper end of the ball-room, and, sitting there, with Gerault leaning over me, and making droll remarks on the company, I should have been tolerably happy, had it not been that I was tormented by the wish to follow with my eyes that tall, elastic figure, and radiant face.

My sofa was quite surrounded part of the time; but, toward the close of the ball, the few people who remained were principally dancers, and Gerault and I were left comparatively alone. At last, in the midst of a waltz, Lady Marion, who was then dancing with her eldest brother, Lord Dalzell, came whirling by, and paused. "Is it not a shame, Lady Bredon?" she said, appealing to me, "Dalzell, who never dances, promised to distinguish me this evening, and now he cruelly deserts me, and declares that he prefers to interrupt your conversation with Sir Gerault."

Lord Dalzell laughed "Indeed," he protested, "you must do without this waltz, Marion; I detest waltzing, and I have quite forgotten the step;" and, therewith, he leaned over the sofa, and began talking to me.

Lady Marion still stood opposite, holding out her hand, and Gerault, advancing, said, "Lady Marion, will you take me? I used to be passionately fond of dancing, and, though I am rather out of practice——"

He did not finish his sentence. With an arch little nod, and pretty, imperious gesture, she held up her hand, and, in a moment, they had melted into the waltz, and were whirling round the room.

Gerault used to dance remarkably well, long years ago, and, after the first turn, he fell into the step again, and danced as well as ever, and evidently with as keen an enjoyment as in former days. Ah, me! I see still—I shall always see, that long and lofty ball-room,

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blazing with wax lights, and gay with flowers. I see the light forms of the dancers, and, sweeping swiftly and smoothly to the loveliest of Lanner's waltzes, those two tall figures; the girl's laughing face and rose-crowned head, lifted up to his as she floats by. I was so absorbed in watching them, that I returned absent replies to Lord Dalzell's polite attempts at conversation, and eagerly accepted his proposition of getting me some ice. He departed to order it, and I fell to looking once more at what gave me such acute pain, and while looking, I heard a voice near me say,

"Which is the admiral?"

"Sir Gerault, you mean? That tall man, with a splendid beard, dancing with Lady Marion Claude."

"Ah, indeed! Splendid looking fellow, is he not? I had no idea he was so handsome, or so young. He does not look more than thirty-one or two."

"Oh, he is thirty-seven."

"Ah! I shouldn't have thought it; however, that is young for a man. How well he looks with Lady Marion."

"Remarkably well. Everybody has been saying what a splendid couple they would have made."

"Would have made! What is to prevent their marrying now? I really never saw Lady Marion looking so brilliantly beautiful."

"But, Sir Gerault is married, you know."

"You don't say so! What a pity. I never saw a finer match, in looks at least, than Lady Marion and himself. Is his wife pretty?"

"Not at all; a very small, insignificant little person; older than he is, I believe; at least, I am told she looks so. He was very young when he married her."

"It is confoundedly unfortunate that he should have married so young. He has only just got the title, has he not?"

"Yes, he might have married almost any one now; that Bredon estate is immense, and the family one of the oldest in England. It is a pity that he should have married so young; I have thought so very often."

"Do you know his wife? Is she here this evening?"

"I have seen her. Yes, she is here this evening; at least Lord Dalzell told me so; but I think she is not in the ball-room."

"Where is she? I would like to look at her. Upon my word I never saw a handsomer fellow than Sir Gerault; and look at Lady Marion how she is laughing!"

"Yes, I never saw her looking better. Hallo, Fred, where is lady Bredon? We want you to show her to us."

A loud "hush" from Lord Frederick, followed by a profound silence, and the sound of retreating footsteps convinced me that this interesting conversation had been brought to an untimely close, and a moment after Lord Dalzell returned with some ice, and Lady Harrowby came sailing grandly up to my sofa, hoping that "I was not very much fatigued."

I do not know that I had been; but I was foolish enough to be on the brink of hysterics in consequence of what I had overheard; and Gerault, as he approached, hastened to me, with a face of such alarm, that I completely lost all command of myself, and replied to all his inquiries in a sobbing, hysterical voice, which caused him to order me instantly to bed. Sorely afraid that this agitation would be traced to its true cause, I lost not a moment in alleging that I had been a little fatigued, and that the ice had given me a twinge of neuralgia in the head. So I came up stairs, and, after being overwhelmed with remedies, and wearied with attentions, was left to myself. A little longer, and I may rest at least. I may live through the days without this terrible, this perpetual effort. Oh, that to-morrow were here! Oh, that we were in Rome.

September.—We are pleasantly settled at the deanery, and I feel infinitely better and happier, now that I know we shall see the Harrowby's no more. Lord and Lady Dalzell have gone away on a round of visits. Lord Charles has returned to his ship. Lord Frederick is at Oxford, and the Marquis and Marchioness, and Lady Marion went this morning to Scotland.

The Marchioness and Lady Marion drove over in their pony chaise yesterday afternoon to bid me good-by; the latter looking, in her gray hat and feathers, and scarlet cloak, like a picture by Vandyke. How glad I am that I shall see her no more! We go to Paris at the end of ten days.

Rome, February 20, 1855.—I have reached at last, and more speedily than I thought possible, when I left England, the last stage of this journey of life, so full of pain and weariness for the last four years, so bitter at times. But the racking pain and miserable restlessness are gone. Like many another foot-sore wayfarer, now that the goal is in sight, I find that the hardest part of my journey is over, the steepest mountains are crossed, and a gently descending hill leads me down to the rest and silence of the dark valley, to the cool waters

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of that dim river, whose other shore is the pleasant land of Paradise. At times, too, I am upraised beyond this life. I see, in place of the gray walls and crumbling turrets of the Eternal City, that far-off paradise, toward which, if I turn not eyes of longing, I yet look with a calm and ever-strengthening hope. As I write, with frequent pauses, the lengthening shadows warn me that another day is passing, that I am so much nearer to my only home. The past few months have been very happy ones. The slow but steadfast advance of my disease is marked, not by pain, but by a gently-growing weakness and langor; and the matchlass tenderness, the yearning love, the sunny cheerfulness, of my dear husband, enfold, and uphold me. Surely no one was ever so nursed and tended, for to no one was the last ever more truly the best. For I take a deep delight in the solemn and antique beauty of this place. The Eternal City! Here, where martyrs passed away, triumphing over torture; here, where the church of God was nursed; here, where once stood the cathedral of the world; here it is well to die, surrounded, to the last, by all that is grandest and loveliest upon earth.

So I muse often; so I strive to muse always. But Gerault does not dream that we must part so soon, and I shall not tell him until the last. Sometimes, however, when he anticipates our life at home; when he speaks of returning to Castle Bredon, in the spring-time; when he describes to me that stately home, and prays me to suggest alterations, which must be made when I am on the spot to direct them; when he speaks thus, I am sorely tempted to tell him all. But, for his sake, I am silent, and must be for a little longer. And then—— But I must not dwell on that. Until then I must bear the mocking of listening to plans for a future I may not share; for a life from which I shall soon be quite shut out; for a home, which is, and will remain for me, a home in name alone.

For I shall never see Castle Bredon, nor the sunny meadows below the western ramparts, and the deep forests beyond, behind which every night the sun sinks down. I shall never pace the terrace, and look southward upon the flowery valley of the Avon, with its silver river winding through; I shall never hear the thrushes singing among the lindens in the *pleasaunce*, nor the wild wind wailing, on the long winter nights, about the towers and battlements.

No; I know where I shall be lying—in the northern transept of the church at Stoney Cross. It is raining now, and the rain is falling there too, and dripping from the overhanging eaves upon the slabs beneath. It is a cold and gloomy corner, and there, while suns rise and set, and seasons come and go, and flowers blossom and fade about Castle Bredon, I must lie alone. It is a cold grave, a dreary place to lie on winter's night, while the wind seeks in vain to enter the closed and curtained windows of the castle, and inside fires glow, and lights, and flowers, and happy faces mock at winter's dreariness. I must not dwell on that. I must not think that Gerald will live on, and on, those stormy winter nights; will listen in careless comfort to the wailing wind, while, at his side a fair wife nestles, smiling in his face.

And yet I may not take him with me. I must leave him to grief and loneliness at first, and then to repose and peace, and at last to the joy that will follow upon his woe, as the blossoms of the spring the winter snows. Aye, some silver voice will murmur in his ear, and render him deaf to wind and rain, forgetful of me, in my distant and dreary grave.

Will it be she whose stately and vivid beauty mocks at my despair? Oh, Marion Claude! Marion Claude! When you are his, and Castle Bredon is your home, send sometimes a sigh of compassion toward one, than whom no woman could love him better, who will be shut up then within the narrow walls of her last home.

Oh, life, thou art so dear! Oh, world, thou art so beautiful! Oh, human love! so near, so tender, so precious. May I not linger a little longer, for all this earthly joy?

Be still, rebellious soul. What? So near the gates of Paradise, and casting back these earthly glances toward thine earthly Eden? Pray, rather, that thou mayest look forward.

I must close my journal to-night for ever. I know how wrong it is, that so near death, and looking forward, not only upon the land beyond the grave, but upon that earthly life, which I shall soon cease to share, I should indulge in fierce jealousy, and weak repining, and unavailing regrets, and, therefore, I shall write no more; but, with many prayers and much patience, and earnest study, look forward to eternity, and to the crowned saints, and calm angels, who rest there in peace, and with whom, and with Him who calls me daily in a nearer voice, I soon shall be.

So farewell earth and home, and Gerault, my love, and Marion Claude, whom I unjustly hated, and earthly hopes I vainly cherished, and earthly sorrows, under which I chafed.

Farewell all. Oh, God, help me to say, "Thy

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will be done;" help me to pray—"Even so, come Lord Jesus."

Bredon Castle, June 20, 1865.—Yesterday morning, while Gerault and I were sitting in the library, he begged me to look over and read the contents of a small box of papers, which he had not opened for years. At the bottom, tossed hastily in with some Italian guide-books and gazetteers, I found a manuscript, on the last leaf of which I found my own old name. The hand which traced these lines, the throbbing heart which here poured out its anguish, have long since mingled with the dust. The human sorrows, and hopes, and failings, which are set forth here with such simple pathos and power, have been merged long since in the deep joy and calm repose of that life in which neither anger, or strife, or pain may enter. The face which, as these papers tell, was looking backward with yearning upon earth, and its cares and joys, has long since been turned away from them toward the Infinite; and deepest joy, and calmest rest and triumph, are ever more her portion, whose loving heart beat here with pain so exquisite, and was assailed by such fierce enemies.

As I read, I thought much of her present joy, and yet I wept and sighed, even though I sat in my own home at Castle Bredon; and as I lifted my eyes from these faded papers, saw through the wide open windows the lovely valley of the Avon, smiling in all the beauty of early June, and heard piercing through all the pleasant sounds of summer, the joyous voices of my husband and my boys, as they chased each other up and down the terrace.

It is ten years since the first Lady Bredon died, and for eight years I have been Gerault Bredon's happy wife. He loves me now, more than I ever dared to dream; but whether he loves me best, I have not asked! This much alone I know, that as we stood yesterday evening on the western ramparts, watching the sun set, as it bathed in a crimson glow the meadows and forests of this wide domain, Gerault turned suddenly round to me, with his open, beaming glance, and encircling me with his arm, said, "Heaven has been lavish of gifts to me, and I love my inheritance and my splendid boys; but my best gift, my dearest treasure, my darling, has been yourself."

I did not show him this manuscript—it would have pained his kind heart too much; but this morning, as he had gone away for the day, I took my two eldest boys, and made a short journey with them into another county. I let them walk about, and play most of the day, and picnic with me in the shade beside a lovely stream; and then, when they had gathered some water-lilies, I took them, last of all, across a bit of moorland, and into a gray and quiet church, and showed them two strange old tombs, and let them gaze and wonder for a while, at the great eastern window; and, last of all, I led them to a tomb in a niche, in the northern transept, and, pausing, bade them leave there their water-lilies.

"Mamma," said Gerault, my eldest boy, lifting up a pair of large, questioning, blue eyes (so exactly like his father's) to me, as we left the church, "Mamma, why did not you put those flowers there yourself?"

I did not answer; but I thought that not my hands, but those of Gerault's children, were fittest to lay flowers upon her grave.

MARION BREDON.

CALIFORNIA SCENE.

BY JEAN B. WASHBURN.

WHERE Guadalupe's mountains stand,
And scoop her vales in verdure rare;
Where pines, in grenadier-like band,
Toss wirey feathers in the air,
I rove; where jonquils swing their bells,
And fennel spins its lace-like leaves;
Where crested quail its chatter tells,
And tarantula its tail-nest weaves;
Where wasp, in purple-jacket, floats,
As pirate round the spider's mesh;
Where poppies stand, like anchored boats,
And meadow-lark trills blithe, and fresh;
Where dandelion's lashes white,
Gleam through the withes of spirey grass;
Where, in leaps, like acrobatic knight,
The halting grasshoppers all pass,
And strawberries, as rubies glow,
'Neath shelt'ring leaves, as pointed shields;
While cherry-blooms rain down their snow,
And, sea-like, roll the barley fields.
The marigold's great yellow eyes,
Look brazen toward the setting sun,
And stars drop dew-like through the skies,
And nature sings the day is done.
So death, may'st thou as tranquil be,
When life's day shall be done for me.

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CONQUERED AT LAST.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

She was a terrible flirt, this young woman, of whom I am going to tell you, and yet one of the order of flirts for whom, whispers a woman sitting at my side, it is necessary to have sympathy, although one may blame. She seemed to mean so much, this unfortunate Lil Blanchard, by her words, looks, and actions, and yet she would not willfully have wronged any body; and, on the scores of occasions, where she discovered the suffering caused by her impulsive trifling, she never failed to be overwhelmed with remorse, and the most incensed of her victims could not have anathamatized her as sorely as she did herself. But the odd part of the business was the fact that no one of her victims ever did hate her, or succeed in rousing in their breasts the "noble scorn" which novel-heroes express toward their enslavers. Lil had the rare ability of making friends of her quondam adorers; and they usually hovered near her, and indulged their passion under that convenient name.

It came about that, at the close of her second season, she sat one night in her opera-box, and, between the acts, she leaned her cheek in sheer mental weariness against the amber-curtained partition, making faint replies to young Fosdick, who was disporting himself, and his carnation, pink-adorned button-hole, in the chair beside her.

There is just a chance—a very faint one, I think—that Lilian did not think about it—but the pretty, careless attitude was wonderfully becoming to her little, plump figure, and the soft, satin hangings, gave tc her dark, gray eyes a depth, and to her complexion a delicacy, which made too lovely a picture not to be dangerous, especially to one of her more recent victims, who regarded her from the sofa, at the back of the box, as utterly disregarded by the rest of the party, as he must be by Miss Blanchard's biographer.

Suddenly, Fosdick, staring inanely about the house, was seized with a gush of the passion, which even idiots can feel—curiosity.

"Dear me, Miss Blanchard," he said, with the English drawl which he had tried so hard to attain, "who is that man in the Severance's box? He's been staring all night at those girls from Madam Mears' in the dress-circle?"

It was something to hear of a man who had not been staring at her, and Lil was roused, by astonishment, into the effort of leaning forward in her chair to get a look at this marvel of masculine blindness.

"I mean the slender fellow," pursued Fosdick, "with the big eyes and mustache, and such an awful lot of forehead."

Lil saw him distinctly enough. As she had turned, she was directly opposite him, with only the width of the stage between; and, as she looked, the stranger deliberately put down his glass, and gazed calmly and critically into her proud face, until its usual paleness was lost in an unmistakable blush, and her haughty eyes drooped their lids. With an annoyed expression on her countenance, she moved in her seat, so that she was screened from the observation of those critical eyes, and, to her astonishment, when she took another peep at him from the shelter of the certain, he had gone tranquilly back to the contemplation of Madam Mears' row of baby beauties.

She did not even take the trouble to answer Fosdick's question—the man was not worth a thought, evidently. She set Fosdick off on another tack, and he twittered on in his feeble way, and honestly believed that he was making conversation.

Perhaps ten minutes after, Lil chanced to glance out again, and there, leaning on the edge of the New York club-house box, was the stranger, looking at her now, and this time, instead of a critical glance, there was an indolent approval, and rather Sultanesque smile in his great dark eyes.

"Whoever he is," she said, abruptly answering Fosdick's question, so long after he had forgotten it, that his poor little brains got dazed at once, "he must be some common creature, for he stares."

Common! Oh, frightful word, which, in Gotham, means so much more than any combination of opprobrious epithets. Let us be "wicked fellows," "naughty fellows," even "horrid fellows," and it shall be pardoned; but "common," never! All New York, from Fourth street to Forty-second, will feel its aristocratic flesh creep at sound of the word!

I think Lilian did not exactly believe the

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declaration she made so irritably, and Fosdick was too busy trying to think what remark of his she was answering, to make any reply.

At that moment, a blonde Englishman appeared in the box, and Lil turned and beckoned him to her side. She began an animated conversation with him in her most bewitching manner, keenly alive again; and Fosdick sat listening, open-mouthed, to the Englishman's speeches, in the hopes to improve himself in the difficult drawl—the one serious study of his empty little life.

As Lil talked, she looked interestedly up into her visitor's face, while putting the most commonplace questions, leaning forward in her eagerness for the answer. Then she would glance down at her fan, with a conscious droop of her perfect shoulders, as if he had said something intensely tender. Then she talked, looking away from him, as if she was afraid that John Bull might read in her eyes the mischief he had done. Altogether, the scene would have convinced most people, that the pair had reached an ominous stage in a flirtation, which was Lil's way of defying the stranger. As the curtain went up again, she gave her fan to the Englishman to hold, as if to keep him quiet during the act, and, glancing furtively toward the unknown, she saw an amused smile on his lips, which said, as plainly as words could have done, that he understood her little histrionics perfectly.

She was so vexed, that, utterly regardless of the fact that Kellog had just commenced one of the loveliest arias in the whole opera, she turned again to whisper with the delighted and bewildered son of Albion, who had placed himself close beside her, with the charming breeding peculiar to the youths of his land, shutting Fosdick out of any possibility of joining in the conversation.

Lil's next stolen glance at the stranger, caused her a sensation of pleasure. He was evidently disgusted with her for talking at such a moment. She retired exulting to the sofa with *l'Anglais*, and retained him, figuratively, at her feet, until it was time for the carriage-boots to be actually put upon them, and her wraps offered for the departure.

The stranger passed herself, and her chaperon, and the flock of men hovering about her in the lobby, and never gave so much as one glance toward her Lil was conscious of rushing into a species of irritated fury. Who was he, that he should presume to show disapproval of her conduct? The thought went with her to sleep, haunted her dreams, and rose with her, persistent, the next morning.

Before the day was over, thanks to feminine ability, she discovered who the disapproving unknown really was—a clever scribbler for the press—celebrated in modern Athens for his conversational powers, as well as his literary talents. She also learned, heaven and a woman only could tell how, that he came of good people, and had lately been relieved from the actual necessity of labor by a liberal legacy, bequeathed by some relative, considerate enough to take his departure for another world, and make this one easier to the object of Lilian's artful inquiries.

Now, the young woman had lofty ideas of man's mission and duty—was, theoretically, of the "learn to labor" school, and must have a hero of that order to worship. So she could now comfortably despise the lazy creatures who, with acknowledged talent, and the beginning of a career made, went back on his own steps at the first opportunity, and enrolled himself among the band of aimless masculines, who resemble the lilies of the valley, in that they "neither toil nor spin."

The next morning she started out on her parish duties, self-approving as is the way of human nature, when it succeeds in forcing itself into unpleasant work. But, in spite of her Sister-of-Charity *role*, she could not get out of her head the unworthy creature who had presumed to look coldly upon her, and had refused to admire—an entirely new experience in the life of the spoiled girl.

I may as well give the unsubmissive a name, for this Mr. Addison Fay never would go far from her thoughts, after that night at the opera, nor would he get out of her way. During the next fortnight, she met him everywhere she went; and his lazy, supercilious smile, at last irritated her to such a degree, that a very unladylike design to pull his ears was rampant in her undisciplined mind.

One day, at a musical matinee, he would be somewhere in sight of the piano, so that Lil could not do justice to Tennyson's "Break, break," one of her best efforts, because he looked bored; and I defy Nilsson herself to sing easily, exposed to the blighting influence of a bored expression. At another time, it would be in the middle of a duo of Thalberg's, that she intercepted the amused smile, and, in spite of her rage with herself, a crash would be the result, and Miss Lil covered with opprobrium by her partner in disgrace. Again, she walked down the Avenue with some favored mortal, in

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a short-tailed coat, and a broad-brimmed hat, talking with animation, and all her pleasure was spoiled by the sight of Mr. Fay, and his supercilious smile, that seemed to the annoyed girl to say, "You are rather pretty, but I think very silly! I see easily through all your coquettish wiles, and am safe from them!"

Have I a lady reader whose blood does not boil from sympathy with this politely-flouted young woman? For, be it remembered, the wretch had artfully avoided a presentation to her, often as they were thrown together.

Anything would be better than the existing state of affairs; and Lil was at last brought to the pass of asking a dowager friend, at whose house they met, to introduce him; and when the dowager captured, and bore him off toward the foiled Circe, he was forced to submit. Afraid his horrible penetration might have discovered that the presentation took place at her request, Lil, for once, was almost embarrassed, and more charming than ever, in consequence; indeed, for a space, she actually succeeded in banishing the bored look from Mr. Fay's face.

They were meeting every day, or night, and only a short time elapsed, before her perfect naturalness with him, in contradistinction to her "little ways" with others, had its inevitable and proper effect. Lil enjoyed a reward for all the humiliation his indifference, as to making her acquaintance, had caused her impatient soul during the past days. But there was even yet visible to her eyes, though not to those of lookers on, just that air of perfect safety from her fascinations, which roused all the wickedness that, I fear, given a suitable cause, can be wakened in better-regulated minds than that of wayward Lil Blanchard. She felt it her solemn duty—for the future safety of the rest of her sex—to vanquish this provoking knight, whose most potent weapon seemed to be his inimitable *sang froid*, and whose tactics were a marvelous display of "masterly inactivity."

Other men might rush to obey Lil's behests, beg for a seat by her side, the bliss of holding her bouquet; but Mr. Fay never entered the lists, only offered necessary civilities, and persisted in not being overjoyed with his privileges. She took to opposing him—acting in direct opposition to his most openly-expressed opinions. Mr. Fay, in her hearing, declared against the publicity of park pony-wagons for young ladies. Forthwith, Miss Lil distracted Blanchard *pere*, until he gave her a turn-out, and, before three days, she came to grief with the wicked little beasts, and had the mortification of seeing Mr. Fay spring off his horse, seize the ponies by the head, and turn them just in time to escape the bridge-rail, which threatened destruction to the frail basket.

While the groom rushed into a flutter of activity, Lil's lady companion indulged in a little shrieking, and the ponies stood looking as much ashamed as their mistress felt, Mr. Fay took off his hat, and said good-morning, put the reins in the groom's hands, and tersely and lazily advised that he should do the driving over the ladies' heads.

Then seeing that Lil and her friend were both a good deal upset, and very nervous, he proposed finding a hack to take them home; but Lil indignantly scouted the idea, ordered the groom to return her the reins, bestowed scant thanks on Mr. Fay, and made a movement to drive on. Mr. Fay bowed again, and went back to the spot where he had left his horse, never once looking toward them; but, as he moved off, Lil caught that vexatious smile of amusement, and fairly wished that she and her companion were giants, and the ponies mastedons, that they might ride down, and utterly annihilate this abominable wretch.

Henceforth, Lilian hated and feared her ponies, but would not give them up, lest Mr. Fay should suppose she had yielded to his openly-expressed disapproval. It was the same with everything else; he ran foul of her pet theories, and demolished them in a polite way, and she clung the closer to them, taking refuge in assertions and witticisms when arguments failed. It was new to her to be found fault with, and she told herself that she hated this man, because he presumed to do it; yet she was always rousing him into expressing disapproval of her opinions or actions, forcing it upon him, and then, when she scratched him metaphorically, he would not quarrel, only smile superior, and make her feel extremely youthful. Yet Miss Lil was perfectly aware, that, however much he disapproved, he admired her greatly, and the novelty of the combination kept up the interest in her eyes. Naturally, she would have died, rather than shape her conduct by his sovereign will; so they passed through several weeks, which held quite as much storm as sunshine.

But the time came, when Mr. Fay began to look grieved, instead of bored, at her vagaries; when, if she flirted with some married man, or committed other similar enormities, his dark eyes showed trouble, instead of contempt. Lil saw it, and knew that her victory was close at

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hand—knew it with far other feelings than those which had filled her heart at similar discoveries in other quarters. She was in an odd, restless state, which she could not understand, and it made her more restless to try; so she floated on in a pleasant dream, only rousing herself enough to provoke and try him, more and more, in hopes to see if any result would come of that uneasy light she so often saw in his face, during those latter days. She kept telling herself that she did not care for him or his opinions; he was a prig, in spite of his charming manners, and he never paid her a compliment.

Then she thought interrogatively—"never?" She recollected every conversation with a distinctness for which she could not account. She remembered brief words—quick looks; as, for instance, the night when a party of friends were discussing Mrs. Floyd, and her last exploits in the way of displeasing her husband, and transgressing *les convenances*. And Lil, who would always support the absent said, eagerly; "I don't suppose she thought any more than I do! I'm always doing something wrong, and I never find it out till somebody tells me; she's only impulsive."

She caught his answer, inaudible to the rest, and grew quite pink, and turned her head away, lest the roses on her face should be seen, when that deliberate voice replied softly, "*You* could not sin in *that* way."

It was a pity Fosdick, or any of the men who wasted their time paying her ordinary compliments, could not have watched her averted face—it might have taught them a lesson.

But the days went on, and the quarreling and arguing; and, at other times, the cheerful, honest talks, beguiled the pair into an intimacy, which would have been noticeable, only that they never could get through an evening without her being provoked into an effort to annoy him, by some outrageous bit of flirtation, with any man present, of whom she knew he must disapprove.

Yet Lil was aware some sort of crisis was coming nearer and nearer; she was so perplexed by her own contradictory emotions, that she could not tell what she wanted, or decide upon any line of conduct.

There had been peace between them for two days; he had spent a morning alone with her; they had ridden out—met at the opera after—met the next day by chance; and his words and manner were so unlike what they had ever been, that Lil could not help knowing what they portended. She would not question herself—would not try to account for the glow of pleasure at her heart, the new glory which seemed to have fallen upon her life.

That second evening they were both at Mrs. Hill's reception, and Lil enjoyed the charm of his society until some imp of the perverse whispered to her that he was taking things too easily, too much for granted. Satan entered her at once; she cast about her some abominable provocation, and just then Leonard Phillips entered the room—a man who had no business to enter any decent house; only he was so great a power in Wall street, that few people dared treat him as he deserved.

Lil astonished him by a cordial greeting, and Fay's look made her persevere. The set invited was a rather crazy one, and the more intimate members were privately warned to remain to supper. It was Lil's crowning night of folly, and she surpassed herself. Fay's absolute indifference drove her nearly frantic, and there was scarcely an opinion she had ever heard him express, in respect to women, which she did not manage to transgress.

As they rose from the table, she found him at her side.

"I have a favor to ask," he said.

"Yes?" she returned, indifferently, "I thought you never were guilty of the weakness."

"Oh, I am always willing to oblige myself," he said, cooly.

"And expect everybody else to be," she replied, rather more sharply than was desirable.

He paid no attention—he had on his most indifferent, impenetrable look.

"I had asked you to ride to-morrow——"

"I really cannot go," she interrupted, quick as a flash. "I had forgotten all about it, and so made an engagement, which I can't possibly break."

"That puts me out of my difficulty," he said, with a cheerfulness which made her so angry her head swam. "Now all I have to do is to bid you good-by, and wish you a pleasant spring. I leave town to-morrow morning."

"Ah! Well, *bon voyage*, wherever you may be going."

"To Boston first."

"Accept my profound commiseration," said she, with a little shiver.

"Boston is my home," he answered, gravely.

"I don't blame you," cried Lil; "I am only sorry for you."

He repeated his farewells, and held out his hand—the rest of the people had drifted off into the saloon; they were quite alone.

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"Will you say good-by?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she said, pleasantly; "but I never do shake hands—it it so very bourgeoise. Excuse me; I promised to sing—adieu."

She executed the most graceful, impertinent little curtsy, and ran away.

Fay did not appear in the drawing-room; an hour after Lil was at home, safe in her own room, and knew that he had left her forever.

Two weeks passed. Lil plunged recklessly into every sort of gayety, leaving herself very little time to think. She told herself that there was nothing the matter, and that she was rather relieved than otherwise, by the absence of that cold-blooded cynic. What, her sleeplessness, her intolerable weariness meant, she seldom allowed her heart to ask. She knew, at the bottom, that she was wretched; but took as much pains to lie to her own consciousness, as if she were seeking to deceive somebody else.

A few weeks later, the order was issued from head-quarters, for a move to their place on Staten Island. Pussy Brent accompanied them, and, the day after their arrival, rashly accepted Lil's proposal to drive out in her basket-carriage.

The ponies took fright on the Terrace road, and, although Lilian, by this time, managed the little beasts tolerably, a short corner deposited the unwary groom in a mud-lake by the roadside, thereby adding tenfold to the ponies' fright. An approaching tandem, ill driven by some amateur whip, set them utterly mad, and finished the business in a breathless space. They swerved aside so violently, that the little trap turned upside down in the ditch, and the ponies, disembarrassed of all incumbrance but the harness, started off at a gallop, which nobody had leisure to check.

The groom and the tandem-driver lifted the two ladies up insensible. It was discovered that Miss Brent had received only a severe sprain, and numerous bruises; but Lil had struck the back of her head on a stone, causing, it was feared, concussion of the brain.

She was taken home, and lay for days in a stupor, and, for weeks after, almost as quiet. Every noise, indeed every thought, was kept from her; and it seemed difficult to keep her alive, so dangerous did it prove to disturb the apathetic stillness in which she lay.

Time and skill seemed to bring trifling improvement to Lilian's state, though she wasted little, only looking more fair and spiritual; more like the flower whose name her father always gave her. The most difficult symptom to treat was a convulsive tendency, which the least excitement brought on; and the physicians began to despair of her gaining strength, while fearing to employ the remedies, or make the changes which appeared the sole hope of giving it to her.

Spring passed into early summer, and one morning poor Lilian lay back on her white pillows, herself as white, looking dreamily out on the green fields, and, perhaps, absently listening to the murmur of voices from the next room, where the recovered Pussy sat with Mrs. Blanchard, idly discussing a new novel, which they were reading aloud by turns.

Suddenly, Mrs. Talbot, who had come down on a visit, rushed in upon them, with newspapers in her hand, too much startled to notice that the door into Lilian's room was half open.

"Have you heard of the accident to the Fall River boat?" she asked, eagerly. "I'm so afraid my cousins, the Langs, were on board. Lost her rudder, I think it was—at all events she became unmanageable; and then a fire broke out, and it was only her drifting into Huntington Bay that saved any of the passengers Most had gone overboard, in their fright, or stifled by the smoke. The passengers' names have been sent on by telegraph; but it's not yet ascertained how many are lost."

Mrs. Talbot ended her monologue, and threw herself, on the verge of hysterics, into an easy chair, while Mrs. Blanchard sat silent with horror; and Pussy Brent, seizing the journals, began to read the list of passengers in an audible voice. She read one name, near the close—that of Addison Fay; but it passed without comment, in the distress elicited from the three, by the certainty, that not only the Lang's, but numerous other friends, had been on board.

Nobody remembered the open door; nobody thought about Lilian, for her mother and Pussy had often remarked, that she never appeared conscious of any conversation going on in the next room. Presently, Mrs. Talbot asked how she was that morning—the inquiry made Mrs. Blanchard hurry into the apartment, to be certain that their unusually animated talk had not disturbed the sick girl.

A broken cry from the wretched mother brought Miss Brent and their visitor to the bedside.

Lilian had slipped from the pillows, which had been piled back of her shoulders; her head lay against the carved edge of the bedstead, her long, golden hair streaming to the floor, her eyes closed—a fearful blue pallor upon her face. It only needed one glance to read the truth—she was dead! There was a second shriek from Mrs. Blanchard, then a

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merciful insensibility seized her, and she fell to the floor, almost as cold and white as the still figure on the bed.

The household was alarmed—the doctors summoned; there was much consultation—theory after theory; but the decision could only be that some sudden shock had produced the effect, the physicians feared from the first, and caused an instantaneous and painless death.

After a time, the weary, worn look passed from poor Lilian's face; and, though she could not be paler, there were none of the distressing signs of death visible, which so often force us to hurry our dead into the grave. Loving hands arrayed her for her final rest, and she was left there, on the maiden couch, which, in the happy old days, had brought her such pleasant dreams, calm and peaceful, as if disease had left her, and she had fallen into the peaceful slumber which precedes recovery.

Late on the evening of the day following Lilian's death, a gentleman came up the road from the landing, and entered the grounds of the villa. He walked slowly round the drive that led to the front of the house—hesitated a moment, then, catching sight, in the moonlight, of Mr. Blanchard, pacing up and down among the shrubberies, turned and joined him. It was Addison Fay.

There was a warm hand-clasp, and a few broken words between the two, for Fay had been on more intimate terms with Mr. Blanchard, than is usual between men so unequal in age.

Presently, Pussy Brent came out to summon her uncle in for his coffee, and he insisted on Fay's entering the house. Miss Brent noticed Fay's depression of manner, and she had never before seen him so fearfully pale. After awile, Mr. Blanchard was called away by a message from his wife, and as he would not permit Fay to take his leave, Puss sat there to entertain him during her uncle's absence.

Fay fell into a silence, which became so painful to the girl, in her excitement of grief, that she could not endure it.

She began to speak of his recent danger; to ask questions; and, finally, to tell of the shock which the news must have been to Lilian, in the weakened and diseased state of her nerves. In answer to his hasty inquiries, she told, with uncontrollable sobs, of the conversation which had thoughtlessly taken place, in the sick girl's hearing, and of the belief among the doctors, that the horror of hearing of the disaster, had cost Lilian her frail life. This was not known to Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard, Pussy told him, too full of her own grief to notice the effect her words had produced. He even managed to speak kindly and soothingly to her, and presently she grew more calm. For her aunt's sake she had been obliged to exercise unnatural self-control, and this outbreak, in the full assurance of meeting his sympathy, did her good. She added, that she could not tell why Lily should have felt so terribly the shock of the news. She begged him to make her feel that, at least, she ought not to blame herself for having failed to remember the open door.

At last, she said, this foolish, tender-hearted, blind creature, perfectly ignorant of the horrible agony she had been inflicting on him,

"Shall I let you see how happy she looks? You used to like her at least. No one could see her now without loving her! Do come!"

Still he controlled himself. He allowed her to take his hand, and lead him up stairs into the upper hall. She left him standing alone there for a moment, with the ghostly moonlight shining in through the casement at the end of the corridor—a horrible moment, which was like eternity, in that it united the past and future with the agony of the present.

Having seen that there was no one in the death-chamber, Miss Brent came back to where he stood, and conducted him into Lilian's room. They stood together before the bed, where lay all that was mortal of beautiful Lil Blanchard. The slender form, the pure, sweet face, the folded hands, the girlish grace of the attitude —Oh, God! how could it be death!

"Oh, Lily! Lily!" sobbed poor Pussy Brent!

And then she felt the hand which held hers gripe it hard, cold as that of the dead girl on whom they gazed. She cast a timid glance at his face, revealed in the dim light, and at last she read the truth, which she had been too blind in her self-absorption to penetrate before. She dropped his hand, and, with one long, shuddering sob, ran out of the room.

Addison Fay sank on his knees by the bed; his strength was gone; he could no longer support the semblance of composure, if there had been need; but he was alone, alone with his dead! The horrible gasps of anguish, which had no tears, burst from his lips. He held fast to the pale, delicate hand, as if it were the only anchor that steadied his mind. Lily had conquered in death the only human being who ever sought to resist her.

There are no words in which to picture the agony of a vigil like his. God forbid that I should try.

At last Miss Brent was forced to return, lest others should intrude upon his grief. The

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sound of his sobs had reached her, as she stood without the door, and tore her heart with new pain She understood now much that had been inexplicable in Lilian's conduct, during the past months; she knew that they had loved each other, whatever the cause which separated them.

He lifted his head, when she spoke, staring strangely at her, with his lustreless eyes; but, at length, comprehended that she wished him to go—to leave Lily.

He rose to his feet. There was something in his face that made Puss absolutely afraid. He motioned her back—she could not but obey. Before she could expostulate, if she had wished, he lifted Lily's form in his arms, gathered her close to his breast, kissed her perfect mouth, her golden hair, her blue-veined wrists.

He held her pressed close to him, and his set lips uttered, brokenly, a piteous prayer for herself and him, that he might go with her, that she might summon him as he stood—oh, no matter what; the madness, the horrible suffering, finding vent in words, which only too many can imagine!

Miss Brent turned away her face; it seemed sacrilege to watch, to listen then. The fear that others might intrude, recalled her to herself. She put her kind, compelling hand on his shoulder, and thus sought to remind him, and help him back to the needful self-control. He understood; he laid his lovely burden back on the bed, and turned to go. He stopped, bent over the couch again, kissed the two white hands, and, for the last time, his lips sought hers. still life-like in their faint tinge of color.

Suddenly, with a dreadful groan, he cried,

"She's not dead—not dead! Thank God! She lives—she lives!"

Miss Brent's first thought was that he had gone mad. She started forward to thrust him away from the bed. As she did so, she caught his voice again.

"Her head—she moves her head!"

She followed his hand; she saw the golden-tressed head move slightly; the lips parted; with one cry, that roused the household, she fell prostrate on the floor.

It was true; Lily was not dead! She lived; her lover's magnetic influence had broken the trance which had locked her senses, and she lived, hovering long between life and death, only, as she said afterward, coming back because it was so sweet to love and be loved.

From her after declaration, it appeared that she had been at times partially conscious; but incapable of appreciating the horror of her situation. She confessed, months later, that the first moment of entire consciousness, was when Fay committed his unwarrantable liberty.

THE EMIGRANT'S SONG.

BY A. F. ADAMS.

The brown leaves are falling, from hill-top and plain;
While the forests are clothed with a yellowish hue;
And we look for the green dress of Summer in vain,
And sigh sadly then for the soft skies of blue.

But now, as we gaze on the Summer's young grave,
We think of the home-land, far over the sea;
Where the holly and hawthorn their branches still wave;
Where the tiny brook trickles beneath the green tree.

And the moss-covered cottage beneath their green shade,
With its smoke curling upward toward the blue Heaven;
And the grass-covered hills, where the sunlight doth fade,
And mingle its rays with the shadows of even.

In fancy's swift pinions we cross the blue sea,
And visit again the loved home of our birth;
For that from the rude storms of winter is free,
As no frost ever visits that sweet spot of earth.

A PICTURE.

BY LOTTIE K. SMITH.

Two childish feet, gently pressing the grass,
Two little copper toes, polished and bright,
Serving as mirror to the flowers they pass;
Two sunny eyes full of laughter and light.

A rose-budded mouth, that was made to be kissed;
Gold-tinted hair clustering softly and sweet
Round the white brow in a gold-tinted mist;
Such is the picture my fancies meet.

Gayest of blossoms, around there be,
Daisies and clover-blooms, fairest of flowers;
But the fairest of all, it seems to me,
Is the child-blossom, fresh from the garden hours.

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THE MILLER'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

THE summer afternoon waned at last; the flaming sun declined toward the horizon; and a cool, soft breeze, inexpressibly delightful, after the heats of the day, began to blow.

Since early dawn Lizzy Dupont had been toiling at her needle, but now she threw down her work, and leaving the old mill, stood on the rude plank that crossed the mill-race, and looked eagerly over the fields.

"Oh! where can Dossy be?" she cried. "That dreadful interest, which must be got ready by Saturday, has made me forget her. I ought not to have listened to grandpa. I am sure something has happened to her. She never was away so long before. I shall never forgive myself. What, what," she cried, suddenly clasping her hands, "if she should be drowned?"

Lizzie Dupont had not always been a resident at the old mill, dependent on her needle for support. She had once been, and that not so long ago, the petted daughter of a merchant prince in New York. But her father had failed, and died soon after of a broken heart; and Lizzie would have starved, if it had not been for her maternal grandfather. "Come to me," he had written, "I am old and poor; but we will share our crust together: if you have grown up to look like your dear mother, you will be the apple of my eye." So Lizzie, ignored by her father's rich relations, had found refuge in this secluded spot.

Refuge and peace, but hardly happiness. In the days of her prosperity, she had become acquainted with a young Englishman, the son of a titled family, and had plighted her troth to him. Just before her father's failure, Ross Devereaux had sailed for England, intending, within six months, to return and claim his bride. But from that day to this, Lizzie had never heard a word about him.

At first she thought her letters had miscarried, and in the faith and trust of her young heart had continued writing. But, at last, and after discovering the heartlessness of her father's relatives, she began to believe that even Ross might be selfish also. "I am poor now, and he deserts me," she said. "God help me! But it is, I suppose, the way of the world."

Lately a new trouble had come upon her. Her grandfather had been failing all winter, so that a man had to be hired to work the mill, and this had brought them into debt. Already there was a mortgage on the mill, for the grandfather had never been a prosperous man, and now the interest had fallen in arrears for nearly a twelvemonth. The holder of the mortgage was a cruel, avaricious man. He had often threatened to turn out the little family, if his interest was not paid; and two weeks before, he had served a written notice, that if the arrears were not forthcoming by the next Saturday, he would be as good as his word. Every day, since, Lizzy had risen by candlelight, and worked till bedtime. "If I can only get this embroidery done for Mrs. Watson," she said, "by that dreadful day, I may raise part of the money at least, and perhaps then he will wait for the rest."

But, this afternoon, a new and greater trouble had come. Dossy, her little pet sister, had been missing all day. The child often spent the mornings playing in the woods, but invariably returned to the noontide meal. On this occasion, however, she did not make her appearance. Lizzy was alarmed, and would have gone to seek her; but the grandfather took it more coolly: "She has stopped at some of the neighbors," he said, "she will be home for supper: don't fret, dear." Lizzy, thinking of the coming Saturday, had allowed herself to be persuaded that all was right, and had gone back to her work. But, as the afternoon wore on, and no Dossy came, she grew seriously alarmed. At last, throwing down her needle, she came out, as we have seen.

"Oh, Dossy, Dossy!" she cried, when she had scrutinized the landscape vainly in every direction, "where are you? If God will only spare you, dear—if he will give you back to us alive—I will never repine again at anything."

But where was Dossy? Was she really lost?

To explain this, we must go back to the afternoon before, and look at Dossy, as she sat in the old-fashioned garden, swaying to and fro in a grape-vine swing, puzzling over the troubles of the family. She was watching a bob-o-link, that sung in the heart of a lilac-bush, and talking to herself the while.

"What a nasty, ugly old man that landlord

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is," she said; "and he made poor Lizzy cry so, the other day, when he was here. He says he'll drive us from our home. Why, then," with sudden consciousness, "we'll have no place to live in, and I shall never hear you sing, birdie, nor have my flowers, nor my kittens. Oh, me! Oh, me!"

She sobbed a little, then shook off her April tears, and then fell to thinking in earnest. If they only had some money. What if she could get some? She puckered her brows into a frown. Just then, some market carts rolled by, laden with produce, on their way to the neighboring little town. On the front seat of one sat an old woman, with a basket of flowers on her knees. A sudden thought flashed on Dossy, and the puckered little brow cleared up. Why couldn't she sell flowers? Her garden was full of them, especially of pansies, such pansies as were not often seen.

She jumped from the swing so quickly that she landed headforemost in the grasses below. But, nothing daunted, she regained her feet, and began plucking off the golden-hearted pansies and English daises by handfuls. She would do it; yes indeed she would, and make ever so much money; and they wouldn't have to leave the mill, and grandpa and sissie wouldn't cry ary more. She fell to work, arranging her bouquets for the morrow, her eyes fairly dancing with delight. She put them together quite tastefully, and by the time the summer moon stood over the pines, she had a long row set up, amid the evergreens, that the dews might keep them fresh. In the morning, as soon as breakfast was over, she would set off.

Dear, innocent Dossy! she had not the lest doubt but that she would succeed, and she slept but little that night in her excitement. Over and over she rose from her little bed, and stole on tip-toe to the window to look down on her treasures.

The morrow dawned cloudlessly. Breakfast over, Dossy ran down to the garden, crammed her posies into Lizzy's market-basket, and taking it on her chubby arm, trudged away, fortunately unnoticed. On she sped, past the long, long lines of fences, and down into the very heart of the town. Her cheeks were crimson, her breath came in gasps, she almost stumbled from fatigue; but at last she reached the market-place, and stopped in a little corner, where the shadows fell cool, and where an old blind woman was selling laces. Here, feeling a sense of safety and companionship, from the presence of the old blind creature, she sat down and began with deft hands to arrange her posies in front of her. What a picture she made, in her white frock, with its short, puffed sleeves, her eyes ablaze, her amber ringlets blown about by the morning breeze, framed, as it were, by a border of yellow daisies and golden-hearted pansies. At the silvery call of her sweet, bird-voice, piping, "who'll buy my pansies," one and another pedestrian looked back, a few smiled, and some stopped and purchased. Presently a farmer, who had just such a little one at home, bought one of her nosegays, and paid for it with half a dollar. Dossy was in raptures. Then another gentleman came along, this time a comparatively young one, but tall and dark, and with a bronzed face.

"Won't you buy a bunch of pansies, sir, please?" said little Dossy.

The stranger, who had not noticed her before, stopped, and looked for the little, piping voice.

"Please, sir," said Dossy, holding up a posy. "Only twenty-five cents."

The young man flashed a keen glance at Dossy, and drew near, smiling.

"To be sure I will," he said, pleasantly, "if only for the sake of your bright eyes. Twenty-five cents, you said, I think," and he drew out his purse.

"Yes," said Dossy, apologetically, imagining he thought the price too high. "You see I have to ask a good deal," and she shook her curly head with a grave, important air, "for Lizzy must have the money by Saturday, or we shall be turned out of our pretty home." As she finished, she tendered to her auditor the prettiest of her posies, which she had just selected for him out of her store.

The stranger, all this time, had been looking curiously at her. The color went and came on his face, his lips trembled, and he showed other signs of emotion.

"Tell me," he cried, earnestly, "my dear, what is your name?"

He drew close to Dossy as he spoke, and seemed to be looking in her face, as if for some half-remembered, or half-fancied likeness.

"Dossy," she answered. "Dossy Dupont."

His answer was to catch her in his arms, and kiss her again and again, his voice trembling with excitement, as he cried, "Dossy! My little pet Dossy, don't you know who I am?"

But Dossy struggled from his embrace, smoothed her curls, and answered haughtily,

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"I asked you to buy my pansies, sir, and not to kiss me."

The stranger broke into a joyous laugh. "And I will buy them," he replied, "every one of them. But don't you really know me, Dossy? I am Ross Devereaux. Why, you have sat on my knee many and many a time."

Dossy, at this, stared at him curiously. Then she uttered a gleeful little shout, and sprang into his arms.

"Oh! I know," she cried, "I remember you. Won't Lizzy be glad? Won't she stop crying now?"

Ross Devereaux's swart cheek crimsoned. "Take me to your home," he said, "to your sister: is she here?"

"No," answered Dossy, "we live at grandpa's, at the old mill, out of town, you know."

"Let us go at once, then. No need to sell pansies any longer," cried Ross Devereaux, eagerly, setting the child on her feet.

Lizzy Dupont stood, as we have said, gazing across the meadows, heart-broken about Dossy's prolonged absence. Suddenly two figures appeared, emerging from the woods beyond, in the direction of the town. She gave a great cry of joy, for one was certainly Dossy. But who was the other? Who was the tall, handsome man, who held Dossy by the hand? Could it be—no, it was impossible—and yet——

At this moment, while she was still uncertain; while her heart leaped into her throat, and then stopped beating; while she felt dizzy, and about to fall, and had to clutch at the railing, Dossy's companion, dropping the child's hand, darted forward, for he had recognized Lizzy, and came hurrying over the meadow, waving his hat. He reached the stile, was over it in a bound, and the next instant was at Lizzy's side

"Thank God I have found you at last!" he cried, clasping her sinking form. "Poor, timid darling! Did you think I had deserted you?"

What Lizzy would have replied, if anything, we do not know; but he gave her no chance: hurriedly, as if life and death depended on it, he went on to tell his story.

"Not one of your letters ever came to hand," he said. "They were intercepted, as I discovered at last. I wouldn't mention how, under other circumstances; but you, at least, ought to know the whole truth. The fact is, darling, that, while my parents were eager to welcome you as a daughter, I had a cousin, an ambitious girl, who had always lived with us, and who, it seems, wished to marry me, not, of course," he said, quickly, "that she loved me, but merely to secure the title and position. Well, to make a long story short, she bribed the post-mistress at the village to give her your letters, so that I never heard a word from you, or about you, till, at last, in despair, I came over, before I intended, to solve the mystery——"

"Came over?" said Lizzy, faintly, and guiltily, conscious how she had misjudged him.

"To be sure," repeated Ross Devereaux, frankly. "Ah! little skeptic, you doubted me, did you?"

"Indeed, indeed——" began Lizzy.

But he stopped her with a kiss.

"Then it was," he went on, "that I heard, for the first time, of your father's death. But no one could give me any information of your whereabouts. I did not know your relations in New York, but I found out their names, but it was some time, and one was at Newport, and another at Saratoga, and a third at the Virginia Springs. Before I could do anything, came the news of my father's sudden death, and a summons home, for I am, you know, his heir as to both the title and estates. When I had been at Devereaux Hall for a week or so, the post-mistress came up, trembling and penitent, for I was now Sir Ross, and she had discovered, by this time, that my cousin was not to be Lady Devereaux. Then the vile plot was revealed. Darling, ever since, I have been wild to discover you. I hurried up my business, and left England at once. But for a long time I was foiled. Your city cousins, on whom I had relied, could not tell me where you had gone. All they knew, and they told it with evident confusion, was that your mother's father had sent for you, and that he lived in this State, and they thought in this part of it. So I have visited every square mile of this, and four other counties, and only lighted on Dossy, by accident, to-day. I didn't even know your grandfather's name."

There was much more to tell, details with which we will not tire the reader, eager questions and as eager replies. Lizzy could hardly credit her happiness. Dossy danced around, shouting in glee.

If you ever visit England, and should ever go to the neighborhood of Devereaux Hall, you will hear everybody talking of the beautiful Lady Devereaux, whom Sir Ross brought home from America. Should you see her, you will recognize, as we did, in the gracious matron, the MILLER'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

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THE REIGNING BELLE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 147.

CHAPTER XV.

THEY stood under the shade of a tall acasia tree, starred with soft, yellow blossoms, that rose out of a little jungle of tropical plants in one end of the conservatory. Around them was the soft glow of moonlight, literally shed from alabaster lamps. From the distance came subdued bursts of music, and close by a fountain sent its diamond drops through the neighboring blossoms, and its bell-like tinkle rung upon their ears with a pleasant monotony.

Of all places on earth, this was the brightest for a meeting of lovers. But these two persons had gray hairs upon their temples, and a look of such unutterable pain in their faces, that all this perfume, and the musical fall of water-drops, seemed but a mockery of something that had been.

"You wished to speak with me?" said Herman Ross, in a low, sad voice. "I think we are alone here."

"Yes, Herman!"

The man started. Something in the tone of Mrs. Lambert's voice, as she uttered the name, sent a pang through his whole system. Still he seemed calm, and his voice changed but little when he spoke again.

"Is there anything you wish to tell me?"

Ross asked this question earnestly, and his eyes dwelt on the troubled face of the woman with almost imploring earnestness.

"Anything I wish to tell?" repeated the lady, with a startled look. "What could I have, that you do not already know? I—I wished rather to ask a question?"

"Well, I am here, and have nothing to conceal."

"Ah! how coldly you speak, Herman!"

"How else should I speak, Mrs. Lambert?"

"I do not know—I ought not to care; but I do—I do!"

The woman spoke with anguish; she did not weep, but there was something more thrilling than tears in her voice.

"There was a time when I believed you," said Ross.

"That was when I had a right to ask. Then you would have believed me against the world."

"Yes, I would have believed you against the whole world."

"But now——"

"Now I believe nothing, without proof."

"But I will believe you, asking no better proof than your bare word."

"In what?"

The woman hesitated. In her first passion she had thought it an easy thing to question him; but his chilling calm daunted her.

"Herman, tell me; and, oh! let it be truth! Do you love that girl?"

The woman clasped her hands, and wrung them together as she spoke. Ross looked at her a moment in grave silence.

"I suppose you mean Miss Laurence."

"Yes, I mean her!"

"You ask if I love her?"

"Yes, yes! Oh, tell me!"

Ross paused a moment, but did not remove his eyes from the woman's face.

"Will you never speak?" she cried, passionately.

"You ask if I love this girl, and I answer. Is there any reason against it?"

"You do! You do! And almost confess it to me?"

"To you, above all other persons, I deny any right to question me."

"Right! I have no rights; only it would be merciful if you would set my mind at rest."

"But I do not wish to answer."

"Oh, God help me! This is hard!" cried the woman, looking wildly around, as if a power of help lay in the beautiful shrubs.

"Is this conscience?" said Ross, bending his eyes sternly upon her.

"Conscience! Conscience!"

"Madam, once for all, if you have anything to confess——"

"To confess!"

Mrs. Lambert's face was white as snow; her lips grew cold, and her voice failed.

"Confess, or confide. I am willing to use

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the softer term," answered Ross, touched, in spite of himself, by those contracted features.

"But I have nothing to confess, or confide—nothing!"

Ross turned away, literally disappointed. Something he had evidently hoped to learn from the lady, which she either did not understand, or purposely avoided.

"I ask you a question, vital to us both, and you refuse to answer," said the lady, still clasping her hands, where the jewels shone, and cut into the tender flesh unnoticed, in her agony of impatience.

"First," said Ross, sternly, "I will ask you a question."

"Then, you will answer mine? Ask it! Ask it!" cried the lady.

Ross gave a glance around, as if fearing that they were not quite alone, then he took the woman's two hands in his, drew her, not unwillingly, toward him, and whispered a few words. She uttered a low cry, loosing her hands from his clasp, and stood mute and pale, gazing on him with a wild gleam in her eyes, that shone like madness.

"Are you mad, or am I?" she exclaimed at last, pressing both trembling hands on her bosom.

"The time of madness for me has long since passed," said Ross; "but you have not answered my question."

"Answered your question! No, then! No, no! A thousand times no! I—I——"

Here the lady fell to trembling violently; for there was a look of unbelief in the man's face, that struck her to the heart, and he turned to leave her in silence. Then the old idea shot through her brain, and she approached him closer.

"I have answered you. Now answer me. Do you love this girl, Eva Laurance!"

"Yes!"

Ross spoke in a low, distinct voice, which scarcely rose above the fall of water-drops in the fountain; but it seemed to fill the whole conservatory. The flowers, the water, and the moon-like lamps, had heard it with herself, and seemed to rejoice over it—triumph over her. The last hope went out from her heart then, and she believed herself to be dying.

CHAPTER XVI.

A HANDSOMER couple than Ivan Lambert and Eva Laurence never measured perfect happiness to music. Tall, graceful, thrilled with a glow of unspoken love, they fairly floated through the ball-room, which was soon crowded with a circle of curious admirers.

The beauty of this unknown girl had created a wide sensation among Mr. Carter's guests—a sensation intensified by the hints and jeers flung out by Miss Spicer, who felt herself relieved of a rival, and, next to conquest, loved that species of piquant gossip that approaches a scandal. That young lady had been busy as a humming-bird, in a wild trumpet voice, circulating all that she knew of Eva Laurence—her origin, her occupation, and her engagement to the greatest genius just then in fashion; and all this time Eva, unconscious of the general interest, was dancing more than was proper for a betrothed young lady with Ivan Lambert.

Who was this girl? Was she really engaged? Had she, in fact, on her very first appearance, enthralled the two men most sought after in fashionable circles? A shop-girl, with that air of grace and refinement? Impossible! That, at least, must be one of Miss Spicer's canards. Why, in every respect, this girl had all the qualifications of a Reigning Belle.

These were only a few of the whispered comments that went around the circle, as these young people moved harmoniously among the dancers, unconcious of the general attention bestowed upon them.

In the pauses of the dance, Ivan noticed the cluster of flowers that bloomed upon his partner's bosom. Eva blushed when she saw where his eyes were directed.

"You accepted them," he said, with a smile, "without knowing how many wild thoughts were bound up with the blossoms. Had you dreamed of them, I fear they would not have rested on that bosom now."

Eva looked down at her flowers, that rose and fell suddenly, as if they had been cast on the snowy crest of a wave, then she lifted her eyes to his—a single glance, and the white lids drooped again.

Ivan smiled, and his eyes flashed. He required no better answer than that one look. His arm stole around her waist again. Now the thrill of assured sympathy lent them wings. No two birds in mid heaven were ever more alone, or gave themselves up so entirely to the grace of motion. They seemed literally floating on the music.

When the band stopped, Eva drew a deep, deep sigh—the abrupt silence dragged her out of heaven so suddenly.

Earlier in the evening Ivan had seen the glow of flowers, amid softly-shaded lamps, in

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a vista, from the great drawing-room, and led Eva gently that way. As for the girl, the whole scene was fairy-land to her, and all places alike, while he was by her side. She was quite unconscious of the admiration, the gossip, and conjectures that followed her, as she was led through the crowd; equally unmindful of the vast social distance which lay between her position, and that of the young man, whose attentions had drawn all eyes upon her.

Adam never led Eve into a lovelier nook of Paradise, than the little world of flowers, in which the girl at last found herself. Everything was quiet there, even the soft tinkle and low, mellow sound of water-drops, as they rained over the marble floor, and pattered on the broad-leaved plants that floated on the fountain.

The two stood together in silence. The sound of a voice, even in its lowest love-tones, would have broken up the exquisite harmony of the place. Her hand lay upon his arm; he took it gently in his own, and held it tenderly, as if it had been a flower, and looked into her downcast face, which had been etherealized in the lamp-light.

"Eva!"

His voice was low and deep, scarcely rising above the sweet noise of the fountain.

Eva looked up suddenly; then her eyes fell to the marble floor, where the red petals of an over-ripe rose had dropped, like rubies.

"Eva, can you imagine—have you ever dreamed how much I love you?"

Her hand trembled in his. She caught one of the red rose-leaves, as it was quivering downward, and dropped it again, with a sigh of infinite happiness. Another leaf lodged upon her lip, and for an instant, trembled there, scarcely redder or sweeter than the mouth it touched. Ivan stooped down, and with his lips gathered the leaf from hers. She made no resistance; but drew closer to him, and the clasp of her fingers grew warm and tender.

"One word, Eva; only one. May I love you?"

She lifted her eyes to his. The light of a star seemed quivering in them.

"How can you ask me? Have I not permitted it already?"

The young man drew her gently to his bosom, and laid his cheek to hers, as doves creep together in a nest.

"And you love me?"

"A thousand times better than myself," she answered.

"And some day, not long from this, you will be my wife?"

His wife. She had not thought of that. It had been enough that he loved her, and she loved him. Now an idea of the future crept into her happiness, and she remembered how far they two were apart. His wife! The holy word thrilled her from head to foot with unutterable bliss, mingled with apprehension.

"Ah!" she said, "what a strange, sweet word it is. How much it means; how impossible that I should bear it."

"It is the sweetest possibility on earth, my Eva; one that I have had in my heart of hearts since we first met."

"How strange," murmured the girl. "But you are so fearless. I never dared look so far."

"But now, my girl, now!"

Ivan threw his arms around her drooping figure, and kissed her with passionate warmth.

A woman had been lying insensible back of a little jungle of broad-leaved tropical plants, out of which a slender acasia rose to the glass roof. The coldness of the marble, and some stray drops that reached her from the fountain, brought her back to life, when she heard the low murmur of voices close by, and arose to leave the conservatory. The place where Ivan and Eva stood was sheltered from sight by the plants that concealed her; but through the leaves she saw the girl's face, bathed in blushes, as it escaped from the first kisses of love—and the look of intense happiness that flushed it, stung her to the soul. One man alone was in her thoughts, and his supposed presence there, while she lay stricken lifeless, by the cruel truth he had told her, was maddening.

A stir among the plants drew Eva's attention that way. She saw a pair of white arms flung upward, on which great jewels flashed in the moonlight of the lamps, and shrunk away from Ivan, passing to the other side of the fountain, startled and ashamed.

Before Ivan could speak or follow her, Mrs. Lambert rushed by the fountain, and, seizing Eva by the arm, looked fiercely into her face.

"Never, never, while you and I live, shall you marry that man! Girl, remember that I have warned you! Speak to him—look at him again at your peril! Some things are impossible—this is one. Turn those eyes from my face—never dare to look at me again."

Like a storm, the woman had burst upon Eva; her face was as white as snow; her colorless lips trembled. The diamonds quivering with fire on her throat and head, were less brilliant than her wild, fierce eyes. Before Eva could speak, or Ivan move, she had swept out of the conservatory, without casting a look on the young man.

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"It—it is your mother!" said Eva, as Ivan came toward her; so astonished by this outburst in a woman whose self-control had been so perfect all the years he had known her, that surprise had kept him motionless.

"Yes," he said, "it is my mother; but so changed, so fearfully transfigured, that I scarcely recognized her. She seemed to threaten you."

"She did threaten me; her eyes were fierce with hate. What have I done, that she should assail me so?"

"What have the angels done? I do not understand this, Eva. It is unlike Mrs. Lambert, who is usually so proud and cold, scarcely deigning to express her own wishes."

"She heard all that we said, and it drove her wild. Oh, her face was terrible!"

"I scarcely knew it. If she heard all, it was the suddenness that overwhelmed her. But she is generous. When you are my wife——"

"Ah!" said Eva, drawing away from him. How is it possible? I have no right here.

"Why have you no right, Eva?"

"The poor have no rights in a place like this," answered the girl, looking wildly around. "I have been dreaming!"

"It will be your fault, and my eternal misfortune, if this dream does not last for life," said Ivan.

Eva shook her head. Her brief trance of happiness was broken up.

"But I will have it so," persisted Ivan, passionately. "On all the earth there is not another woman who shall be my wife."

"Let us go now," answered Eva, sadly. "Your mother will be watching. I should have remembered her look, when she first saw me in this place."

"But for that I might not have said here and now, that no man living ever loved a woman as I love you," said Ivan.

Eva lifted her eyes; they were full of tears.

"I shall never forget that you wished to atone for her injustice."

"Atone! Girl, I love you, devotedly, madly. She knows it. I have told her so. And you love me."

Eva dashed the tears from her eyes.

"Yes, I love you so well that nothing shall induce me to degrade you, by an unsuitable or unauthorized marriage. Your mother——"

"My mother is dead long ago! This lady was my father's wife; kind and generous as any real mother could be, till now. I have never wished to dispute her authority; but here it must end!"

"To that, no act of mine shall tempt you," said Eva. "I see now how vain and unwise it was to accept this invitation."

"Oh, Eva, how wild and unkind all this is! A moment ago I was supremely happy. Now the violence of a lady, who has, in fact, no authority over us, is enough to turn you against me."

"No," said Eva, "if she had not aroused me with such cruel violence, it must have come to the same thing. I have no part in this scene, no place among the more fortunate women who grace it."

"But you have a place in my heart, Eva."

"I know it; but that is a misfortune which I have brought upon you."

"A misfortune! It is my glory. Understand me, Eva. From this night, you are my betrothed wife. Nothing shall separate us; no, not even your own proud will."

Eva smiled, but the smile was more pathetic than tears.

"Ah, if my will were all!"

"That, going with me, girl, no power on earth shall reach us."

His courage and his ardor failed to inspire her. She had been cruelly wounded, and the pride she was scarcely conscious of, armed her against him.

"Let us go now," she said, preparing to leave the conservatory.

"Not till you have promised; not till your dear lips have once answered mine," he replied, straining her to his bosom again, spite of her breathless protest. "Leave everything to me. Have no fear that your womanly dignity will suffer, or that I shall yield one jot of the independence that belongs to me."

Eva had no heart to answer. She withdrew herself gently from his arms, and moved toward the door, pale and trembling; for, to her, it was a final parting. He followed her haughty and resolute. Thus they passed into the crowd, and Eva took refuge with Mrs. Carter, who still maintained her post in the drawing-room.

"Are you tired, Eva? Has anything happened to distress you?"

Eva turned, and saw Mr. Ross, whose low, fatherly voice was like a balm to her wounded self-love.

"I am a little tired, and all this bewilders me," Eva replied, lifting her troubled eyes to his. "Ah, Mr. Ross, I have no real place here."

"That is to be decided," said Ross. "Come with me to the supper-room. A glass of wine will do no harm here."

Ross was about to lead her away, when she uttered a faint exclamation, and clung nerv-

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ously to his arm. Mrs. Lambert was making her way toward the hostess, and the very sight of her sent the proud blood to Eva's cheek.

Proud, graceful, and entirely herself again, Mrs. Lambert swept up to Mrs. Carter. She had drained more than one glass of champagne, at the supper-table, where the sparkle of her wit, and the hitherto unknown sound of her laughter, had entranced and dazzled her admirers.

"Never," they all said, "had the queen of fashion shone out with such wonderful splendor. Something must have inspired her."

Something had inspired her, more potent than admiration, more fiery than wine; the burning pangs of jealousy, added to a cruel defeat, where she had staked her very soul.

Smiling, bland, and wonderfully beautiful, she came up to say farewell. Ross did not attempt to retreat, but waited her approach with dignified calmness. He felt Eva's hand tremble on his arm, but could not comprehend the cause.

Mrs. Lambert did not attempt to ignore the the girl then, but passed from the hostess, and took leave of her with ironical politeness, which was extended to Ross, who received it with a grave bow. For once in many years the lady had given way to overwhelming passion; but her will was strong, and habit aided her in concealing the pangs that had stricken her lifeless in the conservatory.

But the restraint she had forced upon herself was beyond endurance. She neither waited for Ivan or Miss Spicer, but took the first offered arm, went through the ceremony of leave-taking with fortitude, though the two persons she most loved and hated, stood by the hostess, and gayly bade good-night to her escort, as she entered her carriage.

When once alone, the passions, so long held in restraint, broke forth violently. The woman wrung her hands, fell upon her knees, and, burying her face in the silken cushions of her carriage, sobbed, moaned, and writhed, with a force of anguish that threatened her very life.

Meantime, Miss Spicer had found Ivan in the crowd, and captured him at once.

"Where on earth is Mrs. Lambert? I have been searching and searching for her. She was at the supper-table one minute; but before I could fight my way to her, she was gone. One might as well have no chaperon at all, as wander about in this wild fashion."

"We shall soon find my mother," said Ivan.

"Yes, by the crowd that surrounds her. I wonder if she will ever give up her place as a reigning belle? It looks to-night as if that shop-girl were going to step in! Ten thousand pardons; I forgot that she was a special friend of yours."

"You mean Miss Laurence. She is a friend that I am proud to own."

"But you will not own her long, as Miss Laurence, let me tell you. What luck some people have! She is engaged!

"Indeed! Since when, and to whom?" said Ivan, indifferently, for he had no faith in Miss Spicer's sources of information.

"I don't know when; but the man I am certain of. It is Mr. Ross.

"Mr. Ross!"

Ivan was aroused now; the very name startled him. Other thoughts crowded in. Why had the Carters taken such sudden interest in the girl? Why had she accepted his declaration of love, but so resolutely refused his hand?

"Has the news struck you dumb," exclaimed Miss Spicer, with a short laugh. "One would think so."

"Idle gossip seldom has that power over me, Miss Spicer."

"Gossip! Why, the engagement is declared. I got it from Mrs. Carter herself."

"Is this true?"

"As the gospel. Ask her yourself. She don't seem ashamed of the match, but presents the girl to any one that comes up. Disgusting, isn't it? As if she had not trouble enough to get into society without that."

In his anxiety Ivan had turned toward the drawing-room, which Mrs. Lambert had just left. At the door he met the gentleman who had placed her in the carriage.

"Ah! I have discovered you at last," he said, addressing Miss Spicer. "Mrs. Lambert has gone home. She desired me to say that the carriage would be sent back for you."

"The idea!" exclaimed that young lady, casting a significant glance at Ivan. "Does she expect us to ride home alone? People will say that we are engaged."

"Very naturally," answered the gentleman; at which Miss Spicer struck him with her fan, exclaiming again, "The idea!"

The gentleman passed on, laughing pleasantly. Ivan and his companion entered the great drawing-room.

"There they stand now! Does that look like an engagement?" cried the young lady. "Watch their faces, see her eyes. What an artful way she has of lifting them—practices at the counter, I suppose. Do you believe me now?"

Miss Spicer used her own eyes as she spoke, and saw that Ivan was deadly pale. Still, she had no mercy on him.

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"There! See how he bends over her! What expression! What tender interest one can read in his face! No wonder she looks at him so earnestly. He is the handsomest man I have seen this year, spite of a few gray hairs. Rich, too, or will be; for the Carters mean to give them everything. Isn't she in a good run of luck?"

Ivan did not answer, but led his companion to the mistress of the house, and went through the ceremony of leave-taking quietly, and as if nothing had happened; but his face was colorless, and the hand which touched Eva's in parting, was cold as stone.

"Why, one would think the girl had rejected you, by the color of your face," said Miss Spicer, as Ivan went with her from the room. He answered her very quietly, "She has rejected me!"

CHAPTER XVII.

Jared Boyce had a taste for society, and managed to enjoy a good deal of it from the side-walks and park-benches, whereon he could get an hour or two in the day-time, or close the grocery early enough to witness the outgoings or incomings of a fashionable party at night Of course, this great entertainment at the Carters had been the excitement of the week in that corner store. Innumerable were the errands Boyce had run to milliners, thread-needle stores and apothecaries, in behalf of his mistress, who was so completely absorbed in her preparations, that she generally forgot to count the change brought back from these little excursions—a circumstance out of which he had made considerable profit.

On the eventful night, Boyce was busy as a bee, running up and down stairs, crossing the street for yards of ribbon, or papers of pins, holding consultations with Kate Gorman, and haunting the stables to make certain that the carriage would come in time. Now and then he got a glimpse of the mistress, who made a general dressing-room of the whole second floor, and betrayed the progress of her toilet more frequently than she was conscious of. At such times, Boyce would lean forward, with a hand on each knee, and exclaim, in the fullness of his admiration, "Oh, my! Is'nt that dress agoing to put down the hull bilen of 'em. If there's a more stupendous lady than she'll be, I'd like to see her a going into the party, that's all. Jim's sister to think of evening herself agin us. White pigeons agin peacocks, with moons on their spread feathers! Bosh!"

Mrs. Smith heard these exclamations with no little elation; and Kate Gorman repeated them, with Hibernian improvements, that fairly took the good woman off her feet.

It was an important moment when Mrs. Smith descended to the store, with her red moire antique, gathered up in voluminous folds around her person, and a huge bouquet in her hand.

When Boyce heard her step on the stairs, he fell to work at once, removed baskets of fruit, butter-tubs and fish-barrels from their places, and widened a safe passage for the new dress, which passed through, as it were, with a rustle and a flutter of acknowledgment. This the mistress intensified, by a world of gracious thanks, and permission to close the store immediately after ten, which was exactly what Boyce had been aiming at, having made a private arrangement to go out with Kate Gorman. The moment Smith's carriage drove off, Boyce took authority on himself, and summoned James to action.

"Come along here and help put up the shutters. Haul them baskets inside, and don't stuff your pockets full of cramberries, while you're a doing it. I know yer tricks, old feller, so look sharp, if you want me to hold my tongue."

James had just seen his sister come forth in her soft, white raiment, and fresh flowers, on her way to the party, and felt some resentment at the disparaging remarks Boyce made about her. But he knew well enough that words would be of no avail with the young tyrant, and obeyed him in angry silence.

In a few minutes the shutters were closed, and even the coal-bin, which projected on the side-walk, was safely fastened. When this was done, Boyce led the way up stairs, and met Kate Gorman at the landing, with her shawl and bonnet on.

"They're asleep at last," she said, "all but Jerusha Maria; she holds out like a trooper, for the sight of that red dress just drove her wild, and she keeps snatching at the yeller feather yet. I gave her a double dose of parigoric, and got her under a little; but she's wide awake yet."

"Just in time," Boyce broke in. "We shall have a good look at the whole crowd. Jimmy will take care that the young ones don't fall out of bed. Just you go in there, old feller, and see that you stick to your post, and hold that precious little girl in your arms till she crows herself to sleep. It's just the work for you."

"I'll go in, of course, because some one must take care of her," said James; "but it's too early to close up, and you have no business to go out so soon."

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"So soon," cried Kate Gorman, tying her bonnet with an angry jerk. "Look at the clock."

James did look at the little time-piece, in its square mahogany case, and was astonished to see that it only wanted a few minutes of ten o'clock. Kate gave Boyce a knowing wink, and made a swift motion with her fingers, as if turning the pointers of a clock, which he understood, and answered with an approving nod.

"Not just yet," said Boyce, as James was going into the children's sleeping-room. "You've got to go down, and lock us out. I'm not a going to carry a heavy key about in my pocket. Besides, safe bind and safe find is my motto. So make sure you don't go to sleep with the baby, for we depend on you to let us in, and so will the other party."

James made no answer, but took the key Boyce held out, and followed the two down stairs. The store was dark as midnight, for the shutters were firmly closed, and the candle which James carried only gave out a faint circle of light, by which the clerk and housemaid found their way into the street.

James closed the door after them, locked it, and looked around for an iron bar, which usually stood back of the door, ready for the two staples sunk into the woodwork on either side. It was not to be seen. The boy held down his light, and searched for it in every place he could think of, but in vain.

"Boyce has flung it down somewhere, moving the things about," he thought, a little anxiously. "It was awful careless of him; but there's no need of it. The lock is strong enough, and I'm not likely to go to sleep."

Just then the little girl up stairs gave an impatient yell, which drove all ideas of the bar out of mind, and, with the key in his hand, James rushed up stairs, calling out cheerfully to the little night-hawk as he went.

During the next half-hour James was busy carrying that spoiled child up and down the room, while she tugged viciously at his hair, sobbed, shrieked, and kicked her tiny feet against his chest, until even her unnatural energy gave out, and she fell asleep in his tired arms. With the stealthy tread of a cat, and holding his breath, James laid the child in its crib, and sat down completely tired out. He had been busy all day, and excitement had taken away his apetite. He was not hungry now, but found his throat dry, and a feverish thirst upon him.

A pitcher of root-beer stood on the table, with a tumbler, from which Boyce had drank before going out. The bottle of paregoric, brought from the druggist's that afternoon, was on the window-sill close by, almost empty.

James took up the tumbler, filled it, and drank eagerly. The taste seemed a little strong, but he thought nothing of that until he noticed the vial on the window. Then he fancied a taste of paregoric in his mouth.

"I suppose they dropped the spoon into the glass, after the baby had done with it," he thought. "But what a jolly dose they must have given her. There isn't a teaspoonful left. How she will sleep, now that I've got her down."

The boy seated himself by the crib, and began to swing it lightly to and fro, rather to keep himself busy, than from any idea of its usefulness. After awhile, his eyes grew heavy, and his hand rested for minutes motionless on the crib. Then it fell away altogether, and, seated in the Boston rocking-chair, James slept as soundly as his little charge.

Once or twice the boy awoke, with a start, as if some noise had aroused him; but his head was heavy, and his senses dull. Strive as he would to listen, sleep overpowered him, and was more and more profound as the night wore on.

Meantime, Boyce and Kate Gorman were enjoying themselves, in a most aristocratic fashing, in front of Mrs. Carter's dwelling, where they took a good position, and saw the whole company, as carriage after carriage set down its load. Once, for a very brief time, Kate missed her companion, who had stepped back into the shadow of a neighboring building, and spoke to a couple of men, who took something from his hand before he left them. Directly, they were lost in the crowd of curious persons, who, like themselves, had gathered to see what fashionable life was like, when viewed from the side-walk, and by gaslight.

"What, me!" said Boyce, when Kate reproached him for leaving her. "I haven't been six feet away from you all the evening. It was that big woman who stood between me and you. I could have took hold of your dress any minute; only you were enjoying yourself so much with them two last carriage-loads, that I didn't have the heart to disturb you, by saying I'm here, Miss Gorman, which I was, though, not being the fellow to leave a lovely and defenceless female alone in a crowd."

"Of course you're not, Mr. Boyce," said Kate, fully satisfied that he had been close by her elbow all the time. "I only did not see you just then, and, being a little timmersome at night, the thought of your leaving me alone set me all in a trimble."

"But the moment you spoke I was here!"

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"Of course you were; only I didn't observe it just at the minute. But, oh! what has come over us now? Look there! If she hasn't brought down a handful of stars for her head! Why, sure, it's the queen herself!"

"Not a bit of it," answered Boyce, with supreme contempt of the idea. "She's only a customer of ours. I've had to carry home her groceries more than once, when that boy Jim was out. That's Mrs. Lambert."

"Mrs. Lambert," repeated Kate, who had never heard the name before, but was still wonderfully impressed by the splendor of her dress. "Well, of course, you know; only, if it was not for that, I should take her for something a great deal more particular. Dear me! what a blaze the house is in. How the curtains shake and tremble. To think of Mr. and Mrs. Smith being in there, with the cream of the country, and I dressing her up for the same! It's beyond belief, if we didn't know it?"

"Miss Kate!"

"Well, Boyce, that's me!"

"After the carriages get a little thinner, suppose you and I go down to the theatre?"

"The theatre, Mr. Boyce, wouldn't that make us late home?"

"Well, no. We could just drop into the Bowery, see some of them fellows die fighting like anything, and then get back time enough to see all this company come out and go home. They've been having a good time; why shouldn't we?"

"True enough for ye; but the children!"

"Haven't we left that boy Jim in full charge, and isn't he a capital miss. Come now, what's the odds! While this swell-crowd is enjoying of itself with dancing and champagne, oysters and ice cream, boned-turkey, and what not, you and I are human creatures, with a right to live, and have fun as well as them."

"That is truth, anyhow."

"So, having the funds in my pocket, I am ready to stand that amount, if you're conformable."

"Well, Boyce, I can't say but I'm willing."

With this, Kate Gorman took the clerk's arm, and crossing over to a street car, proceeded with him to the theatre.

An hour or two later, the couple stood in front of Mr. Carter's dwelling again. The crowd had dispersed then, and there seemed little to interest any person in the carriages that crept up to the door, and, taking in a sleepy freight of revelers, moved away. Still Boyce insisted that the sight was one that he would not lose for the world, and kept the weary girl standing there, until Mrs. Smith appeared at the door, and, with fussy attention to her dress, entered the hack that waited for her. When this carriage drove away, Boyce expressed great willingness to go home; and Kate, who had dropped half asleep, moved away with him, heartily wishing herself in bed.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith drove, in a dreary, fatigued state toward their home. The occasion had been a proud one to them; but even that could not make them quite insensible to the late hour, and the discomfort of full dress, when a desire for sleep lay heavy upon them.

When the carriage stopped, Smith let himself out, and waited to see his wife safe on the pavement. Then he gave a heavy blow on the door with his clenched hand, waiting afterward with some impatience for it to be opened.

A full minute went by, and there was no sign of life in the building. Then he gave another impatient blow, and stepped back to see if any one was stirring in the second story.

A dim light shone through the blinds; but it seemed stationary, and no one moved. Then Smith shouted, and, taking up a block of wood, flung it viciously at his own window. Evidently late hours did not agree with him.

At last, the light began to waver, and at last disappeared.

Just then Boyce and Kate Gorman came up, much to the astonishment of their employers.

"Why, Kate Gorman, Jared Boyce! What does this mean?"

"Oh! nothing," said Boyce, almost airily. Only Kate and I have been out on a little bender of our own. The children are all right; we left Jim Laurence locked in with them."

Before Mrs. Smith could reply, the grocery door was opened, and James stood in the entrance with a lamp in his hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

POET AND PAINTER.

THE lad and lass were forced to part,
They kissed and went along;
The sigh went into the poet's heart,
And it came out a song.

The sun, down-sloping in the West,
Made gold the evening air;
The sight went into the painter's breast,
And grew to a picture fair.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H MAY

We give, this month, a walking toilet, made of light-brown serge. Under-skirt entirely

plain, and long enough to touch; upper-skirt also plain. Basque waist, with an inside vest of the same color as the trimming, which is of a darker shade of brown. Cut the basque entire of the dress material, and after it is fitted, cut away from the front and insert the darker shade for the vest, and shape after the design. The trimming is simply two rows of piping. Long, flowing sleeves, with an under-sleeve, made tight, of the darker shade. The trimming and vest may be either of silk or a darker shade of serge—the latter will be equally effective, and much less expensive. Serges cost from seventy-five cents to one dollar per yard. Fourteen yards of the lighter, and two and a half or three yards of the darker shade. If silk is used, three to three and a half yards will be required for the trimming.

Next is a walking toilet of black alpaca. The under-skirt has a deep flounce cut on the bias, and only slightly full, either bound on the bottom, or hemmed by the machine. At the head of this flounce are four bias folds, which are lined with crinoline, to have the effect of being double; the top fold is headed by a row of braid. The over-skirt is cut with an apron front, and open at the sides; the back

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sloped toward the back, where it is long enough to loop in a large box-plait. Basque waist, slashed at the hips and in the back, with bias folds put upon the body heart-shaped, back and front. The trimming is of two rows of braid, plain, and above a simple little braid pattern. Fringe all round the basque and upper-skirt. A bias ruffle may be substituted for the fringe, if the latter is too expensive, although mohair fringe looks very pretty upon these dresses, and cost from forty to fifty cents per yard for three inch; narrower less. Sixteen to eighteen yards of alpaca.

Next is a mourning toilet. The long-train skirt is trimmed at the bottom with two gathered flounces, surmounted by a double-fluted heading; upper-skirt longer behind than in front, and trimmed with a flounce and plaited heading of English crepe; double bows ornament each side of the skirt. Short paletot, trimmed with a crepe frill to simulate two large scallops. Round hat, adorned with a crepe scarf, which flows over the chignon.

We now give several dresses for children. First is a walking-dress for a little girl of ten

years of age. It is of blue merino, trimmed with black. Plain waist. One skirt, gored in front and full in the back, with a plaited flounce, four inches deep, on the bottom, plaited in groups of three plaits, all one way; this is headed by a cut-out piece of velvet or silk, in black, cut in scallops, and reversed, fastened down with a row of narrow embroidery braid; then there is a row of braid, put on above this to simulate scallops, pieces of the velvet for pockets, and a row of black buttons from the neck down. Coat-sleeves, and a circular cape completes this costume. This trimming can be made out of odd scraps of velvet or silk, enough of which are most always on hand. Cut in points, or diamonds would look quite as pretty as the scallops, and be more easily done. Of the blue merino four and a half yards will be enough, at one dollar and twenty-five cents for a good quality of Lupin's make.

Next is a toilet for a child of six to eight years. The under-skirt, sleeves, and sash, are of a striped poplin—blue and white, or blue and black, or any other pretty combination. The basque is of a solid color, the same shade as the color in the stripe, made perfectly plain, and trimmed with fringe around the skirt and the arm-holes. This would make a pretty little party-dress, possibly combined of

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two discarded dresses of mamma's. A striped or plaid silk for the under-skirt and sleeves,

with a solid color for the over-basque. Of poplin, for the under-dress, four yards, and two yards for the basque.

Next is a walking-suit for a Miss of twelve to fourteen years. Under-skirt of striped green and black poplin, perfectly plain. Over-skirt and basque of the solid green, trimmed with either one row of black velvet-ribbon, or the black stripe of the poplin under-skirt, stitched on by the machine; but the velvet ribbon would be much the prettiest. One piece, one inch wide, will trim the skirt and basque, which latter is made separate from the waist, shaped in a postillion in the back, and put upon a belt, fastening around the waist with a little bow in front. Flowing sleeves, with a tight under-sleeve of the same. Five yards of the striped poplin, and five of the plain, will be required.

KNITTED HOOD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give, printed in colors, a pattern for a knitted hood. This simple but comfortable hood is very quickly knitted. It can be worked in either fleecy or Alloa wool, but the latter would be the cheapest, and can be procured at any Scotch wool warehouse. In fleecy wool three ounces of scarlet is required, and one ounce of black; two bone needles, No. 7, two No. 9, and two steel ones, No. 14.

You commence by knitting the center with scarlet wool, and the needles No. 7. Cast on 12 stitches, and knit a plain row.

The pattern of the hood consists of the following three rows: 1st row: slip 1, raise 1. You do this by putting your needle through the loop below the next stitch (in reality the stitch of the last row) and drawing the wool through it. Knit plain the rest of the row, but raise 1 before you knit the last. You thus increase 2 in this row. 2nd row: slip 1, purl all the rest. 3rd row: slip 1, knit plain all the rest. Repeat these three rows until you can count ten ribs, of three rows each, on each side of your work, and have 52 loops on your needle. This completes the shaping on one side.

The three rows are now to be repeated 6 times without any raising. This will make 13 ribs on each side of the work.

To decrease the stitches and shape the other side. 1st row: slip 1, knit 2 together, knit plain to within 3 of the end, when knit 2 together, knit 1. 2nd row: slip 1, purl all the rest. 3rd row: slip 1, knit plain all the rest. Repeat these three rows until you can count 23 ribs on each side of your work, and have 12 stitches left on your needle. Cast off. This completes the head-piece. At the side next the face draw up, by whipping over the edge

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with wool, and make it fit closely to the face and be the right length.

For the Fringe.—This is knitted in scarlet and black, in 8 sets of loops of each color, alternately. You must use the needles No. 9. Cast on 5 stitches. 1st row: put your needle through the stitch as if you were going to knit it; carry the wool between the crossed needles and round the two first fingers, bringing it to the front again. Repeat the same to make two pieces or loops of wool round the fingers, and 8 across the needles, draw these through as an ordinary knitting. Repeat these loops on each of the 5 stitches. If two fingers make your fringe-loop look too large, use one only. 2nd row: knit plain, taking care to take up all the wool belonging to each loop together, as you have only 5 stitches on your needle. Repeat these 2 rows twice more in scarlet, then 3 times in black. Continue in alternate colors until long enough; but in order to make the fringe-loops fall right, this trimming has to be knitted in 2 pieces. Begin to measure from the center of the front, and take it round the side to the head-piece (curving it easily at the bottom of the face) to the center of the curtain. The head-piece must be strained to draw out the ribs of the curtain.

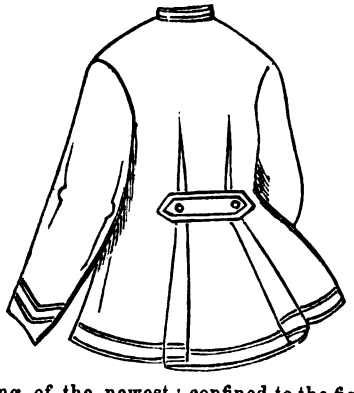
Cast off your stitches, and mind you sew on the trimming with the loops downward. You must sew it on securely with wool, laying it in front on the head-piece, but at the back it should only edge it and lengthen the curtain. Fasten the trimming together at the back where it joins, and where it does so in front place the following rosette:—

Rosette.—You may knit this all in scarlet, or with the black alternately. The needles No. 14 are used. Cast on 6 stitches in scarlet. 1st row: knit these 6 stitches as you did the fringe, putting the wool over the fingers to form the loops. 2nd row: knit plain. 3rd row: knit 2 stitches with the loops; leave the other two, and turning back for 4th row, knit plain these 4 stitches. 5th row: knit 2 stitches only with the loops; turn back, and 6th row: knit plain these 2. Repeat these 6 rows until you have worked 8 patterns—4 scarlet, 4 black, if done in the two colors. Cast off, and sew up to form the rosette. In the center, where there is the opening, draw together with wool. Fasten it securely on the hood.

The ribbon or braid that is put to draw up and form the curtain must be run in with a worsted needle. Sew the ribbon on each side, and tie at the back with a bow Strings are placed to tie under the chin. It will be easy to see by the illustration where to run in the ribbon. The head-piece must not be knitted too tightly, it should be elastic.

THE AUTUMN PALETOT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give here an engraving of the newest style of paletot, called "The Autumn." It is half-fitting, and is made of fine, light cloth, and trimmed with bias bands, piped on each side: the front is straight, the little collar buttoned round the neck. The front and edges of the jacket have revers of ponceau cashmere: the back forms two plaits, which are not sewn, but confined to the figure by a little tab, also piped, and ornamented with buttons. These plaits are found by following the dotted line marked on the diagram. The collar is straight. Coat-sleeves, trimmed with bias-cut ornaments, piped, and arranged as shown in the illustration above. This paletot consists of six pieces, as follows:—

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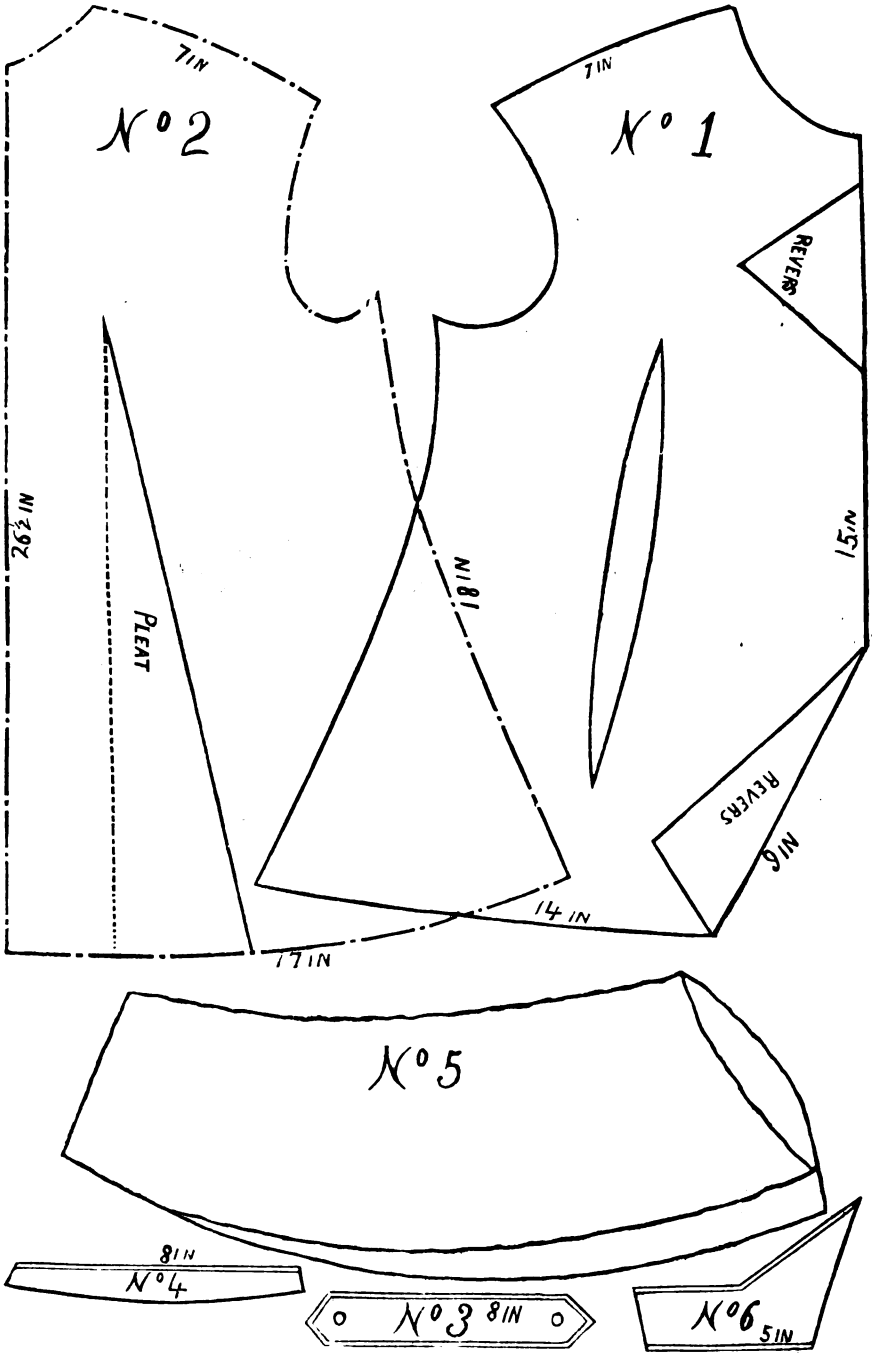
No. 1. Front.
No. 2. Back.
No. 3. Tab at Back.
No. 4. Collar.
No. 5. Sleeve.
No. 6. Ornament.



Enlarge this diagram, according to the size marked in inches; cut a paper pattern; fit it, and then cut into your stuff. This is very appropriate for the season.

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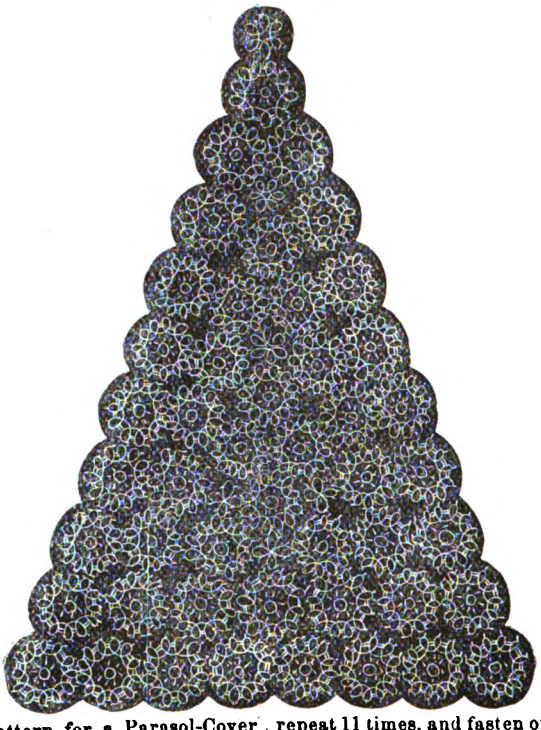
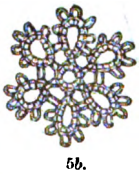
PARASOL-COVER IN TATTING.

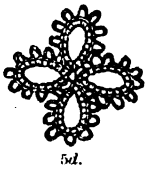


We give here a pattern for a Parasol-Cover in Tatting, and also engravings of the various



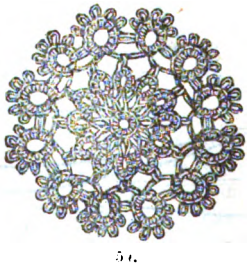
5b.

5c.



5d.

stars required for it. Nos. 5*a*, 5*b*, 5*c*, and 5*d*, give the four different stars that are required for this lace-work. Use Ardern's cotton, No. 4, or 44, and a tatting-shuttle. Commence by working the large stars, 5*a*, 47 of which are required for each section. Commence in the center of the star by making a circle of 1 double, 1 purl, 12 times; draw up, knot the cotton into the first purl, and work the round of small ovals. Each oval is worked with 5 double, 1 purl, 5 double, draw up, knot the cotton into the purl on the next oval of last round; leave a small piece of cotton, work an oval of 3 double, 1 purl, then 1 double, 1 purl, 6 times, 3 double, draw up, leave a piece of cotton, work another oval like the last, joining this to it in the first purl stitch; repeat 11 times, and fasten off. Join together by the engraving. Star 5*b* is only required at the top of each section. Commence in the center with a ring of 2 double, 1 purl, 6 times; then join to the first purl stitch in the ring, and work the round of 6 ovals. Each oval is worked with 3 double, 1 purl, then 2 double, 1 purl, 6 times, 3 double, draw up, join the ovals together in the first purl stitches, and commence each one on a purl in the ring. The two remaining stars are used for the center of the sections, and are to fill the spaces left in joining the large stars. Two stars of 5*c* and 5*d* each are required for each section; for 5*c*, work 6 ovals close together of 3 double, 1 purl; then 2 double, 1 purl, 8 times, 3 double; join each oval together in the first and last purl stitches, and fasten off securely. 5*d* consists of 4 ovals; each is worked



5a.

with 3 double, 1 purl, then 2 double, 1 purl, 8 times, 3 double; join each oval in the first purl stitch; when the four are finished, join into a star, and fasten off. Join all the stars together by the engraving, which gives the position of the stars in one section; then join them together.

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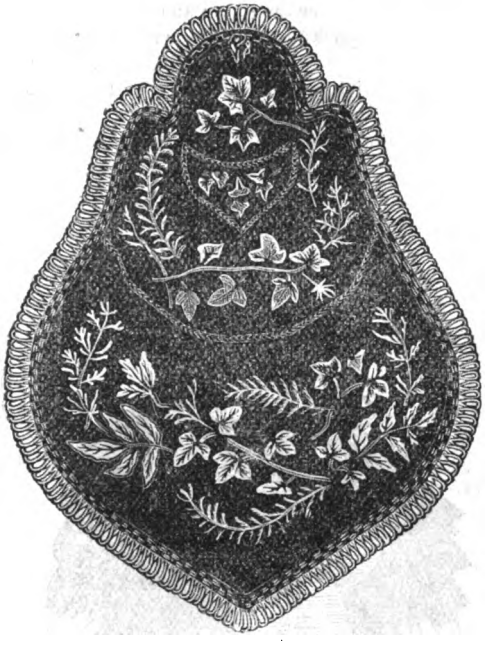
BED-POCKET, IN FERN-WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



It will be easy, from the design given above, to cut the bed-pocket to the size required—large or small—to suit the size of the bedstead. A piece of stout cardboard is needed for the back. The handkerchief-pocket is lined with thin cardboard. The upper small pocket, also, needs a very thin card foundation. Our model is of jean; the edge is ornamented with a narrow black and white braid, and a white fringe. A pearl hook is placed on the upper part, to hang the watch on, and the small pocket is intended for the chain.

Materials.—Natural leaves, the best Indian ink, jean, leather, pique, silk, or velvet, a small brush, and a fine comb.

We will describe the manner of fern-painting in three parts:

First. The pressing of the leaves. The very thick, large leaves should not be chosen. A number of different kinds of leaves have a very beautiful effect.

Lay the fresh branches and separate leaves between blotting-paper, or between the leaves of a book, and bend the stalks to suit the arrangement of the foliage, and to give them as much as possible the appearance of life. Repeat the laying-out of the branches three or four times, at intervals of twenty-four hours, so that they are again placed upon dry places, and become sapless. When quite dry, they are fit to commence the work.

Second. The arrangement of the foliage upon the material to be ornamented. This should be stretched in a frame, and the branches are arranged lightly and gracefully upon it. It will be necessary, before the leaves are pressed, to cut off some of the branches here and there, that they may not appear too crowded. When the branches are nicely arranged, take first very fine pins, or needles, and stick through from the upper part to fasten them tightly. Then fasten them on with very fine cotton. Care must be taken not to stick through the leaves, but only through the stuff. When the foliage is so fine that the thread must pass over several branches, this part must be made up afterward with a paint-brush and black ink.

Third. For the grounding of the stuff, a flat nail-brush, with a handle, is here recommended, and a small, fine comb. Rub the ink in water until it is about the consistency of

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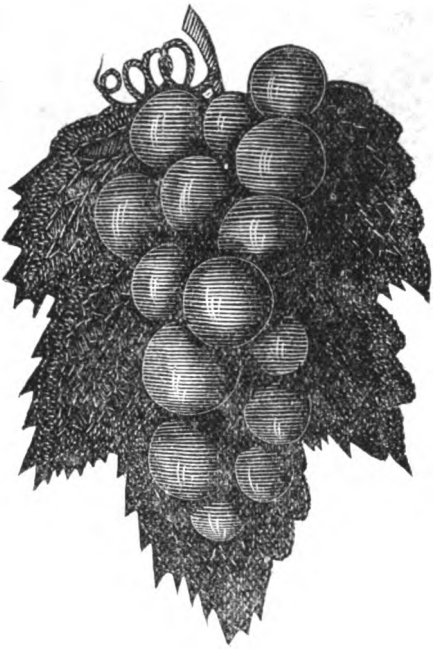
thick ink; many hours' rubbing will be necessary; then dip the brush quite flat with the point in the ink, and shake it out carefully, so that no liquid remains. Hold the brush downward, with the left hand over the work, and strike the teeth of the comb so lightly over the brush with the right hand, that the black dust falls unobserved over the work.

Begin at the middle of the foundation, where the grounding is darkest, thence toward the outside. When the dust falls slowly, and in little separate dots, the brush must be struck again with the comb, and, when required, the brush must be dipped again. The smaller the dust the more beautiful the effect upon the ground. The spots of black should be larger here and there, and afterward it is dotted with white with a fine paint-brush. When the grounding is finished, take off the branches carefully, and paint the veins, outline, and all the parts that require to be thrown out, with a paint-brush and black ink.

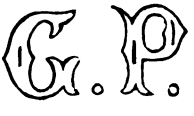
PENWIPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is a very pretty Penwiper, made to represent a bunch of grapes. The leaf measures four inches in length, and three and three-quarter inches in width. The embroidery is worked to simulate a double leaf. The grapes are of reddish violet wool, and are of different sizes. They are made by tying a skein of wool tightly together, then rounding it off, by clipping with a pair of scissors. They are held over boiling water, so that the wool may puff out.

INITIALS



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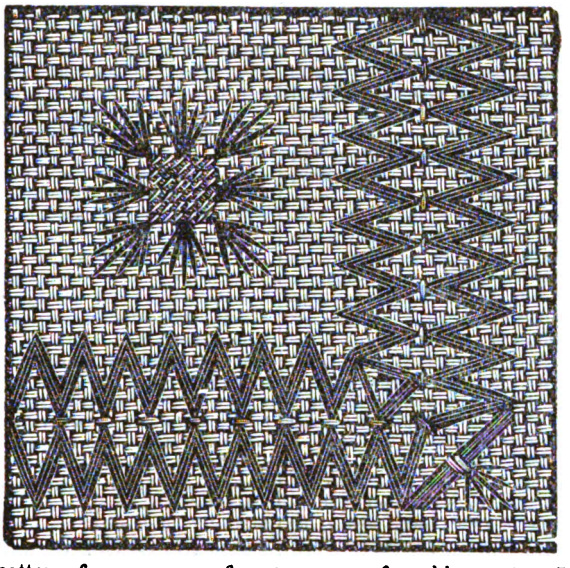
CORNER OF ANTI-MACASSAR.

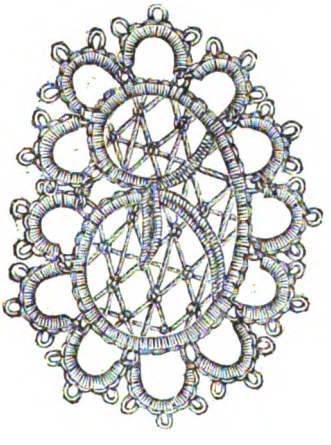
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give here a pattern for a corner of an anti-macassar, or tidy, to be worked in Java canvas. The design is especially suitable for corners of cushions, etc. It may be worked with silk cordon, or floss silk, with two colors.

PINE IN TATTING,

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



For trimming cravats, aprons, etc. Work with two or three shades of colored silk. For the inner part, inclosed in a ring, work with the shuttle thread alone fifty-six double knots and thirteen picots, and form these into the shape shown in the design with lace stitch. Then, with the assistance of the helping thread, work always nine double knots and three picots, joining to the picots of the inner edge. The leaves, resting upon the lace stitch of the foundation, are worked in guipure with a needle.

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EDITOR'S TABLE

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

How to Educate Girls.—A correspondent wishes us to "speak plainly," as she says, about the absurd way in which too many girls are educated. She asks what is, or ought to be, woman's proper education? Her answer is quite logical. "As forty-nine out of every fifty, at least," she replies, "will be wives and mothers, that education is the most suitable, which best fits them for these positions."

But, she adds, and with no little truth, that, from the time a girl can speak till she is married, she is sedulously taught that she must make herself charming—as though every healthy young girl were not so, in spite of herself—and that to be charming she must be in the fashion, and, if possible, a little more fashionable than somebody else. She must torture a piano, she must scream in Italian, she must buy her hair of the wig-maker. She is encouraged to crave excitement, and to think dull and wearisome the quiet duties of home. Then she says, "Suppose now, that our daughters were taught that duties make up the main part of life, and pleasures are only occasional; that humdrum is more wholesome than excitement; suppose the time they waste at the piano were spent in learning how to eat, drink, sleep, and otherwise use their bodies in such a way as to keep them strong and healthy: suppose they were taught sewing, and cooking, and modest demeanor, and early hours, and a love of exercise, and out-door life, and an esteem for healthful and instructive books, and I should hope, with all, a contempt for mere idle 'accomplishments,' would they not be more contented, more useful, less sickly, happier?"

To all of which we reply, "Certainly, that would be better." There is no doubt that too much time is wasted on useless accomplishments. There is no doubt, also, that too many young girls enter the married life, and go to housekeeping, without the first idea of how to cook a dinner, or even order one cooked, or how to discharge any other of a dozen different new duties. Now if a young man expects to succeed as a lawyer, or physician, or a mechanic, or a merchant, or a farmer, he serves a longer or shorter apprenticeship, according to circumstances. He does not expect to learn his business in a day, or by instinct, and people would think him a fool if he did. Our grandmothers taught their daughters to cook, to sweep, to sew, and to manage accounts just as regularly as our grandfathers had their sons instructed in medicine, law, trade, or skilled labor of any kind. Now all this is changed. Girls spend their whole time, in too many cases, strumming on the piano, or learning French, when they ought to be in the kitchen, assisting, at least, to manage the household. They ought, in a word, to be learning how to keep a husband's love, as well as how to win a husband; for no man of sense can continue to love an idle, thriftless, extravagant wife, no matter how pretty, or how accomplished.

Do not let us be misunderstood! We have no wish to see our daughters turned into mere drudges, or the wives and mothers of the next generation made household slaves. A woman is nothing, in our opinion, unless she is lady-like, and no woman can be this, that is, elegant, refined, and cultivated, whose hands are always in the dough-trough. But there is a proper medium. The letters of our grandmothers, tens of thousands of which remain, to say nothing of surviving traditions, prove those good ladies to have been quite as charming as their descendants, though we know that they were, as a rule, successful managers, and were not ashamed, however rich, sometimes to cook dishes for their husband or father with their own hands. We know women, too, even in this generation, who are as thorough-bred and fascinating in the parlor, as they are notable as housekeepers. Teach girls accomplishments, by all means; teach them, also, how to be charming in manner; teach them, too, how to look their best; but do not let them forget that their mission involves something else, that life is made up of duties as well as pleasures, and that a woman should be useful as well as agreeable. A pretty toy is not the thing for a wife, or for even an old-maid, at least in America.

In Dressing the Hair there is a decided improvement. Chignons are worn very much smaller, and curls and plaits have almost superseded the large, shapeless mass which has so long disfigured the heads of women. Two beautiful sisters appeared at the opera, in London, lately, and attracted universal admiration by their tasteful *coiffures*. The glossy brown hair was brushed off the brow, and arranged in three wide, very open plaits, the first formed a coronet round the head, placed within an inch of the forehead; the other two were coiled round rather low in the neck, and fastened with a coral comb. It was a treat once more to see the shape of a pretty head! On the same occasion a *coiffure* of bright golden hair was arranged over a cushion in front, and at the back fell in thick curls down to the waist of its fortunate owner; a jet coronet kept the locks in their proper place.

On Dinner-Tables, in England, when what is called a dinner-party is given, it is the fashion now to use an "Iceburg." This is an irregular heap of rough glass made to look like ice. It is made in several parts, and the sides are pierced with small holes. Water is put inside, and crotons, adiantums, and other greens inserted in the holes, till the glass is half hid with the falling sprays or glistening leaves. Imagine such a center-piece on a brightly-lighted table. How much superior to the tall, pyramids of flowers, or the silver-plated *epergne*, which are the fashion in America, and which effectually hides people on the opposite sides of the table from each other.

Women in Calico.—A correspondent of one of the leading New York journals says that the three most charming women he ever knew wore calico, and were, in the opinion of all the men acquainted with them, never so charming as when they were thus dressed. Certainly, any girl, in a clean, morning-dress of calico, looks prettier than in a soiled, greasy old silk. One of the most intelligent and cultivated men we ever knew, fell in love with his present wife in a calico dress. It is not the money that a toilet costs, it is its appropriateness, that makes it irresistible. We wish our American girls would bear this in mind.

Remember, that, for $2.50, we will send a copy of "Peterson's Magazine" for one year, and also a copy of either of our splendid premium engravings. The subscription, in this case, may begin with any number. The engravings are all large-sized, for framing. The engravings are, "Washington at the Battle of Trenton," "Our Father, Who Art In Heaven," "The Star of Bethlehem," "Washington Parting from His Generals," "Bunyan in Jail," "Bunyan on Trial." Either of these engravings is worth two dollars! In fact, for similar ones, at a retail store, from three to five dollars would be asked.

Now is the Time to begin to talk to friends and neighbors about joining in a club for "Peterson" for 1872. Do not put it off too long, or else others may get ahead of you.

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ADDITIONS made to clubs at the price paid by the rest of the club. But in such cases, the new subscriber, or subscribers, must begin with the same number as the rest of the club. All clubs must begin with either the January or July numbers. Single subscribers may begin with any month. Single subscriptions for six months, from July, 1871, to December, 1871, inclusive, taken for one dollar. Specimens sent gratis, if written for.

SMALL TORTOISE-SHELL CIRCLETS on bands are now worn round the hand to keep the hair in its place. A small waved bandeau is worn over the forehead; the band is fastened on, and then the hair is rolled tier upon tier above the circlet. The effect is pretty, and very becoming to the generality of faces. The narrower the tortoise-shell band is, the prettier; and when enameled, and taking the form of a twisted cord, the effect is still nicer.

DUST-PROOFS, as they are called, are coming quite into fashion, and it is one of the most sensible fashions we can remember. These dust-proofs are made of light-gray, or stone-colored thin cloth, circular, and without sleeves; they do not crush the most fragile dress, and serve for a useful wrap also when returning home at night.

THE BEST FOR THE SEX.—Says the Philadelphia Press, a leading authority on all literary matters, "Peterson's Magazine holds its place as the best of the monthly periodicals published for the instruction and amusement of the fair sex."

FOR EVENING WEAR, the prettiest style adopted at present is the toilette made with a train, which is looped up at one side only, passing through a bow of ribbon, a circle of flounces, or a twist of rich silk cord.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Tom Pippin's Wedding. By the author of "The Fight at Dame Europa's School." 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—The "Fight at Dame Europa's School" was not only a capital satire, but it gave expression, in a witty way, to what tens of thousands of Englishmen felt. Hence it had an enormous popularity, some critics even going so far as to say that nothing so good had been written since the days of Dean Swift. This success induced the author, who is, we believe, a clergyman of the Established Church, to try his hand at a work of a different kind. "Tom Pippin's Wedding" is partly a satire, directed against the brutalities still practised in many English schools, and in this respect it is full of merit; but it is also an attempt at a novel, in which aspect it may be regarded as almost a failure. The author shows as much wit as ever, but he has little, or no constructive faculty, and unless he improves, will never make a popular writer of fiction. The volume is very handsomely brought out, in advance of all other reprints, by this enterprising firm.

Around a Spring. By Gustave Droz. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Holt & Williams.*—A simple, pathetic novel, written with exquisite art. Very few fictions appear now-a-days equal to this in either plot, characters, or moral aims. The author is a Frenchman, and this novel, to say nothing of others written by his cotemporaries, ought to refute the too-common error, that French fiction is always, or even generally, vicious. A cheap edition, with flexible covers.

The Quiet Miss Godolphin. By Ruth Garrett; and a Chance Child. By Edward Garrett. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—Two capital stories, indeed stories of very unusual merit as works of art, and with a high, noble purpose. The text is handsomely illustrated by Shirley Green.

Hans Breitmann's Ballads. By Charles G. Leland. Vol. II. *Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A new volume of the famous Breitmann's Ballads, containing all those written within the last year, including "Breitmann a Uhlan," and the still more recent "Breitmann in Holland." It is very handsomely printed, on thick, cream-colored paper, and is bound in beveled cloth, gilt, and gilt-lettered. These ballads are among the most original and characteristic in American literature. With the exception of the Bigelow papers, indeed, they stand foremost in these respects. They are destined, unless we are mistaken, to serve more than an ephemeral purpose, and to last, in libraries, as standard specimines of American humor.

The History of Rome. By Titius Livius. 2 *vols.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A literal translation, and a very excellent one, of the great Roman historian. It is neat and perspicuous, and adheres as closely to the original text, as is consistent with the idioms of the Latin and English tongues. The original text, from which the translation is made, is that of Travers Twiss.

The Story of My Life. By Hans Christian Andersen. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Hurd & Houghton.*—One of the most artless autobiographies ever published. It is literally, as it has been called, "a wonder story." Translations of the tales of this gifted Dane have, from time to time, appeared, and have whetted the public curiosity to know more of so erratic a genius.

Little Sunshine's Holiday. By the author of "John Halifax." 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is a picture from life, charmingly delineated, by that excellent story-writer, Miss Mulock, now Mrs. Crait. It is a delightful book for children.

Up the Baltic. By William T. Adams. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A story of travels in Denmark, Sweden and Norway, designed for the young, and written by Mr. Adams, better known as "Oliver Optic." It forms part of the series, "Young America Abroad."

Her Lord and Master. By Florence Marryat. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A cheap edition of a new novel, by Miss Marryat, now Mrs. Ross Church, who, without being equal to George Eliot, or even Miss Muloch, is still an agreeable story-teller.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—The newspapers unanimously say that "Peterson's Magazine" is the best of its kind, and the cheapest, published anywhere. Its superiority in the fashion department is especially celebrated. Says the Albion (Mich.) Mirror:—"The fashion-plates have gained the reputation of being the best in the country." The Whitehall (N. Y.) Forum says:—"It is universally conceded to be the best fashion magazine in the world." The Wakefield (Mass.) Banner says:—"It is decidedly the best fashion magazine published in America." The Jeffersonville (Ind.) Democrat says:—"Everybody, who desires to keep posted about the latest fashions of the day, should take 'Peterson.'" Its literary and artistic superiority is acknowledged quite as unanimously. The Danville (Ill.) Commercial says:—"The exclamation of our 'better half,' as we handed her 'Peterson,' was 'best of all the fashion magazines.' Not only do the ladies like the fashions in 'Peterson,' but the reading matter gives better satisfaction, and is of better form than any other. No well-regulated family can do without it." Says the Portsmouth (N. H.) Times, "Our better half would sooner give up her cook-stove than do without 'Peterson.'" The Mystic Bridge (Ct.) Journal says:—"The stories possess the deepest interest." The Ware (Mass.) Standard says:—"The literary contents are of the highest order." Says the Cuba (N. Y.) Patriot:—"It is universally conceded to be the best literary and fashion publication in the world." The Dexter (Me.) Gazette says:—"The engravings are alone worth the price of the magazine." Says the Shieldsboro' (Mich.) Gazette:—"None but the most chaste articles appear in its columns." Says the Morgantown (W. Va.) Constitution:—"No lady of refinement should be without 'Peterson.'" Hundreds of other newspapers speak in a similar strain. If you wish to get the most for your money, subscribe for "Peterson's Magazine."

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TREATMENT OF DROWNED PERSONS.—I. Send, with all speed, for medical aid, for articles of clothing, blankets, etc.

II. Treat the patient on the spot, in the open air, exposing the face and chest freely to the breeze, except in too cold weather.

III. Place the patient gently on the face (to allow any fluids to flow from the mouth.)

IV. Then raise the patient to a sitting posture, and endeavor to excite respiration:

1. By snuff, hartshorn. etc., applied to the nostrils,
2. By irritating the throat by a feather or the finger.
3. By dashing hot and cold water alternately on the face and chest. If there be no success, lose no time, but

V. Replace the patient on his face, his arms under his head, that the tongue may fall forward, and leaving the entrance into the windpipe free, and that any fluids may flow out of the mouth, then

1. Turn the body gradually but completely on the side, *and a little more*, and then again on the face, alternately, (to induce inspiration and expiration.)

2. When replaced, apply pressure along the back and ribs, and then remove it (to induce further expiration and inspiration,) and proceed as before.

3. Let these measures be repeated gently, deliberately, but efficiently and perseveringly sixteen times a minute only. Continuing these measures, rub all the limbs and the trunk *upward* with warm hands, making firm pressure energetically. Replace the wet clothes by such other covering, etc., as can be procured.

FIRESIDE READING.

ABOUT GETTING MARRIED.—In our Chit-Chat, this month, we quote some remarks of a correspondent, adding our own opinion as to some of the matters she discusses There is, however, something to be said on another side of the question; for this getting married, like everything else, ought to be looked at, in every aspect. A writer for the Boston Journal, for example, says that girls, as a rule, must win a husband, if only as a means of support, and that to win him in the indirect, unacknowledged way, which society prescribes, they must waste the best years of their life in frivolity, affectation and display. "They do this," the writer proceeds to say, "not from any innate folly or triviality of character, as men are so ready to infer, but from a true Yankee shrewdness, which brings to the matrimonial market whatever appears most attractive. It is the demand that creates the supply. The girl is as shrewd and keen-witted as her brother, and has as clear a vision for the buttered side of her bread. She is fashionable and silly as a matter of business, and giggles and chatters nonsense from policy. To be pretty and to be stylish proves the surest way to win notice and attentions, and pretty and stylish she must first of all become. In her own circle she finds dashing young men of means weakly prejudiced against woman's true dignity, and she ministers to that prejudice.

"This ignorance of woman extends to household avocations. The daughter supposes them to be essential to a good wife, but were she to devote her time to learning their mysteries with anything like an ardent and continued effort, she would lose the chance of becoming a wife at all. Elderly men vaunt their importance in her hearing, but she knows that she may make bread as light as the sea-foam, sweep carpets of every shred and atom of dust, toss eggs and flour into marvelous puddings, and that in the gay drawing-room, where the conquests she looks for are to be made, all this will go for nothing. Any little chit at the piano, with crimped flyaway locks, coquettish ways, and some knowledge of sentimental love-songs, will step in before her and leave her, with all her domestic aptness, to play the wall-flower to the end of her days. It can be no consolation to her to foresee that ten years hence the entranced hero who is thus taken captive, will have secret regrets that he had not chosen her enduring charms, instead of those of the helpless little noodle who once on a time sang his senses away. By that time, to be sure, the noodle will have become an inefficient, weak-minded woman, while her husband grows and develops by contact with the world; he will even feel a sense of disgrace when she reveals her ignorance to his friends, and will lament to himself that she has no understanding of his business interests, and no sympathy with his enlarged ideas; but, for all this, there, in his house, the noodle will reign, blessed outwardly with wealth and social distinction, and cherished, we will hope, by her husband's tender, all-endearing love; while the poor, unplucked wall-flower is first in nobody's thoughts and plans, and must dwell a dependent in the houses of others, and a cipher in the society she is suffered to frequent. No, it is plain to our young woman, life is too precious to be wasted in learning to be useful or intelligent."

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OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

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SOUPS.

Pillaff—An Oriental Dish.—Take a leg of mutton, cut off the meat into small slices, put them into a pan with a good sized lump of butter, and fry them a light brown. With the remainder of the meat and bone make a rich soup, by pouring on three quarts of cold water, and letting it simmer three hours, tightly covered. The meat must not be fried until the soup is nearly done. Put into the soup ten skinned, sliced tomatoes, three thinly sliced onions, fried a light brown, and a small piece of garden pepper—it is strong and requires but little—salt to the taste. About half an hour before the soup is done, add a large teacupful of well-washed rice, stirring it all constantly until cooked—then put in the slices of fried meat; let it simmer for five minutes. When properly prepared, the grains of rice are all whole, but cooked. Cold roast beef is equally as good as mutton for a pillaff. Serve hot.

The Vocalist's Soup.—Take three ounces of sago, and, after washing it in boiling water, add it gradually to about two quarts of medium stock, which should be almost boiling. After half an hour's simmering, it will be well dissolved. Beat up the yolks of three eggs, and half a pint of boiling cream, and stir them all quickly in the soup, not allowing the latter to boil, lest the eggs should curdle. These materials will make sufficient soup for eight people, so that it can be recommended for dinner before an amateur concert.

Green-Corn Soup.—Put on a knuckle of veal to boil in three quarts of water, and three teaspoonfuls of salt. Cut the corn off of one dozen ears, and put it on to boil with the veal. When the veal is tender the soup is done. Then roll an ounce of butter in flour and add to it before it is served. If the fire has been very hot, and the water has boiled away too much, a little more may be added.

VEGETABLES.

Tomatoes and Eggs—A Spanish Dish.—Take the tomatoes and put them in a basin of boiling water for a minute, and then they can be easily skinned; then cut them up small; mix them with chopped onions, and fry them in boiling lard. When they have been turned some time in the pan, and have acquired a darker color, which is a sign of being done enough, break the eggs over them, and allow them to fry in the tomato until quite done; then carefully dish them, and put the tomato round the eggs. All things cooked with tomatoes require some onion, as this takes off the sour flavor of the tomato.

Tomato Sauce Francaise.—Cut ten tomatoes into quarters and put them into a sauce-pan, with four onions sliced, a little parsley, thyme, one clove, and a quarter of a pound of butter; set the sauce-pan on the fire, stirring occasionally, for three-quarters of an hour; strain the sauce through a hair-sieve, and serve with beef-steak.

Scalloped Tomatoes.—Peel half a dozen large tomatoes, scalding them, if necessary; to the pulp add two tablespoonfuls of crumbled bread, pepper, and salt to the taste, and an ounce of butter; put the whole into buttered scallop-tins, and bake for half an hour. Some like the addition of a little sugar.

Corn Oysters.—One pint of grated green corn, two eggs, and as much wheat flour as will make it adhere together. Beat the eggs, mix them with the grated corn, and add enough flour to form the whole into a paste. Fry them of a light brown, in hot lard.

Mock Oysters.—Take six ears of new corn, and grate and scrape them well. Beat one egg very light, and add to it, beating all well together, one tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of cream, and a little pepper and salt. Then mix all together and fry them in lard or butter.

Stewed Mushrooms.—Select fresh button mushrooms. The test if they are good is to drop a silver spoon in the sauce-pan while they are cooking: if they are the right kind the spoon is untarnished, if not it becomes blackened. Put them into a sauce-pan, with salt, and a very little water, and let them simmer slowly; when nearly done, add butter and a little pepper. Serve hot.

Mock Oyster-Fritters.—Wash some roots of salsify, grate them, and season with pepper and salt. Beat the yolks of two eggs very light, stir them into a pint of milk and enough flour to make a batter. Whisk the whites dry, and add them gradually with the salsify to the batter. Dip out a spoonful at a time, and fry them like other fritters.

PICKLES, ETC.

Pickling Ripe Tomatoes.—Tomatoes may be kept almost any length of time, and come out as good and fresh as when first picked, by preserving in pure vinegar, diluted with water—one gill of vinegar and two of water. Pick when ripe, but not very soft; leave the stems on, and do not break the skin. Put into wood or stone, and put the liquid on them cold. After you get through putting them in, place something upon them to keep them under the liquid, and take out as you may wish to use them. Can use them as you would tomatoes fresh from the vine. It will not fail if your vinegar is pure and diluted according to directions.

Tomato-Catchup.—Wash and cut in two your tomatoes; spread them in layers in a deep dish, and sprinkle liberally with salt each layer; let them remain over night; then pour off nearly all the water, and boil the tomatoes half an hour; press them through a coarse sieve, to get out the skins and seeds, and then put them back in the sauce-pan, and add (for half a bushel of tomatoes) one tablespoonful of black pepper, one of ground cloves, one of allspice, one of cinnamon, and boil twenty minutes longer. Bottle when cold, and cork very tight.

Preserving Tomatoes for Winter Use.—Ripe, sound tomatoes, cut and stewed until they can be rubbed through a colander to take the skins out; then, in a boiling state, put them in dry, hot bottles or jars, which may be prepared by setting them in hot water, and gradually increasing the heat till the water boils. Fill the bottles and let them boil a few minutes; cork and seal while hot, cutting the cork even with the top of the bottle; keep them in a dry, cool place. For sealing-wax, take two parts rosin, one of beeswax, melted together.

Sweet Pickled Peaches.—Select firm, "Morris Whites!" rub off the down with a coarse towel; stick the peaches well with a sticking-cork; weigh them, and allow to one pound of fruit one pound of good brown sugar, and one pint of best vinegar, half an ounce of cloves, one quarter of an ounce of mace; dissolve the sugar in the vinegar; put all cold into a stone jar, and set it in a vessel of boiling water; let it remain in the water on the fire until the peaches are soft; then cork up closely and keep in a dry place.

Pepper Sauce.—Take twenty-five peppers, without the seeds, cut them pretty fine, then take more than double the quantity of cabbage, cut like slaw, one root of horse-radish, grated, a handful of salt, rather more than a tablespoonful of mustard-seed, a tablespoonful of cloves, the same of allspice, ground; simmer a sufficient quantity of vinegar to cover it, and pour over it, mixing it well through.

Gooseberry Vinegar.—To one gallon of berries put two gallons of water; break the fruit and let it stand twenty-four hours; then strain it, and to every gallon of liquor put one pound and one quarter of sugar. Pour it into a cask, paste a paper over the bung-hole pricked with a pin; let it stand in the barrel twelve months. Gooseberries are in the best state for this vinegar when too ripe for any other purpose.

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FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—TRAVELING-DRESS OF DARK-GREEN CASHMERE.—The under-skirt has one deep, plain flounce, not very full, headed by a bias band of black velvet, and a pointed plaiting of cashmere, lined with black velvet. The upper-skirt is quite short in front, long at the back, and turned back with facings of black velvet; the basque-waist is pointed in front, and the back is made to correspond with the upper-skirt. Plain pagoda sleeves. Black velvet hat, with green plume.

FIG. II.—HOUSE-DRESS OF CANARY-COLORED SILK.—The lower-skirt is trimmed with two bias bands of currant-colored silk; the lowest band being placed on the edge of the dress. The upper-skirt is of canary-colored and currant-colored striped gauze, quite long at the back, edged with a quilling of currant-colored silk, and looped up on each side with three bows of the same color. Low, round waist, and half-loose sleeve, puffed in at the elbow; this sleeve is trimmed with three ruffles of lace, set on a foundation of net. Small cape, open in front, formed of rows of lace.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS OF WHITE SPOTTED TULLE, OVER A WHITE SILK PETTICOAT.—The front of the skirt is trimmed with a deep flounce, edged with straw fringe, and headed by a stand-up ruffle, fastened by a row of field-daisies. The train part of the skirt nearly meets the waist in front, is edged all around by a straw fringe, and looped up at the back by clusters of wheat and daisies. The waist is trimmed with straw fringe, and a small bouquet of wheat and field-daisies on the left side. Blue waistband, with very wide bows, and short ends at the back.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF RICH-RED SILK.—The under-skirt is plain, and not very low; the upper-skirt is cut in sharp points at the back and side, corded with satin of the same color, and fastened together at intervals with satin bows. The basque is short in front, but cut in long, sharp points at the back, where it falls open over the upper-skirt, and is trimmed with a deep, silk fringe. Loose, plain pagoda sleeves. White lace hat, trimmed with deep-red roses.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF DARK-BLUE SERGE—The under-skirt is narrow, edged with wide alpaca braid, put on in strips, lengthwise. The upper skirt is somewhat puffed up at the back, but trimmed only in front; the basque and deep rounded cape, which may be worn at pleasure, are trimmed to correspond with the skirts. Dark-blue velvet hat and plume.

FIG. VI.—VISITING-DRESS OF GRAY POPLIN, with one very deep, full, plaited flounce on the bottom, which is headed by a band of poplin, and a full, plaited quilling of the same. Tunic and over-dress of black cashmere, trimmed with a deep black and gray fringe, and a band of gray cashmere, embroidered in black. The long, hanging sleeves, and low jacket at the back, are trimmed like the rest of the tunic.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK AND WHITE WOOL PLAID.—The skirt has three bias folds of the material, headed by bands of black velvet. The close-fitting waist is made with a coat-basque at the back, long, apron tabs in front, and with loose sleeves, cut up at the back, all trimmed with a band of black velvet, and white and black fringe.

FIG. VIII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF WHITE MOHAIR.—The skirt has one flounce, not very full, headed with the inevitable band and ruffle; and above the flounce are two rows of butterfly bows, made of black velvet; the tunic is trimmed with a wide ruffle, long behind, and looped high up and far back on the hips by large loops of black velvet. The waist has a small basque, and is cut open a little way down the front. Close coat-sleeves.

FIG. IX.—BLACK SILK VISITING-DRESS OF SECOND MOURNING.—The lower-skirt has one deep flounce, vandyked, and trimmed with a narrow plaiting, headed by a row of black velvet; the upper-skirt is plain, with a plaited trimming put on to imitate vandykes, filled up with rows of velvet. The basque is cut with revers in front, and a long tunic-skirt behind, and with the wide sleeves, is elaborately trimmed with velvet, and a narrow plaited ruffle.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Cashmeres, serges, merinos, and all woolen materials are in great favor for fall wear. It is too early yet to chronicle any decided change in the style of making dresses. Nearly all short dresses are made with two skirts, cut long. House, or evening-dresses, are often made with only one skirt, but long enough to be looped up gracefully. Trains are not so long as formerly. For walking-dresses of woolen material, and sometimes of silk, especially black silks, braiding is a favorite way of ornamentation; braid, however, of the same color as the material of the dress, is indispensable. Shaded trimmings are less popular than formerly, most of the handsomest French dresses being trimmed of the very material from which the dress is made. One deep flounce on walking-dresses, is the most popular, as in heavy fabrics this looks better than several narrow ruffles, which ought to be reserved for light materials.

VERY PRETTY Louis XVI. *redingotes* are now made of silk, and intended to be worn over dresses trimmed with several flounces. They only look well over this style of dress, because, being made almost plain at the back, they require the frills beneath to keep them out and make them stylish. Striped silk is very popular for these *redingotes*.

FOR EVENING TOILETS *redingotes* are made to open squarely in front with two basques; the sleeves are pagoda in form, and at the back there are two long, pointed basques, slightly gathered at the waist; there is never any band whatever outside, and, though one is sewn inside, to keep the garment in its place, it is, of course, not visible; two buttons mark the position of the waist. *Redingotes*, intended for wearing over morning and afternoon toilets, cross on the chest, and are fastened at the side; square basques in front simulate the waistcoat, and they have long, pointed basques at the back like the evening ones, but the sleeve is long, with a deep cuff.

WRAPPINGS OF BLACK CASHMERE are very much liked for fall wear; they are so light, and yet warm, that they are found most suitable for this season of the year. The circular form is the most liked, resembling in shape that of Fig. v. in our fashion plate. Of course, this style is varied very much; some are circular at the back, with square tabs in front, and wide, hanging sleeves; others are composed of double capes, with arm-holes in the under and deeper one. Fringe, braiding, and narrow ruffles of silk, are all used as trimmings for these wraps. These black cashmere wraps may be worn with any kind of dress, but no colored ones are worn, unless they are like the dress.

BONNETS have brims and curtains, but do not look very large after all; and the style is still entirely according to the fancy of the wearer.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S KNICKERBOCKER SUIT OF MULBERRY-COLORED CASHMERE, with cloth-leggings of the same color.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF WHITE NANSOOK FOR A CHILD.—The apron is made with a yoke, and trimmed with insertion of heavy English embroidery.

FIG. III.—YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS OF VIOLET-COLORED CASHMERE.—The skirt is trimmed with a plain flounce, deeply vandyked, and ornamented with black ball fringe; this flounce, without fullness, is put on under a band of black velvet, and headed by a piece cut in small vandykes, bound with black velvet. The sleeves and the basque, which is belted in with a black velvet waistband, are cut in vandykes, and trimmed with ball fringe. Violet velvet hat.

FIG. IV.—BOY'S DRESS OF BLACK VELVETEEN.—Knickerbocker trousers, and loose sacque, belted in at the waist. Gray cloth leggings.

FIG. V.—DRESS OF RED AND GREEN PLAID CASHMERE, trimmed around the bottom with bias bands of black velvet. The waist is round and cut open in front, and has black velvet revers, opening over a white chemisette. Coat-sleeves with musketeer cuffs.

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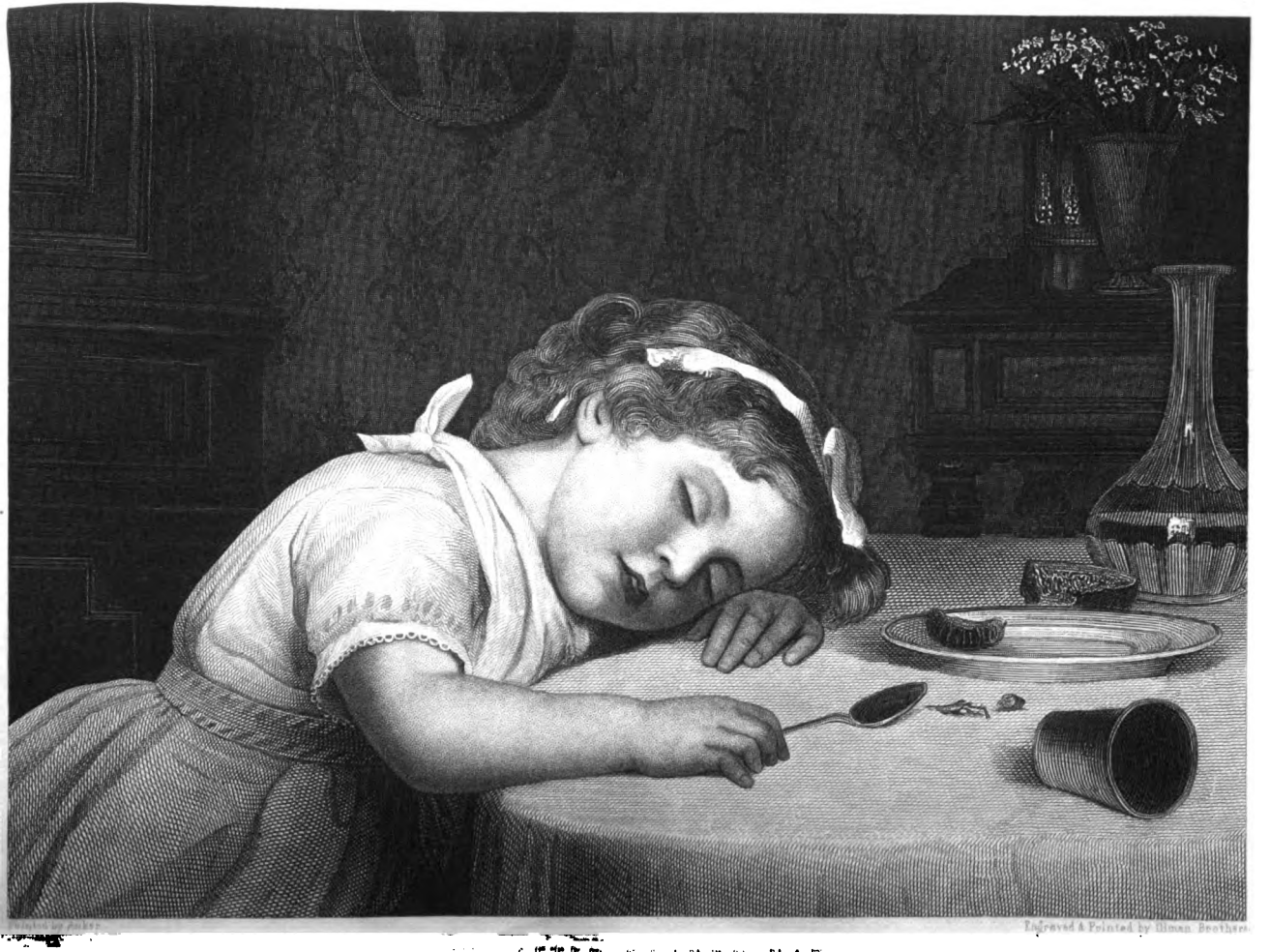

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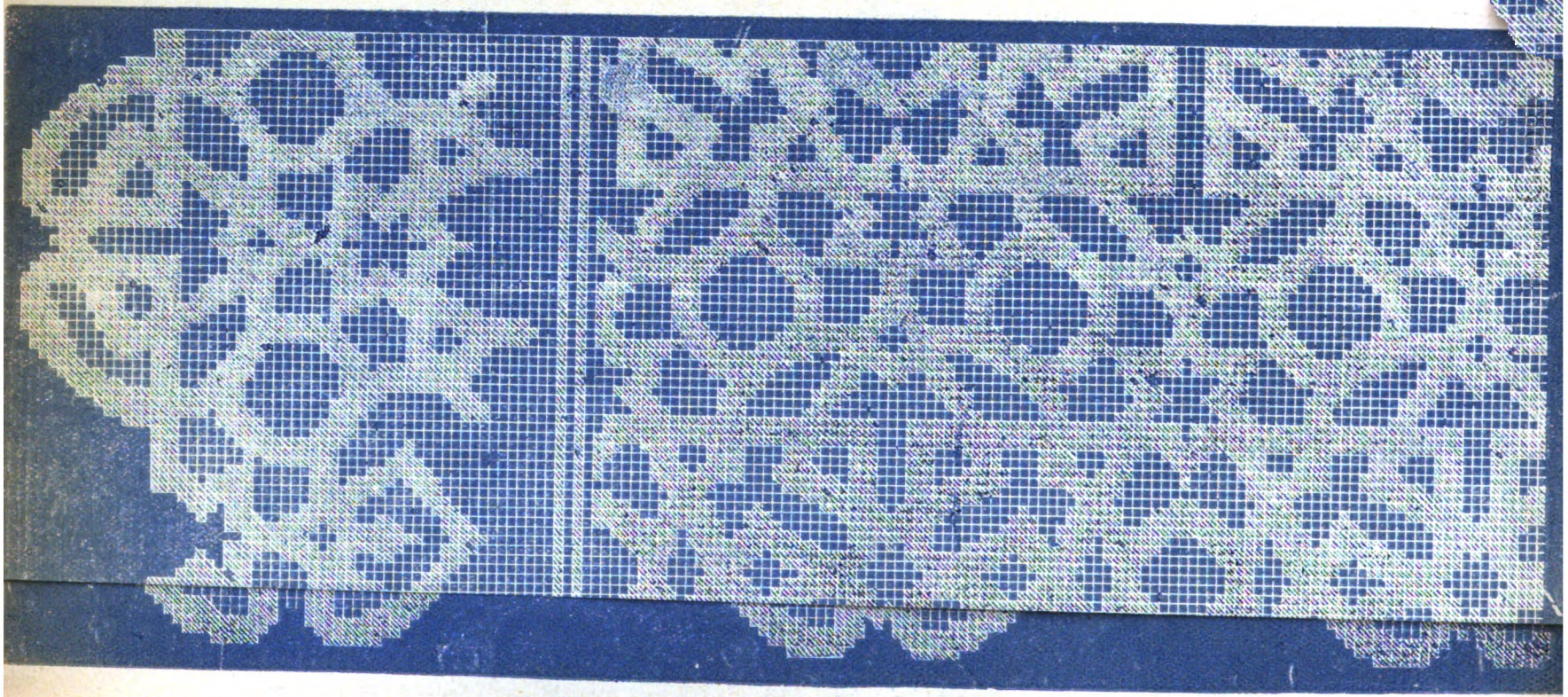

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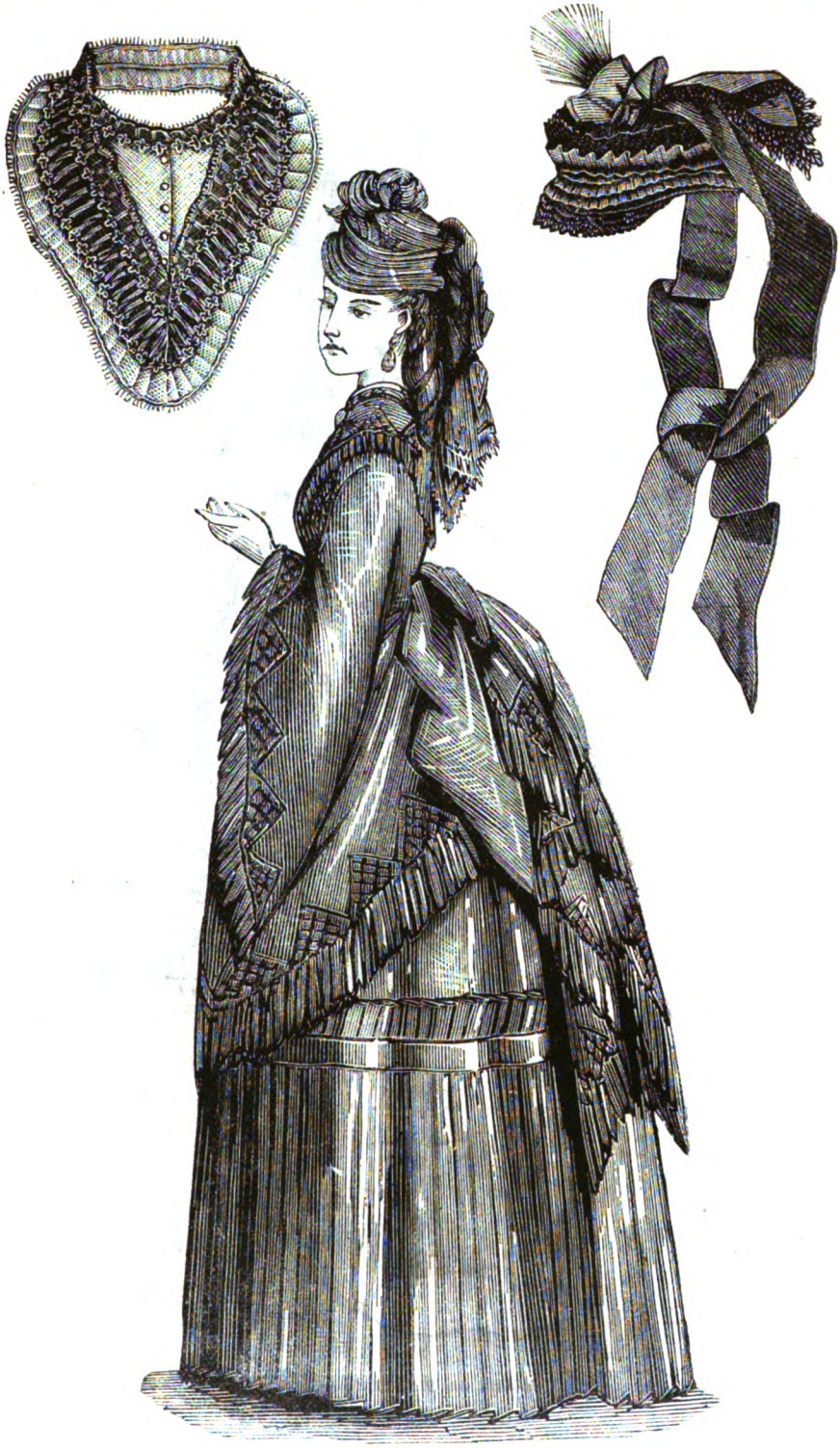

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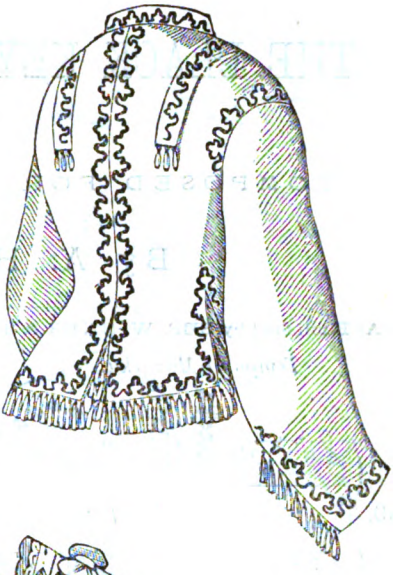

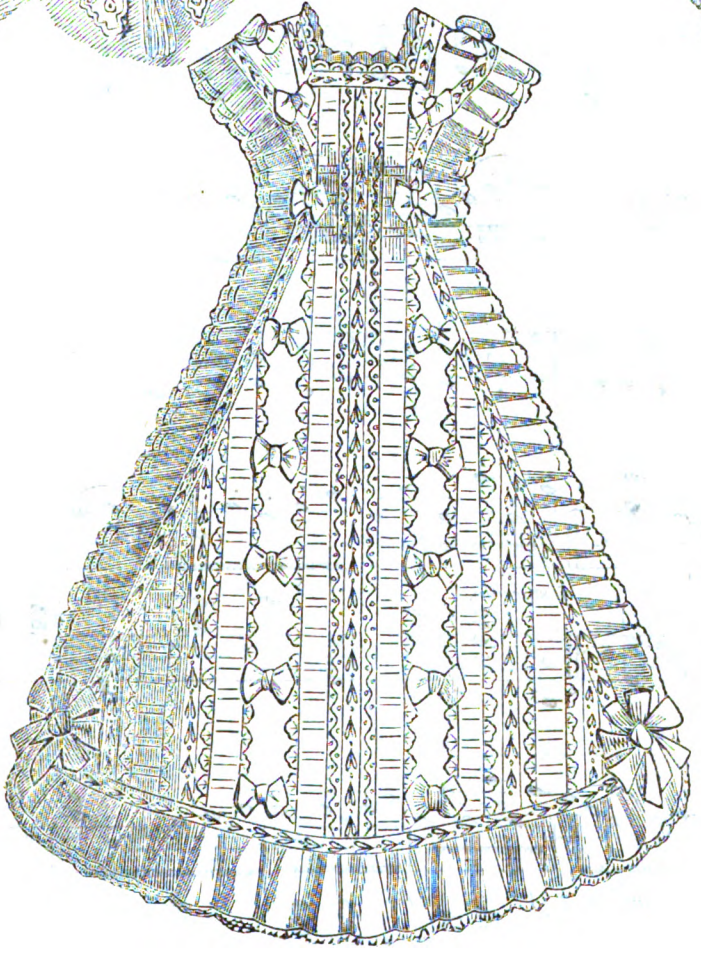

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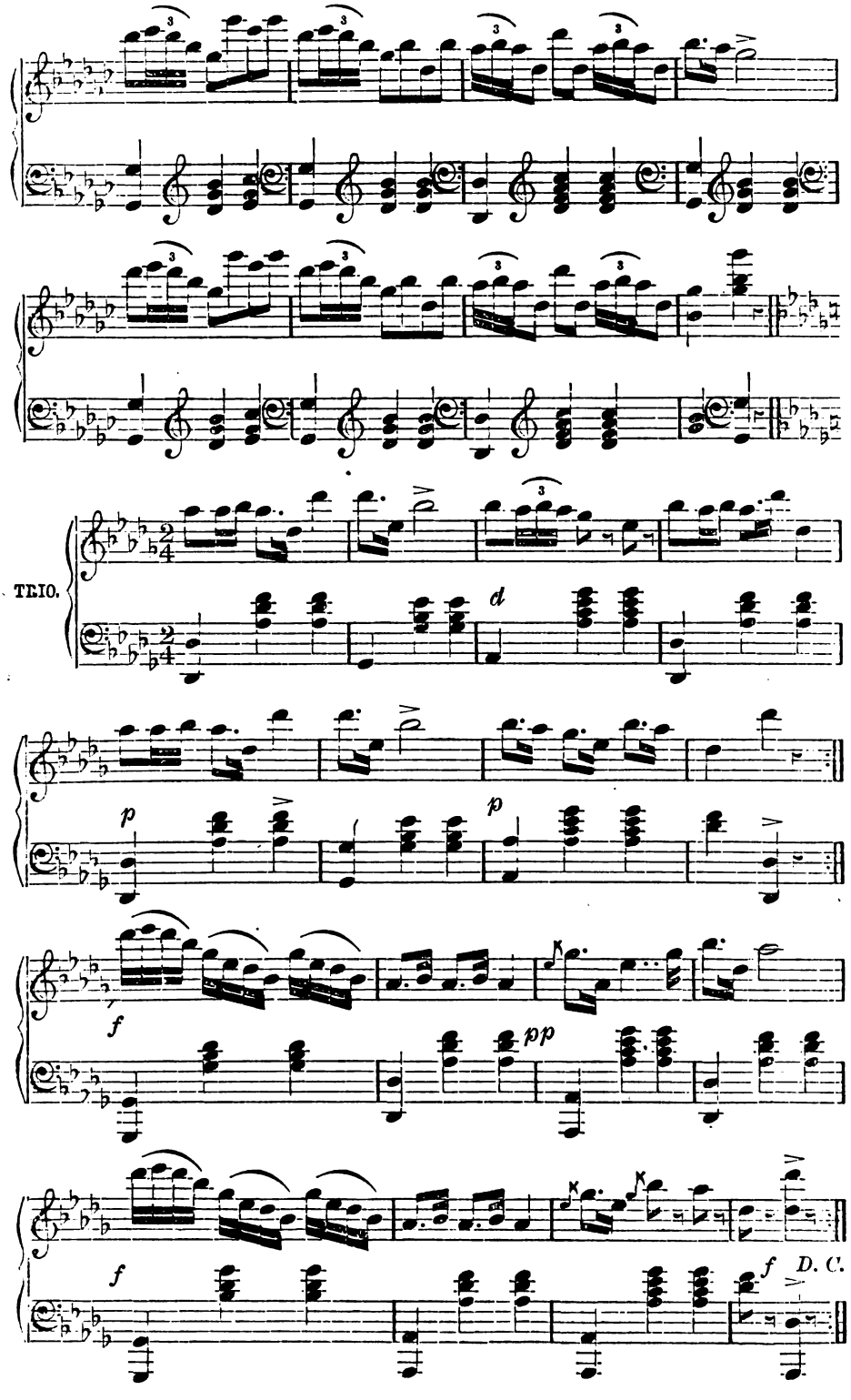

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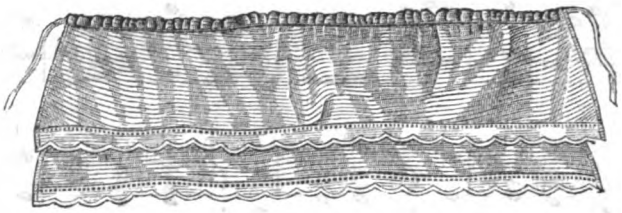

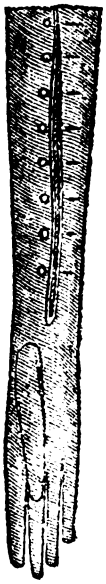

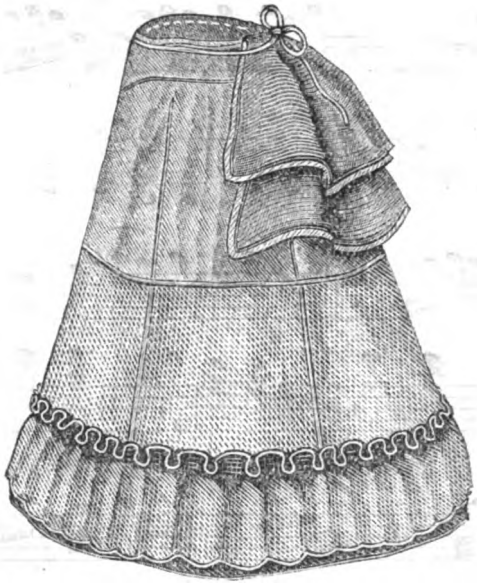

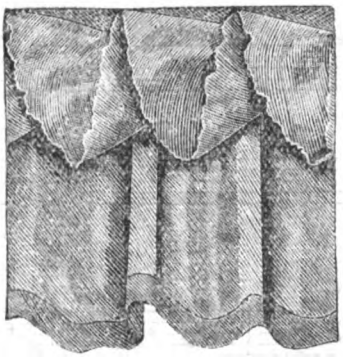

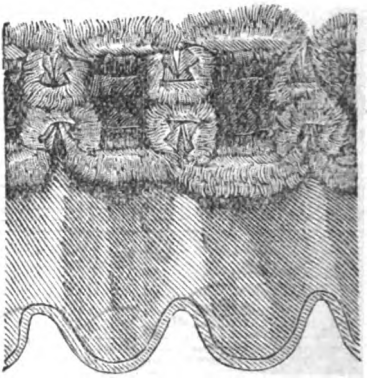

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LX. PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1871. No. 4.

THE VIGIL BY THE SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COBWEBS," ETC., ETC.

FOR hours she had stood there, watching the angry sea, hours that had seemed to her eternities. The wind roared, the salt spray drove in her face, the surf boomed and thundered on the beach: yet she held resolutely to her post. She was so close to the water that it often wet her feet, but still she stood there, with clasped hands, peering anxiously seaward, while the gulls overhead clanged and shrieked, their wild, discordant cries seeming to forbode disaster and death.

The gray dawn was just breaking. All the afternoon before, and all through the long night, a storm had been raging, such as had not been witnessed, for half a century, even on that tempestuous coast. The fury of the gale was now passing away. But even yet the beach rocked under the tremendous surges that still broke upon it.

Letty Trevor had been married only three months, and this was the first serious anxiety she had experienced. Her husband was, by general consent, the handsomest, bravest and hardiest young fisherman on the coast. With three or four other boats, he had sailed the morning before, but his companions, foreseeing a storm, had put back shortly after high noon. He, however, eager to secure his catch of fish, had refused to return: "he hadn't had much luck, this season," he said, "and he had made up his mind to stick to it till luck came."

The other fishermen had hardly made the shore before the gale set in. As evening drew on, several of the older women and wives came to comfort Letty, telling her to keep a good heart, for that they remembered boats that had rode out tempests quite as fierce as this. But their well-meant words only increased the young wife's anxiety, for she knew they would not have sought her out, in this way, if they had not feared the worst. At last, to her relief, she was left alone. But she could not sleep. She would not even undress and lie down. She sat rocking herself in her chair, at first: then her terror increasing, she rose and began to walk the floor: finally, she could remain indoors no longer, but tying a handkerchief under her chin, she went out into the rain and tempest. She sought the sea-shore, and there, all through the night, she remained, peering into the darkness, with the half-crazed hope, it was not so much even as an expectation, that she might see the sail of her husband flying before the gale, or be in time, perhaps, to rescue him from the hungry surf.

For it was not anxiety alone, it was remorse also, that was at her heart. Yesterday, the first pettish words she had ever spoken to her husband had passed her lips. She had asked him for a new dress, such as one of her old schoolmates had just bought, and he had answered that he could not afford it, the fishing, this season, having been so bad. She had retorted she hardly knew what; but it had been something like a reproach; and he had turned away hurt. Soon after, when he rose to go, he approached, to kiss her, as usual, but she turned petulantly away. All this she remembered now. When his comrades had come home without him, and bringing his message, she divined only too surely why he had remained behind.

"Oh!" she cried, wringing her hands, "if he should never come back. If he has died before I can beg forgiveness. Yes! he staid to earn enough to buy the dress—the dress I was so wicked as to reproach him for not being able to give me; if I could only see him alive for one instant, and be forgiven, then I would be willing to die!"

In such vain regrets, with such wild appeals, the night had passed. Ah! how often repentance comes when it is too late! Too late! Awful words, and with what hidden meaning. Too late! Too late!

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The words burned themselves into her brain. They were everywhere. They were borne on the wind, they thundered in the surf, they were shrieked out by the birds overhead.

Suddenly, she thought she saw, far out at sea, a white speck, as of a boat or sail. It rose, for an instant, on the crest of a distant wave, on the extremest horizon, and then disappeared. With breathless, intense gaze she watched for its return. Was that it, flashing up again? No, it was only the foam of a far-off roller, or the wing of a low-flying gull.

The reaction, after her momentary hope, was terrible. Her knees gave way beneath her, and she fell prone upon the beach. Prone, and grasping the sand, the unspoken prayer going up from her bleeding heart: ,"Father let this cup but pass from me!"

After awhile she rose feebly from her knees. But she was soothed and calmed by her petition, nevertheless; for when did an anguished heart go to the All-Pitying and not find relief? As she looked out once more, over the tumbling waters, her heart stood still, for there, distinctly marked against the sky, on the same far-off horizon, was some object, apparently a boat. Again it disappeared; but this time it rose again immediately; it sank again and rose again; and now she saw that it was really a boat, bottom-upwards, and with a human figure clinging to it.

"Oh, Father in Heaven!" she cried, "grant it may be him. Spare me, spare me, this once!"

On and on came the boat, driven before the wind and tide, the human figure still clinging to it. Once or twice, indeed, the poor wife thought that all was over, for the waves swept across the wreck, burying it from sight, and when it emerged again, she could not, for an instant, through her blinding tears, recognize the dark object that held so tenaciously by the keel. That half hour of suspense lengthened itself, in her imagination, to days and weeks.

At last the wreck was so near in shore, that she fancied she could recognize the clinging figure.

"It is he, it is he!" she cried. "Willie! Willie!"

Her voice rose to a hoarse cry. The sullen surf, the wailing wind, and the shrieking gulls echoed it back. But no answer came.

"He does not hear me. I must shout louder. Willie! Oh! my Willie!"

She ran up and down the shore, wringing her hands piteously; but no reply was returned. The figure on the wreck was more motionless than ever.

"He is dead! he is drowned!" she sobbed. "Oh! Willie, my darling!"

The boat was now swiftly approaching the beach in front of Letty. But one of those insidious currents, which come and go so unaccountably, seized it at this instant, whirled it around, and bore it off down the coast. All seemed lost. The agonized wife followed, watching it with straining eyes, fearing, with every wave, that her husband's body would be swept off and away, and that she would lose even the poor consolation of burying it in consecrated earth, where, some day, she might lie down beside it forever, and be at peace. Now the surges swept it in toward her; now they bore it, as if in mockery, away; now the boat floated shoreward till it was almost in the breakers: and now again it receded, as if about to be hopelessly carried out to sea. The dawn was beginning to glow in the eastern sky. Faint, reddish streaks showed on the horizon, turning to delicate pink above, and fading off into apple green higher up. But for this, one of the most beautiful sights in nature, this coming of the new day, this ever-recurring resurrection, she, so fond of watching it usually, had now no eyes: all she could think of was her husband, all she could see was that up-turned boat, tossed on the surges, and the motionless figure clinging to it.

At last came a tremendous roller. It seized the wreck as if it had been but a chip; bore it aloft on its green, shining front; swept it with indescribable rapidity toward the shore; and breaking, in a whirlwind of foam, and with a noise like many thunders, left the boat and its burden, for one moment, almost at the feet of Letty. Then the tons of water began to recede, tearing up sand and pebbles and dragging them back to the insatiate ocean, with a wild, hungry roar. They would have swept the inanimate form off with them also, if Letty, reckless of her own life, had not rushed into the under-tow, caught her husband in her arms, and flinging herself almost on her face shorewards, managed thus to resist the receding waters. Behind her, as if it had been a mere idle leaf, the wreck was sucked back into the boiling vortex. Another wave came thundering in. But, with superhuman strength and speed, Letty rose to her feet and rushed up the beach, just in time to escape it. Then she sank down, with her husband's form still clasped in her arms, utterly exhausted, and in a dead faint.

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The village was now beginning to awake. A few early fishermen were slowly loitering shorewards, not to tempt the ocean by embarking, however, but to see what damage had been done by the gale. One of them, turning the corner of a sand-dune, suddenly came upon the two figures we have described, lying locked in each other's arms.

"Bless my soul," he cried, "what is this? Letty Trevor and Willie. Both dead, too!" He stooped, and narrowly examined them. "No, there are signs of life in her, she is only in a faint: and he, why surely he breathes a little, his flesh is warm. Hillo!" and he raised his voice to a shout. "Come here, boys! Quick, quick! it is for life or death!"

That afternoon, when the angry sea was going down, and the setting sun threw long lines of peaceful light across the salt meadows, Letty sat, with tearful eyes, holding her husband's hand in hers, for he was still too weak to rise.

"Oh, Willie!" she said, "how happy I am. You have forgiven me, too. I never, never thought to feel so glad again."

"Forgive you?" he said. "I owe my life to you, dearest. If you had not been on the watch for me, I should have been carried out to sea again, and then I would have sunk forever. I was almost gone as it was. You see, when the boat capsized, I managed to swim back to her and hold on by the keel; but it was terrible hard work, with every wave washing over me; and before daybreak I was nearly worn out. I was about giving up, when I saw a woman, far off, on the beach, and my heart told me it was you. That gave me new strength, and I managed to keep up till I was within half a mile of shore. Then everything swam before me, and I lost my senses. The next thing was waking here."

She fondly stroked and patted his hand; she leaned over and kissed him; and her voice was choked with sobs, as she said,

"For he that was lost, is found. He that was dead, is alive again. Oh! thank God, thank God! for He is long-suffering and full of mercy!"

Then she broke into a fit of wild, uncontrollable weeping. But the tears she shed were those of thankfulness and joy.

Years have passed since then. Letty has never spoken a pettish word to her husband again. If ever she is tempted to be unjust to him, she thinks of the past, of that dreadful night, and of her VIGIL BY THE SEA.

THE AUTUMN FOLIAGE.

BY W. R. WATERTON.

THOUGH September's suns shine brightly,
And September's skies are blue,
Though the Autumn breezes lightly
Stir the leaves of varied hue,
Still a not unpleasant sadness
Stealeth softly o'er our hearts,
While we mourn the vanished gladness
Of the Summer which departs.

Though the Autumn foliage glory
In its green and gold array,
Yet its splendors tell a story
Of incipient decay.

Let us listen to its teaching,
For analogies profound,
And throughout all nature reaching,
Are within us, and around.

Yes, the Autumn foliage gaining
Tints of beauty as it dies,
Like the setting sun, which waning,
Spreads new glory o'er the skies,
Tells the Christian that as nearer
To the grave his footsteps tend,
All his graces should shine clearer,
And beam brightest at his end.

DYING.

BY EULAU RAY.

LIFE'S wearisome warfare is over, for me;
My feet touch the river no mortal can see;
It will not be long ere the Boatman shall come
Across the swift current, to carry me home.

I see the bright angels around my low bed;
I hear the glad chorus by seraphim led;

I feel the soft breezes blow fresh on my brow,
From that happy country I'm going to now.

The beautiful Boatman comes down to the shore,
Hark! Hear ye not music—the dip of his oar?
He knows I am ready, and smiling draws nigh.
Oh! call ye this dying? 'Tis blessed to die!

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THE TRAGEDY OF A QUIET LIFE.

BY MISS F. HODGSON, AUTHOR OF "KATHLEEN'S LOVE-STORY."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 185.

CHAPTER III.

A GRAVE face old Marjory's, at the best of times—always a grave face; but the time came when its gravity was deeper than ever, and when even its many lines and furrows were deeper too. Women are quicker than men in the instinct of seeing danger ahead, particularly when the danger is danger to one of themselves; and, in the case of her young nursling, Marjory had been quicker to see the dangerous truth than her master had, dear as this one ewe lamb was to him in his lonely, laboring life. As the weeks followed one another, and the winter grew older, Prue's fate had been weaving itself out. The unceremonious evening visits, the chance meetings, the graceful idle speeches, could not be without a result, and their result was just the natural one. What had been easy at first, became easier as time passed on; for she had learned to love this man, through her very belief in him. The hours were scarcely long enough to dream her innocent day-dreams in, the undefined yet intense happiness filled her from morning till night; the old, quiet life returned to her mind as something lost for ever, something over which a great change had come, something to which she could never go back. With Strathspey it had been nothing more than drifting on, day by day. It had been a pleasanter winter than he had expected, or his rector's daughter had made it so. Circumstances had thrown him in her way, and circumstances had given her a charm for him, and he was a man whom circumstance governed completely; so it was that the spirit of the hour ruled him, and no day passed without some new move being made in the old, graceful, indolent, careless game.

But, whoever else was blind, Marjory was not. She had seen this old, graceful game played before, and its ending had been one which filled her honest old Puritan heart with horror—not that she ever dreamed of such an ending to her nursling's story; but "The bairn is but a bairn after a," she said to herself sadly, "and I canna stan' by and see her wranged."

It would have been a hard matter to speak to the "bairn" herself; nay, how could she? The sweet, serious face was so tenderly bright, in these days; the brown eyes were so full of a new belief and happiness. It seemed as though a new life had come to her. How could she cloud it with such a warning?

"I canna do it," the faithful old creature said to herself, after many sad hours of pondering. "I canna do it mysel', so I maun e'en speak to the rector."

So it was, that, watching her opportunity, she came into her master's study one evening, when he was alone, and broached the subject to him, with much faltering and grief.

"She's no a bairn any langer, master," she ended, smiling sorrowfully. "Canna ye see that this braw young laird has stepped in between us?"

A strong, sudden pang came upon her master, as he listened. He had never dreamed of this before, and here he had awakened from his fancied security, to find that his child was his no longer. Child! Nay, this faithful, ignorant woman, who had been quicker sighted than he, for all his lore, had been right in saying that their bairn had become a woman.

"She is only seventeen," he said, with a new recurrence of the sudden pain. "And yet—How blind I have been. Poor bairn! Poor little Prue!"

When Marjory went back to her kitchen, she heard her master's feet, in his room above, pacing slowly and heavily to and fro She heard them for two long hours, never resting for a moment, only treading backward and forward, in dull monotony. When his pretty young wife lay dead in her chamber, Marjory remembered that she had heard his slow feet through the whole of the dreary winter's day, and remembered, too, how she had hushed the little brown-eyed baby closer to her breast, weeping silent, heavy tears over the sad echo.

Perhaps, as he pondered over the grave truth to which he had newly awakened, a sorrowful memory of his child's dead young mother stirred up his heart, and his old sorrow for the lonely life his little helpmeet had led, grew stronger as he thought of the difference a mother's care would have made.

When Prue returned, after her absence, it was almost dark, and, going upstairs, she opened the study-door, to find her father sit-

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ting in his chair, by the dull embers, resting his head upon his hand. Something in his face struck her sadly, and, with a little pang of affectionate self-reproach, she went and knelt beside him upon the hearth. But it was not so easy to talk now as it used to be, and, besides, she felt half sad herself this evening. She scarcely knew why, sometimes such sadness came upon her—half tenderness, half pain; but the time had not come yet when she could ask herself its meaning.

"I have been to the church, Papa," she began to tell him. "It is getting along beautifully. It will be completed by Christmas, Lord Strathspey says."

"Was Lord Strathspey with you this evening, Prue?" he asked, gently.

She did not look up at him, and the red blood mounted to her cheeks, as she answered softly, playing with her gloves,

"Yes, papa." For his quiet voice held just the thoughtful sadness of his face.

He laid his hand upon her pretty brown hair with a gentle touch—a touch as gentle as her dead mother's could have been, and, at last, as if unconsciously, he drew her head to its old childish resting-place upon his knee.

"He has been with you very often of late, has he not?" he questioned. "Prue," with the same thoughtful sadness in his tone, "is this grand young laird coming between my bairn's heart and mine?"

"Oh, papa!" she faltered. "Oh, papa!" and broke down into a gush of tender, innocent tears.

There was a long silence then, and the poor child knelt with hidden face, tremulous, sorrowful, happy. How could he speak, and tell her his sad fears? How could he crush her fresh young dreams, by telling her that the chances were against her, and that it might be that a realization would never come; that there was scarcely a hope that a realization could come to a dream so romantic as hers. The warning had come too late. Man, as he was, he saw that, and, in his great extremity, he could only stroke the bent, girlish head, with a stronger sense of pain. There was nothing more to be said. The wrong was done already, and, through his very tenderness for her trusting love, he could only hide his doubts, and hope for the best.

He tried to talk cheerfully to her during the remainder of the evening; but it was only the shadow of cheerfulness; and when he bade her good-night, he held her in his arms for a moment, with a tremor on his square mouth, which was strangely unlike his usual reticent self-control.

"Don't let us forget to trust each other, Prue," he said. "Don't let this strange lover make us forget what we have been to each other all our two lives."

When Marjory came to bring his bed-room candle to him, he had gone back to his place at the fire, and was seated just as Prue had found him.

She came to his side, holding the candle in her hand, and, with her usual quaint freedom and sympathy, spoke to him at once.

"Can it be helped, master?" she asked.

He raised his head with a faint smile—such a mournful ghost of a smile.

"No, Marjory," he said. "Our bairn is ours no longer. We were too late."

The winter ended as it had begun; the purple heath began to bloom upon the braes, and Strathspey was still at Coombe-Ashley. The quiet life among the quiet people had actually begun to have a sort of negative attraction for him; and, perhaps, the quiet little figure, which sat in the great rectory-pew on Sundays, held a sort of attraction for him too. The sweet young face, with its belief and trustfulness, was not a face to tire a man soon, and, in some sort, it held him captive. Sometimes, in an idle way, he had even amused himself by fancying how it would look at the stately old Coombe, and had pictured to himself the sweet, startled happiness, which would leap into the brown eyes, if he made his careless love-making a truth, and told her that it was so. Not that it had ever been anything more than an idle, whimsical day-dream, this fancy of his. It would have needed more moral courage than ever Lord Strathspey had possessed, to have faced out such a proceeding with the world—his world, which was a world not easy to face, my reader, after committing a romantic absurdity. What would Lady Strathspey have said, if he had announced his intention of ending his career, by marrying his rector's daughter. Lady Strathspey alone would have been too much for him to cope with. Besides, how would the little creature look in London, among women who would envy her for her beauty, and snub her for her humility. Poor little, brown-eyed Prue, she was afraid of Lady Strathspey, who was more gracious to her than to any living being; and how would she be able to meet the sneers and patronage which she would have to encounter, as the inferior party, in a *mesalliance* in society, to

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which she was only admitted on sufferance. Even his idle day-dream never ended without such additional thoughts as these; and yet he could not quite make up his mind to flee the temptation. So the spring came, and he still lingered; one day half inclined to bring his trifling to an end, the next half touched by an indolent regret that his fate had not been a different one, or that he had not been more chary. Some faint twinges of conscience struck him now and then, when a shadow of the possible result passed through his mind. It could not last forever, and an end must come, in the natural course of events. I wonder if it is possible, that but for the interposition of a cooler hand, this quiet story of mine might ever have ended as happily as other stories have done; if it is possible that the tender, girlish face would ever have wrought upon him, so as to arouse his stronger nature to its best. (Let us, at least, give each other the comfort of believing, that even in the weakest of us there is a "best.") It might have proved so; but it was not to be. The simple life was fated to hold its quiet tragedy, and it worked itself out.

"I cannot let you talk nonsense to the little creature," Lady Strathspey had said at first; but when, in the course of time, she found that her warning had been disregarded, and that the wrong was done, her slight feeling of annoyance became something very much stronger. This would never do, she decided, in some matronly trepidation. Men had been led into more absurd things than even this might prove, she told herself, as the result of propinquity and country visits. This little daughter of the rector's was a sweet, lady-like young creature, and, if no one interfered, Angus might carry his amusement too far, and do something absurd and romantic. She was too thoroughly a high-bred woman, and (let me add) too thorough a diplomatist, to let her anxiety and annoyance reveal themselves to either of their objects; on the contrary, she extended her really good-natured condescension to the Renfrews more cordially than ever. She talked to Prue about her pensioners as unceremoniously as her natural stateliness of manner would permit; she called at the rectory once or twice, and never failed to send some graceful message of remembrance, through the rector, to his daughter; but, in the meantime, she did not forget that she had rather a difficult and delicate matter to dispose of.

Strathspey returned to the Coombe one evening, after a few hours absence, to find her ladyship seated at her desk, writing a letter. He was not in the most cheerful of humors, and he scarcely remarked it at first; but, after a few moment's silence, she raised her head.

"I am writing to Gwendoline Foamley, Angus," she said. "I believe I forgot to mention to you that I received a letter from her yesterday, in which she speaks of coming to Coombe-Ashley. Here it is—read it." And she handed him a double sheet of thick cream-colored paper, crossed and recrossed with delicate, flowing chirography, perfumed faintly with wood-violots, and stamped with a pretty monogram.

Strathspey opened it with a slightly heightened color. He remembered the young lady well, as a superb, fair girl, with whom he had spent the pleasantest month of his life one summer a few years before, when he had chanced to meet her party at a wonderful little, many-balconied hotel, on the shores of Lake Geneva. She was a beautiful young creature, the belle of her first season then, as she had been the belle of the two seasons since; and, in spite of his claim of a distant relationship, Strathspey had only been one of a dozen others who were ready to fall at her dainty feet and worship. Still he could not help feeling a slight thrill, as the faint odor of wood-violets floated up to him, for he remembered she had been very fond of wood-violets, and had sentimentalized over them in a very pretty girlish way.

It was a very charming letter; graceful, full of pretty phrases, and nice little turns of speech; lady-like, elegant—all that could be desired, and withal, tinged with a little spirit of delicate satire, which gave it a piquant sort of flavor

"I am weary of amusing stupid people, and being stupidly amused, dear Lady Strathspey," she wrote, "and I believe that a visit to Coombe-Ashley would be a means of recruiting me for next season's exertions. Even *debutantes* are allowed a few weeks rest from their difficult labor of charming and being charmed, and I am not a *debutante*, you know. Pray do be good enough to invite me to spend a month among the bracken with you."

"I am writing to repeat my old invitation," said her ladyship, carelessly, as Strathspey returned the missive to her. "I shall be very much pleased to see her. She is a very charming girl, I believe, though I only remember her as a child."

Nothing more was said at the time. She finished her letter, and the next day it was on its way to England; but regarded, as a stroke of diplomacy, the double sheet of cream-col-

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ored paper, with its soft fragrance of wood-violets, had been a success. For a moment it had blotted out the innocent face and tender eyes, the winter evenings spent in the rectory parlor were forgotten, the rector's daughter was a myth, and Strathspey had gone back to the time when he sauntered on the shores of Lake Geneva, talking the graceful nonsense to Gwendoline Framley, and carrying her dainty parasol.

But still the impression was not strong enough to destroy the older fancy completely, and, in the course of a few days, he was at the rectory again.

"We are going to have a visitor at the Coombe," he said to Prue, during the evening. "You must come and see her, Miss Prue. She is a belle and a beauty; as great a belle as any of the heroines of the stories I tell you sometimes. I dare say she has even been presented at court," with a light laugh, "and broken as many hearts as there are buttons on that pretty dress of yours."

The brown eyes softened into the sober gravity, which was so quaintly natural to them.

"I think I should be afraid of her," said Prue, staidly. "I am not accustomed to grand people, and I am always afraid of them."

"So am I," said Strathspey, laughing again. "It is quite natural, Miss Prue."

It was a lovely evening. To this poor, ignorant child it was the loveliest she had ever known; certainly it was the last in which she experienced unalloyed happiness. She sat in a low basket-chair before the open window, the moonlight streaming in upon her white dress and fair face—a face so very fair and pure, contrasted in the mystic light with her great, soft eyes, that, watching her, Strathspey forgot himself, forgot the world, forgot even Gwendoline Framley, and spoke to her as men will often speak under the influence of a fair face and a sweet voice.

She listened to him with a wild thrill of happiness, her great, innocent eyes lifted up to his, as he leaned against the window, and looked down at her, more perfect and glorious, she thought, than he had ever seemed before. She looked forward to nothing—the future was nothing; it was quite enough to sit in the moonlight, and thrill at every word he uttered.

There was a box of mignonette on the window-sill, and, as he was going away, he bent and broke a spray from it.

"Do you know what it means?" he asked.

He had just bidden her good-night then, and she was standing at his side, a quiet little ghost of a white-robed figure, with a fair, believing face.

"No," the sweet, serious voice answered him.

"It means 'My little darling,'" he said, softly. "Stay; let me fasten it in that ribbon at your throat."

He bent to secure it, and she raised her face a little—the fair girl's face, tender, innocent, truthful; and, as the moonshine fell upon its pure gravity, it thrilled him so that everything else was lost to him. He stooped a shade lower; the big, golden mustache brushed her lips—he had kissed her once, twice, thrice.

"Forgive me, little Puritan angel," he whispered; "your sweet eyes were too much for me. Good night."

And in a minute more she was standing alone, watching his tall, slender form, as he strode down the road, her heart beating in great slow throbs of tremulous happiness and pain.

She carried her mignonette up stairs to the little, white bed-room, and laid it between the leaves of her Bible, as if it had been some sacred thing, and then she knelt down in the moonlight, and prayed a tender, girl-like prayer. There was no single doubt or fear in her pure trustfulness.

His sudden, tender kisses could mean only one thing to this young creature, with her quiet life—he loved her—he loved her!

As to Strathspey, he went home with a slight sense of discomfort upon him. Possibly, he had made a fool of himself, he began to think, after a few minutes deliberation. The temptation had been a great one; but, perhaps, after all, it had been rather an indiscreet thing to give way to it. He was not an absolute villain, of course; and the idea that he had probably gone somewhat too far made him feel slightly uncomfortable.

It was not an impression likely to last long, but still it was there for the time being.

Once or twice during his acquaintance with his rector's daughter, he had actually found himself almost unwisely in earnest; and that he had been unwisely in earnest to-night, cool reflection showed him. A vision of Lady Strathspey rose in his mind, and then (shall I acknowledge it?) came the remembrance of the cream-colored letter, with its odor of wood-violets. It was odd how, as this recollection became stronger, his thoughts veered and faltered. Perhaps a few minutes before he had been nearer the dangerous weakness of doing

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something absurd and romantic, as Lady Strathspey put it, than he had ever been before; but the memory of the odor of wood-violets brought him back to the world of realities. This little creature, with her gentle, Puritan ways, was not the woman to be Lady Strathspey, fair and pure as she might be; but Gwendoline Framley was another person. "I am afraid of grand people," Prue had said. Gwendoline would have "cut" the Dowager Duchess of Buccleugh herself, if she had deemed it necessary, as calmly as she would have ignored Mrs. John Smith at a charity ball.

The windows of the Coombe were brightly lighted, he saw, on reaching the lodge-gates, and, on entering the house, he suddenly remembered that his mother had told him that her guest would be likely to arrive at a late hour. It was quite possible that she had arrived a day or so earlier than was anticipated. He crossed the hall with a quick sense of expectation, and opened the door.

Yes, she had come. She was standing near a table, turning over a portfolio of engravings, the light shining upon her fair hand and delicate profile, even the simple posture which she had fallen into showing the perfection of thorough-bred grace, from the turn of sloping shoulders to the sweep of her light dress.

She had been beautiful as a girl of seventeen, he remembered; but, at twenty, her beauty had more than fulfilled its promise. Her delicate face had more repose; every feature was as clear cut as a cameo; her blue-gray, velvet eyes, under their thick lashes, had that almost impossible translucent darkness which no other eyes ever have.

She looked up as he approached, uncertain a moment, and then her face lighted as only a pretty, graceful girl's can.

"I don't think it would be easy for us to have forgotten each other," she said, answering his welcome, by giving him her slender hand. "That month on Lake Geneva would be hard to forget."

It was nothing more than a graceful, idle, girlish speech; but the translucent eyes, and the patrician face made it worth the remembering. Gwendoline Framley belonged to this world of his, which he feared so much, and, probably, the first sound of her clear, musical, thorough-bred voice, sealed the fate of the rector's daughter.

He did not call at the Renfrew's again that week. As Lady Strathspey had expected, Gwendoline Framley filled his time, and, in a certain graceful fashion, held him at her side. Time did not hang so heavily at the Coombe, after her arrival, he found. A morning spent in the great parlor, with the windows thrown open, the breeze from the sea coming over the hills fresh with an added scent of heather, and the fair face bending over some pretty work, as he read aloud, was not so wearing after all. Gwendoline was possessed of the wonderful gift of listening well—possibly it had been a part of her young lady-like training; but, however that was, she had certainly acquired the art to perfection. She never spoke at the wrong time, never made remarks unadvisedly, always looked interested, never indifferent. Her interest was a graceful, well-trained, well-cultivated interest, and even when assumed, as in the course as her experience had frequently been unavoidable, it had never betrayed itself. Since she had been "out" she had listened to men who had bored her, and men who bored themselves; but she had always listened well; and now that she had encountered a man who was in no danger of proving tedious, she was naturally very charming. Strathspey found her so in more ways than one. Even the perfect, elaborate toilets, which appeared so adaptedly at all times, with their flower-like freshness, were an additional charm to him. Prue had pleased and amused him; Gwendoline ruled him with her conscious, inborn self-possession; and when such a man is so ruled, by such a woman, his fate is sealed for him. There was no fear of the world's opinion in this case. Gwendoline Framley had held her place from her childhood among the very people whom he feared. She had been the most popular belle of her season, and the men who would have snarled at the romance of a marriage with his rector's daughter, would envy him, almost savagely, if he won her for his wife. He was less a hero than anything else, I believe I have said already; and so, letting all these things drift before him idly, he forgot his uncomfortable sense of having done a wrong, and remained at the Coombe, playing the pleasant *role* of cavalier to his mother's guest, while Prue waited patiently for his coming, and her patient waiting was in vain.

She had heard of the arrival of the expected guest, and made it his excuse. Lady Strathspey would wish him to remain with them, she told herself, and it was but right that he should remain; but still she could not restrain a soft, little sigh, at the remembrance of the quietly happy days, when there had been no one to come between them.

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She was half afraid, when Sunday morning arrived, at the prospect of meeting this beautiful new comer, and she dressed herself with no small amount of trepidation. The Strathspey pew was not filled when she entered the church; but it was not long before the party from the Coombe made their appearance, and the quiet little figure in the square pew near the pulpit was the first object which met Gwendoline Framley's glance. Prue looked up, and saw her as she followed Lady Strathspey up the aisle, and her first glance at the fair, reposeful face, and translucent eyes, struck her with a sudden, strange pang, so unlike her usual quiet, that she was almost frightened at it.

The sweet voice was not so clearly ready with the responses this morning, and the sweet face was not so bright. A faint presageful shadow had fallen upon it. She looked across the church at the beautiful figure, in its rich, elaborate dress, and her heart fell—the gulf which lay between their two girlish loves was so wide a one.

She passed out of the little stone porch, just as Strathspey handed his mother's guest into their carriage, and perhaps her first doubt came upon her at that moment. There was something of scarcely to be defined admiration in his eyes, as the girl smiled her grateful thanks—a something Prue had never seen before, and the faint presageful shadow grew deeper, and fell upon her sadly as she turned away.

CHAPTER IV.

THE quiet young figure of the rector's daughter stood at the rectory parlor-window, with folded hands, the quiet, young face looking out steadily at the hills, fast growing dusky purple in the deepening twilight.

It was not the face which had smiled up at Lord Strathspey, on the Brae, a few months before. There was a slight palor upon it, the sweet, serious mouth had a listless droop, the brown eyes were strained and sad, the fresh, untried-look was gone.

It was only two months since Strathspey had left her standing in the moonlight, with his kisses on her lips, and yet, in these two short months, the curtain had swung slowly upward, and the old, helpless, worn-out tragedy, which has been played so often, and so cruelly, was beginning to act itself out once more.

There was nothing novel or dramatic in her dawning sorrow. It was only a helpless, vague one—only the skeleton of a plot, without any stage accompaniments to make it startling. It had made no change in her life as yet; there were the same things to be done, and she did them as conscientiously as ever; the same quiet, domestic duties to be performed, and not one of them were neglected; but her contentment in their management was gone. She went about the house with the same gentle attention to the every-day wants, but oftentimes Marjory looked up from her work to see her standing silent and dreamy, faint little lines showing themselves on her white forehead, and her brown eyes fixed far away.

"I don't think I am very well, Marjory," she had said once or twice; but she had never acknowledged, even to herself, that there was any cause for the change which had come over her.

She had waited, with trustful patience, at first, not understanding its being possible, that what had seemed the realization of her happiness could be a mockery. She could not believe it in her ignorance, and no shadow of the truth crossed her mind. She had seen Strathspey once or twice since Gwendoline Framley had come to the Coombe; but their short meetings had only left her bewildered, stricken, and wondering. He had called at the rectory, if the truth must be told, in the hopes of stifling an occasional twinge of conscience; but, not finding the visits satisfactory, they became fewer and farther between, and, in the end, dropped almost entirely. "It must come to an end sometime," he told himself, with a slight recurrence of the sense of discomfort, "and why not now, when there was a not too palpable apology." Every day, with the help of his new enchantment, led him farther away from the memory of the kisses he had stolen from the pure, girlish lips, in the moonlight; and with such a man, the fading of the strongest impression life can leave, is only a question of time. Perhaps she had thought as lightly of them as he had, he tried to persuade himself, and, with constant repetition, the argument became sufficiently plausible to be almost believed. "Almost," I say, not quite. So weeks passed, and Prue saw nothing of him, unless with his mother and Gwendoline Framley at church, or driving through the village, and day by day found her awakening to a new dread. She had never dreamed until now that it was very possible that the kisses and tender words had held no meaning, but that the time had passed slowly with him, and that her ignorance and trust had helped it onward. She had made every excuse for his absence which

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faith could suggest; she had even tried to believe in the old palliation, that it was right that his mother's guest should occupy his time and attention; but now a new feeling was dawning upon her, which as yet she was unable to grasp in all its magnitude.

She was pondering over it, as she waited for her father, this evening He had gone to the Coombe, a few hours before, at Lady Strathspey's request, on a matter of business, and now Prue was waiting for his return, with an expectation which was almost pain. She scarcely knew why she expected him so eagerly. He knew nothing of her trouble, she fancied, and could tell her nothing; but the fact that he had, perhaps, heard the careless, indolent voice, and seen the careless face, was enough to thrill her from head to foot.

She waited so eagerly, and with so much of vague anticipation, that when at last the door opened, and her father entered, the face she turned toward him was almost feverish in its expectant anxiety.

"I thought you were never coming," she said, with a little flutter in her voice. "Tea has been waiting for an hour, papa."

She was at his side in a moment, ready with the slippers and dressing-gown, with which she never failed. She helped him to put them on, as usual, and drew his easy-chair to the fire; but her hand trembled a little as she assisted him to remove his coat, and there was a hot spot of color on her cheek, as she took her place behind the tea-service.

There was never any alteration in her affectionate manner toward him, and she never forgot one thing which might add to his comfort; it would not have been like her to let her trouble reveal itself; but still, in these days, there was a faint, sad feeling of restraint between them. Perhaps it had arisen from their mutual desire to ignore the truth, or, perhaps, from their mutual pain; but it was there nevertheless, and, in spite of their endeavors to conceal it, ruled them. The innocent childhood was a thing of the past, at least, and each felt it to be so.

The deep lines on the rector's face were deeper this evening than they had ever been, and his grave, resolute mouth had a sadder gravity. Lady Strathspey was a thorough diplomatist, woman as she was, and had known very well what she was saying, when she made her visitor partly her confidant on the subject which was nearest to her heart.

"Coombe-Ashley will scarcely be neglected again, I fancy," she had carelessly said. "If Angus is married, as soon as I hope he will be, I have no doubt he will make it his home, and then, of course, he will feel his responsibilities."

Her confidence had merely appeared accidental; but it had been sufficiently well arranged, and had at least conveyed the information she intended it should, namely, that her desires were likely to be consummated.

The rector thought over it, as he drank his tea, and glanced at the slight figure before him. He knew enough of the world to understand what her ladyship's speech had meant, and he was thinking of what it might mean to his daughter.

Prue sat at the head of the table, with the spot of color burning on either cheek, and an eager shadow in her eyes. She could not ask him anything. What could she ask? So she waited, with a feverish pain, to hear if he would speak of what he had seen. But when the meal had ended, and he had said nothing, her restlessness grew too much for her.

She went out to Marjory in the kitchen, and gave her orders for the night, and then lingered for a few minutes, half fearing to return to the room. She did not know, poor child, that he feared to see her come.

She went back to the parlor at last, and found her father sitting there in silence, and almost darkness. He had taken his summer seat in the deep old mullioned window, and was watching in the shadowy darkness for the rising of the moon. She went and stood near him, looking out for a few moments in silence, but at last she spoke to him.

"Did you see Miss Framley, Papa?" she asked. She did not look at him as she spoke, and the little flutter in her voice made it sound strangely low and unsteady; so low and unsteady that it gave her hearer a dull pang.

"Yes," he answered, "and Strathspey, too, Prue."

Her heart beat heavily. It always did beat at the sound of that name; but now its echo forced it to a stronger throb.

In the pause that followed the rector pondered gravely. If she was clinging to any hope, she must be undeceived, and who but himself could undeceive her. She was too young to feel the pain long, after the first wrench was over; but it had been her first young dream, and the pang must be a strong one which tore it from her. He did not understand that, young as she was, this quiet, girlish romance of hers might be as hard to kill as the romance of a woman. He pitied

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her; but he pitied her as the innocent child he had loved, whose childhood was now lost to her. He had not awakened to the full truth yet. "Poor little bairn," he said to himself, and then glanced upward at the slight figure in the shadow, with its face to the window.

"She is a very beautiful girl, this Miss Framley, Prue," he said, at last.

"Yes, papa," she answered, without moving.

"Lady Strathspey was telling me to-night," he went on steadily, "that she had hopes that she would hold his lordship at Coombe-Ashley. I have no doubt she will, when they are married, as I think they will be."

The slender figure stirred faintly, but very faintly, and then Prue made her reply.

"It will be better for Coombe-Ashley," she said, slowly.

He had not anticipated that she would display any great emotion, but he had expected to see more than this. It almost relieved him, and his fancy that her youth would make her pain slighter for her, returned to him with more of reassurance than it had offered before, and made him speak more cheerfully.

"Yes," he said. "It will be better for Coombe-Ashley, and better for all of us. Miss Framley is a very fitting Lady Strathspey."

Prue made no reply. She stood silently watching the clouds brighten above the hill-tops as the moon rose. She was thinking steadily of the one thing.

The rector rose from his seat at last. It would be best leave her alone, he thought.

"I have some work to do," he said to her, "so I must go to my room. Good-night, Prue."

"Good-night, papa," she answered, steadily, and then he left her.

She did not stir after he was gone, and she found herself alone. The moon was just flooding the rowan-trees with its shining light, and she watched it movelessly, and in silence.

Men had amused themselves with women often before, as women had amused themselves with men; other women had awakened from foolish, tender, delicious dreams of happiness; but few women had ever awakened with such a shock, leaving behind in the past so much of innocent faith and ignorant trust as this poor, little, desolate Prue. Until the morning she had met Gwendoline Framley in church, she had never even dreamed that the wide difference between herself and her lover could be an obstacle; she had thought of nothing but her love, and this love had been so girlish, so foolish, so trusting, so pure. She saw it all now. She had been led on blindly to this end, while he——

She stopped here, remembering the handsome, careless face, and the eyes which had smiled her down. Her heart began to beat wildly; it was only a girl's heart, and the handsome face and smiling eyes had won it from the first. She could not blame him yet—a woman might have done so, a girl never. I almost think that if it had been possible to blot out all the remembrance, with all its present and future pain, she would have chosen to keep the memory, rather than stand where she had stood twelve months before, losing the recollection of the blonde, cavalier face, and the great thrills of foolish bliss it had brought her. There were so many memories. There, upon the hearth, he had kissed her hand the night she wore the white fuchsias in her hair; here, at this window, she had waited a hundred times, only to see him pass by with his gun slung over his shoulder; the box of mignonette still bloomed upon the sill; the faded, little brown sprig lay between the leaves of her Bible up stairs, and this moment she felt the touch of the great golden mustache upon her lips, and heard his footfall ring upon the walk as he passed out in the moonlight. Would he never come back again? Perhaps not. She found herself imagining blindly how the old life would seem when she returned to it, and, looking forward, with a great shuddering pang, to the time when Miss Framley would come to the Coombe as Lady Strathspey, and sit in the velvet-hassocked pew, week after week. She could go no farther than that, without the wild heart-beating, and she slipped upon her knees before the empty basket-chair, flinging up her arms—she was so crushed, so striken.

The shadow of the trouble had been upon her so long, with its constant torture of changing hopes and fears, that she was too weak to bear it. Now it was becoming more than a shadow, and she felt her strength drifting away from her, so she knelt. The helpless, hopeless wearing had been too much for her.

She rose at last. It would not do to remain there any longer, she told herself, and she must go to her room. She had heard Marjory moving about in the kitchen for an hour, making preparations for retiring, and she went out to her, as she always did, to bid her good-night.

But at the kitchen door she paused, strangely dazzled by the light, and Marjory looked up at her to see her wavering, with white lips.

"Don't call papa, Marjory," she said, helplessly. "Please don't call papa;" and the next instant Marjory had caught her as she fell.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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FAITH'S TEMPTATIONS.

BY MARY D. NAUMAN.

"And what will Faith say to all this, I wonder?"

"Faith? I had forgotten her. I can only think of you just now, Margaret."

These two brief sentences had, for a week past, been burning themselves into Faith Hamlyn's memory. They had never been intended, she knew, to reach her ear—the two by whom they had been spoken were wholly unconscious that any other had heard them. Faith, herself, had been an involuntary listener; for it was only that she had gone into the library for a book, never guessing, never thinking how the parlor was tenanted, and then these words had come; and Faith would have given worlds had they neven been spoken.

Such a heartache as it was that they had given her! Such a rude awakening as it had been from the sweet, sweet dream Faith had been so tranquilly dreaming. Such a change from the bright, glad, girlish romance she had cherished so happily, to the bitter pain and disappointment of the reality. Faith thought it very, very hard.

Somehow it seemed hardest this evening, as Faith thought it over, waiting at the garden-gate for her father to come home; for if Faith's bright face had not been the first of the home-sights to meet her father's eyes, after the stir and bustle of his long day given to business in the city, Mr. Hamlyn would have thought there was something missing, something wanting in his home-coming, without his little girl to greet him—and for worlds Faith would not have disappointed him.

But it was not the merry, light-hearted Faith of one week since, who stood this evening at the garden-gate. *That* Faith, she thought, with a strange pity for herself, was not *this* Faith; they were two separate and distinct individuals—one Faith, whose heart had been so gay, so light, another Faith, whose heart was heavy with such a dull, steady aching; and to think that this change had been wrought by a few words. And then the girl—it was her first trial—began to wonder why it had come to her, and if things would ever look again to her as they once had done.

If only this trouble had come to her at some other time—in mid-winter, for instance, when trees were bare, and skies dark, and the earth hidden under a white snow-shroud! Then it would not have been half so hard to bear, with the birds all gone, and the flowers faded, and nature, grieving for their loss, to sympathize silently with her; but for her trouble to come now, now, in this sweet October weather, the time of the year she had always loved best, when the sky was bluest and brightest, and the many tints the leaves wore fairly rivaled the gorgeous brillancy of the clouds, painted anew each evening by that great artist, the setting sun; when earth and sky alike put on their gayest garments, and the soft mistiness veiling the far horizon, only lent a new beauty to the scene; to come in and spoil this sweet St. Martin's summer—this beautiful Sabbath of the year, which she had always enjoyed; it was all the harder to bear for the fair aspect of all around her.

And then, too, it was a thing to be borne alone—for a trouble like this could not be carried to her mother. How faith sometimes longed to be petted and comforted, as of old, in her childish sorrows, which seemed so trifling, and so far away now. But no one could help her in this—this battle with herself must be fought alone; for in what words could she say that she, Faith Hamlyn, had given away her heart, unsought and undesired. It was hard enough to confess it to herself; it was not the story any girl would care to tell, knowing it to be her own—least of all such a proud, sensitive little thing as was Faith Hamlyn.

And, after all, what was it that she had hoped for? Nothing, surely, that was unreasonable; nothing more than falls to every woman's share—the common lot and heritage of all. She had only asked for love, the love which is the crowning blessing of life; the only thing was this, that Mark Ainsworth did not love her.

She had thought of this often enough before during the long week just past, this poor little Faith; but, somehow, its exceeding bitterness seemed to come with an added sharpness of pain this evening; this evening, when the red, slanting rays of the low October sun brightened into ruddier, more golden glory, the mingled scarlet and orange of the maple-trees; stained

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with a richer crimson the gay leaves of the Virginia-creeper covering the side of the house, and threw long, wavering shadows across the smooth, velvety sward, green, as in spring-time, which lay before the house. Till now the blow had crushed her. She had only been conscious, in the dull numbness of pain, that she suffered; but to-day the brilliancy and brightness around her made her ask, by its contrast with her own dark thoughts, why it was that she suffered, and for whom?

To Faith there lay the sting—that was the hardest part of it all. Had it been any one but Margaret; had Margaret even been her own sister, and not her cousin, adopted, to be sure, into, and treated as one of the family; had it been any one but Margaret, it would, so it seemed to Faith, have been easier to bear. But that Margaret should have all, or what seemed to Faith all, and she herself nothing; Margaret, who would have been homeless, and who must have labored at illy-paid woman's work to win her daily bread, had she not been taken by Faith's parents to their home and hearts. It was ungrateful in her, nothing less; and yet not for one moment did Faith grudge her the loving care and tenderness Mr. and Mrs. Hamlyn gave, and which in no ways lessened or interfered with their love for her; but it was hard that all the brightness, and sweetness, and beauty of life should fall to Margaret's share; all its darkness, and gloom, and bitterness to Faith.

All the beauty—for Margaret was beautiful, with all the blonde loveliness which Faith had loved to look upon, as upon a beautiful picture, so different was it from her own irregular features, her own expressive, attractive face. And Margaret's voice, sweet in speaking, was yet sweeter in song—a power denied Faith, with her passionate love of music, yet never once begrudged to her cousin. Even in name she bore the palm; for "Margaret" held in itself such sweet, poetic meanings, a "pearl," a "daisy;" the one so well describing her fair beauty, the other her gentle, modest, maidenly bearing; and she, she was only Faith—her name had no sweet significance, no tender, poetic beauty, that a lover might cherish or dwell upon. It was old, it was ugly and unmeaning—a sad omen of the lonely life before her; and yet once, not so long ago, Faith had been proud of her name, for it had been borne by her father's mother, who, though dead long years since, was yet remembered and loved by her son as only women who have proved themselves true mothers are loved, reverenced, and remembered; and Faith, knowing how her father prized and revered the memory of his mother, had been proud to think that he had given her, his only daughter, that mother's name.

So great a change had one short week wrought, Faith felt ten years older at heart, than she had done on that evening just one week ago to-day; that dreary evening when she had learned that Mark Ainsworth did not love her. It was that had taken all the sunshine out of her life, all the youth and joy out of her heart. And just at this point in her thoughts she heard her father's well-known step; she had nearly forgotten for whom she was waiting, and she had only time to smooth her brow, and force her lips to their usual smile, when he came up, and she raised her flushed face to meet his ready kiss.

Not for worlds would our proud little Faith have had any one suspect the torture she endured, the agony she lived through in secret. To her thought this week of mental pain was the longest, dreariest, weariest week in her life; and yet each day of it she had been forced to try and bear herself as she was wont. To meet her father at the gate with a smile; to talk to him all the evening in the accustomed merry strain; to help her mother in the little household duties in which she loved to have Faith's assistance—those delicate touches in the household economy which no hand but a lady's can give, and which lend a charm to the home; to go on with all this, dully, aimlessly, and to feel that nothing interested her, that she cared for nothing, it was more than hard to bear.

She had been so sure that Mark loved her; although he never had said so in words, it had always seemed to Faith as though they must, some day, belong to one another; they had known one another so long that no one else had any right to him. Now, she said to herself, she had all this time, in her sweet confidence in what was to come, been walking in a fool's Paradise, trespassing on another's manor, feeding on forbidden fruit. Had she put it away from her, this blessed gift that she thought her own; had she herself resigned it; had it been her own hand, and not another's, which had closed the gates of Elysium to her, it had been far easier to bear.

And through all this long, dreary week it seemed that Faith's jealous eyes daily discovered new charms in Margaret—Mark's Margaret, as she called her, to herself, with bitter envy—for a soft, rosy flush, like the deli-

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cate hue of the sweet-briar, came and went, causelessly, on the fair, smooth cheek; there was a certain nameless grace in every movement, a joyous, hopeful expectancy in the sweet, blue eye—and nothing of it all escaped Faith. And, as though it had only come to make Faith's heart heavier, she remembered how, one evening, in those days in which she had thought Mark all her own—hers, not another's—he standing with her under the soft June moonlight, breathing the rose-scented air, had seen Margaret, and seeing her, had quoted:

"Oh, rare, pale Margaret!
Oh, sweet, pale Margaret!"

and had called Faith's attention to the pensive grace of every movement. Now the grace was joyous, as though she trod on air, and moved to sweet music, only heard by herself. And then—misfortunes never come singly—at that very moment Faith spied on Margaret's hand, the significant left hand, circling the betrothal-finger, a ring of gold, set with one single pearl, pure and priceless, gleaming in fair whiteness on the fair hand; and seeing it, all its meaning suddenly flashed across Faith's thoughts, and she knew what that little circlet meant, and how, to one, Margaret was the pearl of womanhood, and to what it pledged her.

Till then a faint hope, a hoping, as it were, against hope, had lingered in Faith's heart; but the fair pearl on Margaret's hand ended that hope. And then, too, it seemed to Faith that Margaret, always gentle and caressing, hung around her more tenderly and lovingly than ever before, and as though some sweet secret were trembling on her lips, which she would share with Faith, secure of winning sympathy from her cousin in this new happiness which had come to her.

But this sympathy for which Margaret longed Faith could not, would not give—the pain was too recent. She avoided her cousin; and coldness is so easily shown, so promptly felt, that Margaret soon saw that a change, for which she could not account, whose cause she could not divine, had come over Faith. No one else seemed to notice it; it was only a girlish whim, Margaret said to herself, a day or two of waiting, a little patience, and Faith would be her own bright self once more; she would let her alone.

And this was all Faith wanted. If Mark were absent, Margaret should not turn, missing him, to her. Her soft whisperings, her low-breathed hopes, must be kept for his ear. She could wait until his return; meantime, Faith suddenly remembered that he would write—lovers always did; and then, suppose that it should fall to her lot to hand the letter, *his letter*, to Margaret! That she could not, would not bear.

So Faith, who heretofore had loved dearly to watch and wait for the coming of the postman, in his familiar, gray uniform, and to receive from him and distribute the daily budget of letters—for, like most young ladies, she and Margaret were blessed with many correspondents—Faith no longer watched for the mail; but at the hours for the postman's rounds, she always had some household duty to engross her, something which could only be done by her hand, and could not be put off.

And so the fair October days passed, each one adding a new glory to the sky, a brighter tint to the leaves; and as the to-morrows grew into to-days, and faded into yesterdays, they brought increase to Faith's unhappiness, or rather to her suffering, for it was nothing less; a suffering endured in such proud secrecy, that none guessed at it. And Faith hoped that, after a while, the pain might wear itself out, and the wound be scarred, though the memory would still remain. She little guessed, poor child! how the boy and girl tenderness, which had grown and strengthened, as she reached womanhood, into love, had interwoven itself with, and become a part of her very being. Still less did she think that love's twin sister, jealousy, had found entrance into her heart; least of all did she guess at the temptations to which it was to expose her.

She came in one morning from an errand, to find her mother out, Margaret absent, and the mail lying on the hall-table. Listlessly Faith looked over and sorted the letters; but as her hand touched, and her eye fell upon the last, she started, as though she had seen a ghost. The envelope bore, in Mark's clear, bold handwriting, Margaret's name, and Faith stood and looked at it with a sort of fascination. A sudden thrill of jealous pain shot through her heart, that it should be addressed to another, and not to her; at the thought that she had no right to know its contents, to read its pages. She stood, holding it in her hands, this love-message, which was not for her, reading the direction over and over, wishing it might never reach its owner's hands, longing to read the words in it written, though not written for her; turning it over and over, as the temptation, first to read, and then to destroy it, grew each moment stronger; noticing, as at such moments we notice trifles, that Mark had not

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trusted to the adhesive matter upon the envelope, but had sealed it; and somehow the seal reminded her of him; just the clear, round drop of scarlet wax, and on it the imprint of the seal-ring she herself had given him only last Christmas, bearing his crest—a clenched hand, with the motto, "I hold my own;" and well Faith knew how firmly, yet how tenderly, Mark would hold and cherish his own!

The letter was in her hand. The thought that Margaret would never know it crossed her mind—another moment and Faith would have yielded. But just then Margaret's sweet voice called her, and Faith, dropping the letter from her hand, never noticing that it fell on the floor, with a sudden feeling of relief, mingled with regret, that the decision was no longer left to her, rushed into the parlor, and, throwing herself upon the sofa, burst into a passion of tears. But, though they were the first tears she had shed, they were tears which brought no soothing or softening with them.

She heard Margaret's light step cross the hall; she heard her stop, and knew that she was engaged, as she herself had been, a moment before, in looking over the mail. She heard Margaret's low sigh of disappointment; then came, a moment later, the rustle of the stiff, white envelope, as the girl's foot touched it; it seemed to Faith, as she checked her sobs to listen, that her sense of hearing had grown preternaturally acute; she read, in Margaret's low exclamation of surprise, as she stooped to raise the letter from the floor, her joy and relief at receiving it. She heard her cousin run hastily up stairs, as girls, in the sweet truthfulness of love will do, to read, unseen, unwatched, in the maidenly solitude of her chamber, the precious missive; and Faith, never thinking how she had been saved from falling into this temptation; only conscious that she was unhappy, while Margaret was happy; questioning in herself why this should be, lay still, with a strange, bitter feeling of anger and of envy fast growing up against Margaret in her heart.

Presently, she heard her cousin come down stairs again, her rich voice ringing forth for very gladness, in a merry "lilt," whose clear, sweet notes were suddenly hushed as Margaret, on entering the parlor, caught sight of Faith's recumbent form. She was at her side in a moment.

"Faith, dear! are you sick?"

Faith looked up to see, as though in mockery of her own woe, the soft love-light still shining in Margaret's eyes, the delicate flush still tinting the fair cheek. Remembering whence they rose, she turned abruptly away.

"You can do nothing for me. I came in here to be quiet; my head aches." Ah, it was no headache—it was a heartache!

How Faith hated and rebelled against, all day, the tender care these words brought upon her! She longed for evening, that she might be alone. They were all invited to a little party at their neighbor's, Mrs. Cary, and, fearing lest some of the family might think it necessary to remain with her, toward dusk Faith exerted herself to be her own cheerful self once more; and, so well did she play her part, that Mrs. Hamlyn, bidding Faith be sure and go to bed early, went to her own room to dress for the evening.

So Faith sat down quietly in the library, as in happier days had been her custom, and watched the fire. It was a fancy of Mr. Hamlyn's, that, in this room, the family sitting-room, should be seen the cheerful home-like blaze of a wood fire, welcoming every one with its changeful brightness, lighting the darkest day, like the face of a dear friend; and there was nothing that the inmates of Ivy Cottage loved better than the evenings on which they gathered cozily around the cheerful hearth, when, leaving the gas unlit, they sat and talked in the flickering firelight.

Sitting on a low stool, at the side of the hearth, Faith went on thinking over, and indulging in the old, bitter fancies, which all day long had haunted her. So thoroughly did they possess her, that she knew not how time passed; so deeply was she engrossed, that she knew nothing of Margaret's entrance; and it was with a start that she looked up, and saw her standing before her. Faith shrank farther back into the shade; she saw that Margaret was as unconscious of her presence as she Faith, had been of Margaret's coming. She could not talk with her cousin; she drew back into her corner, and watched her.

And to Faith's thought, Margaret had never been more beautiful than she was that evening. She wore a sheer Swiss muslin, whose soft, clear texture was singularly becoming to her, and the numberless puffs and ruffles, in which the airy drapery floated around her graceful figure, following, not copying the prevailing fashion; the blue ribbon, "snooding" the golden hair, and circling the slender waist, relieving the whiteness of the dress, and giving it just the one touch of color it needed were in striking contrast with Faith's ow dress, a dark brown merino, which sometime

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not this evening, however, she was accustomed to wear with scarlet ribbons at her throat and in her hair, and call, playfully, her autumn-leaf livery. But there was no playfulness in Faith's thoughts now. Margaret stood before the fire, gazing into its blazing depths, one hand resting upon the mantel, the other falling carelessly at her side. And Faith, for a moment, in her passionate love of beauty, forgetting her pain, looked at the girl with something of the admiration we feel for a beautiful picture, she was such a fair embodiment of happy maiden-hoop, when suddenly her eye caught the soft sheen of the pearl, gleaming on the fair hand, and with the recollection of all the significance of the betrothal-ring, there surged again over her heart the storm of jealousy, which had been for a moment lulled.

A moment more, and Faith would have spoken—would have bidden Margaret leave her, when a slight change in the girl's position hid her face from Faith, and brought her flowing, white draperies so near that they almost touched her hand. At that very moment a blazing pine splinter fell on the hearth, and rolled, all unseen by Margaret, nearer and nearer, till at last it lay with its yet unkindled end just touching the hem of her dress. Faith saw and watched it with a sort of fascination; she watched the little flame, slowly, silently, creeping along the wood; she thought how soon it would reach her cousin's dress; how, burning there, it would rise higher and higher, fiercer and fiercer, till her beauty would be marred by the flame's destroying kisses; how no one need ever know that, had she chosen, she might have hindered it; and how, when Margaret's beauty should be gone, Mark's heart, truant for a while, pleased with a fair face, a graceful form, would return once more to its rightful owner, and, true to its old allegiance, she might again be happy.

Nearer and nearer crept the tiny flame; and Faith waited, waited, with a strange, hungry longing at her heart for the end to come. Then came the thought, suppose Margaret were to die; suppose the fire, instead of only spoiling her beauty, were to kill her; why, it would only part Mark and her own self the more; would make of Margaret a living, ever-present memory, an idealization of all that was fair, lovely, and loveable, and leave her own life as empty as ever.

It seemed like hours, yet, in truth, it only took a moment for these thoughts to flash across Faith's brain. Margaret had nothing only this one little ewe-lamb of love; Faith had a home, wealthy, loving parents; yet she held them as nothing, compared to this one denied and desired possession! And all this time the flame crept nearer and nearer; a moment more and it would have been too late, when suddenly the thought came—"And I would be a murderer."

It was all that was needed; the revolusion had began; the temptation was over. She could not bear to think of what Mark's grief, of what her own remorse would be. Faith bent forward, and reverently, tenderly, scarce feeling herself worthy, even with these better feelings, to touch the hem of Margaret's garment, she moved the light draperies from within the reach of the waiting fire-fiend. She would have spoken, but just then Mrs. Hamlyn called for Margaret, and, wholly unconscious still of Faith's presence, utterly unaware of the danger in which she had stood, and which she had escaped; she obeyed her aunt's summons, leaving Faith, now that it was all over, weak and sick at heart at the thought of the temptation she had escaped.

She sat still, as though in fear, until the closing of the front door told her that she was at last alone. If the others sought her to say good-night, she did not know it. How she hated herself for the vile thoughts she had been cherishing; how little she now seemed in her own estimation! She knelt down and prayed, prayed as never in her short life she had done before; prayed as only we can do at times; prayed for forgiveness; and, for the first time, she fully understood, as she uttered them, the true meaning of the words, "Lead us not into temptation."

Completely worn out by the storm of feeling, through which she had that day passed, yet with a sense of deep thankfulness, that it was over, Faith drew a lounge before the fire, and lay down. She lay there, resolving that on the morrow she would seek Margaret's hitherto repelled confidence; would enter, let it cost her what it might, into her happy feelings; and in these, and similar thoughts, tempered by true repentance, how thankful Faith now felt that it was not remorse. The moments passed, till, at last, her mind full of a peace, to which it had been for days a stranger, she fell asleep.

How long she slept she never knew; she would have slept till all of the others came home, if a sudden peal of the door-bell, pulled by no patient hand, had not awakened her. A glance at the little French clock on the mantel told her that it was half-past nine—too late for visitors; and she wondered who it was that

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sought admission at this hour; she listened, as the servant answered the summons. She heard the door open; a gentleman spoke, inquiring for Miss Margaret Hamlyn; she heard the servant's reply, that Miss Margaret was not at home, with the added information, that she had gone to a party at Mrs. Cary's, and then came something about "Miss Faith." There was a moment's pause, and then the front door closed, and Faith would have thrown herself back upon her pillows again, had not a step in the hall made her spring to her feet, her heart beating so hard and fast that she could almost hear its pulsations.

For it was Mark Ainsworth's step she heard, the step Faith would have known and recognized anywhere amid a thousand others, and the next moment he stood before her. The room whirled around her, her head grew dizzy, and then, for the first time in her life, Faith fainted.

She woke from her insensibility, to feel Mark's arms around her, to have him press kiss upon kiss upon her pale lips, and hear him call her, "My own, own Faith; my own, poor darling!"—to see the anxious expression in his eyes as he looked at her.

She lay for a moment passive; it was so sweet to hear all this; if only she could die now, here, in his arms; and then she bravely gathered all her strength, mental and physical, to put him from her. But, before she could speak, and do this hard thing, he had laid her on the lounge, and knelt beside her, telling her how long he had loved her, pleading with her to be his wife!

She listened, as though in a dream, thinking her ears deceived her. But no, that was Mark's handsome face, so near her own; that was his voice, low with emotion, and then he paused for an answer. It came, in low, faltering tones, just one word, "Margaret."

"Margaret! My brother's betrothed? Faith! Faith! what has she to do with us now?"

It was all clear to Faith at last; she had forgotten Philip Ainsworth.

"Mark! Mark! can you ever forgive me!"

And then Faith made her confession. She left nothing untold, she extenuated nothing, she hid nothing, and Mark never reproached her; he looked at her pale cheeks, her heavy eyes, and thought that through suffering, she had made amends.

"You only heard part of my congratulations to Margaret, Faith, and the letter was from Phil. He was called away unexpectedly, and begged me to close and address it."

All so simple, now that it was explained.

And, presently, Mr. and Mrs. Hamlyn came home, and Margaret and Philip, and nowhere could happier hearts be found than beat that night in Ivy Cottage.

Both young couples are married now; but Faith's temptations have remained, and always will remain, a secret between herself and her husband.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

My mother's voice! it come to me,
Borne on the wings of memory.
I hear it often in my dreams;
So real and life-like it seems,
I scarce can think that years have flown,
Since last I heard its magic tone.

How oft it soothed my childish grief;
No other words could bring relief
Like hers, so gentle, and so mild—
"I would not grieve for that, my child."
I seem to hear its accents now,
And feel her cool hand on my brow.

When fever burns upon my cheek
And life's warm pulse grows faint and weak;
Weary of sickness, care, and pain,
With throbbing heart and aching brain,
How welcome would her presence be,
So full of love and sympathy.

I was a wayward child at best,
Full of wild passions and unrest:
A storm, a calm, a tear, a smile,
Like April weather all the while;
She calm as Summer-eve can be—
How must her heart have grieved for me!

Unfit my woman's place to fill;
For the gay world more unfit still;
Looking for perfect love and peace,
In such a sinful world as this,
She said—and wisely had she thought—
My pleasures would be dearly bought.

My mother's voice! it comes to me,
Borne on the wings of memory;
I used to hear it when at play,
Ah, me! it seems but yesterday.
I scarce can think that years have fled,
Since she was numbered with the dead.

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MARION'S ROMANCE.

BY HELEN MAXWELL.

"I BEG your pardon!"

"Pray, don't mention it, sir."

The gentleman removed his hat, the lady slightly inclined her head, and they continued their separate ways.

"What a pretty, graceful little thing!" thought the gentleman. "Who can she be, I wonder?" turning around to look after the little figure hurrying along the deserted street.

"What an awkward man! he has ruined my dress with his great foot," thought the lady, looking regretfully at the torn flounce.

She had reached the door of a large, square, dilapidated white house. An old gentleman was leaning over the casement of one of the windows in the *entresol*. He had a little velvet cap on his head, and a segar in his mouth.

"Did you get my papers, Marion?" he called out.

"Yes, papa. But you should not stop at that open window; it is the worst thing possible for your cold."

"Very well, my dear," said the old gentleman, laughing a little at the imperative tone; and he drew in his head and closed the window.

Marion ran in and up one flight of the narrow, stone stairs, that wound up, and up, to the very top of the house. She was groping about in the dark—for there was no window in the passage-way—for the handle of the door, when she heard the heavy tread of wooden shoes clattering down the stairs.

"Is that you, Pierre?" she asked.

"*C'est moi*, mam'selle."

"And how is little Rosine?"

"Very ill, mam'selle; she is fading away," said the man, sadly.

"Oh, no! she will get well, Pierre; I am sure she will. Has the doctor been again?"

"No, mam'selle. It does no good, and I am too poor to pay for so many visits."

"Tell her I am coming to see her this evening, and that I shall bring her a book of fairy tales."

"Mam'selle is too good."

"And, Pierre, you are to take this and get the child some oranges, and something for your own supper." She put a piece of money into the man's hand, and without waiting to hear his thanks, ran into her own door, closing it after her. She traversed the little antechamber, and entered the *salon*, which was long and narrow, and looked more like a gallery than a room. The ceiling was low, and ornamented with gay frescoes of flowers and figures, not very true to nature, and much discolored by age. Three windows looked into the quiet, grass-grown street. A door on the right led to the little dining-room, and through that again to the kitchen. To the left, a door opened into a narrow entry, which conducted to various bed-chambers.

The *salon* was uncarpeted, except by soft rugs, put here and there before a sofa or table; but the floor was brown and polished like a mirror. The furniture was modern and plentiful, and looked somewhat out of keeping with the frescoes and the gilded garlands which decorated the panels of the doors.

There was a large fire-place, guarded by a pair of shining, grotesque brass logs; and a basket of pine-cones, and a few sticks of wood, stood ready on the hearth, in case the air became so chill as to make a fire necessary. A table in the center of the room was piled up with books and papers, and another smaller table, placed near one of the windows, was covered with fancy work and materials for drawing.

"No letter, I suppose?" said the gentleman, when Marion came in and handed him the papers.

"No, papa," she answered, gently.

"Why should I ask, indeed! Who is there to write?"

"America is far away, papa; and you have not been home for twenty years."

"True! And if I went now, there would be no one to welcome me, or even remember my name. Philip Gerald is forgotten."

"And why should we care?" cried Marion, cheerfully, "we have each other."

"Yes, we have each other," murmured Gerald, patting his daughter's hand, thoughtfully.

"Why has not Catharine made the fire, pray?" said Marion, pulling energetically at a heavy bell-cord, and then getting down upon her knees and herself putting the pine-cones and sticks of wood into place. "Have you been cold, papa? The window open, too! Oh! there

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you are, Catharine! A light, please. I have already built the fire."

"And why should you have built it, Miss Marion?" said old Catharine, looking displeased. "I prefer to do my own work."

"And so you shall, Catharine, only to-night I was in a hurry; these autumn evenings are getting chilly. Now put the light to it, and watch how pretty the cones look as they burn to a coal."

She stood looking into the fire for a long time. Mr. Gerald read his papers, and then dozed off in his chair.

Presently Marion roused herself from the little reverie she had fallen into, and ran gayly into the kitchen to see if supper was ready.

"Now don't scold me, Catharine," she cried, coaxingly, as she put her bright head in the door, "let me stop and see you make the coffee and toast the rolls?"

Catharine acceded to this request rather grimly. "The kitchen is no place for ladies," she said.

"But I am not such a great lady, Catharine. I'm sure I don't look in the least like the fine, gayly-dressed ladies I see when I go to Paris. And the ladies I know here, not only go into their kitchens, but sometimes they dress a nice dish for dinner themselves."

"It's old Madame de Gaston, I suppose, you mean, Miss," said Catharine, contemptuously; "but, although she is a baroness, I don't think much of her quality."

"She is a good old soul, and very kind to me," said Marion.

"She is kind enough, I dare say, Miss Marion: but you belong to a better stock. The Geralds used to be great people in New York, and your mamma was a Miss Van Voort. I wonder at your father's bringing you to live in Versailles! It is no place for such as you."

"It is the sweetest place in the world to me," said Marion. "I love the quiet, lazy street and the deserted chateau, better than all the fine sights in Paris."

"Ah. well!" said Catharine, "the day may come——"

"I am satisfied with the present, I don't look into the future," exclaimed Marion, impatiently. "Come, Catharine, is the coffee made? I know papa is ready for it by this time."

"And if you will return to the *salon*, Miss, you shall be served in a few minutes."

Marion laughingly obeyed.

"Oh, papa!" she said, in mock distress, as she entered the room, "Catharine is getting worse and worse; she wants me to be a fine lady, and thinks Madame de Gaston not good enough for me."

"You want younger companions, perhaps?" said Mr. Gerald.

"No, *merci!* I would rather have dear old Gaston than all the young people I know."

Cathrine came in with the supper-tray, and Marion gave her father his coffee and roll, and lighted the shaded lamp on the center-table; and, after a while, when she saw him comfortably settled with his book and segar, she left the room, and mounted the long, stone staircase, not stopping till she reached the garret.

Two or three doors opened into as many rooms, and, by a faint light which gleamed underneath one of them, Marion was enabled to find her way.

She tapped softly at the door, and a feeble, little voice bade her enter.

It was a poor place, big and empty looking. A calico curtain was stretched across one end of the room; a charcoal stove, a table, and two or three chairs made up all the furniture visible, with the exception of a low, iron cot, which stood near the dormer-window. A child of seven or eight years of age was lying on the cot. Her large, dark eyes shone with the brilliancy which fever lends. A crimson spot burned on each thin cheek, and the little, red mouth was half open.

"Kind mademoiselle!" she said, taking Marion's hand, and kissing it. "He said you were coming, and I have been listening for you."

"And are you no better to-night, Rosine?"

"Yes, I think I am," said the child, with a faint smile. "If I could only—only go out into the fresh air, I should get well."

"You shall go, *petite*. To-morrow we will go into the Park, and see the fountains play."

"Oh, if I could!" the dark eyes filling with tears; "but, alas! Rosine cannot walk. I have so little strength, mademoiselle, that, if I cross the room, I have to cling to the wall for support."

"You will not have to walk, *mignonne*; I shall get a wheel-chair for you, and we will make a merry time of it. You must sleep well to-night, and be strong to-morrow.

"How good—how kind you are," murmured the child, gratefully, putting her little cheek upon Marion's hand.

"And, Rosine, I have a famous book of fairy tales for you; did your father tell you? Which shall I read first? Shall it be the history of Prince Charming?"

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"Oh, yes," cried Rosine, sitting up in bed, "and after that the Bluebird, *n'est-ce-pas*, mam'selle?"

Marion assented, and commenced reading. She sat there an hour or more, and when, finally, Pierre came in, and she bade Rosine good-night, the child's happy face, and clinging arms about her neck, fully proved how well spent the time had been.

The next day Marion had not forgotten her promise to the little Rosine. She begged her father, who was starting off for a morning's stroll, to engage a wheel-chair for a couple of hours, and to bid the man be at the door at two o'clock.

"I am going to take Rosine to see the fountains play," she said to Catharine. "The little thing is dying for want of air and gentle exercise."

"And proper food," put in Catharine, in her sharp voice. "I took them some breakfast this morning—though Pierre does not deserve it; he is a lazy, good-for-nothing, and spends his time at the Cabaret—and what should the child be munching but a piece of dry, black bread."

"Thank you, Catharine, for thinking of them," said Marion, gratefully. "Pierre is lazy, I own, but he loves Rosine, and they both must be fed."

"She won't live long," said Catharine. "She needs better doctoring than poor folks can pay for."

Two o'clock found the wheel-chair at the door. Pierre carefully carried his little girl down the winding stairs, and placed her on the cushioned seat. Marion wrapped a soft, bright shawl around the thin shoulders, and tucked a carriage-robe over her feet and lap.

"*Bon jour, mon papa!*" called the child, quite merrily, waving an adieu to her father, as they moved off.

Marion walked by Rosine's side, talking pleasantly to her, and to the chairman who pushed his light load easily along.

They went up the street, passed the hotel, and into the Park. The long, shady avenues were strewn with autumn leaves, and the wheels rolled noislessly over the ground thus carpeted. The place, usually deserted, except by sight-seeing strangers, was now quite gay with people, though mostly of the lower classes.

Pretty, fresh-complexioned women, with large, white aprons, and fluted caps, would occasionally salute mademoiselle, in a friendly, though respectful way, as they passed, or stop for a moment to inquire for the child, and look pityingly at the little figure reclining in the chair.

Marion and Rosine slowly followed the crowd from fountain to fountain. It is only once a fortnight, or once a month, that the *Grands Eaux* play at Versailles, and a lovely sight it is, giving merriment and life to those quiet gardens and alleys, which seem, at other times, to be under the spell of enchantment, so stately and still are they.

They had made the round, and seen all that was to be seen, and had brought up at last on the *tapis vert*, as a large, almost square piece of turf is called, which lies at the foot of the terrace of steps and fountains at the back of the palace. Here the chairman was told he could leave them for awile, and the fairy book was produced. But Marion had hardly more than got well into the story, when they were interrupted by the sudden approach of a gentleman, whose step on the soft grass neither had heard.

"Pardon me, if I intrude," he said to Marion, in French; and, taking off his hat as he spoke, "but perhaps you will point out to me the path I must follow to reach the *Hotel des Reservoirs*."

"Certainly, monsieur," said Marion, recognizing the stranger who, the day before, had torn her dress. "If you will go to the top of the terrace, and turn to the left, you will soon see the gate of the hotel."

"Many thanks," said the stranger; then, turning to Rosine, he asked her in a kind voice if she was ill.

"I am well to-day, M'ssieur," she answered, with a happy smile.

"Rosine has been an invalid for months," explained Marion, impressed by the sympathizing look and voice, "and this is the first time she has left the house."

"She needs tonics, and constant exercise in the open air," said the gentleman, taking the child's hand in his. "I am a physician, mademoiselle," he continued, smiling, "and, therefore, may be permitted to give advice."

"You are very good, sir; if you will tell me what tonic would be the best, I will try and see that Rosine has it."

"I should recommend bark and wine; but, as I am to be here for a week or ten days, if you will tell me where the child lives, I should like the occupation of attending to her, and using my skill to bring a more healthy color into her little face."

"I hardly know how to thank you," said Marion, somewhat embarrassed by the gener-

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ous offer. But Rosine, who was pleased with the notice and friendly face of the stranger, eagerly gave her address, and added, that mademoiselle lived *a l'entresol.*

"I shall come and see you to-morrow then, Rosine," he said, without noticing the last piece of information. And, bowing again, he left them.

Marion, on returning home, told her father of the adventure. She described the stranger as a tall man, with a kind face and pleasant eyes. An American, evidently, and a gentleman.

"If he will only do Rosine good, how glad I shall be!"

"He is stopping at the *Hotel des Reservoirs*, you say?" said her father. "Perhaps, as he has been so kind about your little *protegee*, I had better go and leave a card."

"Do, papa. It would only be civil, at any rate."

"You are sure he is an American?"

"Positive."

Mr. Gerald, glad of an excuse, for the life at Versailles was monotonous, and sadly devoid of excitement to one, who had led the gay and varied existence of a wanderer for twenty years, took his hat, and started off to make the visit.

Marion waited impatiently for her father's return; but the long twilight had almost faded into night before she heard his step upon the stairs. She ran to open the door.

"How did you like him, papa? and what is his name?" she cried, not seeing in the dark that the stranger himself accompanied Mr. Gerald.

Both gentlemen laughed.

"I like him very much, my pet, and his name is George Archer," said her father, putting his hand on Archer's shoulder, and pushing him forward "Let me present him to you as the nephew of one of my old friends and schoolmates, Marion."

Marion blushingly offered her hand, and murmured something about being "very glad," and "not having seen him when she spoke."

She preceded the gentlemen into the *salon*, and then ran to tell Catharine that they had company to supper.

"He knows who we are," she said, laughing to the old servant, "and I have no doubt he can vouch for our American 'blue blood.'"

"I don't know what blue blood is, Miss Marion; but if he is a friend of the family, he shall be well served in this house," said Catharine, with dignity.

From that night Dr. Archer became the *ami de la maison.* Little Rosine grew better under his kind and skillful care, and was able before long to creep slowly down the stairs, and sit quietly and happily by Marion's side as she worked or read aloud.

Catharine always received the doctor with a smile, and saw that he had of the best when he dined there. And Mr. Gerald seemed happier in this young companionship than he had been for years.

George Archer staid through the ten days he had intended, and then returned to Paris; but another week found him again in Versailles, and at last it became a matter of course that he should come down every Saturday, and stop till Monday evening.

Marion and Archer, and sometimes little Rosine, when she grew quite well, would take pleasant walks in the Park, or in the pretty rural grounds, where poor Marie Antoinette had played at being shepherdess. Many an hour did they wander through the vast galleries and apartments of the chateau, or through the cozy, home-like rooms of the Trianons; and the pictures and marbles became like old familiar friends.

"I quite approve of *le petit docteur*," said old Madame de Gaston to Marion one day when that young lady was passing the evening with her friend. The doctor was five feet eleven inches at the least, and Madame de Gaston a very little woman; but she seemed entirely unconscious of that fact, and always spoke of every one else as if they were of the most diminutive stature. "Yes, I quite approve of *le petit docteur;* he is very *distingue*, and, what is better, I am convinced he will make a good husband."

She said this in a perfectly natural tone, but accompanied it with a sharp look out of her bead-like, black eyes.

"Why should that interest you, madame?" asked Marion, quietly."

"On your account, why else?"

"Thank you!" said Marion, laughing; "but the 'little doctor' is already married."

"Impossible!" cried madame.

"I have heard him speak of Mrs. Archer, and he told me once he had a little girl near the age of Rosine."

"Then what did your Catharine mean by telling my Jeannette that the marriage was already arranged?"

"Did Catharine say that? said Marion, angrily.

"Indeed she did, my dear; and said, moreover, that your papa was much pleased with the match, and would give you a fine *dot.*"

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"I would not have believed that Catharine could gossip so! I shall scold her well for inventing such a tale."

"Ah, *mon ange!* your Catharine is not any more perfect than the rest of the world," said madame, between whom and Catharine there was no liking lost. "However, I am sorry the doctor is married, for I had set my heart upon going to the wedding. And in spite of his having a wife," she continued, "I can tell you he likes you; and, what is more, I have thought that you liked him." The little, black eyes again looked sharply at Marion.

"Of course I like him," said Marion, blushing suddenly and violently.

"And when did he tell you that he was married?" asked Madame.

"He did not tell me; I overheard him speaking to papa of Mrs. Archer; but he told me of his little girl."

"He is a bad man," said Madame, sententiously.

"Indeed he is not!"

"I bad man," repeated the old Frenchwoman. "With my own eyes, I have seen him make love to you. Avoid him, Marie; he is a snake in the grass!"

Marion tried to defend Archer, and declared that he was all that was kind and good; but Madame de Gaston only shook her head, and persisted that he was a snake in the grass.

"Marie," she said, as if struck with a sudden idea, when the young girl was about taking leave, "will you go with me into the country for a few weeks? I intend going to my son's chateau, twenty miles from here, and his wife has often asked you to make her a visit."

"How could I leave papa?"

"Perfectly well; his health seems much improved, and the change would do you good."

"When do you go, madame?"

"To-morrow," was the prompt reply.

"How odd that you should not have told me before!" said Marion, surprised.

"Not at all. I am an old woman, and sometimes forget. If you say yes, I will call for you on my way."

"Yes, then, and thank you very much," said Marion, after an instant's hesitation. She leaned over and kissed her old friend, as she wished her good-night.

Catharine was waiting in the ante-chamber, to accompany her on the short walk home.

"Catharine," said Marion, as soon as they had left the house, "why did you tell Madame de Gaston's maid that I was about to marry Dr. Archer?"

"So Jeannette must blab!" said Catharine, in some embarrasment, though making no denial. "For my part, I make it a rule never to repeat what I hear from a servant."

"But why did you tell her such an untruth?" persisted Marion.

"Because I thought it, Miss," said Catharine, boldly. "It is plain enough to see that the young gentleman is in love, and that your father approves. And so do I, Miss Marion; I would wish to see you well married and settled."

"That is enough, Catharine. You will see how absurd and imprudent you have been, when I tell you that Dr. Archer is already married."

"I don't believe it!" cried Catharine.

"Whether you do or not can make no difference in the fact. And now remember that I will regard it as an impertinence, if you speak of my affairs again."

For once, the old woman was awed, for Marion had rarely, if ever before, shown so much temper or authority.

Mr. Gerald made no objection to the proposed visit; but, on the contrary, thought it would be of advantage to Marion.

"Of course I shall miss you, child; but Catharine can take care of me," he said, in answer to a fear his daughter expressed, that he would not be comfortable in her absence.

"What shall I tell Archer for you?" he asked, as Marion stood ready and waiting for Madame de Gaston.

"Tell him nothing, papa. What is there to tell?"

"He will be disappointed at finding you flown. He says he counts the days and hours away from Versailles, and is only happy here."

Marion stood looking out of the window. She made no reply.

"No message, eh! Marion?"

"No—yes. Say that I hope he will not forget Rosine."

"Of course he will not forget Rosine," said Mr. Gerald, somewhat impatiently, and, seemingly, not all satisfied with the message.

The carriage came, and Marion descended slowly to the street. "I almost wish I was not going," she thought.

"Are you ready, Marie?" cried Madame, briskly, putting her head out of the window of the carriage. "That's right, *petite!* jump in. I will take good care of her, and bring her safely back," she called out to Mr. Gerald, as they drove off.

It was a long but pleasant drive, that cool

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autumn morning. The road was hard and fine, the views pretty, if not varied. Altogether, Marion enjoyed herself, and entered with some spirit into the lively conversation Madame de Gaston carried on. The old lady could be very amusing when she liked, and upon this occasion she quite outdid herself. Perhaps some of her acquaintances suffered a little, for, in relating a story, she hesitated at nothing which would embellish it; but Marion knew how to make all allowances. In three hours they had reached their destination. The chateau was nothing more than a rather large, white, stuccoed country house, standing a short distance from the road, and surrounded by a few trees, and an immense flower-garden Madame de Gaston's son and daughter-in-law were a pleasant, hospitable young couple, very much in love with each other, and very much devoted to their numerous children.

They arrived on a Tuesday, and the rest of the week was spent in driving or walking about the country lanes or into the quaint little town near by. Marion had not much leisure to mope; the cheerful little family in which she found herself a member, claimed too much of her time. She had never fairly admitted to herself that she was in love with Archer, though she well remembered the pain which had shot through her heart, when she heard him speak to her father of his wife.

"Mrs. Archer resides permanently in the country," she had heard him say. "I had hoped she would come abroad with me; but she declared herself too great a coward to cross the ocean."

She would repeat this to herself, over and over again; and even when she was listening to madame's funny anecdotes, or playing gay music for the children to dance, the very words would rush into her thoughts, and the same pain seize her heart. But with all that she appeared cheerful and happy enough, and Madame de Gaston was content with the success of her little stratagem, and firmly believed that she had spared her favorite a great trouble by so suddenly running away with her.

Saturday evening, as usual, found Archer in Versailles. How great was his surprise to find Marion flown! The little *salon* appeared empty, the streets deserted, the city dead! There was no life, no movement, now that Marion was away.

Old Catharine plodded about her work, and never vouchsafed a smile when Archer ventured into her kitchen. Little Rosine sat on a low chair by the fire, looking wistfully into the burning coals, a book lying unread in her lap.

"Oh! you're back again?" said Catharine.

"Yes," answered Archer, "I did not find Mr. Gerald in the drawing-room, so I made my way to you. I hope you won't scold me for my intrusion, Catharine?"

Catharine muttered an unintelligible reply.

"Where is Mr. Gerald, do you know?"

"At the post, likely, at this hour," said Catharine, crossly.

"And how are you, Rosine?" Archer asked, stooping over the child, and putting his hand on her bent head.

"Ah! m'ssieur, I am sad without mam'selle. Why will she not come?"

"The child is well enough," said Catharine, "Its a pretty how d'ye do if Miss Marion can't be allowed to leave her for a few days."

"By the way," remarked Archer, with rather an affectation of indifference, "the *concierge* mentioned that Miss Gerald had gone into the country, on a visit. Pray, can you tell me where?"

"That's more than I know," said Catharine, fibbing without hesitation; "but if Miss Marion is pleased, and her papa satisfied, that's all that's necessary, *I* think."

"I don't agree with you there, Catharine," said Archer, pleasantly; "but as you seem in a bad humor with me this evening, I shall have to wait till Mr. Gerald returns to find out what I want."

"And why should it concern you where our young lady is gone?" cried Catharine, in a passion. "I'm thinking you'd better go back to your wife, and not stop here to break Miss Marion's heart."

"What's that you say about my wife?" Archer demanded. "She does not—no, she cannot think that I am married!"

"And you're not married, then?" exclaimed Catharine, breathlessly. "Well, I said I didn't believe it when she told me."

"How could she think it?" said Archer, half to himself. "Her father has heard my story—a miserable one enough, God knows."

"I feel as if a load was off me," remarked Catharine, restored to smiling good humor, "though I didn't believe it all along. Here, Rosine, run and light the lamp in the *salon*. I'll serve the supper in a minute, sir. Master must be home by this time."

Archer stood as if in a dream, for a moment, and then turning, hastened into the drawing-room, closing the door after him. Mr. Gerald was there, and the gentlemen remained for a

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long time together, talking earnestly, and refusing admittance to Catharine and the supper. But the old woman took it very easily, and shook her head shrewdly, as she returned to the kitchen with the loaded tray.

"A wedding is a gay thing, little Rosine," she said in her broad French; "and a bride is a pretty thing. And no bride could be prettier than my Miss Marion will be."

"And will she go away?" asked Rosine.

"That's more than I can say. Like enough, though, and live in Paris, which is a fitter place for her than this dull old town! Or, perhaps, she will cross the ocean to America, Rosine; and that's what I'd like best of all."

But the child hung her head sadly; it only foreshadowed desolation to her little heart.

Marion had begun to long for home, and, if truth must be told, for Archer. Her life had been so monotonous, so uneventful since she had attained womanhood; her companions had been so few, her pleasures so rare, that the friendship which had sprung up between herself and Archer had been a new and sweet experience to her. She had eagerly looked for his weekly visits, and his unceasing and tender attention (another word only for devotion) had unconsciously won upon her heart; and, at last, she loved him with the first intense passion of her nature. A restless longing seized her now to see him again, to hear his voice, to feel the touch of his hand! The days became inexpressibly irksome to her, and her continual effort to be gay and bright was fast wearing upon her nerves. Sunday morning she fairly broke down, and Madame de Gaston found her upon her bed, complaining of a violent headache, and her eyes showing plainly the traces of tears.

"What is it ails you, my pretty one?" she asked, touching the burning forehead with her hand.

"I think I must be home-sick," said Marion, trying to smile, but sighing heavily in the attempt.

"Home-sick or love-sick, which is it?" asked Madame, rather sharply. "Oh! the wicked, wicked man!"

"Pray don't!" exclaimed Marion. "You must not abuse him. I will not listen to it."

"*Bon dieu!*" said the old Frenchwoman. "I knew it was so; the child loves him! Marie, *mon enfant*, you must conquer your heart; you must see him no more."

"Mademoiselle!" called a servant, knocking at the door. "There is a gentleman below who asks for mademoiselle."

"It is Archer!" cried Marion, starting up.

"*Doucement*," said Madame, laying a detaining hand upon Marion's arm. "I will see the gentleman first, my dear."

She swept out of the room with great dignity, her little figure, with its rustling black silk looking very stately indeed, descended the stairs, and entered the drawing room, fully prepared to read poor Archer a lecture, and turn him out of the house. But a half hour passed, and Archer still remained.

That half hour dragged anxiously and wearily by to Marion. She paced up and down her room, or stood by the window, and gazed out upon the sunny garden, gay with variegated chrysanthums and dahlias, and merry with the sound of children's voices. She watched the neatly-kept gravel drive, expecting every moment to see Archer's tall figure appear, and half determined to call from the window, and ask him to wait till she came down to him.

"How can I help loving him!" she cried passionately to herself. "He is so kind, so tender! And he loves me! Oh! I am sure he loves me."

And then whispered conscience, "he has a wife!"

"Oh, God!" cried Marion, clasping her hands over her streaming eyes, "have pity on me."

And pity was shown her, for Madame came gayly into the room at this moment (looking as much like a pitying angel as an old lady who wore caps decorated with pink rose-buds and lace lappets could be expected to look) and gave Marion a smiling kiss.

"Run down stairs, *ma mie*," she chirped, "and be sure you are very nice to *le petit docteur*."

"Madame!" said Marion, in breathless surprise.

"And be sure you are *very* nice to my friend the doctor," repeated Madame, slowly and emphatically.

And then, suddenly throwing her two arms about Marion's waist, she exclaimed, between laughing and crying, "He is not married, my pet! He is a widower, with one little girl, who will be sure to love you, and whom you will love. *Pauvre garcon!* he led a weary life of it with his wife. But you will make all that up to him an hundred fold. Run down, *petite*, he is waiting for you so impatiently."

Marion was gone. In another moment she was in her lover's arms, pressed to his heart, kissed again and again by his dear lips!

And then he repeated to her the sad, miser-

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able story of his life—unloved, misunderstood, "married, not mated."

"And who is Mrs. Archer, of whom I have heard you speak?" asked Marion.

"My brother's widow. She has charge of my little girl; but all that will be changed now, my darling. My precious darling—my own!"

How many kisses; how many tender, loving murmurs filled the next blessed hour!

So Marion went to America, thus gratifying the dearest wish of old Catharine's heart. Mr. Gerald accompanied his daughter, and so did the little Rosine, now quite restored to health, who was to be brought up as the companion and maid of Archer's child.

Pierre grieved at parting from his little girl; but he knew it was for her great good, and he consoled himself by marrying the buxom landlady of the *cabaret*—and a sorry life she led him!

Madame de Baronne de Gaston corresponds regularly with Marie and *le petit docteur*, and promises them a long visit at some future day.

Old Catharine (secretly) hopes that day may never come.

PERSONIFICATIONS.

BY ANNIE E. DOTY.

An iceberg floateth through the night,
'Midst Polar seas of gloom;
It gleameth in the wan moonlight,
A floating, crystal tomb.
From glitt'ring rift a woman's face,
Turns upward toward the skies,
A form replete with every grace,
Within the iceberg lies.
The lustre of all India's gold,
Shines in her floating hair;
The full, red lips can scarcely hold
The smiles imprisoned there;
The hue of far-off Summer skies,
With gleam of Summer star,
Lie sleeping in her gold-lashed eyes,
Like dreams of lands afar;
With blushes frozen on her cheek,
Like blood upon the snow;
With fair hands folded very meek,
Like prayers spoken low;
The draperie's flow seems carven out
From marble, whitely cold;
And jewels rare cling close about
The bosom's perfect mould:
An iceberg floateth through the night,
Of Polar cold and gloom;
It gleameth in the wan moonlight,
A floating, crystal tomb.

The long grass groweth lush and green,
Thick set with scarlet blooms,
And star-like blossoms hung between,
All quiv'ring with perfumes;
And stately trees stand tall around,
And every branch down-hung.
With birds that never make a sound,
But fly and leap among
The glossy green, like streaks of flame,
That changes with each breath:
Gold, purple, scarlet—ne'er the same,
Like dolphin in its death;
And fountains play, and rivers run
On clear to Summer seas;
The spotted snakes lie in the sun,
And low, amidst all these,
Amidst the glory of the flower,
And shine of leaping bird;
'Midst blossoms falling, shower on shower,
A something lies unstirred.
We wonder what it could have been—
That face all seamed and scarred,
With lines ploughed in by years of sin,
With features drawn and marred;
Eyes horror full, and staring wide,
Hands clenched, as for a blow;
With filthy rags, that scarcely hide
The shapeless thing of woe.
Amidst the glory of the flower,
And shine of leaping bird;
'Midst blossoms falling, shower on shower,
It lieth all unstirred.

TO MARY.

BY W. BRUNTON.

Your letter, darling, came to me,
Expressing fear and dole,
A dove from o'er the stormy sea,
To nestle in my soul.
For I have wept that we should part,
And be asunder torn,
When heart instinctly clung to heart,
And each for each was born!

So wipe away the falling tear,
The blight and bane are o'er;
The parting made you doubly dear,
The bitter, sweetness bore.
We'll love and spend our future days,
In steadfast faith and love,
And mount on angel wings of praise,
To realms of bliss above.

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CROSS-PURPOSES.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE children were unusually stupid or indifferent; the afternoon sun streamed in through the open windows, in long, slanting lines of gold; every now and then some saucy robin or wren would peer in at the casement, just back of the schoolmistress's desk, or the low wind would sweep by, redolent with the scents of the pine woods. Altogether, the restraint became harder for her to bear than it was for the little ones, eagerly watching an opportunity to get into mischief, or to doze off to sleep, according to the peculiarity of their temperaments.

When the noon-session began they had been promised release a full hour earlier than usual, if they were only diligent and well-behaved; but even that inducement had not the inspiring effect it would have had at any other period than this lazy July day, and feeling how difficult it was for herself to keep within the bounds of schoolmistress propriety, Miss Lake had not the heart to be severe on the delinquents.

I think she never had the heart, yet she managed her little flock admirably, nevertheless, and contrived to give satisfaction to the parents as well as the children.

Barbara had been keeping the school for more than two years now, and she was almost nineteen, though being but a small thing, she looked even younger than her age, which she was beginning to consider as very ancient.

She had once had glimpses of another life, too. Her father had been a poor artist, rich in nothing but dreams—one of those men always on the verge of doing something wonderful, but never getting at it. When Barbara was about twelve, some unexpected turn of luck enabled him to take her and go off to Europe; and they had lived either in quaint German towns, or quiet Italian cities, until the child was past sixteen. Then her father died—without warning, as he did everything—and Barbara had just money enough to get herself back to her grandmother in America, and had soon taken to herself this school, whose duties were rather wearing and monotonous than difficult or unpleasant.

The village was a sleepy old place, with more old maids in it than were absolutely necessary to make it an agreeable abode for a girl so pretty as Barbara, though she succeeded in keeping most of them better natured than one would have believed possible. You can imagine what life must have been to her; how the sunny memories of her childish wanderings in foreign climes, the recollections of the gay Bohemian society her father had about him (the very precariousness and uncertainty of their daily existence possessing a certan charm) must have come back to tantalize and make her restless. But she bore it all very well—so well that nobody about her imagined how hard it was at times; and her grandmother really thought her a pretty mouse of a child, perfectly satisfied with the humdrum existence fate had forced upon her.

The last few weeks had wrought certain changes therein—changes which brought Barbara many hours of pleasure and happiness, but, during the later days, so many more of uneasiness and painful excitement, that she began to doubt her wisdom in having allowed the gray sameness of her course to be illuminated by streaks of sunlight shed from the lives of those who must soon flit out of her path, and leave her more solitary than ever.

She was thinking of all these things this dreamy afternoon, and there was a sudden sharp pain at her heart to which she gave no name, too vague and mysterious for her to have the courage to drag it out into the daylight and really analyze its substance and nature.

Suddenly there was a sound at the window back of the schoolmistress—neither bee, nor bird, nor the voice of the wind; and she started so violently that the book fell from her desk, and she made her cheeks scarlet in stooping to pick it up before she turned her head toward the speaker.

"I do believe you were asleep," said a laughing voice.

By this time Barbara had secured the book, and turned her pretty face toward the casement—a tall, handsome fellow was leaning across it, making a very nice picture, framed among the honeysuckle-vines.

"You certainly were dozing," he continued, careful to keep his words inaudible to the scholars, who immediately took advantage of the mistress' back being turned, either to go

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fast asleep, or perpetrate the first bit of mischief that suggested itself. "What indiscretion! I shall certainly go and complain to the school-committee."

"I think I have more right to do that, Mr. Howland," replied Barbara, quietly enough, though the roses in her cheeks still kept up their deepest tint. "I shall see if I am to be interrupted in my duties by having the heads of ill-regulated young men thrust in at my window—such an example to my scholars!"

"It is you who were the awful example," he rejoined; "dozing at your post! I shall tell the Committee I looked in to wake you, and instead of blame, I shall probably have a medal, and a vote of thanks from the august body."

"Then please go tell them while I hear my small boys do their spelling lesson."

"Poor things! Let them off."

"And have their parents offended. No, indeed! Anyway, I have promised to set them free at three o'clock."

"I'm very glad," said her visitor, "for now you can have no excuse for refusing the favor I came to ask. My sister wants you to come up to Fernlands this afternoon for croquet and high tea, not to mention our delightful society, and other varieties."

Barbara hesitated; it was plain that to refuse would be to deprive herself of a great pleasure, yet her face showed that she was about to do so.

"If you'll not come, we must give up the game," he urged; "we are an uneven number, and we can't leave one of the young ladies to sit still; unless you take pity on us, we shall be condemned to unmitigated dullness."

But Barbara still hesitated, and he persuaded and teased till she looked ready to laugh and cry both at once; and the children ran riot undisturbed. At last she consented, almost fretfully, apparently to get rid of his importunities.

"Thank you ever so much," he began; but she cut him short.

"Please go away now," she said, "or these children will turn the house upside down."

"I'm gone; only tell me why you refused to come at first?"

"Good-by, Mr. Howland."

"But why did you?"

"Johnny Saunders, come and say your lesson," she called, regardless of his presence.

"Please'm, I can't."

"Oh, you naughty boy! haven't you learned it yet?"

"Yes'm, I did; but I ain't no good of my feet, for Joe Cappell's tied me fast."

"Then Joe Cappell had better untie you before I come there," said Barbara, severely, though her dignity was somewhat upset by a titter from the irreverent Howland.

The untying business proved a work requiring much time and noise; but Johnny Saunders reached the mistress's desk at last, and stood a perfect monument of childish mischief and wickedness, so entirely innocent of any knowledge of his lesson that Howland was in a state of ecstatic enjoyment.

"What is the equator?" demanded Barbara.

"The principal river in South Asia," pronounced Johnny, unabashed.

Howland laughed outright, and the whole school joined. At another time Barbara would have been amused, but to-day something made her nervous and irritable; she was almost ready to cry as she turned toward the window.

"If you don't go," she said, "I can't get to Fernlands—it's not right to interrupt me."

Howland was grave enough in an instant, and after a word or two of apology, he disappeared, and left Barbara free to devote her whole energies to the duties of the hour.

It was a fearfully long one to her; not a child there so thoughtful as she when the hands of the little clock on her desk crept round to the marks which gave them all liberty. The children went shouting and whooping off toward the woods, and Barbara locked her desk, put on her hat, and walked slowly homeward; looking as solemn and absorbed as if she had forgotten there was a visit, and pleasure, and gay society in store for her.

Grandma Gaylord had gone to spend the day with a neighbor; there was nobody at home but cross-eyed old Eunice, who had lived in the brown cottage so many years that she considered herself its mistress; and as Eunice was a model in the way of taciturnity, Barbara's inclination for silence was not disturbed.

She went up to her chamber and began to dress for her visit; but she was by no means quick about the business, though it was evident that she did not linger because she was over-fanciful in regard to her appearance. Yet only a fortnight ago the thought of a visit to Fernlands had been a pleasurable excitement to the girl; but that was before Maria Anderson had come up from the great city, with her airs and graces, and her proud, insolent face, which Barbara could not help disliking, even while she admitted its beauty. Barbara had seen her first at church, and coming out, Howland's

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sister, Mrs. Reeves, introduced the two, and Barbara was treated to the haughtiest bow and glance any woman had ever given her, and her soul rose in wrath at once, though she told herself over and over, as people always do, that she did not care in the least.

Once since that she had accepted an invitation one evening to Fernlands, and it was so genuinely uncomfortable that she almost made up her mind never to go there again. She had often met Howland and Miss Anderson in her walks, they dashing by on horseback or behind his fast trotters; once or twice she had seen Mrs. Reeves, and received a kind, affectionate greeting; but she had not been sent for to the house, and so she was able to hold fast to her resolution of not going while the guests from town remained.

And she was vexed with herself for having been so easily persuaded that afternoon. She had three minds to hunt up one of her pupils and send Mrs. Reeves an excuse, only that seemed giving the matter more importance than it deserved. She would go; very probably it would not be pleasant, still it might, if Charles Howland was as kind to her as he used to be before the great heiress arrived. Then she found she was thinking that, and told herself it was not at all what she meant. In fact, she meant nothing, and her heart ached, and she wanted to cry—and just then Eunice shouted from below,

"It's a going on to half past four; unless you mean to get there to-morrow, I guess you'd better start."

So Barbara obeyed the suggestion, and set off without further waste of time. It was a pleasant walk to Fernlands, not more than a mile from the cottage, by taking a field-path which led into Mrs. Reeves' grounds—a path so fresh and clean, these sunny days, that Barbara's pet boots and prettiest summer-dress ran no risk of injury.

She came out of the grove at the side of the house just by the croquet-ground where the whole party had assembled. Mrs. Reeves saw and immediately came forward to welcome her in her pleasant, friendly way, and to scold her for being so late. Other people came, and she was made much of; but Mr. Howland was so deeply occupied in showing Maria Anderson some secret of the game, that he did not even appear conscious of her arrival; and Barbara wondered why, when they were all so kind, she should still feel gloomy, and wish that she had staid at home.

Then he was called away to the house for a few moments, and while the party was waiting his return to begin the game, Miss Anderson came up to the spot where Barbara was standing, accidentally, it appeared, for she looked surprised when she saw the little schoolmistress, then allowed her face gradually to assume a glance of recognition, though as if it was a good deal of trouble to do so. She was an adept in the various insolent arts by which a woman can be rude to one of her own sex, and still preserve a decent show of good breeding.

"Ah, Miss Lake, I think! How do you do to-day?" and she touched the eye-glass that hung at her chatelaine, as much as to say, "I'm not quite certain, but it's too great an effort to use this to find out."

"I'm quite well," Barbara answered, not in the least confused, though she could not keep her ready color from rising, and felt sorely vexed with herself therefor.

"You look very warm," pursued Miss Anderson. "I suppose you walked up from the village."

"I always walk," said Barbara, "because I have no other way of getting about."

"Oh!" said Miss Anderson, and give a little shiver of contemptuous pity. "Walking always flushes one so."

"Yes," replied Barbara, and decided that she might as well try her talent too at ill-nature. "But we fair women can bear it, you know—it's only the brunettes that get mahogany-color."

Miss Anderson's black eyes flashed, and Barbara felt thoroughly ashamed of having been betrayed into such a petty bit of spite, though attacking her with her own weapons was the only way to endure a woman like the heiress, for unless people gave her back sharp words, she believed herself safe in walking over them, and never failed to attempt it.

"You were fortunate in choosing to-day for your call," said she, trying one shot more; "only I'm afraid the croquet-party had just an even number."

"I suppose, then, Mrs. Reeves counted on some one of her visitors having a dread of getting flushed," returned Barbara, "as she sent her brother down to invite me."

Then she went away and joined a little group of people she knew—that sort of encounter was not at all to her taste; but each time they met Miss Anderson had treated her with such uniform rudeness, she began to feel it a weakness not to punish her. She left the heiress furious, as the young lady had looked upon her as a pretty sort of doll, who could easily be cowed

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and taught her place; and it did not suit Miss Anderson to see the little schoolmistress so evidently at home and comfortable in Fernlands.

Presently, Mr. Howland came back, the game was beginning, and he had only time to get near Barbara long enough to say,

"I was afraid you did not mean to come! I hope you are not vexed still, because I laughed at Johnny Saunders?"

He said it all hurriedly, for Miss Anderson was beckoning to him. Barbara did not see that: she only thought it was because he was in haste to get away, and, for the life of her, she could not help answering pettishly. He gave her one glance of surprise, made some excuse, and went off to Miss Anderson; indeed, he could not have done otherwise, considering the persistence of her signals.

It was a long, dull game to Barbara, and there were few people whom she knew well; so, in spite of Mrs. Reeves' efforts, she had a lonely, desolate feeling come over her, and wondered at her own folly in accepting the invitation. It was not until everybody began to move toward the house in search of their tea, that Barbara found Mr. Howland near her again, only as he had passed her in the progress of the play, having no leisure for more than a pleasant word or glance.

"You look tired," he said, joining her near the veranda. "I'm afraid you have not enjoyed yourself."

She smiled, and got up a pretty fib as a matter of duty.

"You are so very polite, that I'm inclined to doubt the sincerity of your speech," he answered, laughing.

"Why should you think I've not enjoyed myself?" she asked.

"Partly, perhaps, because I have not, and so took it for granted that everybody else must be bored. However, you had Forsyth with you. I believe the women all consider him an antidote to weariness or boredom."

Barbara had hated him intensely for hovering about her; but, of course, she would have died rather than say so."

"He's very witty and good-natured," she said; and Howland pulled his mustache in silence.

Just then the obnoxious individual in question appeared from the house—Howland was wanted for something.

"That's the bore of playing host," he grumbled, as Mr. Forsyth uttered the announcement; and he could have strangled his friend with pleasure, particularly for venturing to laugh.

"He's a sulky old bear, Miss Lake," said Forsyth. "Tea is not ready, so please let me show you that view from the lawn."

Barbara, recollecting the tedious game of croquet, during which Howland had been so patient under Miss Anderson's attentions (though Barbara put it the other way) was quite ready to do anything to prove her indifference; so off she started with her new admirer, and left Howland to fulfill or neglect his duties, as he might see fit.

At tea the two were nowhere near each other; Mrs. Reeves had taken Barbara under her wing, and would not hear of the girl's wish to slip away before it got dark, and find her road home by the field-path. Her hostess tried to persuade her to stay all night, and when Barbara would not listen to that, insisted on sending her home in the carriage, and was so urgent, that Barbara could not persist in her refusal without rudeness.

Howland did hear the end of the laughing discussion. He had risen from the table, and sauntered toward them; he settled matters at once by saying, decidedly,

"I am going to drive Miss Lake home myself."

"That's right," returned Mrs. Reeves. Before Barbara could utter a word, out rang Miss Anderson's voice, she having managed to get near, and the voice was misery to Barbara, for it said,

"O! we'll have a party, and go; it's such a beautiful moonlight evening; won't that be nice, Miss Lake?"

There was no negation or demur possible; before anybody could speak, Miss Anderson had arranged the whole affair, even to the persons who were to go. Having settled it to her own satisfaction, and managed to make it appear as much Howland's doing as her own, she forced Mrs. Reeves to say it was time for the dancing to begin, and then immediately turned toward her host.

"I've not forgotten that I am engaged to you for the first," she said, took his arm, tapped Barbara playfully on the shoulder with her fan, and walked her victim off. He was too thorough a gentleman to appear otherwise than content; and little Barbara watched the pair with eyes that hurt and burned, as if she had cried for a week, and again she wondered why she had been silly enough to accept the invitation to come among these fine, idle people.

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The various groups began to move toward the drawing-room, and Barbara found herself made captive by Forsyth, to the envy and rage of three quarters of the women, though she would gladly have relinquished him. He would not be given up; he had rushed into a wild admiration of the pretty country girl, and was so delighted to find he could be enthusiastic once more, that he had three minds to propose to her on the spot.

It was long after ten o'clock before Barbara was permitted to go; then she found that Howland was to drive his phaeton, with Miss Anderson beside him on the box. The heiress had arranged it all herself, and Barbara found Forsyth still her companion, with a couple of female nonentities thrown in as make-weights. It was a beautiful night, and Miss Anderson and Forsyth chattered incessantly. Howland was busy with his horses, Barbara near angry with sheer weariness, and the two make-weights giggling and ejaculating at proper intervals. They drove up to the little brown cottage, that looked like a great bird's-nest among its sheltering vines and trees, with the yellow moonlight glorifying it into new beauty.

"What a pretty spot," said Forsyth.

"Such a comical little place," drawled Miss Anderson. "Do you really live here, dear Miss Lake; why, how on earth do you manage to get in?"

Forsyth was helping Barbara out of the phaeton, and she heard him mutter something opprobrious in regard to the heiress. The fact that anybody noticed kept Barbara from feeling vexed.

"If you should even come to see me, I will show you how we get in, Miss Anderson," she said. "Good-night all! It's too bad to have given you so much trouble, Mr. Howland."

She was gone like a flash, and Forsyth did not overtake her till she reached the door.

"Won't you shake hands?" he asked. "Mayn't Mrs. Reeves bring me to see you, please?"

"Oh, yes," Barbara answered, indifferently; "only I'm always busy nearly; but maybe you couldn't get in," she added, beginning to laugh, and the joyous sound floated through the still night, and caused Charley Howland to wince, and bite his mustache savagely.

"That girl's a born—" began Forsyth.

"Heiress," added Barbara, quickly.

"Exactly! What a fool Howland must be to endure her. I never thought he cared so much for money," returned Forsyth; and as he really did not mean to be ill-natured, of course his words sank into Barbara's mind, and bore their fruit.

The very next day, after school hours were over, Forsyth and Mrs. Reeves drove to the cottage; but Barbara chanced to have gone out, much to old Eunice's indignation, though she had gone at the autocrat's request. But the day after that was Saturday, and Barbara's day of freedom, a fact which Forsyth had discovered, and took advantage of accordingly. He came and asked her to go to walk, and while they were absent, Howland, having managed to escape from Miss Anderson's clutches, called at the cottage, and received scant measure of civility from Eunice, whose ideas were old-fashioned, and who thought, as she told Barbara later, "one chap at a time was enough for any girl to have hangin' about her."

On Sunday Barbara met them all at church, but Miss Anderson and fate defeated a little plan Howland had formed during service. The heiress fastened herself to his arm, and he had the pleasure of seeing Forsyth walk off by Barbara's side, and this time he was in a fierce rage with the little schoolmistress, and mentally called her a flirt, and anathematized her as heartless, after the fashion of his sex, at such untoward moments.

Before all these present mishaps and misunderstandings arose between the two, there had been six weeks of delightful acquaintance, during which there was not a single cloud to disturb the brightness. It was rather hard on them both to have their pretty romance so rudely broken; but of course they helped the matter along by believing the worst of each other, and accepting every word and action in a different sense from that in which it was meant.

Much of this was apparent to Miss Anderson. That young lady had come to Fernlands for the express purpose of allowing Howland to ask herself and her shekels as a gift. She had given him every opportunity so to do during the previous winter in town; but as he had not taken advantage thereof, she intended there should be a different ending this time, even if she had to stoop to conquer.

Barbara fully determined to persist in her resolution not to join the Fernlands' party in their search after amusement; but she found herself constantly forced to break new vows, owing to the persistence with which Mrs. Reeves and Forsyth overwhelmed her with importunities. The latter, indeed, made no secret of his admiration, and, thanks to Miss Anderson, Charley Howland was made to believe that

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Barbara received his attentions with more than pleasure. The coolness between the pair increased rapidly, and, as Howland, in sheer desperation, commenced a sort of lazy flirtation with the heiress, she began to believe that her plans were nearing success. An accident nearly upset them. Barbara and Howland chanced to meet alone in his sister's private morning-room one day, and, after a few moments attempt at dignity, fell a talking, and would have got at a solution of their troubles, had it not been for Miss Anderson's inopportune entrance. She was always flitting about where she had the least business, and her familiar directed her hither.

It made the heiress take a new resolution, and, having concocted her fresh scheme, it seemed to her that there were two chances out of three of its success.

Only the next afternoon, as Barbara was sitting alone in her school-room, after the scholars had gone, setting copies, correcting exercise-books, and looking much more dreary and poetical than agreed with the commonplace task, she was startled by somebody speaking close at her elbow. She was nervous in these days, and nearly upset her desk; then she looked, and saw the heiress with her black eyes brighter than ever, and her face more disagreeably handsome than usual.

"Did I frighten you?" she asked, laughing heartily as she always could at other people's annoyances.

"Good afternoon, Miss Anderson," said Barbara, calmly enough, forcing back her self-possession. "Won't you sit down? There's only a bench to offer you. I don't have visitors here often, else I'd have an easy chair."

"I've been into the village, and thought I'd just look in at you," explained the heiress.

"You are very good," said Barbara.

"And here you sit, like a pretty robin in a bower," pursued Miss Anderson, eying her sharply.

"That sounds like poetry," returned Barbara, laughing; and Miss Anderson laughed too, though she appeared oddly preoccupied.

"I believe you're a good little soul," said she, suddenly.

"Many thanks for the information," quoth Barbara, and did a little mock humility, looking rather scornful the while.

"Oh, don't tease me!" exclaimed the heiress, "else I shall cry! I came here on purpose to tell you a secret. I must tell somebody, else my heart will break, and you're the only soul near whom I can trust."

Somehow Barbara felt as if a cold wind had suddenly blown across her naked heart; but she sat very quiet, and said something suitable to the occasion.

"I'm so nervous, I'd like to cry," continued the heiress, and tried to squeeze out a few tears; but the effort was so unsuccessful, that she speedily gave it up. "You don't ask me what it is," she continued, fretfully.

"I thought you were going to tell me," replied Barbara, having much ado not to shiver and shake under the sharp eyes of the other.

"It's a great secret, you understand?"

Barbara nodded.

"My mother and step-father will be furious; they had set their hearts on my marrying a relative of his. I know they will persecute me horribly, so I dare not let it be known; but I must tell somebody; do comfort me; do say something nice!"

She hid her face in her hands, and tried to sob, but it was not well done.

"Don't sit there like a statue," she cried, finding that she could do histrionics best in words.

"But you've not told me what it is," observed Barbara, in a slow, calm voice.

"But you know—you understand!"

"I am very stupid, I fear——"

"Why," interrupted the heiress, "I am secretly engaged to him! Nobody must know it, not even his sister! You'll not tell; but you'll help me; you'll be good to me; I like you so much, and so does he."

"You are leaving me still in the dark," returned Barbara, and her voice was slower and quieter than ever. "Who is the 'he' I am to congratulate?"

"Oh, you're not to let him dream you know it. Promise—swear!" cried the heiress, clasping her hands tragically, then forgetting to wait for Barbara's answer, in her eagerness to add—"But you can guess who it is?"

"Not in the least," said Barbara, as quickly and clearly as if she were not telling a fib; but, indeed, considering all things, one could not much blame her. "Who is it, Miss Anderson?"

The heiress turned her head away to hide the blush that was not on her cheeks, and whispered the name.

"Oh, Mr. Howland," repeated Barbara, and was proud of her own composure. "And you have a little secret too. I am sure that makes it all the pleasanter, and how nice of you to tell me."

"You'll be true; you'll not tell?" gasped

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the heiress, clutching wildly at Barbara's hands, which Barbara was careful to keep out of her reach.

"Certainly not," she replied.

Miss Anderson sobbed and gasped a little, closely watching Barbara from behind her handkerchief, though she might as well have watched the wooden pillar against which she leant, for any sign the girl's cold face afforded. Then the heiress poured out a broken and very sketchy tale, discovered it was late, and, after a tender leave-taking, hurried away.

Barbara sat there till the sun went down—not working, not weeping—staring blankly at the pile of copy-books. The last glow of red light faded, the room grew chill, the shadows started up like ghosts about her, and she remembered it was time to go home. She rose, got her hat, locked the door behind her with an odd feeling that she had just locked her heart and her youth in a black tomb, and walked away, as quiet as ever.

Only the very next day, Mr. Forsyth overtook her, on her way back from school, and, in very nice fashion, offered himself and his fortune for her acceptance. He was dreadfully in earnest, and, for a few moments, as she listened to the picture he painted, of the freedom, the new life he could give her, Barbara's mind was troubled by the thought that perhaps the best thing she could do was to let him take her away forever.

Only an instant—not long enough to make her waver—then she knew it would be a sin, not only wicked to herself, but more wicked to him, for she could never give him other than the coldness of regard and esteem. She had to tell him this, and then he went off, behaving to the last in so manly a fashion, that Barbara did for him what she had not done for herself, during the long, horrible hours which had elapsed since Miss Anderson's uncalled-for confidence, shed a few tears, and blamed herself that she could not have spoken at least a word of comfort.

After Mr. Forsyth's departure, the group at Ferlands changed as often as the colors of a kaleidoscope, during the next two weeks, but through all the comings and goings, Miss Anderson kept her place. Barbara had only been twice to the house. She contrived to avoid Mrs. Reeves' visits, to return polite refusals to numerous notes, asking for her company, and thrice to escape without being seen by Charley Howland, when he called at the cottage, insolently enough, as Barbara said to herself. Fortunately for her, Mr. Forsyth had told Mrs. Reeves the story of his rejection, so that made a show of reason for Barbara's behavior; she was afraid of being laughed at or scolded.

But one day Mrs. Reeves drove down to the brown cottage, and caught her. She would take no denial; Barbara must and should go back to luncheon. The whole troop of guests had gone off on an expedition to some lake and glen, and Mrs. Reeves could have her favorite to herself for awhile.

"I planned it on purpose," said she. "Now get your hat, while I say a word to dear grandma, and off we go."

There was no decent pretext for refusing, and Barbara had no reason now, except that she dreaded to see the place where she had been so happy, look changed and forlorn under the coldness of her present life.

"You're grown thin, I declare." Mrs. Reeves averred. "You work too hard, and you've been fretting about that poor man you sent off. Well, well, don't try to frown; I'll not say a word more."

The visit did Barbara good, in spite of the shiver and chill that came back, as she entered the pretty morning-room, where she had so often sat in those first delightful weeks of summer, while Charley Howland read aloud, or talked pleasant nonsense, which took a deep significance from a hundred earnest looks and shades of manner.

In the middle of the afternoon, the party came back unexpectedly enough. They had missed the road, and finally did their picnic luncheon in a convenient wood, and rushed homeward.

It was sometime before Barbara could get away from the people she knew; but she succeeded at last, and stole off into the garden, meaning to get from there to the Chestnut Grove, and so gain the field-path which led homeward.

But the first turn in the walk brought her face to face with Charley Howland. In the house he had only spoken a few words to her, and then disappeared; now he stood straight in her road, so that she could not escape, and as she glanced shyly into his face, she saw he looked pale and worn in spite of his happiness.

"I knew you would come this way," he said. "I won't detain you; but I must ask you a question."

"Ask me?" returned Barbara, and took a firm grasp of her pride, so that she might appear calm.

"Yes. What has changed you so; how have I offended you?"

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He fixed his great, dark eyes on her face with a reproachful glance, which angered her.

"I am neither changed or offended," she replied, coldly. "Let me pass, pray; I've no time for comedy."

"For shame, Barbara!" he exclaimed, hotly. "That is not like you! I will tell you what I meant to, though. I love you—I—— Oh, Barbara, you are breaking my heart."

She raised her hand, as if to ward off a blow. Her face grew ashen; her eyes shot fire with the quick passion that thrilled her.

"How dare you insult me in this way!" she exclaimed.

"Insult you? Oh, Barbara, is it an insult to tell you that I love you?"

"Yes, under the circumstances! Nobody but a coward would have done it! You thought I would be silent; that you could trifle with me—outrage me! Oh, you shall see that I am able to revenge myself, and I'll do it—yes, I will!"

He stood staring at her in dumb surprise. She ran forward a few steps, and he followed her mechanically. Her eyes had caught the flutter of a woman's garments in the adjoining path.

"Miss Anderson," she called, "come here, quickly."

The heiress had been spying about, fearing that the pair might be together; and having heard of their whereabouts was hastening to interrupt the interview.

At Barbara's imperious summons, she came toward them, crying,

"Who called? What is it? Oh, Barbara Lake, and—— Why, what do you want, Mr. Howland?"

"I? Nothing," he replied, and stood looking from one woman to the other.

"It was I who called you," exclaimed Barbara, pale with rage, so stung by the insult she believed herself to have received, that she could not control her passion. "I choose you to hear. Let him say it over before you!"

"I have no objection, Miss Lake, if that will afford you the slightest satisfaction," said Howland, calmly.

"Why—why—what is it?" stammered Maria Anderson, turning a greenish white with sudden dread.

Barbara was roused to new fury by his words and manner. He was daring her; he did not believe she would speak!

"This man has presumed to tell me of his love—your betrothed, Miss Anderson. It is for you to answer him, not me."

Miss Anderson turned a more sickly white, and Howland burst out laughing.

"There's an ending to a tragic scene," said he, controlling himself quickly. "Pray ask her, Miss Anderson, how she got that idea in her head."

"Yes, how odd! Oh, I—it was just a joke, Barbara," faltered the heiress, while Barbara's head went round and round, and Howland's eyes drove Miss Anderson nearly mad. "A pair of idiots!" she shrieked, suddenly, giving free vent to her pain and wrath. "Barbara Lake, I'll pay you well for this!"

With an insane, sounding burst of sobs and unintelligible words, she darted off, and the two stood there alone. In the midst of the whirl in her brain, Barbara heard his dear voice, saying,

"We don't need any explanation now—we both understand! Barbara! Barbara! I haven't deceived myself. You do care—you do! Come to me, Barbara—mine—my very own."

She crept silently into the shelter of the loving arms which stretched themselves to clasp her, and there was no word spoken for many moments, though they could have both sworn they were talking all the while.

Late that evening, when Howland returned from the brown cottage, his sister met him with a lame explanation on the part of the heiress. She had only meant a joke, and asked him to say that he believed her. He was happy enough to say anything to please anybody, and the next morning Miss Anderson and her maid, departed.

Of course, so contemptible a woman as she would not believe it; but there was never any further explanation between the lovers; and her name never even gained the honor of mention or thought in the midst of their happiness.

CHILDREN.

BY A. K. JONES.

The paths that lead us to God's throne,
Seem worn by children's feet;
So small, and yet so difficult,
Are ways by which we meet.

We cannot know their childish hearts,
We cannot know their grief,
Although we, too, were children once,
And years gone by are brief.

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THE LAST DRAGON.

BY HARRY DANFORTH.

"Did any of you fellows ever see a dragon? A real, live dragon?"

The speaker was Charley Stone. The place was the smoking-room of the Club.

"A dragon!" It was a chorus of derisive voices that replied.

"Yes! You laugh because you have never seen one. I don't want to be rude," said Charley, coolly looking around the circle, "but it seems to me you're quite as absurd, in spite of your boasted civilization, as the Bengalees, who, because they have never seen ice, think you're chaffing them, when you say that rivers freeze over."

"But a dragon," cried Jack Stanton, with a guffaw, "a real, live dragon!"

"Yes! a dragon," retorted Charley. "Haven't we authority for it in both sacred and profane history? The Scriptures speak of dragons. The army of Regulus, in Africa, killed something very like a dragon. The traditions of all peoples and races speak of dragons, from the polished Greek to the pig-eyed Chinese."

"Myths, my dear fellow, myths," said Jack, sententiously. "There never were dragons."

"Pardon me. What else was the Saurian? Go into a geological museum, and you will see, any day, the skeleton of the monster. That settles the question, as to whether there ever were dragons or not."

"Very well put," said Jack, lighting a fresh segar. "I give that part up."

"The next point is, were they cotemporary with man? Now we know that the reindeer of France, the urus, and the Siberian mammoth, once supposed to have been Pre-Adamite, survived until the human species appeared on earth. Which is the more probable, that some of the Saurian tribe lived down to the advent of man, or that the idea of so strange and abnormal a monster should have been evolved out of what the Germans call 'the inner consciousness' of a savage or savages?"

"Well," said Jack, pulling his mustache, perplexedly, "I should think the former."

"Moreover, the dragon, as he has been traditionally pictured by the Chinese and Japanese, for thousands of years, is, making due allowance for the low state of art among those people, a very graphic representation of a Saurian."

"So he is," cried Jack. "I never thought of that before."

"Now, the only remaining question," went on Charley, pinching a new segar before he lighted it "is this—has the Saurian lived down to our time? In remote and primeval regions, such as you still find, occasionally, in South America and Africa; in those vast morasses, which, geologically speaking, are like the earlier formations, it is yet possible—is it not?—that Saurians, that is dragons, may be found."

"If you put it in that way," cried Jack, "egad! you may be more than half right."

"More than half right?" thundered Charley. "I know I am right, altogether. Why, I've both seen and shot a dragon."

"Shot a dragon!" cried Jack, jumping from his chair, as if a bullet had hit him.

The wonder and amazement were not confined to Jack. The most eager curiosity—a curiosity that was half incredulous, I must confess—was in every countenance, as Charley, coolly knocking the ashes from his segar, and looking steadily at each of us in succession, went on.

"It was down on the western coast of Africa, mind you," he said, "a good way south of the Bight of Benin, where we had been driven by stress of weather, that I saw the monster. I was, at that time, supercargo on the good barque Samaritan, Bob Cushman being master and principal owner. Bob was of a first-rate old Boston sea-faring family, and had just been getting married, and his wife, as plucky a girl as ever lived, insisted on going out with him. We had a charming time, for a while; fair winds; everything we could desire. At last a gale struck us, that lasted, off and on, for nearly three weeks. In all that time we didn't get a solitary observation. When the storm had blown itself out, we found ourselves hundreds of miles from our course, and had nothing to do but to beat back, with baffling winds, no end of thunder-storms, and beastly, hot calms!

"Two months passed in this way. Finally we sighted land, and as we were nearly out of water, and two-thirds of our crew were down with fever, we ran for it at once, though we knew it was the fever-cursed African coast.

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"We dropped anchor in a swollen, muddy, swirling river, with mangroves coming close down to the water's edge, and millions of monkeys chattering in the dense forest on either side; and the next evening, manning a boat with what of our crew was left fit for duty, we set forth to look for fresh water. So short-handed were we, that, when we mustered finally for this expedition, there wasn't a single able-bodied man we could leave behind with Bob's wife, But she, brave girl, said it didn't matter. 'You'll not be gone more than a day or two,' she declared, 'and I don't mind being left alone for that time. Fortunately there are no natives about here to do one harm.'

"We took the flood-tide, as the moon rose, and pulled steadily up stream.

"About an hour after midnight, we came to a high bluff, and landing at its foot, found a delicious spring, which bubbled up, clear and cool, amid luxuriant grasses and flowers, that reminded us of dear, old New England. We had taken soundings, all the way along, and found there was depth of water enough to bring the barque up to the bluff; so, resting till the tide turned, we started again for the mouth of the river with the ebb.

"It was a sight of extraordinary beauty. We, who live in northern climes, have no idea of the splendor of the heavens, in the tropics. The larger stars come out as brilliant as New England moons, and the moon is as bright almost as the sun here, only more silvery. The banks, on either hand, were covered with luxuriant vegetation: great mangroves that sent their contorted, snake-like roots far out into the river; gigantic trees, covered with long, trailing moss, or hung with huge leaves, that flapped, silently, in the still night-air, like the wings of weird birds. The day was just breaking, as we entered the reach of the river, where the barque lay moored; a close, sultry, foggy morning, like an August one at home, only a hundred times intensified.

"Poor Bob had been nervous and excited, ever since we had left the bluff. He had a presentiment, he said, that something was going to happen to his wife; and he urged the men, continually, to greater speed, though the poor fellows, tired out with their long pull, were already doing their best. It was with a cry of joy, therefore, that I saw the black hull of the barque, with its tracery of yards and rigging above, standing out, sharp and clean, against the gray, western sky, in which the wan moon was just setting. But I had hardly uttered the hurrah, when Bob clutched me wildly by the arm, and cried hoarsely. 'Look, look!' Great heavens! what is that?'

"I followed his horror-struck gaze, and saw a sight that froze my very blood. Lying in the slime of the shore, between us and the barque, but much closer to the latter than to our boat, wallowed a vast monster, nameless in shape, that, at this instant, raised its repulsive head, and seeming to discern the ship for the first time, began to put its huge bulk in motion, as if to devour this new-found prey. As it rose from the mud and reeds of the shore, its vast proportions and unsightly figure became distinctly visible. Half-crocodile, half-elephant in body, with a large, tapering, scaly tail, and with a neck like a giraffe's, that swayed to and fro, as it waddled along, it would have been less an object of disgust, if it had not inspired such unspeakable horror. Its legs, and the claws at the end of them, were more than fins, and were yet not feet. Misshapen, undeveloped, terrible, gigantic, it rolled, as it were, along, leaving a great furrow in the mud behind it. All this time, its enormous head, in which glittered two large, fiery-red eyes, swung from side to side, as a horse's when weaving, as stable-boys call it; and its hideous mouth, filled with steel-like teeth, opened and shut, with eager appetite, and a snap that we could hear even at our distance.

"It soon reached the water, and, sliding in, began to swim awkwardly, yet swiftly, toward the barque. For a moment, notwithstanding its apparent intention, I had hoped it was not amphibious, and that, therefore, terrible as it looked, the vessel and its precious freight would be safe from it. But this illusion could be indulged in no longer. The monster was so much nearer the ship than we were, that, long before we could get alongside, its mighty jaws would be crunching the timbers like egg-shells. Nor was this all. Even if we reached the barque, what could we do against such an adversary? All this rushed through my mind, as the unhappy husband, at my side, groaned, 'Oh! can nothing be done?'

"Nothing done? It was certain death, but we would, I said to myself, at least die heroically. I never went on any expedition without my rifle, and my friend was also armed. He had clutched his gun, as he spoke, and though the range was a long one, took aim, and fired. The ball hit the monster, but without seriously injuring him. I saw it glance off from his scaly hide. He turned, however, to see from what quarter his assailants came, and discovering us, wheeled his enormous bulk

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around, and cresting his neck and head high above the water, made rapidly for us, with eyes flashing with rage. I fired, almost instantly, taking his eyes for a mark, hoping in this way to reach the brain. But his incessant, undulatory movements made it impossible for me to be sure in my aim, and I had the horror of seeing that my shot had not even touched the dragon, for such I now knew the animal to be.

"Both rifles, by this time, were discharged, and as neither was a breech-loader, the monster would, almost certainly, be upon us, before we could re-load.

"'Turn and pull away, it is our only chance,' I cried. 'A stern-chase is a long one, and it will give some time to re-load.' But the boat remained motionless, and glancing around, I saw that part of the crew were cowering in the bottom, paralyzed, and that the others had frantically leaped overboard; reason and courage, in what were otherwise brave and intelligent fellows, having given way in the face of this appalling and unheard-of danger. 'Load, load, Bob,' I shouted at this, 'and give it to him again; he must have a weak spot somewhere.'

"My answer was the click of the hammer, as Bob drew it back to put a cap on his rifle; and immediately after came the sharp, ringing sound of the ball as it sped on its way. I did not venture to look up, for I was ramming my own ball home, but I knew from the terrible cry of my friend, that his fire had proved as ineffectual, this time, as before. In a flash, all that depended on my next shot, the last probably that I should ever discharge, blazed, vivid and intense, before me. As in a magic-lantern I saw, in succession, the awful scenes. Once having dispatched us, there would be nothing to prevent his wreaking his rage on the barque. The vision of what would happen there almost unmanned me. But the noise of the monster, close at hand, like the quick paddling of a ferry-boat, stimulated me afresh. I had now got my ball home; it was but a moment's work to cap the nipple; then I lifted the rifle, and glanced along its shining barrel, feeling as if I had a thousand lives beating in my veins, and was willing to sell them all. 'Fire, fire, for God's sake, fire!' cried the husband, as I paused in this position. But I had resolved I would not fire, till I saw, at least, a chance of hitting a vulnerable part, or till the huge beast was actually upon us. Already this last contingency was close at hand. I could hear the noise of the creature breathing, and feel his hot breath; the water around us was, even now, swirling and eddying before the disturbance created by his vast circumference. At that instant, as he raised his huge head angrily, waving it from side to side, I saw what seemed a thinner fold of skin, just where the neck and breast met—you see the same in a tortoise—a fold that grew thinner yet as it was distended by the act of stretching out the neck and head. Here, if anywhere, was a vital entrance, for the heart lay directly behind it. Quick as thought my barrel sought it; the hammer fell; the shot rang out on the sultry air. 'Hurrah!' I shouted, in uncontrollable excitement, as I saw the blood spout from the wound, dyeing the water all around. Instantly the head fell flat on the tide, with a swashing sound; and the mighty body rolled over on its side; and then the dragon floated past our boat, the horrible fins and tail thrashing the water in the death-agony.

"I turned to look at my friend. He had fallen, in a dead faint, across the tiller-ropes.

"Well," continued Charley, drawing a long breath, "of course we made for the barque, immediately. The happiest moment, I think, of all my life was when we leaped on deck, and found everything safe. Bob's pretty wife was still asleep; she had not even heard of the monster; and thank heaven! she never saw him either, or he might have haunted her dreams for weeks. As for us, we got up anchor at once, and made sail. 'Better go on half allowance of water for weeks,' said Bob, 'and be short-handed all the way to Shanghai, than stay another hour in this Inferno.'

"But I have since regretted that we did not remain long enough to bring away the head of the monster, or secure some other trophy of him. I could then have proved what you seem to doubt—that I shot THE LAST DRAGON."

THE BREEZE.

BY R. H. MARTLEY.

Breeze, breeze of the hill,
Lightly, merrily play,
Frolic around me while you will;
When your work is done, away!

Then, as your life is spent
Laboring, so may I
Work, at the work that God has sent
And faithfully doing, die.

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THE REIGNING BELLE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 216.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE next morning after the ball Mr. Smith arose very cross, and Mrs. Smith slept late. so late that Jerusha Maria grew fearfully impatient, and, having slept off her liberal share of the paregoric, wanted to have the usual rough and tumble romp on her mother's bed, a desire the drowsy woman repulsed with a half-angry growl, that made the child first open her eyes wide with astonishment, then fill her mouth with indignant screams. These James was expected to pacify, while Kate Gorman got the breakfast in grim discontent, for she too was suffering from want of sleep, and took vengeance on the gridiron and coffee-mill, which she banged about viciously, and ground with the fury of a Nemisis.

While Smith eat his solitary breakfast, which was in itself enough to sour any man's temper, the coffee being thick with grounds, and the fried potatoes bitter with smoke, Boyce opened the store, and dragged forth his baskets and boxes of merchandise under the sheltering awning; vegetables left over from the previous night, and fruit with a suspicion of decay creeping through it—for Smith had slept too late for the early market hour—and even his stock in trade felt the effect of that one night's advent into high life, the splendor of which had demoralized his home. Thus it chanced that the store work came entirely to Boyce, and that interesting child, with her screams, her kicks, and wonderful capacity for hair-tugging, fell to James, while Kate scolded, and Mrs. Smith slept.

In vain the lad tried to hush the indignant young lady; in vain he bent his head, and offered a tempting mass of raven curls for her hands to revel in. Once or twice, I am afraid, he was tempted to shake her soundly; in fact, he did practice a little in that line, but ended it all in fun, and finished by making up faces, that turned her continuous howl into shrieks of laughter.

At last Smith went down stairs, wondering if there was no way of stopping that child's noise, and wishing that he were a woman with nothing to do but sleep till noon, contented as a lamb, with an Irish girl slamming things about, and an only child yelling Hail Columbia in his ears.

Mrs. Smith was too soundly asleep to hear this sarcasm, and the young lady aforesaid set up a new tune of offence, feeling deeply wronged, when her father passed down stairs, without an effort to appease her grief.

James struggled under these difficulties with wonderful patience; he tossed Miss Smith into the air till she caught her breath like a sunfish out of water. He set her down in his lap, and trotted her to Boston, with the agility of a race horse. He exhibited a pair of red morocco boots on her own little feet, which filled her with a moment's admiration, and a burst of fervent laughter. He carried her to the window, and pointed out her father, who was talking with Boyce in front of the store, in an earnest and rather excited manner, which did not strike him as singular, as everybody was restless and excited that morning. But there was something strange about Boyce, who seemed to be talking in a low, eager voice, and watching the thunder-cloud on his employer's face, with keen, side-long glances, that struck the lad who looked on as false and sinister.

Even the child seemed to notice something strange about her father, and stopped crying suddenly. For some unaccountable reason the boy's heart fell, and he watched the two as they walked back into the store with a feeling of vague apprehension. Why, a wiser person than himself could not have told; for he had done no wrong, and had no enemies, unless that young fellow, Boyce, was one.

This was what had happened in the store below. In the hurry of preparation for Mrs. Carter's party, a considerable amount of money had been left in the desk, a circumstance that seldom happened, and which Smith had always provided against, by a deposit every afternoon. Before going up to dress, he had locked the desk, and put the key in his pocket, leaving it

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there when he changed his clothes. When he went down in the morning, this money was gone, and with it some of the more expensive portions of his stock—two or three small boxes of choice tea, which bore his private mark, and other articles, amounting to the value of several hundred dollars. Now these things might have been removed from the store by one person, but a horse and wagon must have been used to carry them away, if they were taken any distance. It had been considerably after nine the night before when Smith and his wife started for the party. Boyce had gone out with Kate Gorman directly after, as he confessed, having been locked out by James Laurence, who retained possession of the key. How then could this robbery have taken place before ten. Kate Gorman had been about all the time, and so was James, who was anxious, Boyce said, that the key should be left with him. This was all that Boyce knew of the matter. He and Kate Gorman had been together all the time after they left the store, till they returned to it. Early in the evening they had watched the guests going into the Carter mansion; then they had been at the Bowery theatre. In fact, every minute of his time could be accounted for. But the boy James, Boyce knew nothing about him, only that he wanted to stay at home, and was rather anxious to keep the key, and had fastened the door after them when he and Kate went out. Of course, there was nothing wrong about that. True, money had been missing in small sums more than once; but thieves were adroit, and, in the hurry of business, the money drawer was left exposed sometimes. There was no reason to suspect James, because a few dollars had been found missing now and then.

But for these sagacious hints, perhaps, Mr. Smith never would have suspected the boy. He knew how adroit burglars could be, and his thoughts naturally turned in that direction; but Boyce had managed to unite the boy with this very idea. Burglars always had accomplices, he said, frequently among the servant girls; but that could not be true of Kate Gorman, who was honest as the day was long; besides, she had been with him all the time. No, no, it could not possibly be Kate Gorman, nor James. Things might look a little squally in his direction; but the little chap was true as steel; to suspect him was just nonsense.

Smith said little. He was a shrewd, close man, who kept his thoughts and his money very much to himself. He questioned Boyce closely enough, and imbibed suspicions conscientiously, that influenced his after action to a cruel extent; but he came to no definite conclusion for that day at least. This much he settled. Mrs. Smith was to know nothing of the robbery; first, because discovery was not likely to spring out of much talking, and again, because his wife had warned him of danger in having so much money in the store. Besides, what was the use of telling her? Women were always Marplots in such affairs. No, no, he would betake himself to a sharp detective, get the property back, and then tell his wife. Fortunately, she would be far too sleepy that day for any special interest in his affairs.

Boyce was very willing to be silent; in fact, he did not take lovingly to the investigation, and was glad to be rid of it; his face had been unusually pale from the first, and he moved uneasily when Smith's eyes were upon him, as if the thought of drawing suspicion on that young boy were distressing him.

Not even to Kate Gorman did the grocer mention his loss; but he questioned her in a cautious way, and got full confirmation of all that Boyce had said. After this, he went to a detective, and set him on the alert.

That day Boyce carried some groceries to Mrs. Lambert's kitchen. He was very intimate in that region, especially with Robert the footman, who had a face not unlike his own, and hair of the same brick-dust hue, a tint that Ellen Post admired exceedingly. In fact, the waiting-maid's fancy did not stop there, but took in the five feet ten of the footman's entire person. For his sake, she gave a little lofty patronage to Boyce, though it was a thorn in her side that Robert's influence had been brought to bear on the cook in the same direction.

After all, society is like a tangle of wild vines, it is impossible to separate the fruit from the leaves that breathe for it. What society is in the mass, families are in detail. Each member has an important influence on the others. The mistress of a household would often be shocked, if she dreamed how completely she is the tool and puppet of a servant, with more brains and less money than herself; or how completely her most sacred thoughts are criticised and discussed in the kitchen.

For some days Miss Spicer had been staying with Mrs. Lambert, who was far from well, and kept her room, refusing to see any one but this girl, who brought her news from their outer world, and talked with her continually on the only subject she wished to think of.

Miss Spicer being an active person, erratic

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in her movements, and fond of talking, had many spare hours which could not be spent with Mrs. Lambert, who wearied the girl, the moment her stock of news was exhausted, and pined for solitude, being sick at heart, and weary of everything.

Now there was no other lady in the house, and, as Miss Spicer must fraternize with some one, it naturally fell out that she became intimate, and even confidential, with Ellen Post.

A little before Boyce brought his basket of groceries into the kitchen, Miss Spicer and Ellen were together in the young lady's room, talking over the merits of a changeable silk, which Miss Spicer was in suspense about, not being quite certain of its effect upon her complexion.

Ellen Post stood in the center of the room, with her head crowned with its little French cap on one side holding up the breadths of shimmering silk, which changed and glistened like a pigeon's neck with each movement of her hand.

"Now, for Mrs. Lambert, I should say at once, take it," she said, with the solemn air of a priestess at the altar; "but, for you, Miss Spicer, it is different. As a general thing, solid colors, and delicate at that, is what I could wish."

"You think so, Ellen? Well, I am not sure. The silk is exquisitely lovely in itself."

"Yes, but haven't you observed, Miss Spicer, that the most charming tints in silk are not always the most telling, when you get them on! There is the dress you wore the other night. Now, to my mind, that dress was a failure."

"That dress a failure? Why, Ellen Post, it cost ten dollars a yard."

"Shouldn't wonder; but still, it didn't come up to my expectations. When the madam came out, she killed it dead."

"Nothing, I believe, came up to any one's expectations that night. I never spent such an evening. Every one I knew was out of sorts," said the young lady.

"I'm sure the madam was," answered Ellen. "Never saw her so wild and white in my life. What could have happened? You ought to know, Miss Spicer—you, as one might say, a part of the family."

"No, I'm not, Ellen Post, and it's likely I never shall be."

"Why, Miss Spicer, I thought it was all settled. I am sure the madam treats you as if you were her own daughter, and Mr. Ivan——"

"There, there, don't mention him! It's only an aggravation. One day sweet as honey-dew, the next after some one else, flirting, like a humming-bird, right before my face, and daring to tell me that another girl—one of those forward, low creatures that sell goods—has rejected him."

Ellen Post dropped the silk which she had been holding, and all its shining folds fell in a heap on the carpet.

"Miss Spicer, you don't mean to say that!"

"Yes, I do mean to say just that, and could say more. Only think, Ellen Post, of taking that girl's leavings, a creature with hair like ink, and eyes hid away under her lashes like a brook sleeping under rushes. Then the impudence of her air, walking like an empress, and she a shawl-fitter, or a—— Oh, I would give five thousand dollars this very hour to see her so disgraced, that he would be ashamed to own that he had ever spoken to her. I hate her very name!"

"What is her name?" inquired Ellen Post.

"Laurence. Eva Laurence. Such a name for a shop-girl!"

"Eva Laurence. I have heard that before. The madam kept saying it over in her sleep the night she came home from Mrs. Carter's party. She does not like the girl more than you, I am certain, though I never heard her speak the name, except in sleep; then it left her lips white, as if her bane had touched them."

"I should not wonder," exclaimed Miss Spicer, struck by a sudden idea. "Didn't you tell me that Mr. Ross, the great artist, called here once or twice?"

"Once; I only remember once; but she received him in her private room—a thing I do not remember of any other man—and told me to say that she was not at home to a human being. He stayed ever so long—three hours, I should think."

"That is strange," said the young lady. "She must have known him before."

"Miss Spicer, if you'll promise never to mention it, I'll tell you something."

"Well, I promise!"

"That man once forced himself into our garden, trampled down the beds, and insisted on finding madam in one of the green-houses, where he did find her, and there they talked together in a strange way. I did not hear what they said, being in another part of the garden, and old Sterns there, so that I could not get closer; but his voice was loud and clear, and hers—— Well, I can't tell you what hers was like, only there was something that went to my heart in it—tears buried out of

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sight since she was a girl. I should say——"

"Well, Ellen, you have surprised me. Who would have thought it of her—so proud, so grandly self-possessed? I never dreamed that she could give way."

"Give way! Why, that man left her on the conservatory floor in a dead swoon," said Ellen Post, bringing her story to a climax with thrilling dexterity.

Miss Spicer sunk down on the carpet, by the billowy waves of silk that Ellen had dropped there, holding up her hands in astonishment.

"Mrs. Lambert in a swoon, a down right fainting fit! I can't believe it. Indeed, indeed, I can't."

"You may, for I helped to bring her out, and a dreadful time we had of it. All that night long she lay like a dead woman, and never spoke a word, except one, and that was a name."

"What name, Ellen?"

"Herman. I never heard it before, and I don't know who it belongs to in the least," answered the ladies' maid.

"Herman; that is *his* name—Herman Ross."

"Then, one thing is sure!"

"What is that, Ellen?"

"She loves the man!"

"Ellen Post, you take away my breath!"

"She loves the man. It was him she was chaffering for that night, when nothing could please her.

"The night of Mrs. Carter's party; do you mean that, Ellen?"

"Of course I mean that. Never saw her so hard to please. I took off her diamonds twice, and had to put them on again at last. Never saw anything like it. In any other person I should have known the signs; but who would suspect her of wanting to please any one in particular? But it's all clear now. We've settled on the right man."

"Why, Ellen, he's going to marry this Laurence girl himself!"

"What! The man she loves?"

"As true as I sit here—he is engaged to her! It all came out at the party. Mrs. Carter told it. This Ross is her bother, you know."

"That was what made her so white and wild. I understand it all now. That is why she kept repeating the girl's name in her sleep, which was more like a fit than natural slumber. She has not been herself since?"

"No, you are right there; she seems like one stupefied by a blow—and Ivan is not much better. He was wild as a hawk that night. Only think of it—mother and son; but it serves him right. I have no compassion for him, and all but engaged to me."

"But if she marries this Ross, all will be at at an end with Mr. Ivan.

"No, it won't. He thinks her the loveliest, the most beautiful and accomplished creature in the world. Being married won't hurt her with him. He will never think any one fit to untie her shoes I want him to despise her—hate her. I want to break up this match, which is killing your poor mistress."

"But how?"

"I don't know. What is the good of being rich, when the thing you want most can't be got for money. Oh, if I had that girl under my feet, how I would stamp her down!"

Ellen Post seated herself by the window, and fell into thought. She was a sharp, even-tempered schemer, who saw a chance of killing several birds with one stone, if it only could be brought about. Her ideas were crude as yet, but she saw a gleam of daylight through them.

"Five thousand dollars! Did you say that, Miss Spicer?"

"I said five thousand; but what is the good?"

"And you mean it?"

"Mean it? No, I don't mean it, for the thing isn't possible. If it were, I wouldn't hesitate a moment."

"What you want is to disgrace this girl, so that neither of these men would think of marrying her?"

"That is what I am pining for, and what will make your lady a well and happy woman. It is for her sake."

"Never mind! I see!" said Ellen, interrupting the young lady without ceremony. "Now, there are various kinds of disgrace; some think poverty enough."

"But that won't do here; she is poor as a church mouse already, and they do not care a straw for it."

"Yes, I understand. We must plunge deeper than that. When it is accomplished, I may be sure of the five thousand?"

"I might promise safely, and call it fifty thousand; but, if it is possible for you to place this girl in a position, which will drive all honorable men from her, I will gladly give you the sum I at first spoke of."

"And the madam?"

"She must know nothing of this. She would condemn us, and reject our help, though it is mostly for her good," said the young lady, with emphasis. "This must rest between you

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and myself. If another soul is informed, I for one will throw up the bargain."

"There is no need of that," said Ellen, half buried in thought.

"Furthermore, I must have nothing to do with this, only so far as the money is concerned."

"That is understood. In fact, I see nothing that you could be of use in."

"Of course not."

"Nor do I see how any one can act as yet; but all the same, Miss Spicer, I shall earn your money."

"Very well; I don't ask how. I only wish for a thing, and when it comes to pass, give so much money."

"Five thousand," said the maid.

"Five thousand," answered the young lady, and the bargain was closed.

CHAPTER XIX.

Ellen Post went down to the kitchen just after Boyce entered it with his basket of groceries, and there she found Robert conversing in a low, eager voice with the grocer's clerk. As the two stood together, the girl remarked the wonderful likeness that existed between them, in form and color. Both were strong, and, if not tall, well built and active. Boyce was talking earnestly, and looked around now and then to make sure that no one was listening. There was a look of triumph in his face, that Robert seemed to share, for he smiled broadly, while he listened, and, laying his hand on the clerk's shoulder, seemed to commend him for something he had done.

Ellen Post was impatient, and watched all this with irritation. She wished to speak with Robert, and was angry that he did not come forward the moment she entered the room.

"Mr. Mahone," exclaimed the irate maid. "Mr. Mahone, I am waiting to speak with you!"

"Mahone," repeated Boyce, with a sly wink at the footman. "She might spell that with five letters, and begin them with a B."

Boyce spoke in the lowest possible voice, but Robert checked him severely, almost whispering

"Hush, you young reprobate. Don't you know that women have sharp ears. Can I never learn you to be prudent?"

"About the time I learn you to divide fair," answered Boyce, a little savagely. "But, remember, this time you've got to toe the mark. I don't mean to do all the work, and feed on the crumbs. So put that in your pipe, and smoke it, Bob."

"Mr. Mahone!"

"Yes, Miss Post, the minute I have settled up with this fellow. He's no more idea of figures than a donkey. Only I notice he always makes the mistake on his side. As I recommended him here, you understand, it's my place to see that everything is on the square."

Ellen Post gave her French cap a toss that set all its ribbons in quick motion, and would have left the room in high dudgeon, but for the business that she had in hand. As it was, she marched up to the young men, and broke up their conference at once.

"You stay here. We may have something to say to you," she said, addressing Boyce, as if she had been that female tyrant, Elizabeth, and he a servant in her path. "Mr. Mahone will tell you if you are wanted. So wait."

Boyce laughed broadly, and took a seat in the kitchen, while Ellen Post and Robert went to the servants' parlor, and shut themselves in, the maid observing that the cook was always prying about, and, this thing being serious, they must have no listeners. With this caution, she seated herself on the hair-cloth sofa, and invited him, with her eyes, to take the vacant place by her side.

Robert, nothing loth, took the seat, and his arm crept along the back, until it almost embraced the long, thin waist of the ladies' maid, who looked round sharply to make sure that it was not indecorously near.

"Mr. Mahone!"

"My angel! My—my——"

"Never mind, Robert; this is business. I despise mixing up things."

"Business is pleasure, where you are concerned, Miss Post."

"That is just what I hope it will lead to in the end, for it's a great thing, I can tell you."

"Indeed! Well, that don't astonish me! You was born to great things, Miss Post. No mistake about that!"

"Which I am ready to share," answered Ellen, "for it will take more than one to earn five thousand dollars!"

"Five thousand dollars! Why, Ellen, you take away my breath."

"It took away mine, at first; but now I am ready for work. Are you?"

"Am I ready to make five thousand dollars? Try me, that's all."

"Robert, you know a boy by the name of Laurence. He comes here with groceries now and then."

"Yes, I know all about him. He's in the store with Boyce."

"He's got a sister?"

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"Yes. I've seen her. A stunning girl."

"That girl has set her foot on Miss Spicer!"

"What! There must be some mistake about that; they don't travel the same road."

"No mistake at all. I know what I'm saying. More than that, she has offended the madam, who is bitter against her."

"You don't say so!"

"She is handsome."

"Stupendously so. Her face fairly took me off my feet."

"Mr. Mahone?"

Mr. Mahone dropped his arm, and almost leaped to his feet; a whole volley of small shot rolled off in that one exclamation.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, Miss Post. I was speaking of the opinion others might have. As for me, I have eyes only for one woman, this side of sunrise, and that woman is Ellen Post."

"Mr. Mahone, sit down. It is hard when the heart is wounded to stick to business; but stick we must."

"Well, Ellen, I don't object. You were speaking of Miss Laurence. I know all about her!"

"But how?" demanded Ellen, forgetting business again, in a sharp fit of jealousy. "Mr. Mahone, do you visit that creature?"

"Me? me? Do you think I haven't better taste than Mr. Ivan? He visits her; but, as for me, I'd rather be excused, not being necessitated to go away from home."

"This is not business," exclaimed Ellen, growing practical, as her jealousy was appeased. The long and the short of it is, this girl has been forcing herself into the company of her betters, which neither the madam or Miss Spicer will stand. Mr. Ivan has taken to her in a way quite rediculous; so has another person of quite as much importance. The ladies don't want her to cross their path again. We must see that she don't."

"But how?"

"The Laurence family, root and branch, must be brought to disgrace. Poverty isn't enough, for some rich people have taken them up. She must be so covered with shame, that no one will have the courage to speak to her in the street."

"But how is it to be done. We might get up a big scandal; but people are getting shy of believing such things, when they come from the basement; but for that, I am capital at building castles out of card-houses. In our line now, I could work wonders against any girl——"

"Not any girl, Mr. Mahone," broke in Ellen, with a hot burst of pride. "There are persons that slander cannot reach!"

"I meant any girl like that, if she belonged to our spear, Miss Ellen. Of course, there are women as high as the stars. Having a sample before me, I can say that, and defy contradiction.

"The girl is awful proud of her family; poor but honest, you know," said Ellen, once more mollified to the business point.

"Honest! My lord! that is good! Why, Boyce was just telling me that the boy has been robbing like sixty—hand in hand with a lot of burglars. It's a secret; but the detectives are on his track now."

"You don't say so! Oh, Mr. Mahone, this is news! Why, just as like as not, she's leagued in with him. That whole family may be a nest of thieves."

"A nest of thieves—and she among them, I shouldn't wonder!"

"Prove it; fasten it upon them; have the thing made public, and our work is done."

"*Would* that be enough?"

"Certainly. Could any girl creep out of a nest of thieves, into such society as the madam and Miss Spicer move in? I should think not."

"Would it be enough to prove the boy guilty," questioned Robert, thoughtfully?

"No; she will want more than that."

"And even there we may fail. I have it—I have it! Don't put yourself to any more trouble. The whole thing has come into my head at once. I only hope you are as sure of the money, as I am of earning it. Five thousand you said?"

"Five thousand!"

"Money down?"

"Money down!"

"But the division. We may as well start fair, you know, this being business, and nothing else."

Ellen Post looked down, and began to roll up her cap-string with both hands; then she unrolled it, and smoothed out the ribbon. Something was doubtless in her mind, that she did not know how to put into speech. At last she faltered out,

"Would there be any need of a division? I thought—I thought, perhaps, that you might prefer the whole, which is a fortune for two young persons just starting life in a liquor store, say, or a first-class boarding-house, where a real lady is wanted for the head of the table."

"Oh!"

Ellen looked up anxiously. What did that

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emphatic "oh!" mean. Had Mahone only thought of this for the first time?

The face she cast her timid eyes upon was changing rapidly; first, a red flame darted up to the roots of his ruddy hair, then the color melted away, and a slow pallor stole over it, while a thoughtful and sinister light crept into the golden-green eyes. Ellen grew fearfully uneasy. The thousands she coveted would lose half their value, unless Mahone himself was counted in.

"You say 'oh,' as if I had hinted at something disagreeable, Mr. Mahone? If so, let us drop the subject. Other people can be found."

Mahone started, for the girl spoke in bitter earnest.

"Other people, my dear?"

"Miss Post, if you please."

"Don't be so cold, so cruel! If I said 'oh,' it was because a prospect of happiness broke upon me, that took away my breath."

Here Mahone seized the hand which was lifted to the cap-string again, and repeated the noughty word oh, oh, oh, half a dozen times between the kisses he lavished upon it; but, strange to say, the obnoxious syllable seemed rather pleasant to her than otherwise this time. Circumstances alter cases, you know.

"To think that I shall have a creature like this, and five thousand dollars, all in a breath. I cannot believe it. If a fortune-teller had foretold it, I should have set her down as a rank impostor, and refused to pay her fee. But now, tell me, my Ellen, *is* it real? Not the money. I don't care the snap of my finger for that! But is it possible that you love me?"

"Love you, Robert? Mr. Mahone, I mean!"

"Oh, call me Robert; do call me Robert!"

"Well, I will! You asked if I loved you? I who never lifted admiring eyes to another man; had you no eyes to read mine, no heart to hear how mine was beating like a—a trip-hammer against my side? Did you never suspect?"

"I never dared to hope; but now—now I am the happiest man alive! You will not talk of other people after this."

There was a tone of anxiety in this last question quite as sincere as the protestations he had made; but Ellen did not observe it.

"I shall talk nor think of no one but you, Robert."

Some one knocked at the parlor door, rather sturdily, and broke up this pleasant scene, which might have lasted for hours, but for that. Mahone started up, and opened the door, where he found Boyce, flushed with impatience.

"I thought you was never coming out," he said, rudely enough. "I have got business to attend to, and can't sit waiting here. If you've got any more to say, say it now."

"I'll walk with you, Boyce," answered Robert, "if Miss Post will excuse me."

Miss Post bowed with condescension, and the two young men went into the street together.

That night a woman who lived in a tall tenement house, not very far from Smith's grocery, was surprised by the entrance of two men, with whom she was doubtless on terms of great domestic intimacy, for she came out of her bedroom half dressed, and a little cross, for she had been out working all day, and dropped to sleep, while hushing the child upon the bed she had found no time to make. Something that the men proposed made her angry, for she protested, and had fierce words with the tallest of her visitors, who rudely ordered her to be silent, and go back to her child. With some grumbling she obeyed him. After that, these men came up and down the numerous flights of stairs, again and again, carrying burdens on their shoulders. Then a wagon drove off, and, for an hour or two, these same men were moving like shadows around the house where the Laurence family lay sleeping.

CHAPTER XX.

THE most mournful thing that I have ever witnessed was a child in prison. Once I saw a hardened little sinner of twelve years, laughing at his mother through the gratings of a cell-door. This child was evidently proud of the adroit theft that had brought him to that disgraceful pass, and put on airs that an old criminal would have been ashamed of, while the poor mother looked on speechless with wonder and destress.

In the same prison, and in a cell like that, a boy nearly the same age, knelt the week of Mrs. Carter's party—knelt and prayed by the meagre prison-bed, which shook under the fearful power of his weeping. Once he lifted up his face, and looked wildly around his dungeon. Then his face fell, and a shudder passed over him. A grave, walled in with stone, could not have been so terrible to him. Eternal disgrace seemed to have closed him in. Alas! alas! what had he done to deserve such hard treatment! What would become of his mother, whom he had fondly believed himself protecting? The two sisters, so lovely and good, who had really looked up to him, and loved him dearly—would they ever speak his name again without blushes!

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How fearfully lonesome it was. The strange, close atmosphere oppressed him like the breath of a pestilence. The cold whiteness of the walls chilled him. Over and over he repeated the Lord's Prayer—the most holy words that ever came from a child's lips; but they seemed insufficient to his anguish, and he cried out, "Oh, Father! Oh, my God! keep this from them! Let me drop down dead here, and I will not cry or moan; only do not let them know. It would kill them! It would kill them!"

Then the poor boy would rest a little time in deadly quiet, as if he expected God to answer him then and there; but instead of the still, sweet voice that he listened for, came the clang of a cell-door, and a fierce cry of distress from some prisoner just brought in; perhaps a semi-lunatic from drink, who prayed for brandy just as earnestly as he prayed for help, but in language which made him shudder, as if the torment of some great crime were already upon him.

The night closed in upon him, filling the prison with heavy gloom, inexpressibly mournful. The grating of that iron-door was closed: slowly the gray shadows of sunset fell through the long, narrow slit of stone, so cut in the wall that God's beautiful sunshine could never creep through, and an awful darkness fell upon him. The clang of each door, as it fell into place along those long iron galleries, had gone through and through him like a dull sword. The heavy step of the keeper, as he walked from cell to cell, seemed to pall on his heart.

The boy did not sleep that night, but shrunk away from his bed shuddering. Its heavy, gray blankets seemed laden with disease and sorrow left by some one who had gone before. The dull atmosphere of the prison had settled down upon them with sickening density. Into the farthest corner of his whitewashed cell he shrunk, and crawling there, like some poor wounded dove in its covert, listened to all the noises of the night with ears rendered keen by fear. The smothered moans of the prisoners, the scuttle of rats about the water-pipes, the tramp of the keeper on the stone pave, all had a weird effect upon him, which amounted almost to madness.

Is it strange that the boy did not sleep, and that he crouched low in that dark corner all night long? The dull gray of the morning found him there pale, still, and expectant, as if the next thing that could reach him must be death itself. Then came the clang of opening doors, the confused sound of feet moving to and fro on the stone pavement, a confusion of voices in command, complaint, piteous expostulation, and coarse oaths; for bad men might be chained by the ankle, but nothing could manacle the vile speech to which they had become so used that it was natural to them.

Now this boy had been bred among women, gentle, good women, who feared, or rather loved God, and were kind to each other. Even his mother, though silent, and sometimes a little unsympathetic, was rigid in her ideas of religion, and sanctioned nothing coarse or wicked, either in speech or thought. So the boy had learned all that a delicate girl should have known; and this, added to his natural manliness, made him far more refined and genle than lads of his age usually are. He was not the less spirited and ambitious because of the refinement which sprang out of his home life. Real energy is, in fact, all the more effective when a clear conscience and cultivated mind directs it, both in child and man.

But what could energy avail the lad in that dreary place? He had nothing to struggle against; a vague idea that he was suspected of a crime, and brought there to suffer some terrible punishment, preyed upon him; but what it was, or how to help himself, was beyond his power of conjecture.

Some bread, and a teacupful of a dark liquid the keeper spoke of as coffee, was brought to the cell where he sat trembling with dread of what might come next. The poor boy turned his face away from this food with sick loathing. It seemed as if he could never eat or drink again.

The keeper, who was at heart a kind man, took compassion on the gentle helplessness of this poor child, and strove to comfort him with hopes of a speedy relief; but James only shook his head, and great tears rose and trembled in his eyes. He could have stood abuse bravely, but kindness melted his young heart, and his tears dropped like rain while that sympathetic voice filled his dungeon. As he sat thus, the shadow of another official fell across the threshold of his dungeon, and a loud and indifferent voice called out,

"James Laurence!"

The boy started up and followed this man into the prison-yard. He had scarcely stepped upon the stone-flags, when two officers passed him, leading a woman toward the female prison. The boy saw her face, and flinging out his arms, cried out,

"Mother! mother! mother!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

A Walking-Costume is our first illustration this month. It is something quite new, as it

is almost entirely untrimmed, which is a relief after so much ruffle and flounce. It is of chocolate-colored cashmere or merino, and the under-skirt is perfectly plain, and to touch. Then comes the second skirt, just below the knee, and only looped a very little at the sides. The waist is cut in a deep Polonaise, coming to a point in the back, which is then looped up entirely to the waist, and fastened with a large butterfly bow. This is simply scalloped and bound, as is also the little cape which is worn over it. The sleeve is slightly fulled into a band just below the elbow, terminating in a ruffle, which also scalloped to match. Fourteen yards of merino will be required.

Another Walking-Dress for a young lady. It is of two shades of alpaca or mohair, one a rich, dark brown, and the other a pale shade of buff. Care must be taken, in selecting the shades, that they harmonize. The under-skirt is made of the brown alpaca, and is trimmed with five ruffles, each five inches deep, of alternate brown and buff, beginning with the brown at the bottom, and ending with the same. This upper ruffle is put on with a heading, separated by a piping of the same. All the ruffles are cut on the bias, and bound with the same material. The waist is cut in the Polonaise style, and of the buff alpaca, plain, like a

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deep basque in front, and full in the back of the skirt, and much longer. It is puffed up, of course, at the back. Two ruffles of the same across the front, and one only on the back. Bows at the sides of the brown material, as is also the ruffle trimming the waist, which is cut surplice in front. The brown ruffle comes quite down to the waist. Small, open coat-sleeves, trimmed with the brown. Ten yards of brown alpaca, and eight of the buff, will be required. These colored alpacas or mohairs may be bought at from fifty to seventy-five cents per yard. Hat of brown felt, trimmed, with both shades, in taffeta ribbon, with or without plume.

This suit is of merino, either black, dark-green, or the two in combination. The under-

skirt is trimmed with three narrow ruffles, cut on the bias, bound with the same, and only moderately full. These ruffles are put upon the lining of the skirt, and to lap over each other; then comes the plain part of this under-skirt, which is scalloped out in deep scallops, also bound, and tacked down at each point, forming a heading to the ruffles. The over-skirt and basque are scalloped out in the same way, and the over-skirt is looped at the sides, but not in the back. The back of the basque is cut somewhat longer than the front and sides, and caught up to the waist, where it is confined by a belt of the same. Small, open sleeves. If the dress is made of two colors, put on the first ruffle of black, then the other color, again black, and the upper part colored. The over-skirt and basque black. Of merino, which is very wide, fourteen yards will be required; and Lupin's merino can be bought, in all qualities, from one dollar twenty-five cents to two dollars per yard for black. The colored ones are cheaper.

Walking-Dress for a little Miss of ten to thirteen years. This dress is of poplin, and

is simply cut, with one skirt and little postillion basque. The front width of the skirt is gored, and two side gores; all the rest is plain. It is trimmed with a side plaiting of the poplin, and finished, top and bottom, with two rows of gimp, or velvet ribbon. The basque is trimmed in the same way. Coat-sleeve a little below the elbow, where there is an open cuff added. The basque is belted at the waist with a rosette at the back.

Suit for a little boy of four to six years. This may be made either of plaid serge, or of a plain, solid color, either gray, blue, or invisible green. Cut the skirt on the bias, and very full, four breadths; plait in at the waist in deep plaits. The jacket is cut with side seams, and a little point at the back, and is simply trimmed with black galloon. Coat-

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sleeves trimmed up the outside of the arm. From three to four yards of material will be required.

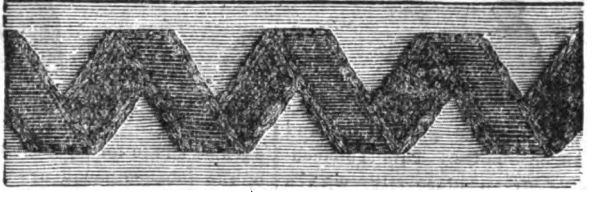
We give, also, in the front of the number, three engravings (jacket, waistcoat, and trousers) for a suit for a boy of twelve years. This suit is of light-gray cassimere. The pants go to the top of the boot, and are open, with one row of braid down the sides and round the bottom. The vest is double-breasted, and trimmed with one row of wide braid between the narrow ones. The jacket is also double-breasted, trimmed the same as the vest. There are six buttons up the outside seam of the sleeve. It may be worn either with or without the vest.

Suit for a boy of three to five years. It is to be made of pique or cashmere, braided. Cut the skirt full, and lay a large plait in front, where the braided bands are put on down the right side. The jacket is to be cut short and square, back and front, and is to be braided *a la militaire*. Small coat-sleeves, trimmed up the back as far as the elbow. Pique, or light-gray. Braid with black.

In the front of the number we give two engravings of low-necked dresses for children of two years old.

TRIMMING FOR DRESSES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is a pretty trimming for white or light-colored alpacas. Ribbon or ribbon velvet is folded to the design, and chain-stitched at the edge: neat and stylish.

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COUNTERPANE IN CROCHET, NETTING, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a very elegant pattern, printed in blue and white, for a Counterpane, Curtain, or Eider-Down Cover, which may be done either in crochet, netting, or darning. This magazine has established a reputation for colored patterns, having for many years made a specialty of them. This reputation we shall not only maintain, but increase; and the present pattern is given as an earnest of what we intend to do.

EMBROIDERED SILK TOBACCO-POUCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The materials are green glace silk, and brown silk, in three shades. This Tobacco-Pouch is made of green glace silk, with a lining; the embroidery is worked in overcast stitches with fine sewing-silk, in three shades of brown. Three rows of overcast stitches always form the outlines of the patterns, worked in the three shades of the silk; the darkest shade forms the outer row. The seams of the tobacco-pouch are covered with green silk cord. Similar cord is drawn through the top of the pouch, and finished off with green silk tassels, as can be seen in the illustration.

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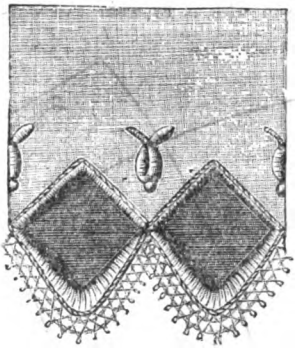
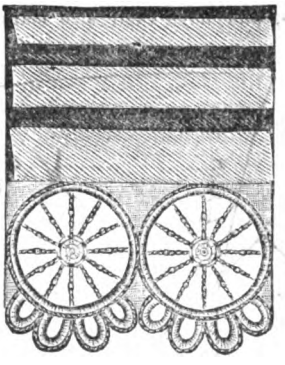
TRIMMINGS IN EMBROIDERY

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





We give, here, two trimmings: one in embroidery, the other of rouleaux and embroidery. In the first the diamonds are double, either in the same or a thicker material than the foundation; they are button-holed round, and a pearl edge is sewn on for a finish. Trimmings of this description in black crepe are very fashionable.

In the second the circles are cut out, and fitted in with twisted bars and spun stitches. The upper part is of folds of muslin and rouleaux of satin.

LOW WATTEAU-BODY.

BY EMILY H MAY

We give, here, an engraving of a Low Watteau-body for full evening-dress, and also a diagram of the pieces of which it is to be made. They are, as will be seen, three in number, viz: the front, the side-piece, and the back. This Watteau-body has a square opening both back and front, and is made without sleeves. The pattern is for a body a little above the usual or average size, say thirty-four and a half inches round the chest, and twenty-four

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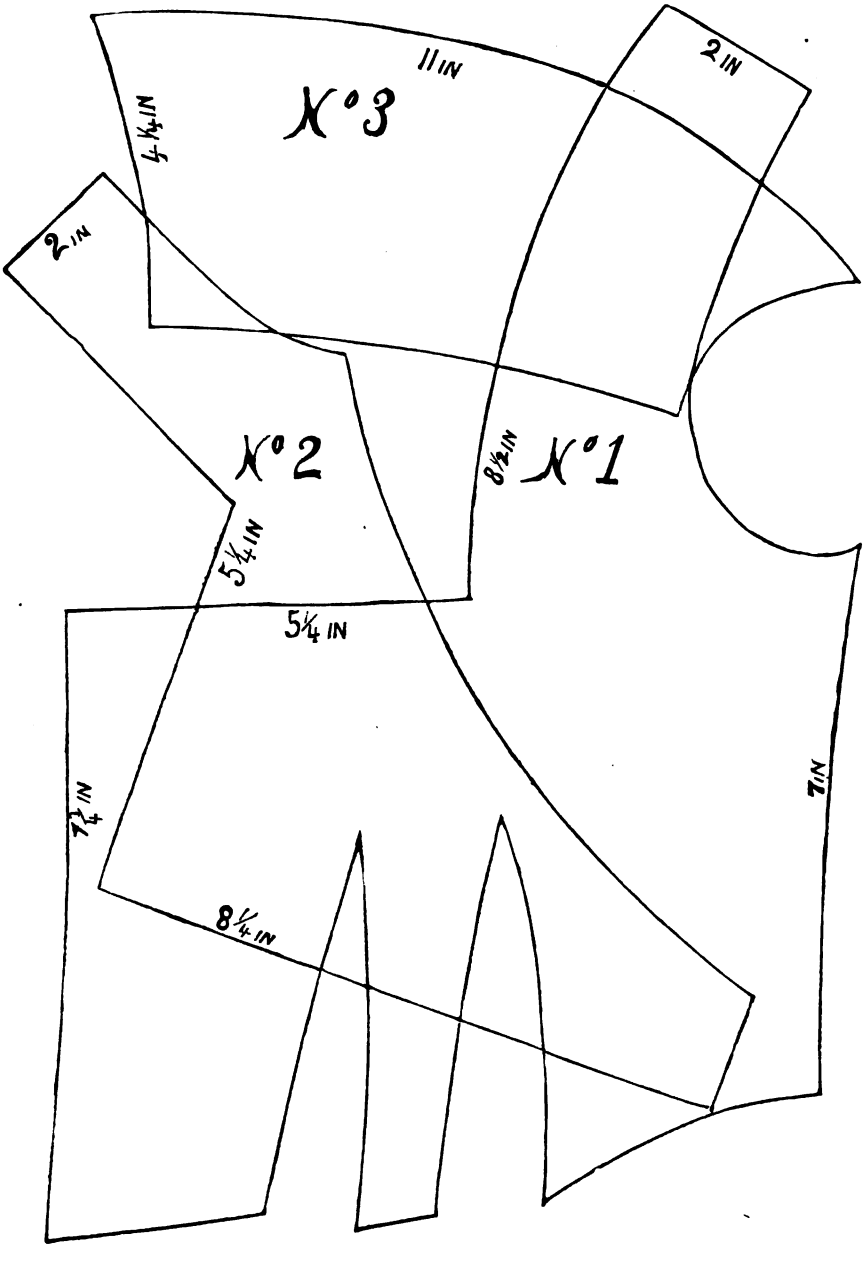
inches round the waist. As we have often said before, these diagrams give the shape of each piece, and have their size marked on according to the diagrams, of the full size: these patterns should then be fitted to the person who is to wear the waist, and after



their sides. Before using them, they should be enlarged, that is, a piece of newspaper, or other paper, should be taken, and patterns cut, they have been made perfect, then, and then only, should you cut into the stuff. In this way you will avoid all mistakes.

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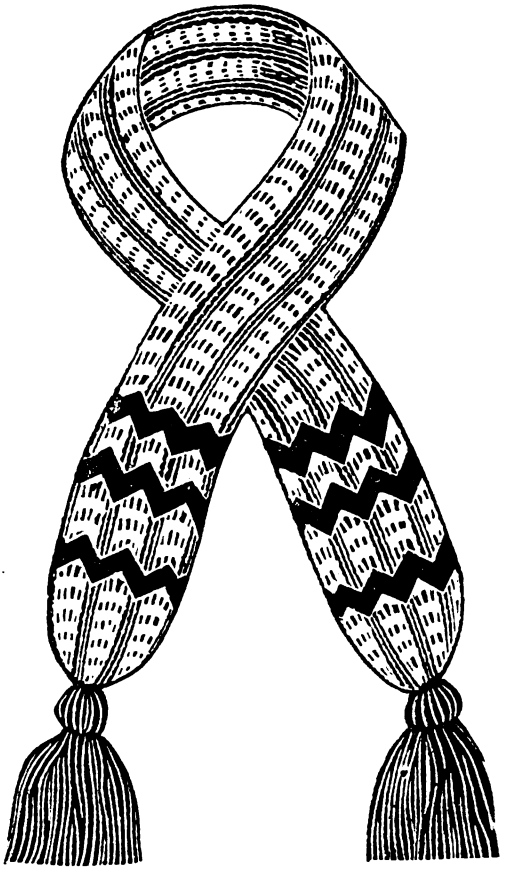
COMFORTER IN SHELL-PATTERN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS Comforter is meant to be knitted loosely, and have the effect of a small cloud. It can either be sewn up, when finished, or left open. The ends are drawn up, and tassels fastened on. Bone needles, No. 6, required, one ounce and a half of scarlet merino wool, a quarter of an ounce of white, a quarter of an ounce of black. With scarlet wool, cast on sixty-eight stitches.

The pattern consists of the four following rows: 1st row: slip 1, knit 1. Purl all the rest but the 2 last stitches, which are to be knitted. 2nd row: knit plain, but slip 1st stitch. 3rd row: slip 1, knit 1. Purl all the rest but the 2 last stitches, which are to be knitted. 4th row: slip 1, knit 1, * knit 2 together twice. Make 1 (by throwing the wool over,) and knit 1 four times. Knit 2 together twice. Purl 1. Repeat from * four times more, and end the row with (after knitting 2 together twice) knitting 2 plain. Repeat these 4 rows five times in scarlet.

Then arrange the colors thus: repeat the pattern once in black, once in white, once in black, twice in scarlet, once in white, once in black, once in white.

Knit a length of twelve inches for the center, and end with arranging the colors to correspond with the other side. Cast off.

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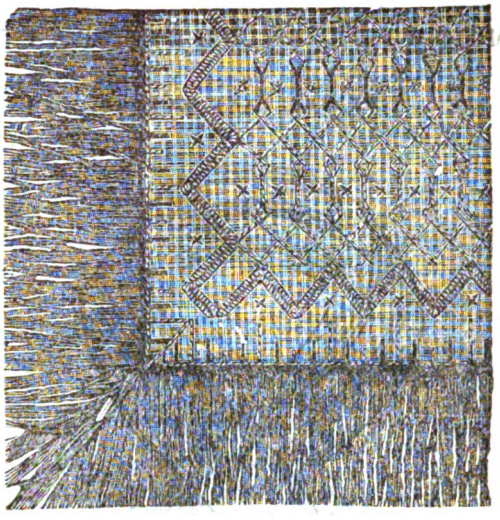
BED-ROOM ANTIMACASSAR.

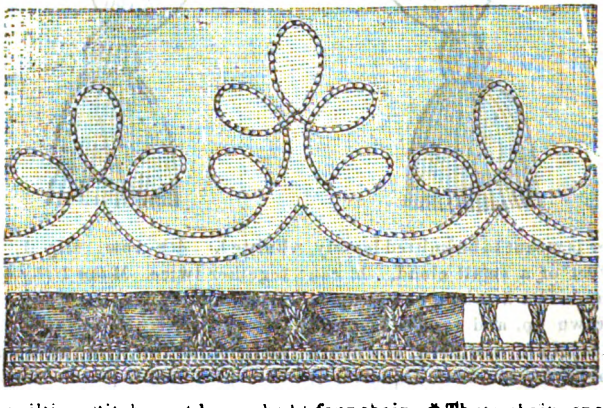
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This antimacassar is worked on a linen canvas. It is, we believe, called in some shops Honey-comb The edge is raveled out for the fringe to the depth required, and is fastened by long button-hole stitches. Red or black Andalusian wool, or both, may be used, or red ingrain cotton for the embroidery. The outer vandyked line is of braid.

BORDER IN QUILTING-STITCH, CROCHET, AND TATTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The design in quilting-stitch must be worked from a tracing of the engraving. For crochet edge, work chain stitch the length required, and into this chain a row of one treble, one chain passing over one chain beneath; on one side a row of Josephine knots, consisting of five stitches of the second half of a double knot, on the other four chain. * Three chain, one double-treble on the fourth chain beneath one chain. Pass the thread round the hook as if for a treble, then through the center two threads of the double-treble again. Put the thread round the hook, as for a treble, and into second chain beneath. Work the whole off as a doubls-treble. Repeat from.*

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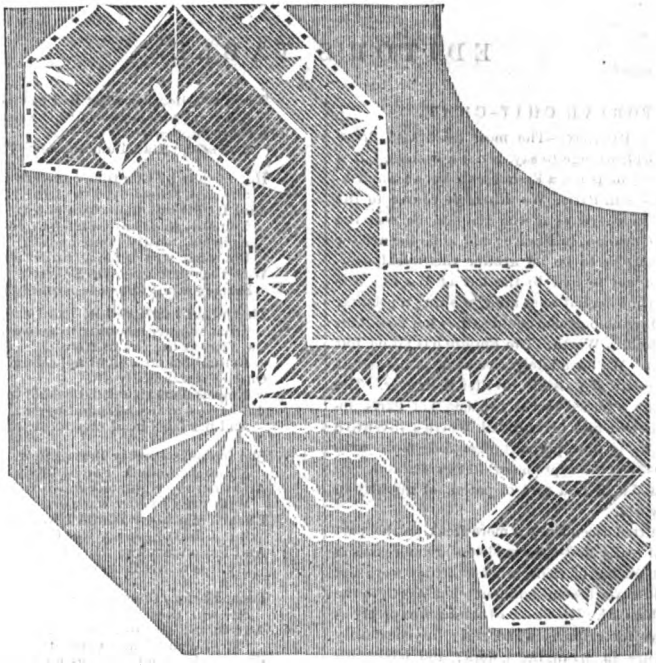
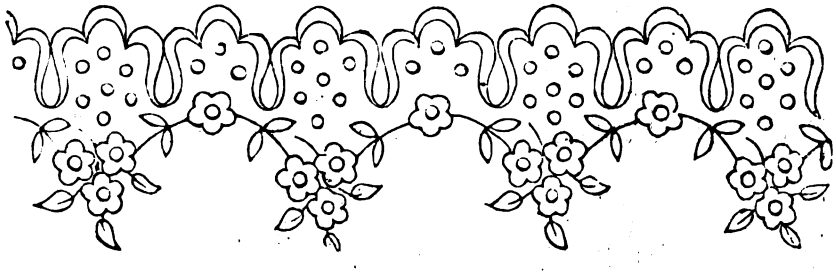
COVER FOR CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

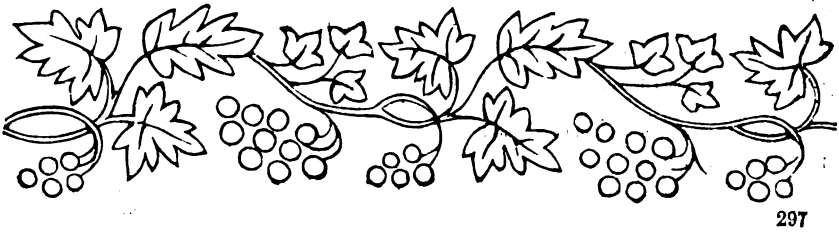


We are frequently asked for designs for corners of cushions, foot-stools, table-covers, etc., etc. Above we give a very handsome one. It is worked on brown cloth: the *appliques* are brown velvet, and a lighter shade of brown cloth, and both are sewn down with gold-colored braid, stitched across with black silk; the *grecques* are chain-stitches of light-brown silk, and the rays are *point-russe*, carried out also with the same silk.

EDGING.



INSERTION



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

SOMETHING OF A PARADOX.—The most celebrated dressmaker in the world, strange to say, is not a woman, but a man. Stranger still, he is not a Frenchman, but an Englishman, though he lives in Paris. We allude of course to the famous Worth. In the days of the Empire, he was the supreme arbiter of fashion, in France; and to be the arbiter of fashion in France, is to be its arbiter the world over. The Empress even had to bow to the fiat of Worth. She once quarreled with him, but soon after, wishing a peculiar costume, and finding no one who could satisfy her fastidious taste, had to go back to Worth. The Empire has fallen, but Worth still reigns. We have lately seen some of his recent costumes, and they are, if possible, lovelier than ever. The rest from his labors, afforded by the two sieges of Paris, appears to have renewed and invigorated Worth's inventive faculties, so that he is now, perhaps, regarded, more unanimously than ever, as the supreme arbiter in fashion. To have a dress from Worth is a sort of patent of nobility in the fashionable world.

Nor is this admitted ascendency a mere freak on the part of the public. All really first-class modistes are, more or less artistic in the character of their minds: if they were not artistic they could never become eminent; but Worth is the most artistic of them all. His best costumes are as pretty as pictures. His eye for color is wonderful; he constantly copies after Nature in arranging colors; and hence his dresses have a richness, without being vulgar, that places them above and by themselves. In a room full of well-dressed ladies, Worth's dresses can be detected at a glance. He never, we believe, makes two dresses exactly alike. It has been said of him that he ran away from Paris during the siege. We know this to be untrue.

"THE BOSTON DIP."—This is the title of a volume of poems, published by Loring, of Boston, and written by Frederick W. Loring. We give one of them as a specimen of the whole, premising that it is the last of several in which the love of the hero for Alice, his quarrel with her, and his engagement to Milly, are duly set forth.

"It was at Newport my romance
  Of drives and dips and dances ended—
The surf, the air, the drives, the hops,
  All my desires and aims befriended.
Business detained me in New York,
  So I could not come on with Milly;
And when we met upon the beach,
  I fancied she looked rather silly.

For she was there in bathing-dress,
  Her pretty head in oiled-silk swathing,
With that infernal Euderive
  Just on the point of going in bathing.
Some other charming girls were there,
  And Milly, quite devoid of malice,
Not knowing what she did, to me
  Then introduced one. It was Alice!

We stood a moment in surprise,
  Then a big wave knocked Alice over;
I picked her up, she cleared her eyes
  And recognized her former lover.
I was prepared for cold disdain,
  Or any greeting she might give me;
Instead of that, she softly said,
  'Dick, I was wrong—won't you forgive me?'

I looked around for Milly, then,
  And wasn't sorry that I missed her;
No one was looking at us two;
  The waves dashed round us, and I kissed her.

Then, recollecting what had passed,
  Like one who passion firmly smothers,
I stood impressive in the surf,
  And said, 'Alas, I am another's!'

Her friends by this time called to her;
  She said, 'Good-by, I'm at the 'Ocean!'
Said I, 'I'll call there by and by;
  You still shall have a friend's devotion.'
We parted. Milly pouted some,
  But what struck me as rather curious,
Was, that that tiresome Euderive
  Seemed at my tete-a-tete quite furious.

That night explained it. As I came
  From supper, meaning to go calling
On Alice at the Ocean House,
  I stumbled on a sight appalling.
On the piazza Milly sat,
  Unconscious that I did behold her;
Euderive's arm was round her waist,
  And her false head was on his shoulder.

She looked so pretty that at first
  My anger ceased; I stood admiring;
And then my righteous wrath was roused,
  With rage I fairly was perspiring.
I heard him say, 'Would I were free!
  But I must keep my word of honor,
And I'm engaged to Alice Kay;
  My loss would be too hard upon her.'

I stood before them at these words.
  She squeaked, and fled in consternation,
And then I said to Euderive,
  'Sir, I demand an explanation;
Choose place and weapons for yourself;
  Broadsword, or rapier, pistol, rifle;
How dare you with my Alice's—
  I mean my Milly's—heart thus trifle?'

'Look here, old fellow,' he replied,
  'You know you're talking rather wildly
Have a cigar, sit down and smoke,
  I always like to take things mildly.
You're fond of Alice—don't say no!
  And not averse to Milly, either—
Which had you rather I should have?'
  Excitedly, I answered, 'Neither.'

'Now come, by Jove,' said Euderive,
  'I shall take one, and you the other.'
Before I could reply, a note
  Was handed me by Milly's brother.
It was emphatic, though 'twas brief;
  'Henceforth, all's at end between us!'
I handed it to Euderive,
  Said he, 'You oughtn't to have seen us!'

Just as he spoke, a servant came,
  Bearing a small three-cornered letter.
I saw his face change as he read,
  And knew that he had fared no better.
'Have you been turned off by Miss Kay?'
  I asked, as he looked rather sappy.
Said he, 'Well, I prefer Miss Bangs;'
  Said I, 'Then take her and be happy.'

And that's the way affairs stand now;
  Alice is mine, and we agree so,
That, though we're very much engaged,
  I cannot tell how long we'll be so.
So over all the four of us,
  I hereby haste to drop the curtain,
Though Euderive's engaged like me,
  Both life and Milly are uncertain."

This trips along very glibly. But were we disposed to be critical, and to insist on some degree of truth even in satirical verses, we would remark that it is not the custom of young ladies, especially well-bred ones, to be seen sitting promiscuously, at Newport, on hotel piazzas, with young gentlemen's arms about their waists. Thackery would never have committed such a blunder.

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Our New Premium Engraving for next year is something different from anything that has gone before. It is a superb mezzotint, rather larger than "Our Father Who Art In Heaven," and is entitled "Five Times One To-Day." We will not describe it in detail. Better get up a club and see for yourselves! We will say, however, that it represents a charming little girl, on her fifth birth-day, surrounded by the toys and other gifts which she has just received. This is all we shall let out concerning it. Every mother, however, will be in raptures with it. Nay every household, in which there is that bit of sunshine, a merry, happy child, will be delighted with it also. To secure this beautiful mezzotint it is only necessary to get up a club of four subscribers for "Peterson" for 1872, at a dollar and a half each. To earn *both it and an extra copy*, it is only necessary to get five at one dollar and sixty cents each, or eight at one dollar and fifty cents each. Or for $2.50 a copy of "Peterson," and also a copy of the premium engraving for 1872 will be sent. *Now is the time to get up clubs!*

Dresses Made in Paris are not accessible, as a rule, to American women. But the styles are. One of the purposes of this Magazine is to furnish these styles. Nor does any other lady's book give these styles in their entirety. Others fill their pages with the patterns of third-rate and fourth-rate dress-makers, that have neither beauty, nor novelty, and are only inserted because the dealers pay for the cuts in order to advertise their goods. But in these pages only the latest and freshest novelties are given. With the aid of the colored steel fashion-plates in "Peterson," the full-page engravings of new costumes, and the illustrations and descriptions in the "Every-Day Dresses," any lady can dress as stylishly as if she lived in Paris, yet always keep her expenditure within her means.

Good Manners are partly conventional, partly real. Some things are good manners everywhere. Of these is following the Scriptural maxim, "do unto others as you would be done unto!" Whoever obeys this precept will be substantially polite anywhere and everywhere. Conventional good manners is a different thing. For instance, it is conventionally polite, here and in western Europe, for a gentleman to ask after the health of a friend's wife; in Turkey—perhaps in Utah also—it is an insult to a husband to put such a question to him. In order to be what is called thorough-bred, we must know what is conventionally polite, in the place where we live, as well as what is polite everywhere.

Armorial Bearings, as decorations for wall-papers, furniture-coverings, etc., etc., are all the rage in Paris, at present, in spite of the republic: and this, whether the persons in whose houses these decorations appear, are entitled to coats-of-arms, or not. What is called heraldic jewelry is also the rage. Ear-rings are now worn consisting of small coronets studded with precious stones of different colors.

Be Early in the Field.—You cannot begin too soon to get up your clubs for 1872. We often have letters that say, "if I had begun earlier, I could have sent you twice as large a list." Begin early, therefore, this year. The newspaper press unanimously admits that "Peterson's Magazine is both the best and the cheapest."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Edmond Dantes. A Sequel to the "Count of Monte Cristo." 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a cheap, octavo edition of one of the most exciting novels ever written by Dumas. It is printed in clear and legible type.

Pink and White Tyranny. By Mrs. H. B. Stowe. 1 *vol.* 12 *mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—We do not think that Mrs. Stowe succeeds as well in novels of society like this, as she does in stories of New England rural life, like "Old Town Folks." She has mingled occasionally in fashionable life, but never really lived in it, and hence she does not understand it, and does not represent it correctly. Her "Pink and White Tyranny" is, therefore, something of a caricature. We should be very sorry, indeed, to suppose that there was a class of women, anywhere in the United States, similar to the heroine of this story The moral of the novel is good. So, doubtless, were Mrs. Stowe's intentions. It is unfortunate that the book will be quoted in England, as a true picture of the wealthier classes in America, which it is not. The volume is handsomely printed.

The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson. By Sarah N. Randolph. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The author of this work is a great-granddaughter of Jefferson, and has compiled it from family letters and reminiscences. It gives us an insight into a side of Jefferson's character, which heretofore has been unknown to, if not disbelieved in, by the world at large. We see here how the great patriot and statesman, who penned the Declaration of Independence, was a loving husband, a tender father, the delight of the home circle. We have read the book with deep interest, and we think that others will do the same. Several illustrations add to the value of the text.

Reindeer, Dogs, and Snow-Shoes. By R. J. Bush. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The author of this interesting work was a member of the Russo-American Telegraph Expedition, which, in 1865, 1866, and 1867, traversed and explored Siberia. The volume does not claim to be valuable in a scientific point of view exactly; but it is full of information nevertheless; and as a narrative of adventure, a picture of manners and customs, and a record of much that is both new and worth knowing, it may fairly be commended to the public notice. The illustrations are numerous and good.

Golden Grains. By Emilie M. Kiehl. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—A volume of graceful poems, from the pen of a new aspirant for fame; and we only regret that we cannot quote one or two of them. A photograph of the author, a charming-looking woman, adorns the book.

The Jewish Cookery Book. By Mrs. Esther Levy. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: W. S. Turner.*—We believe this is the only cook-book of its kind ever published. The dishes are all according to the rules of the Hebrew religion, and those who are acquainted with the subject, tell us that the receipts are of rare merit.

A Latin Grammar for Beginners. By W. H. Waddell. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A very excellent book, the companion to a "Greek Grammer for Beginners," by the same author. Mr. Waddell is Professor of Ancient Languages in the University of Georgia.

The Iron Mask. By Alexander Dumas. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The fourth in the series of "The Three Guardsmen." A novel of continued and absorbing interest. A cheap edition.

Won—Not Wooed. By the author of "Bred in the Bone." 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Hardly an agreeable story, though written with as much ability, at least, as the author's earlier fictions.

The Last Aldini. By George Sand. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A story of Venice, written with the usual felicity of this author, and printed in cheap, double-column octavo.

A Terrible Temptation. By Charles Read. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is Reade's new novel, lately published, in monthly instalments, in England

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT IS SAID OF "PETERSON."—The newspapers, with one consent, put "Peterson's Magazine" at the head of its class. Says the Punxutawney (Pa.) Plaindealer:—"The ladies prefer it to any other fashion periodical. It is the cheapest published." Says the Clyde (Ohio) Independent:—"Its literature is of a high order. Let none be without this Magazine" The Kirksville (Mo.) Register says:—"The best magazine for ladies, published in America." The Laingsburg (Mich.) Recorder says:—"Every person that loves to enjoy good reading should never be without it." The Smyrna (Del.) Times says:—"We have always considered this monthly the best of its class." The Kosciusko (Miss.) Chronicle says:—"Filled to overflowing with contributions from the best writers. Its fashion-plates are superb. This is the cheapest magazine published." The Toronto (Canada) Literary Journal says:—"It has the largest circulation of any ladies magazine in America, and is deserving of it, both for its literature and its profuse illustrations." The Holley (N. Y.) Standard says:—"Peterson always excels in the fashions." Says the San Francisco (Cal.) Pioneer:—"Its stories never degenerate into the coarse, trifling, or impure." Hundreds of similar notices are received at the office of "Peterson's Magazine." every month.

T. S. ARTHUR'S GREAT TEMPERANCE STORIES.—*A New Subscription Book. Sold only by Canvassers. Exclusive Territory and Liberal Discounts given.*—SIX NIGHTS WITH THE WASHINGTONIANS; AND OTHER TEMPERANCE TALES. BY T. S. ARTHUR, author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room." Complete in One Large Royal Octavo Volume, with Portrait and Autograph of the Author, and Eleven large full-page illustrations on tinted paper; contains nearly 600 pages, printed on fine white paper, from new, clear, and open type, and is bound in a handsome and durable manner. Cloth, full-gilt back, $3.50; Red Roane, $4.50; Turkey antique, gilt edge, $6.00. T. B. Peterson & Brothers offer extra inducements to experienced agents, clergymen, teachers, students, to the Sons and Daughters of Temperance, and energetic young men and ladies. The character of the book and popularity of its author not only secures the aid of ministers and the press, but the influence of all good men and women everywhere. Ministers of all denominations endorse and commend it. A copy of it will be found to be a welcome visitor to every house and cottage in the land. The illustrations and superb binding make it an ornament to any home, while the price is so low as to be within the reach of every family. Send for canvassers' circular and special terms. Address the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Write for terms, and state extent of territory that can be worked thoroughly and exclusively.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECEIPTS.

Eggs a la Noisette.—Put two ounces of butter into an omelet-pan over the fire; as soon as it begins to fritter, break the eggs into it without disturbing the yolks; season with pepper and salt; fry the eggs over the fire for five minutes, and then remove them gently on a dish. Next put two ounces more of butter into the pan, fry it of a brown color, then add two tablespoonfuls of French vinegar, boil the whole together for two minutes, pour over the eggs, and serve.

Oyster Sausages.—Chop a pint of oysters with a quarter of a pound of veal, a quarter of a pound of suet, and some bread-crumbs; season with salt and pepper; pound them in a mortar; make them into little cakes with an egg; flour, and fry them dry. Serve hot.

Flavor for Tea.—To impart a fine flavor to ordinary tea, place rose-leaves in the tea-canister, or add one drop of the otto of roses on a piece of soft paper to every pound of tea, and keep the canister closely covered.

Shells of Eggs.—Wash the shells and dry them, to settle coffee in the winter. To use them, soak them over night.

DESSERTS.

Cabinet Pudding.—I. Put six sponge cakes into enough sherry to soak them thoroughly; make a custard with a quart of new milk and six well-beaten eggs; sweeten to taste; put this and the sponge cakes into a well-buttered mould, tie paper over the top, and steam the pudding for an hour; turn out to serve, and mask it with a sauce of sherry and the yolk of eggs made hot over the fire. II. Take four muffins, cut them in half, and scald them in boiling hot milk till they are tender; arrange them in a buttered mould, and pour in with them the following mixture—the beaten yolks of eight and the whites of four eggs, an ounce of almonds blanched and sliced, grated lemon rind and nutmeg, a pint of cream, a quarter of a pound of powdered loaf-sugar, and a glass of brandy or noyeau; boil it for an hour. but do not let the water reach to the top of the mould; serve wine sauce with it. This may be baked instead of boiled, and, if approved of, layers of dried fruit may be alternated with the mixture in the mould or dish. III. Well butter the inside of a pudding-basin, stick it thickly over with large raisins, and fill up the basin with a pretty stiff custard made with four beaten egs, a teacupful of sifted bread-crumbs, two ounces of sugar, a few shred almonds, and enough new milk; cover closely, and boil for an hour and a half.

Baked Tapioca Pudding.—A small teacupful of tapioca, one quart of milk, six eggs, a piece of butter of the size of a chestnut, a teacupful of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt; rose-water, essence of lemon, or nutmeg, as you prefer. The lump tapioca is the best, and if it is white it should not be washed, as the powder, which is the best part, will be washed away. Pick it over very carefully, soak it overnight in a part of the milk. If you have omitted to do this, and need the pudding for dinner, it will soak in water in two or three hours; put barley enough to swell it thoroughly; boil it in the milk, stirring it often; beat the eggs some time with the sugar in them; stir them and all other ingredients into the milk while it is yet hot. If the pudding is put immediately in the oven, it will bake in three quarters of an hour, or a little less. Three eggs to a quart of milk will make a very good tapioca, or sago pudding. Tapioca is very nice soaked in water and boiled in milk (about a pint to a coffee-cup of tapioca.) with grated lemon-peel, and a little essence of lemon, and eaten with cream and sugar.

Chocolate Butter.—The following is a German receipt, and will be found a very nice compound to eat with bread instead of plain butter. Stir a quarter of a pound of butter over the fire until quite soft and creamy; put two cakes of good vanilla-flavored chocolate on a tin plate, and sprinkle them gradually with milk, until they become so soft that you can mix them with the butter, then stir them well into it. Serve it cold, in whatever shape you like.

Fig-Pudding.—A quarter of a pound of figs, a quarter of a pound of suet, a breakfast-cup of bread-crumbs, four eggs, a breakfast-cup of milk. Mix the suet, figs, and bread together. Boil the milk and pour over them. Now beat the eggs and pour over the other ingredients. Let the mixture stand a little while, then put it into a shape, boil it for two hours, and serve with cream or sweet sauce.

Yorkshire Pudding, to eat with Meat.—Take a quart of milk and five eggs, mix them with flour sufficient to make a good pancake batter; put in some salt, nutmeg, and ginger, butter or dripping a fying-pan, and put the batter under a piece of beef, or mutton, or veal, that is roasting. When the top is brown turn it, and let the under side be browned. Send it table quite hot.

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Rose Charlotte Russe.—Take one ounce isinglass or gelatine, and soften it by soaking awhile in cold water. Then boil it slowly in a pint of cream, sweetened with a quarter of a pound of fine loaf-sugar (adding a handful of fresh rose-leaves, if convenient, tied in a thin muslin bag.) till it is thoroughly dissolved and well mixed. Take it off the fire; set it to cool, and beat together until very light and thick, four whole eggs, and the yolks only of four others. Stir the beaten eggs gradually into the mixture of cream, sugar, and isinglass, and set it again over the fire. Stir it well, and see that it only simmers, taking it off before it comes to a boil. Then, while it is warm, stir in sufficient extract of roses to give it a high rose flavor and fragrant smell. Have ready two moulds filled with the mixture, and set them on ice. Before they go to the table, ice the tops of the Charlotte, flavoring the icing with rose.

Quince Blanc-Mange.—This, if carefully made, and with ripe quinces, is one of the most richly-flavored preparations of fruit that we have ever tasted; and the receipt, we may venture to say, will be entirely new to the reader. Dissolve in a pint of prepared juice of quinces one ounce of isinglass: next add ten ounces of sugar, roughly pounded, and stir these together gently over a clear fire, from twenty to thirty minutes, or until the juice jellies in falling from the spoon. Remove the scum carefully, and pour the boiling jelly gradually to half a pint of thick cream, stirring them briskly together as they are mixed; they must be stirred until very nearly cold, and then poured into a mould which has been rubbed in every part with the smallest possible quantity of very pure salad-oil, or, if more convenient, into one that has been dipped into cold water.

Vermicelli Pudding, Boiled.—Stir very gently four ounces of vermicelli into a pint of new milk over the stove until it be scalding hot, but no more; then pour it into a basin, and add to it while hot one ounce of butter, and two ounces of sugar. When the above is nearly cold, mix in it, very gently, two well-beaten eggs, and immediately put it into a basin that will exactly hold it. Cover carefully with a floured cloth, and turning the basin the narrow end upward, move it round for ten minutes, and boil an hour. Serve with pudding-sauce.

Orange-Cheesecakes.—When you have blanched half a pound of almonds, beat them very fine, with orange-flower water, and half a pound of fine sugar, beaten and sifted, one pound of butter, that has been melted carefully without oiling, and which must be nearly cold before using it; then beat the yolks of ten and whites of four eggs; pound two candied oranges, and a fresh one, with the bitterness boiled out, in a mortar, till as tender as marmalade, without any lumps; and beat the whole together, and put into patty-pans.

Syllabub Pudding.—Well beat four eggs; add to them six ounces of pounded and sifted loaf-sugar, a glass of brandy, a glass of white wine, and sufficient flour to make it a very stiff batter. Have a quart of milk, warm from the cow, poured upon it while you continue beating; and when it is well frothed, put it into a buttered dish; place it in a quick oven, and bake it for a quarter of an hour. Serve immediately.

Whip Cream.—Add the whites of two or three eggs and some pounded loaf-sugar, and whip these two ingredients first alone; then add them by degrees to the cream, whipping them all togetheg.

CAKES, ETC.

Baltimore Ginger-Bread.—Sift two pounds of flour into a pan; beat eight eggs very light; stir into the flour, cut very finely, one pound of good butter, and add one large cupful of ground ginger, one whole, grated nutmeg, the rind of one lemon, grated, half a pound of currants, one pound of good brown sugar, one pint of molasses, and one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a cup of cream. Mix these all well together, and bake in small cake-pans in rather a quick oven.

Crumpets.—Take one quart of dough from the bread, at an early hour in the morning; break three eggs, separating the yolks from the white; both must be whipped to a light froth; mix them into the dough, and gradually add milk-warm water, until it becomes a batter the consistency of buckwheat cakes; beat all well together, and set it to rise until breakfast time; have the griddle clean and hot, and nicely greased, pour on the batter in small, round cakes, and bake a light brown.

Fried Mush.—Mush to be fried, should be boiled an hour longer to evaporate the water, and have half a pint of wheat flour stirred into it about half an hour before it is done. Take it out of the pot and put it in an earthen dish, and let it stand until perfectly cold, then cut it in slices half an inch thick, and fry them brown.

Soufle Biscuits.—Cut up four ounces of butter into a quart of flour; make it into a smooth paste with new milk; knead it well, add a little salt, and roll it out as thin as paper; cut out the cakes with a tumbler, bake quickly. Serve hot.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—HOUSE-DRESS OF SOFT-BLUE DELAINE.—The skirt is trimmed with a full plaited flounce, beginning at the sides and continuing around the bottom of the skirt. White cashmere jacket, richly embroidered in colors, and trimmed with a variegated fringe.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS OF YELLOW AND WHITE STRIPED GAUZE OVER A WHITE SILK UNDER-SKIRT.—The train is quite short, and the skirt has one very deep flounce, with a narrow, pinked heading. The over-skirt opens at the back, and is trimmed like the under-skirt. A low-necked, short, full basque.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS OF MAUVE CASHMERE, WORN OVER A VIOLET-COLORED SILK PETTICOAT.—The cashmere skirt, which has a flounce on the bottom in front, with a puffing above that, is trimmed with bands of violet silk, and looped up with violet silk rosettes. Very full, flowing sleeves, trimmed to correspond with the front of the skirt. Round waist, with a short, wide, violet silk sash.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF BROWN SERGE—The skirt is trimmed with three rows of velvet, scalloped on the upper edges; short black silk upper-skirt, open in front, and looped up at the back. Cashmere, half-tight fitting basque, trimmed with black velvet.

FIG. V.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF RED SILK.—This dress has but one skirt, trimmed with two flounces, which are raised with rosettes on each side, and the space filled in beneath the lower one by three narrow ruffles. Long, black silk basque, puffed up at the back, and with long, loose sleeves, which, as well as the skirt and waist, are trimmed with a heavy, knotted fringe, with an open-worked heading.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK, trimmed round the bottom with two plaited ruffles, cut on the bias, and separated in the middle with a thick piping of satin. The bottom of the lower plaiting is finished with a scalloped edge, which is also a heading for the top ruffle. The skirt has an apron front, trimmed upon the edge with a narrow plaiting, and scalloped heading. The back is rather scant on the edge, with the fullness all thrown into the puff at the back. Mantelet cape, with hood gathered up in the middle of the back, trimmed with five rows of plaiting. Passementerie rosette and tassels on the hood. Hat of black Neapolitan braid, twined with poppies, and black lace scarf at the back.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS OF MAROON POPLIN.—The skirt is trimmed with a plaiting, half a yard deep, of gros grain silk, of a shade darker than the poplin. Pelisse, cut in wide, deep points, bound with the silk, and trimmed with a deep fringe of the same shade, with a knotted heading worked into the points. Wide, flowing sleeves, and collaret, pointed.

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back and front. Hat of straw, nearly covered with bias folds of silk, feathers of two shades, and black lace scarf at the back.

FIG. VIII.—DINNER-DRESS OF PEARL-GRAY SILK, cut with short train, and trimmed with violet gros grain silk, put on in bias folds, headed by a plaiting of the same. Three folds across the front breadth, the third one crossing the others, and continuing around the back. Plain waist, points in front, and long, square basque at the back, finished at the ends with wide, black lace, put on full. Trimming on the waist comes over the shoulders, down the back, forming a postillion, also trimmed with lace, and plaiting of the silk.

FIG. IX.—DINNER-DRESS OF AMBER SILK, trimmed with black velvet and white lace. The skirt has a short train, trimmed with a deep flounce, pinked out, and slightly full, headed by a quilling of black velvet between two rows of white lace, the same put on perpendicularly, at intervals, all round the skirt, finished with a bow of velvet. Over-skirt, apron front, crossing and caught up at the back of the waist over the full back breadth, which is looped up with a large bow of velvet, same as at the back of the waist, with the ends coming from under the puff. Sleeves puffed to the elbow, with a deep flounce at the bottom, trimmed to match the skirt. Waist plain and round.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There has been so little which is decidedly new in the way of fashions lately, that the change must surely come, even if it comes slowly. *In appearance, dress*, in our large cities, is a good deal simplified. We say in appearance, but in reality the trimmings are of such an expensive character, that a lady's wardrobe costs as much as ever. Still changes have been made. A short time ago the petticoat was made of one material, the bodice and tunic of another; now the bodice is made to match the petticoat, and the tunic, which is placed between the two, is alone different.

All bodies are made with basques; sometimes a sash is worn above the basque, but more frequently the sash is dispensed with altogether. Those ladies who do not like dispensing entirely with it, wear a band underneath the basque, with the sash-ends falling at one side.

Large puffs at the back, and *panniers* at the sides, are gradually disappearing, and long, graceful drapery, falling low over the under-skirt, seems preferred; yet this is by no means the only style, for some of the newest French dresses have the under-skirt just to touch the ground, and a moderately short upper-skirt, which falls plainly all around, without a loop. This fashion looks as if we were coming back to small *tournures*, and a much plainer style of drapery. But even when puffs are worn at the back, they must be moderate, large ones are voted *vulgar*, which is a fatal word, where fashion is concerned. Long-trained dresses are seldom seen, even in a ball-room, the skirts of evening-dresses being much shorter than they were some time ago.

TIGHT-FITTING TUNICS are buttoned in front like paletots, the trimmings simulate basques; the long Louis XV. waistcoat is very fashionable at this moment; white muslin cravats and lace bows are worn with this waistcoat, or a lace fall is used, if the waist is open shawl shape.

A very ugly shade of brown is said to be again coming in fashion, something like the most unbecoming Bismark brown, but with not so much yellow, and a little more red in it—it is called tiger red. Striped silks appear every year, but none, fortunately, seem so popular as the plain-colored silks, of which, as we have so often said before, one does not tire so easily as of the promenade figured, or striped material, and which so often proves more available, if it is desirable to alter it.

FICHUS of black lace are very popular. These fichus are charming. They cross upon the chest, where they are fastened with a large bow; they are tied at the back, forming two points, and at the junction of these two points there is another bow. Several are made of white muslin, with Valenciennes insertion let in, and are edged with lace to match. Guipure is likewise used in a similar manner. They are also made entirely of either black or white lace; but none of these fichus are so popular as those for which Spanish lace is exclusively used.

The modification of corsage, and the alteration of the sleeve, cause lace and embroidery to play a considerable part in the toilet of our fashionables.

CHARMING LACE COLLARS are arranged to be worn with square, pointed, or heart-shaped bodices; this was chiefly used on point d'Angleterre, Bruges, Malines, and Valenciennes. Sleeves of these laces are Pagoda, half-open, and puffed.

CREPE DE CHINE is largely employed in all shades, edged with rich lace, as drapery over black dresses, and as neck-tyes, fringed and edged with lace.

LACE BOWS for the hair are also in favor.

Several of the new out-door garments, are made with double capes, and no sleeves, having a very fashionable appearance. The material used is cashmere, braided with *soutache* of the same color, and edged with a twisted fringe. The tunic worn with these garments almost invariably matches them, especially when they are of colored cashmere.

A profusion of either embroidery, braiding, or gimp, is required to make these double sleeveless capes look at all elegant. Almond-colored capes and tunic, both bordered with fringe to match, look well over either a silk skirt of the same color, or over a black velvet skirt.

SILK EMBROIDERY AND BRAIDING is beginning to take the place of the fringes so long worn. Most of the sacques are nearly tight-fitting at the back, and loose and square in front. Cloaks of dark-blue water-proof cloth are the most popular for damp weather; these cloaks are moderately long, with large circular capes, looped up in the back, or else scalloped and bound at the edges. A new fancy is to take a dark-green plaid shawl, and make it into a cloak; if the shawl is not too heavy, it does very nicely.

BONNETS are growing larger, but their form is most various, according to the fancy of the wearer. This is a most sensible fashion.

THE HAIR is usually dressed closely to the head about the temple and sides, high on top, and in braids and curls that fall rather low at the back; but the style of wearing the hair is like the fancy for a bonnet, depending very much on the fancy of the individual. Some prophesy a return to the coil and high dressing at the back, but we have only seen one or two, and these with classically-shaped heads, who have ventured on this style.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS OF CHESTNUT-COLORED POPLIN.—The skirt has one deep, full plaited flounce. Polish coat of dark-brown cloth, which fastens diagonally from the left shoulder to the right side. The skirt is made fuller behind, and is gathered into the waist at the back. A sash of broad, brown ribbon is tied at the right side. The coat is trimmed with imitation of gray Astrakan fur. Polish cap of brown velvet.

FIG. II.—BOY'S DRESS OF BLUE CASHMERE.—The trousers are slightly full at the knee; over the blue, plain sacque is worn another of black velvet, shorter, and cut up in squares or battlements. The short, velvet sleeves are cut like the bottom of the skirt; black morocco belt; square, linen collar, buttonholed at the edge.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The gray merino coat has a full skirt, long sleeves, and a deep, round cape. The front of the coat, and the cape, are trimmed with dark, currant-colored silk, cut bias; above the wide silk, on the edge of the cape, and above the hem of the coat, is a narrow piping of the silk. The sleeves are trimmed to correspond. Gray felt hat, trimmed with currant-colored velvet.

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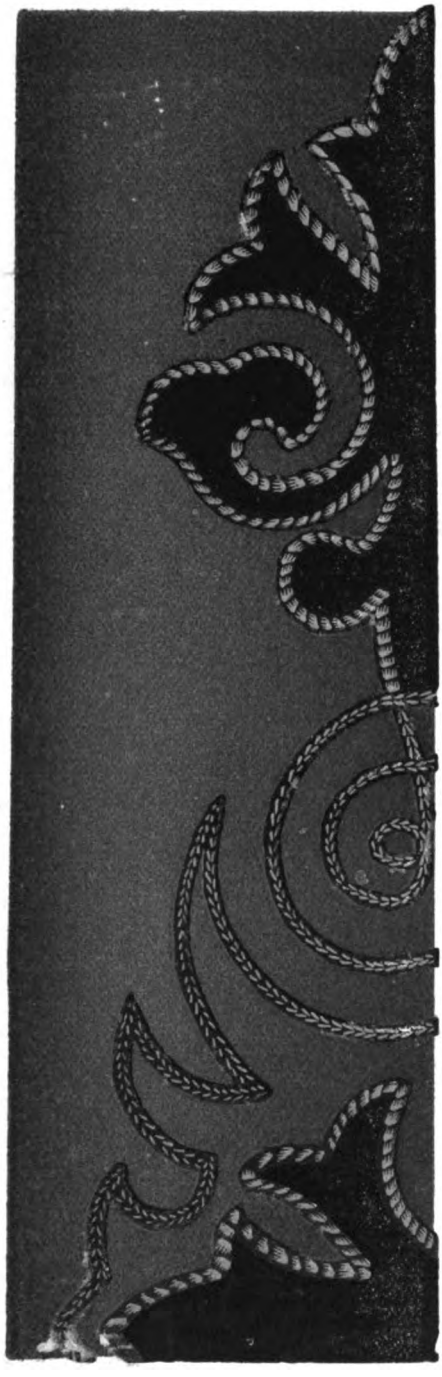

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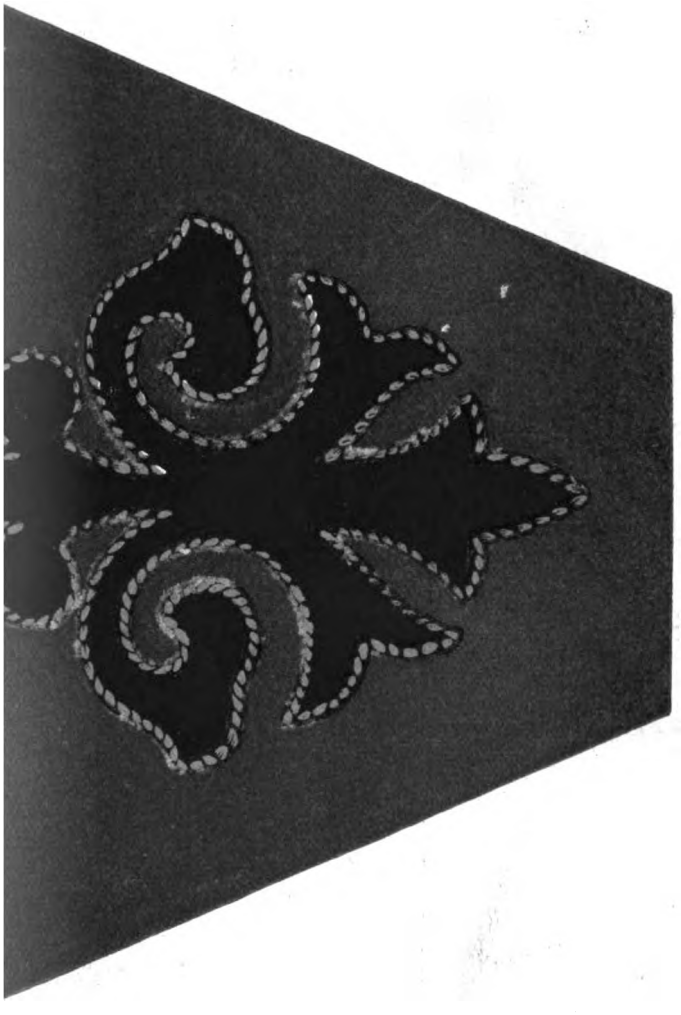

APPLICATION.

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"I HEAR HIM COMING." [*See the Story.*

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

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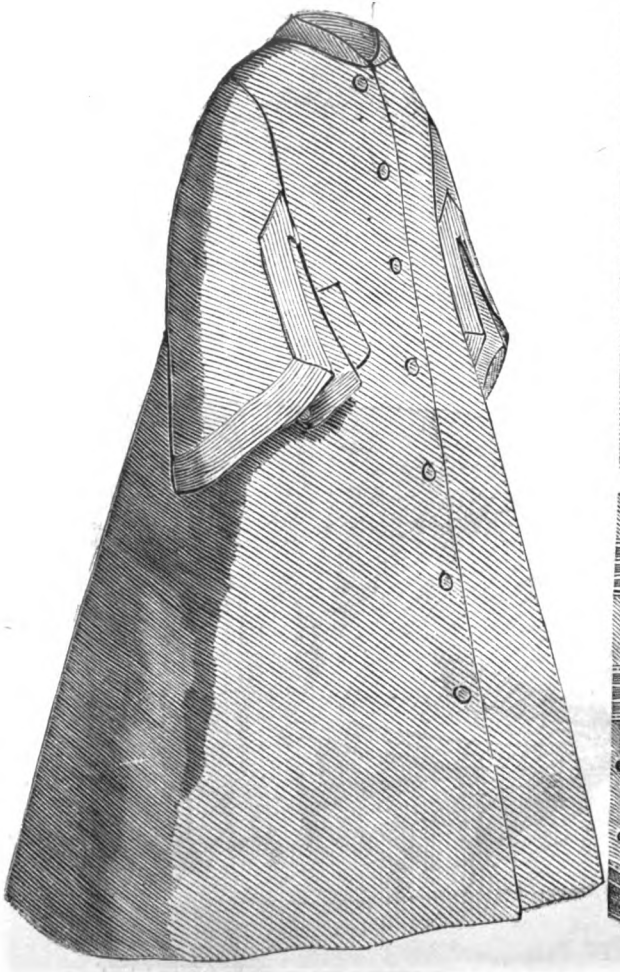

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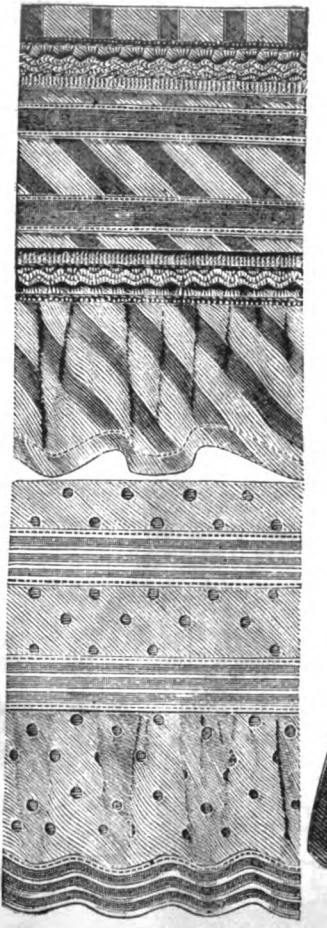

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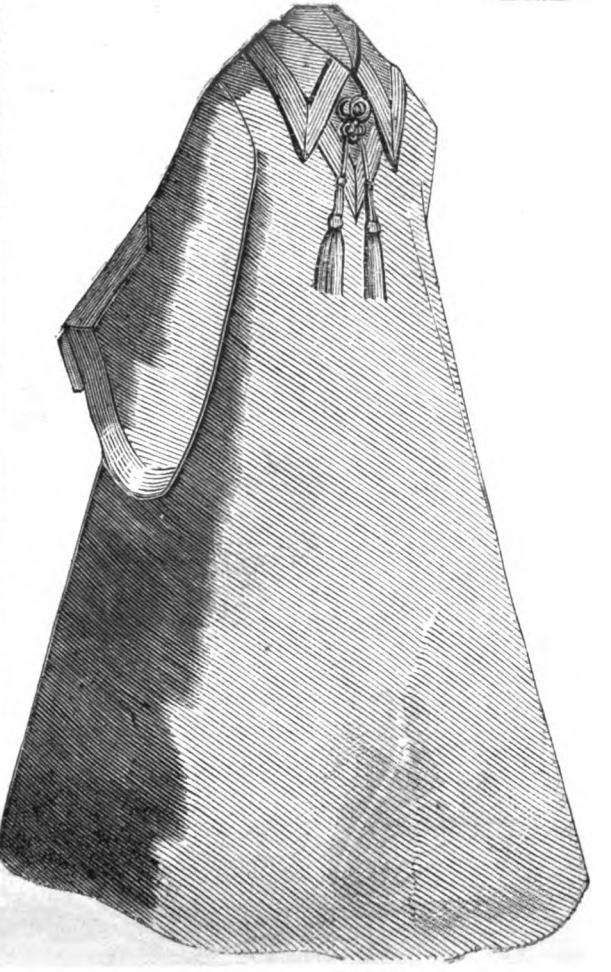

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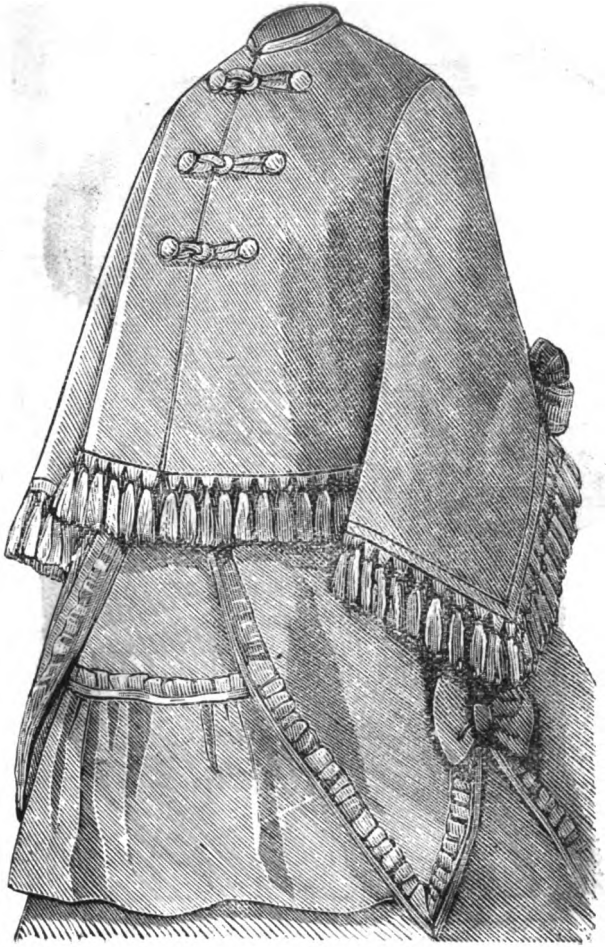

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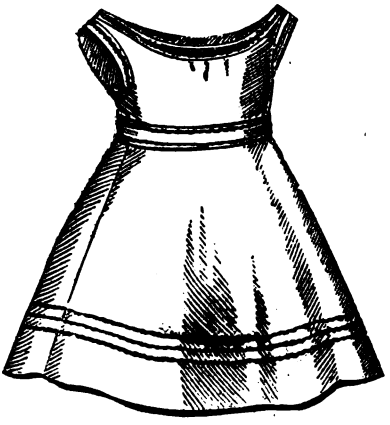

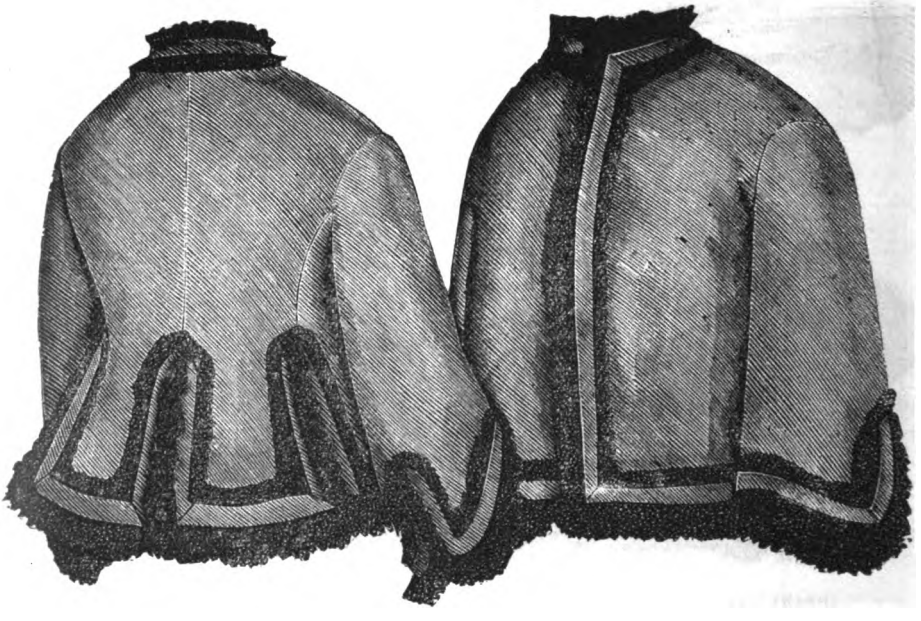

CHILD'S DRESS. BLOUSE. APRON. IMPROVED DRAWERS. VELVET SACK.

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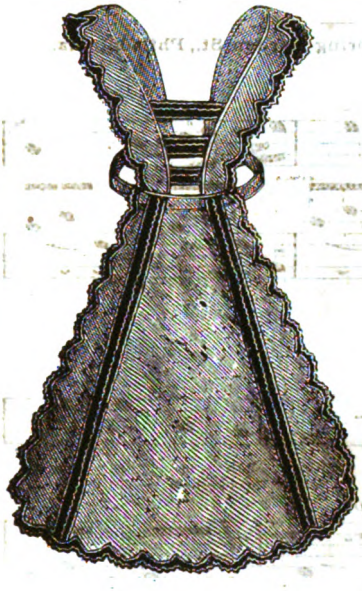

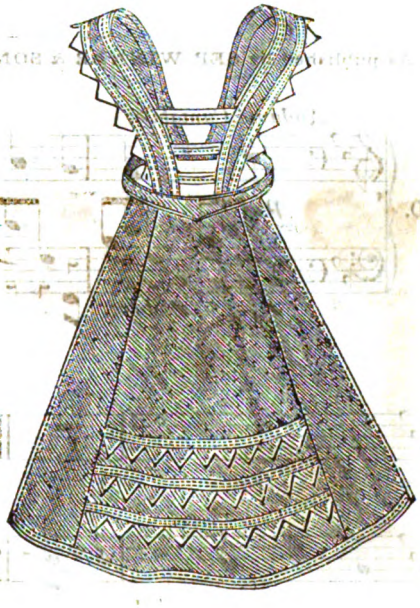

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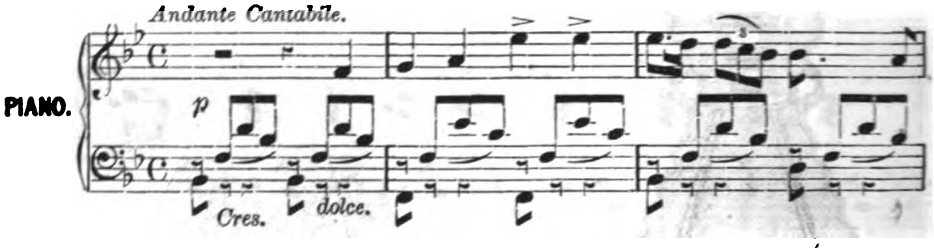

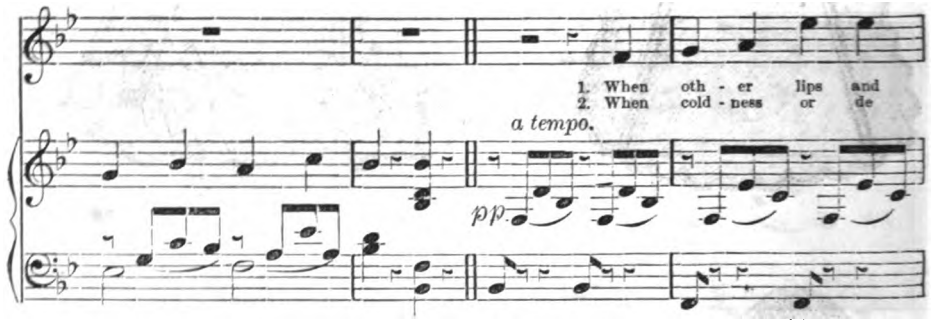

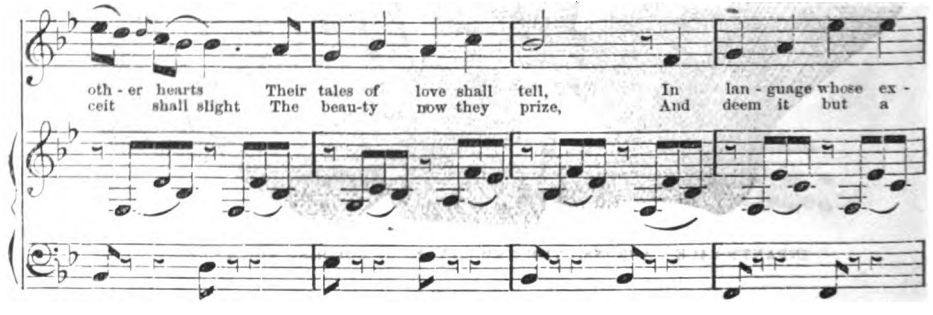

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THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

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wear a mask, 'Twill break your own to see, In

f *f*

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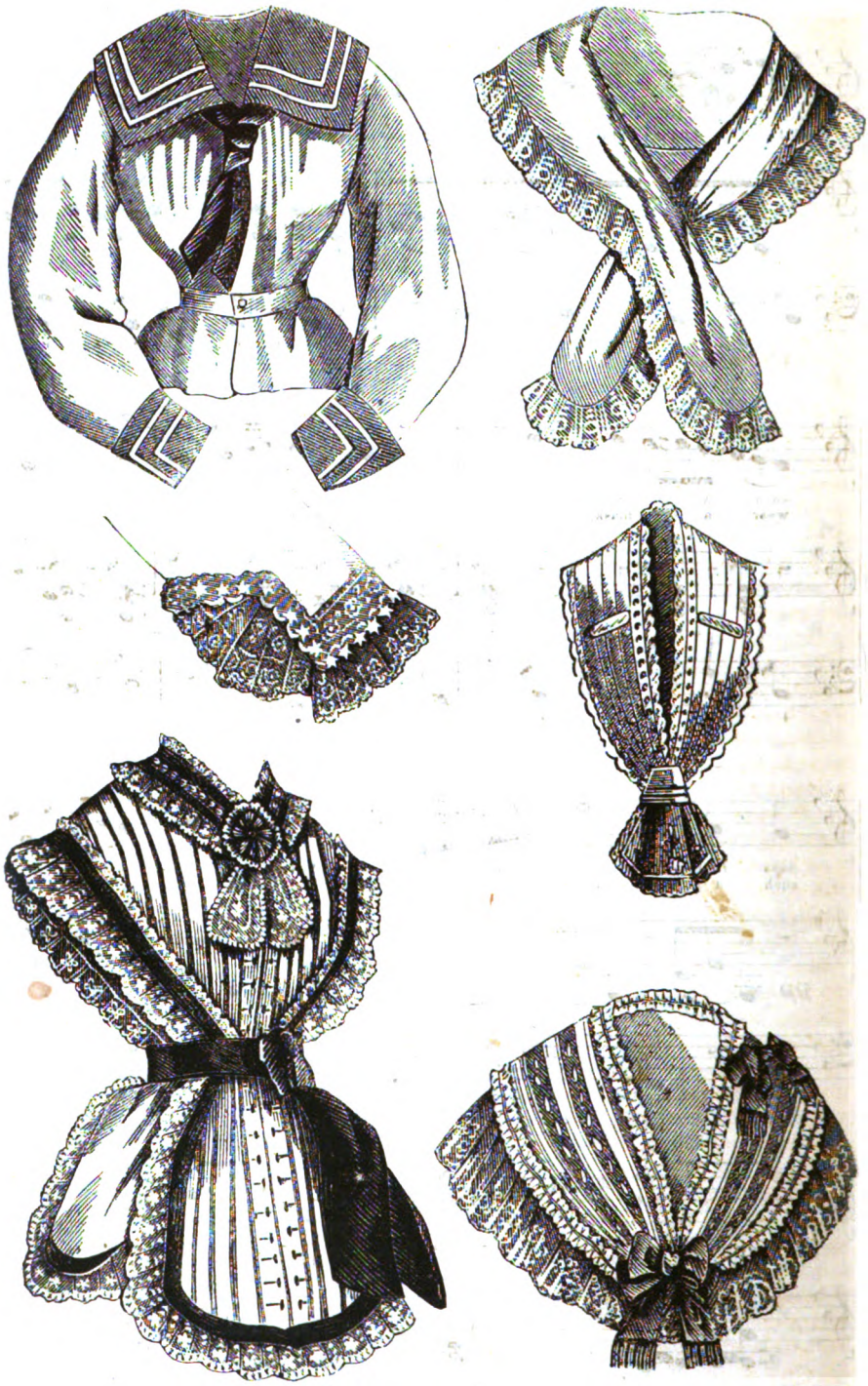

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LX. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1871. No. 5.

"I HEAR HIM COMING."

BY NELLIE AMES.

"Give me some hope! I will wait for you for years," pleaded Paul, earnestly.

"I cannot give you hope," answered Jeanette. "The man I love must be no idle drone: he must take his share in the world's work——"

"But I am rich," he interrupted, eagerly. "Why should I work? I wish to enjoy life—to go with you to Europe—to enlarge our minds by travel, and the culture that travel best brings——"

Jeanette shook her head.

"That is but another rendering of 'Soul, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.' No, Paul, you are talented, high-principled, amiable, everything but the one thing—you are not a man, manly, but only a trifler and a butterfly."

"Those are hard words," replied Paul, pulling at his mustache, "and undeserved." Any other man, feeling as he did, would have broken forth in angry reply.

"Do something; cease to be a mere idler," inflexibly said Jeanette.

Paul answered nothing, but looked at her steadily for a moment, then deliberately buttoned up his coat, and was gone.

When the last sound of his footsteps died away, when the street-door had been heard to close behind him, Jeanette covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears. For she loved Paul, loved him in spite of her judgment, and it had cost her a terrible wrench of the heart to speak to him as she had done. She had known, for some time, that his proposal was impending, and had fought it off more than once, conscious that she had not the courage and firmness to answer as she should; but she had asked for strength from on High, and had finally been able to do what she thought her duty; but it had been with the feeling with which one goes to the stake.

It was all over, and now came the reaction, in floods and floods of sobs and tears. But Jeanette had been taught to prefer duty before everything else, and her resolute character, after awhile, came to her aid. She rose and dashed the tears from her eyes.

"I will not be such a weak fool," she cried. "If he has any manliness in him, he will prove it now: and if not—well, it will be better then to forget him."

Poor Jeanette! She soon found that she required all her strength to persist in her resolution. She saw no more of Paul at her own house, but she met him in society frequently, and his reproachful eyes were almost more than she could endure. Had he been angry it would have been different. But he always spoke to her politely, and sometimes even lingered awhile beside her. The old, dear, confidential talks, however, were over forever. Others came to her, and tried to interest her; but the something was wanting that only Paul supplied; it was a terrible struggle to carry on, but she was true to her principles, and remained firm.

One evening, when Paul was present at a little reunion, Jeanette was asked to sing. Paul had just approached her, looking more hurt than ever, and she was glad of the excuse to avoid him. He led her, however, to the piano, and then took a seat in another part of the room.

"Goodness!" exclaimed fidgetty little Miss White, sitting close by Paul. "How well Jeanette sings this evening."

Paul felt his heart beat fast. The air and accompaniment were unusual. Jeanett's magnificent voice rang out like a trumpet summoning to the assault. The earnest words went to his soul, more effective than a thousand sermons.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb-driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.

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Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Foot-prints on the sands of Time."

At the conclusion of the song, Paul quietly made his adieus to the hostess, and left; but all the way home his feet kept time to the inspiring accompaniment; and when in the solitude of his own room, he repeated to himself, again and again, the words of the stirring song. Hitherto he had thought Jeanette unjust, at least in part: now, all at once, he understood her, and was ashamed of himself and of his Epicurean views of life.

Strange and almost incomprehensible, that the waking up to manliness, to true nobility, should be so slow! Mothers may weep, fathers preach and command, sisters exert every gentle womanly influence, women of their choice may argue, advise, and sometimes part, as in this case: and then some little chord, buried deep under the accumulated debris of pride, indifference, and wounded vanity, will suddenly be struck by a sympathetic hand, and thrill and quiver into perfect harmony. Who among us shall dare hint that such little impulsive acts are not genuine inspirations? Many a man has been led to the fold, many a woman's life strengthened, and temptation destroyed, by the spontaneous infusion of sympathetic feeling.

Jeanette had always believed, that if she could ever fan into a flame that spark so vitally essential to her own happiness and her lover's salvation, there would then be no doubt in regard to the future.

After that night Jeanette saw Paul no more. It is true the season was drawing to a close, and everybody, Jeanette included, going out of town. But Paul, at any other time, would have remained, at least until Jeanette left. He did not call either, to leave cards, on his departure. Was he angry? Had that song offended him? If so all hope of his improvement was over: their parting was a final one. Poor Jeanette!

The summer passed. At her father's country-seat, on the Hudson, Jeanette entertained, as usual, and strove to be gay and happy: but it was a miserable failure. In the autumn she went back to New York, fully expecting to see Paul, somewhere, during the winter, even if he did not call. But New-Year's came and went, yet still there was no word of him. Jeanette was too proud to ask about him, and nobody ever mentioned his name: he seemed to have dropped out of society altogether. Was he in Europe? Was he—worse than all—dead?

Spring returned, and once more Jeanette was on the Hudson, at her father's country-seat. Mr. Woolsey startled her, one morning, by saying, at the breakfast-table, after opening his letters,

"I heard of our old friend, Paul, yesterday: and here is a letter about him from my friend, Mr. Sykes."

Jeanette's heart beat fast, but she made no reply.

"I am sorry for him," resumed her father, helping himself to another roll.

"Sorry for him! What do you mean?" cried Jeanette, excitedly, with a look that revealed the secret which her father had long suspected.

"Well, the young rascal took a notion to go into business, a short time ago." Jeanette's lip quivered. "His elder brother, who is a shipping-merchant, thought it would be a good idea to establish a branch-house in California: so Paul was placed at the head of it, and went out to San Francisco, more than a year ago. I don't know how they have managed it," and the old man scratched his head thoughtfully, "but Sykes, a member of the firm, told me that they had met with some terrible losses, and Fred's fortune has dwindled down to a competence. I suppose they will regain it all before long, though. Fred is one of the most reliable business men in the country; and Paul, Sykes says, is coming out splendidly."

"Oh, dear, is that all, father? I thought it was something dreadful," and Jennie, little hypocrite, resumed her tea.

"No, child, it is not all; but I reckon it's nothing very dangerous. Paul is strong: got an excellent constitution——"

"What is it?" and Jeanette gasped for breath. "Father, I—I love Paul: tell me, quickly, what has happened?" And she rose to her feet.

"You see, Jeanette," and tears trembled in the old man's eyes, as he saw the hands of his darling clenched, the quivering lip, the dilated eye, "you see, Jennie, Paul has been careless. He was coming east, and had got as far as the New Jersey Central, when there was a smash-up, and Paul, Mr. Sykes writes, was thrown down an embankment, and injured considerably. I really don't know how much, but he was brought to the city, and carried to his hotel unconscious. I shall go to the city to-day, of course, and inquire."

Jeanette went up to him and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Let me go with you?" she said.

But her father shook his head.

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"No, my dear, that wouldn't do." He could not say that Paul might have ceased to love her, but he thought it; and he evaded the subject by adding, "if he is able to be moved, I will bring him up here, and, together, we'll nurse him back to health. Will that do, darling?"

Jeanette answered by flinging herself into her father's arms and bursting into tears, as she murmured, "You are so good, and thoughtful, and kind."

All that day Jeanette was restless. Neither her bird, nor her flowers, nor her music, interested her. Twenty times she went to the door to look for her father, though she knew he could not get back for hours yet. At last, toward the middle of the afternoon, came a telegram.

"Have seen Paul. Is not so much hurt as reported; but cannot bring him up to-day, as his partners are to see him yet about some business. Look for us to-morrow."

Oh! blessed words! To the telegraph clerk, who had transcribed them, they conveyed no special meaning; but to Jeanette they said that Paul still loved her, and that she should see him before long.

When would they come? The telegraph did not mention the train. But, almost at dawn, Jeanette arose, for she could not sleep, and began to dress. As the sun mounted above the hills, she threw open her window and looked out. The air was balmy and soft; the birds were singing joyously; all nature was exultant and grateful. Her own heart was full of thankfulness and joy. She leaned on the sill, and looked heavenward, her eyes beaming with emotion. At that instant, the crunching of carriage-wheels was heard, as if rapidly approaching the house.

"I hear him coming," she cried. "I hear him coming—oh! thank God!" and ran down stairs, her still-disheveled hair flying wildly over her shoulders. She reached the parlor-door just as Mr. Woolsey, and some one he was half supporting, entered the apartment.

Jeanette sprang forward. "Paul," she exclaimed, and fell on his bosom, sobbing.

Mr. Woolsey discreetly left the room, closing the door behind him.

"Jeanette, I have been at work," said Paul, faintly, as he sank on the sofa.

"Yes, Paul!" and she sobbed more excitedly than ever, kneeling and clinging to him.

"I have lost half my fortune."

An incoherent, "I am glad of it," was the next answer.

"And I've smashed my arm, as you see," looking down on the left one, which was in a sling.

"Oh! Paul—darling—I'm so sorry."

"Will you love me now, Jeanette?"

"Yes!" faintly.

"And marry me, some of these days?"

"To-morrow," cried Jeanette, throwing the hair back from her forehead, and looking him proudly in the eyes. "Poor or rich—maimed or well—to-morrow, if you ask it."

To this day, Jeanette says, however, that, even in affairs of love, it is best to put duty first. "You see," she adds, "it always comes out right Paul is all the nobler for what I exacted, and I, though it cost me a year of suffering, am all the happier."

SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY.

BY ROSE GREENLEAF.

Oh! I love in the country in Summer to be,
  Where we rise at the dawn of the day,
And drive the cows down to the pasture-field,
  And gather bright flowers on the way;
Where the woodlands resound with the warblings
  Of birds that sing up in the trees,
And the scent of the blossoming clover
  Is wafted along on the breeze.

When at home all assist in the duties;
  Nell washes the dishes, and Sue
Is straining the milk in the pantry,
  And I always find something to do;
There's the beds to be made in the chambers,
  The rooms to be dusted with care;
Fresh flowers to be placed on the mantle,
  That is always my pride to have there.

When duties in-doors are completed,
  We'll whistle to Rover, and then
We're away to the meadows, for lilies,
  Or a romp with old Rose, in the glen;
Or taking a walk to the sea-shore,
  To see the sails pass up the bay,
Or recline in the shade of the cedars,
  And watch the men tossing the hay.

Yes! give me the country in Summer,
  Where the woodlands with berries abound;
Where the flowers seem to vie in their beauty,
  And the notes of sweet songsters resound
From morn until eve, and dame Nature
  Seems clothed in her brightest array,
Oh! how sweet is the country in Summer,
  Where we rise at the dawn of the day.

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MILLY'S LOVERS.

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

Was there ever such an awkward predicament? The pretty face glancing at itself in the mirror opposite, drew down the corners of the rosy mouth, and tried to look sorry; but the imp of mischief that lurked in the dimple in her chin gained the day, and Milly tossed the letter on the sofa, and laughed wickedly.

"Millicent!" and Miss Deborah De Kaye frowned darkly over her gold-rimed spectacles at the sound. "Such levity is most unseemly!"

Unseemly! What would have become of aunt Deborah had she but known the dreadful enormity of the whole matter? For Milly De Kaye, just eighteen years old, an orphan, an heiress, and pretty enough to set any man distracted at her vagaries, was—I shudder to say it—was, at that very moment, engaged to three different men!

There isn't a shadow of an excuse to offer for her, except that she was the most mischievous kitten I ever knew; and she had a trick of opening her soft, gray eyes, and looking innocently up at the unlucky man with whom she was flirting, which, in some marvelous manner, invariably bewitched him into making a goose of himself. She had been paying a visit in Boston and New York, and, dear me! it would take a month to tell you of all the naughtiness she had been guilty of. And the present cause of the mirth which shocked aunt Deborah was nothing less than a letter from one of the unfortunates who considered himself engaged to Milly, beseeching her guardian's sanction to that arrangement.

Milly's real guardian was Mr. Somers, a jolly old gentleman, formerly a partner of her father's, who had retired from practice, and lived very handsomely in Boston; but when she left school, Milly found herself claimed by her father's sisters, two maiden ladies, who resided in one of the loveliest of New England towns, where they quite queened it over the rest of the inhabitants thereof, by virtue of their ancient name and blue blood. They were very elegant old ladies, such models of propriety, that Milly shocked them every hour in the day, to her intense glee. And this letter, which caused such a sensation, had been forwarded by Mr. Somers to aunt Deborah—a bit of folly for which Milly secretly resolved to read him a lecture.

"A most properly expressed letter," said Miss Deborah, picking it up, and smoothing out the creases that Milly had made. "'Isaac Brewster;' a very good name, Milly; dates back to the Mayflower, I think."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Milly, saucily. "Mr. Brewster looks very much like an animated fossil; I'll ask him how he felt when he landed on Plymouth Rock."

Aunt Deborah gasped; the Mayflower and the Pilgrim Fathers were among her articles of belief, and Milly's nineteenth-century irreverence filled her with holy horror.

"It's perfectly ridiculous," pursued Milly. "Why, aunt Deborah, he's old enough to be my grandfather, very nearly."

"Didn't you accept him, when he proposed to you?" asked Miss De Kaye, severely.

"Why—no!" hesitated Milly, the dimples beginning to show themselves again. "He asked me if I would like to live in Boston, and I said 'yes, Boston air agreed with me,' and then he wished to know how I liked his house, (it was at a grand party that he gave, and we were in the picture-gallery, eating ices,) and I told him it would suit me exactly, if there was only a conservatory added; and he said he would consult an architect, and then Clarke Eglethorpe came after me to waltz, and—and—— That's all—every bit!"

But, secretly, Miss Milly was chuckling over the tableau of fat Mr. Brewster's panting efforts to rise from his knees, when he heard Eglethorpe's footsteps; and she did not think it necessary to relate all the coquettish glances that had made such work with the tough old bachelor's worldly-wise heart.

"Millicent, this is perfectly awful," began Miss Deborah; but she got no further in that sentence, for the door opened, and in walked aunt Barbara. Now, aunt Barbara was a shade less strict in her laws of propriety than her sister, which may be accounted for by her being three years her junior, and having once had a love-affair, which ended unhappily, but had invested her with a sort of sad dignity ever since, and, therefore, in "matters of the

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heart," as she termed it, aunt Barbara felt herself to be quite *au fait*.

"Milly," said Miss Barbara, with a benign glance, that somehow gave Milly a preparatory shiver. "James has just brought up the noon mail, and here's a letter, which, being addressed to the Misses de Kaye, I have opened. It's a very important letter, my dear," smiling blandly, "from Mr. Roger Winthrop, asking our consent to paying his addresses to you. Sister Deborah, please read it."

Milly betook herself to the sofa-pillow, which she pinched viciously, to keep from another display of levity; and after aunt Deborah had read the note over twice, she handed it to the delinquent, who commented upon it with her usual freedom aloud.

"He 'hopes his name and position may not be unacceptable;' (nonsense! what has that to do with the matter?) 'thinks your niece's affections are engaged in the affair;' (disgusting prig! much he knows about *them!*) 'and will hope to receive a favorable answer, in person, this week.' Heavens!" and Milly looked perfectly aghast at the suggestion.

"I wish you would be less profane!" sighed aunt Deborah. "Barbara, I don't know what to make of Milly. I, too, have received a proposal for her (from Mr. Isaac Brewster; you remember the family, my dear? Came over in the Mayflower;) and I begin to think Milly must have behaved very badly, while away from our guidance. I fear she has been trifling."

"With the deepest and purest emotions of the human heart!" ejaculated aunt Barbara, solemnly.

Alas! poor old ladies. Milly smiled involuntarily, and shoved further down into her pocket a long letter from Clarke Eglethorpe, informing her that he meditated coming to Westerly to announce *their* "engagement."

"To which of these two letters do you wish me to return an affirmative answer?" demanded aunt Deborah, having given Milly what she thought a proper pause for reflection.

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Milly, in an aggravatingly helpless voice, with a meek droop of her gray eyes. "Don't answer them, aunt Deborah—let them come; Westerly is a very pretty place, and I shouldn't want to decide such a serious matter before you and aunt Barbara saw the gentlemen."

A faint glimmer of satisfaction dawned upon Miss Deborah's grim countenance at this diplomatic remark, and aunt Barbara interposed with another piece of news.

"I also had a note from Dora Larcom, saying that she will stop here on her way from Lebanon, for a short visit."

"Dora!" cried Milly, with an exclamation point that spoke volumes. If there was an individual whom she detested, it was her cousin Dora.

"And a telegram from Noel Sefton. The carriage will have to go for them both this afternoon. I do wish Noel would give us a little more notice."

"Don't abuse the absent, aunt Barbara," said a laughing voice behind her, and Milly sprang up with a radiant face to greet the delinquent, who lounged half inside the low window.

"Oh, cousin Noel! I'm so glad you are come."

To ordinary mortals, the cordiality of her welcome would have carried proof of her sincerity; but Noel Sefton knew Milly, and Milly's "ways," since the tender age of six, when she used to practice coquetry upon him in its mild form, and, therefore, he gave her a droll, teasing look, from a pair of dark, blue eyes, and an incredulous "Honor bright, Milly?" in the calmest of tones, which inspired her with a longing to box his ears.

Aunt Deborah gave him her cheek to kiss, and thawed visibly, for Noel was her favorite nephew; the choicest wines, and the finest fruit were always produced for Mr. Sefton, who, invariably, with all his love of teasing, kept within the boundary of deference to her, which aunt Deborah always exacted.

"You needn't send the carriage," said Noel, depositing himself in his graceful, lazy way, in a corner of Milly's sofa. "Dora is at present riding up from the station. I preferred walking, to the infliction!" he added, wickedly, for Milly's edification.

"Is she as agreeable as ever?" retorted Milly, provokingly aloud.

"I think she has a mission now," said he, plaintively, "I believe I heard her say so as I fell asleep. Really, it was my only defence. I was obliged to restore exhausted nature, after two hours of uninterrupted Dora."

Aunt Deborah opened her lips to reprove him, but the sound of carriage-wheels at the door interrupted her, and both old ladies went out to receive the guest.

"Oh, Noel!" said Milly, in a voice of comic despair, and forgetting her pique in her anxiety to unfold part of her dilemma (she wouldn't have told him all of it for the world) "I am in such a scrape."

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"Another?" he asked, resignedly.

"So horrid! Do you know, Mr. Somers actually sent the letter to aunt Deborah, and, Noel, he's coming here to Westerly."

"Deluded mortal! Who's coming, Milly?"

"Mr. Brewster—Isaac; the fat old bachelor, who lives on Beacon street."

Noel went off into a shout of laughter; Milly's face was irresistible. "And aunt Deborah thinks I've made a grand conquest, and enlarges about the Pilgrim Fathers! I don't know what I *shall* do! And then, of all things, Dora! Noel, dear," she said, with the softest blush, and side-glance of her eyes, "you'll have to take care of me; I never was in such a plight in my life."

Milly administered her sugar-plum adroitly, just as she heard aunt Deborah's foot on the threshold; and Noel's reply, if he meant to make one, was silenced by Dora's entrance.

Dora Larcom, the third of this party of cousins, was several years Milly's senior, and would have been called a very handsome woman, had it not been for sundry eccentricities in dress that produced a curious effect upon the beholder. She had regular, well-shaped features, and a fine complexion; but her pretty, light-brown hair was drawn down close behind her ears, and fastened in a wad, much resembling a buckwheat pancake, at the back of her head; Milly read "woman's suffrage" plainly inscribed on that coiffure, and saw Noel's eyes glance at her own graceful, chestnut braids, with secret satisfaction. Then there was a total absence of crinoline, in the place where fashion dictated that it should be, and a curious protuberance in a most unorthodox spot; and the brown linen traveling-dress was made and put on in a style that never saw the light in any quarter of the globe save modern Athens. Milly always maintained a species of armed neutrality with Miss Larcom upon the rare occasions when they met. She had never quite forgotten a childish scrape, which occurred one summer when Dora and she were left under aunt Deborah's guardianship, and had nearly driven the old lady crazy by their different methods of aggravations. Upon one occasion, Milly, (being previously instigated to the wickedness by a sly hint from Dora) stole a plate of baked apples from aunt Deborah's pantry, and secreted them upon the garret stairs, for their private deglutition; but the poor little culprit never enjoyed that repast, for Dora, being seized with spite because Milly was allowed to go out and drive instead of herself, basely turned State's evidence, and conducted aunt Deborah to the spot where the stolen treasure was hidden. Milly bore the punishment that followed in a purely stoical manner; but she never forgot the meanness; and she had many an opportunity of hitting Dora saucy raps, now-a-days, in sore places, and I must, as a truthful historian, confess that she seldom omitted to improve them.

"Milly, dear; *so* glad to see you! How stout you have grown; quite rustic and rosy, isn't she, cousin Noel?" said Dora, in a thin, rasping voice, that contrasted unpleasantly with Milly's soft intonations.

"Noel mistook me for a milkmaid," retorted Milly, picking up the gauntlet, with dancing eyes. "Let me take your hat, Dora. Is this the last Boston fashion for arranging hair?—*so* graceful and becoming!" And the little witch perched her head on one side, and surveyed the buckwheat pancake with malicious gravity. But Dora ignored the remark with a lofty air, that added to Noel's enjoyment, and directed her conversation chiefly to the aunts, while Milly whispered naughty comments to Noel, on the sofa, until presently her attention was caught by Dora's saying, carelessly, "What became of Mr. Winthrop, after you left me, cousin Noel? Did he go on to Boston?"

"He went to the hotel," said Noel, shooting a glance at Milly. Aunt Deborah gave a significant cough, and asked her nephew if he had invited his friend to dine. Milly grew hot at the bare suggestion. What would become of her if Roger Winthrop confided his hopes to Noel? Somehow, she did not like to imagine stern reproof in those deep, blue eyes. But Noel did not seem to think Mr. Winthrop's visit of much importance, for he answered, carelessly, that Roger said he would call, and then amused himself by slyly ruffling up Dora's oddities, and enjoying the aunts' bewilderment at her new-fangled theories.

Milly slipped away from them all before long, and when once locked in her room, she sat down to think, and found her ideas in a dreadfully tangled state. Who ever supposed that these absurd men would select the same week to pounce upon her; it was rather fun when the three separate strings were in Boston and New York, and she had managed to postpone the evil day with great adroitness; but she had not bargained for this general settlement. And then, Noel—— Pshaw! She could coax him into helping her out of any trouble; but, somehow, with all his cool, careless ways, his ideas about women were fastidious and peculiar, and she did not believe he'd approve of her

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doings. It made Milly downright angry to feel such a misgiving, about telling him the whole state of affairs, and she frowned until her pretty, fair brow became a droll imitation of aunt Deborah's last efforts in that line. She read over Clarke Eglethorpe's letter, and it made her feel more guilty than ever, for there was a ring of real passionate warmth in it. Well! She couldn't marry all of them; her wits generally brightened in an emergency, and now, by way of assisting them, she would take a ride on horseback with Noel. So she arrayed herself in her blue habit, and the hat with its tiny blue veil tied around it, and marched down, looking wickeder and prettier than ever, and challenged her cousin to a race, nor deigned to apologize to Dora for carrying him off.

They had a merry ride; Milly was determined to enjoy present pleasure, at all events, and Noel left off teasing, and did not even allude to Roger Winthrop, for which forbearance she was unspeakably thankful.

Coming back, down through the shady avenue which led to the door, Milly had her race, and Noel's horse was sufficiently matched in speed with hers to make it exciting. They came in very close together, Milly not more than two lengths ahead, her bright face glowing with fun and triumph, her scarlet lips parted with their archest smile, as she turned her head over her shoulder to see Noel's placidly amused face.

"Bless my soul!" said a wheezing, asthmatic voice. "Miss Milly, its very unsafe for you to ride so fast. Wait! Let me help you off."

Milly's smile deepened into something with a *soupcon* of malice in it, as she saw Mr. Brewster's corpulent person coming slowly down the steps. Roger Winthrop's tall, angular figure appeared at his elbow; but with a nod, and careless "good evening," to both her suitors, Milly slipped off her saddle, taking Noel's firm, steady hand in her descent. How he managed to be beside her before them, or how Milly contrived to let him know that she would be assisted by no one but himself, remains a problem.

Tea was served in due time, and Miss Deborah presided behind the urn, urbane and dignified, with Mr. Brewster at her right hand, and Roger Winthrop at her left, while she discussed the "first families" of New England, from the Mayflower down to the present day, to her heart's content. Milly's deportment, under the scruting of her pair of lovers, was a study—cool, careless, and merry, all at once, with the innocent-looking, wide-opened, gray eyes, that I have before alluded to, and the same bewitching smiles, except that she capriciously bestowed all the latter upon her cousin Noel, and kept the carelessness for others. Dora Larcom devoted herself to a ponderous flirtation (no other adjective describes it) with Roger Winthrop, which lasted most of the evening. But Milly did not escape to her room as successfully as she hoped to do, for, as she was descanting volubly upon the merits of Offenbach *versus* Mendelsohm, merely to tease Dora, Mr. Winthrop contrived to get behind her chair, and said, in solemn *sotto voce*,

"Miss Milly, I hope my letter was received with approbation by your aunts? Will you appoint an hour at which I may see you in the morning; I ought to have a few privileges now, you know."

Milly's cheeks were in a flame. If Roger had been gifted with a little mother-wit he would not have mistaken that red flag of mutiny for maidenly confusion.

"I don't know what you mean by 'now,'" said she, wickedly unconscious. "Your privileges, *as a guest*, certainly permit you to call upon me, when I'm disengaged!"

He looked so bewildered, awkward, and helpless, that she became suddenly good-natured, and added, in a hasty whisper, as Dora drew near them, "Come over at ten to-morrow."

Mr. Winthrop settled his collar, and ran his hand through his thin, sandy whiskers, complacently, as he thought. "I don't think she has quite the dignity necessary to fill the position of Mrs. Roger Winthrop, Jr.; but the property is so large, by Jove! and the girl's deuced pretty."

Mr. Brewster and aunt Deborah had evidently been holding cabinet counsel, and Milly became suddenly blind, and would not see her aunt's uplifted finger. So the fat bachelor was obliged to make his adieu to his lady love in public, but she considerately asked him to breakfast, which made him depart, beaming all over with satisfaction.

"How you do flirt with that mountain, Milly," whispered Noel, as he lit her candle for her at the foot of the stairs. "Why don't you put him out of misery at once?"

"Misery?" retorted she. "Rather a healthy specimen! How do you know what I may do? His house in Boston is lovely, and, oh, Noel! I'll have you at all my dinner-parties, and I'll give such gorgeous ones!" and the mischievous face nodded good-night over the bannisters.

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I am afraid that it was *not* an invocation to his patron saint, which Mr. Sefton muttered in the depths of his mustache, while walking off to bed!

Breakfast was half over, next morning, when Milly came down, looking like a rose bud. I don't know how she managed it, for she had cried her pretty eyes red the night before, because Dora had seen fit to visit her before retiring, and had entertained her with a venemous bit of gossip about Noel, consisting in an artful combination of hints as to his being "fast," and the prevailing rumor of his engagement to Flora Delaney, a Boston girl, about whom Milly had been secretly troubled for some time. But she did not let Dora have the bliss of knowing that her story annoyed her; not she! and Miss Larcom retired at length, feeling rather sore at the retaliating raps which Milly had administered.

There were two letters on Milly's plate, one in Mr. Somers' somewhat scratchy, business-hand, and the other with a New York post-mark, and an intricate monogram in scarlet and gold. Milly read both in silence, and neither appeared to give her much satisfaction, for her fresh, young brow unconsciously assumed aunt Deborah's form, and Noel saw it. Looking up, she caught his eye, and awoke to the conversation going on around her. It was conducted chiefly by the gentlemen, and was nothing less than the state of the money market—gold and stocks, all Greek to Milly. As she watched the earnestness with which Mr. Brewster and Noel discussed Mammon, an idea flashed into Milly's busy brain—an idea, naughty and wicked in the extreme, and only to be carried out by a series of awful fibs; but it opened a possible door of escape from "these dreadful men," as she mentally styled them, and the temptation was great.

The next half-hour was dawdled away over the piano with Noel, and then Dora announced that she saw Mr. Winthrop approaching the house. Milly seized the garden-hat and scissors.

"Aunt Deborah," said she, "the vases in the library want fresh flowers, and I think I'll gather them before the sun gets any higher. Thank you, Mr. Brewster, I won't trouble you to go; but, perhaps, you'll find me in the summer-house, presently." For Milly thought that she might find an interruption agreeable in the coming interview, and provided for its occurrence, like a prudent general.

Roger's greeting was elaborate in its stateliness, and, as he gazed patronizingly down upon her, she felt nervous, and longed to have it over. Bah! how could she ever have allowed him to go so far; but she would give him his chance with the others. So, at last, looking coquettishly up at him, (the girl was in a desperate fright, but she could not help her natural proclivities,) she plunged into the subject with a droll imitation of his own pompousness.

"Mr. Winthrop, I have something very serious to say to you. I think the understanding which existed between us must be broken."

"Miss De Kaye!" *Our* engagement?" The astonished Roger gasped for breath.

"It never was an engagement," cried Milly, her natural impetuousness getting uppermost, suddenly. "I said, 'if I did not change my mind,' and I left you equally free. But that's nothing to do with it; I want you to release me from my promise."

"But it was such a sensible arrangement, and—I love you devotedly, Milly," said Roger.

Milly smiled, involuntarily; the love was evidently an after-thought.

"Thank you," said she, demurely. "But then, matters are altered, I find. I am not an heiress any more."

"Not an heiress any more!" ejaculated Roger, actually guilty of the rudeness of repeating her words; but with a rising inflection of voice that afforded Milly the most gleeful satisfaction.

"No," said she, soberly. "I had a letter from my guardian, Mr. Somers, this very morning. I don't quite understand him; it's all about stocks and banks that he had confidence in," (how the slandered guardian would have boxed her ears, if he could have heard this veracious statement!) "but that's the sum total; there is only a little saved, and I'm not an heiress any more, and shall have to live with aunt Deborah. Do you think I would make a good governess?"

"Heavens! What a lucky escape for me," thought Roger. Then, more pompously than ever—"A governess! My dear Miss de Kaye, your relations will not allow that, of course. Let me hope that it is not as bad as you fear; Mr. Somers has been a most careless guardian, I should imagine. I must thank you for your frankness and honesty; situated as I am, I cannot offer you affluence, and you are most sensible in desiring that our connection should cease."

"Good-morning," she said, giving him the tips of her rosy fingers, and very nearly saying, "disgusting prig!" out loud. But she

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had to endure another of his set speeches, which she took private notes of, to entertain Noel with, and, finally, raising his beaver half an inch above his head, Mr. Winthrop turned on his heel, and left her.

"What a capital idea," thought Milly, as she walked blithely on to the summer-house, picking roses as she went along. "I never imagined that I could frighten him off so easily, and yet, one likes to be loved for one's own—— Mr. Eglethorpe!"

The last two words were uttered aloud, in much surprise, for, lounging against the pillar of the summer-house, stood the handsome figure of her New York lover.

"I was on my way to the house," he said, taking her hand. "Didn't you get my note? Why, Milly, I thought you would be glad to see me?"

He had beautiful, great, brown eyes, and they grew sad as he glanced at her averted face, and his tone of disappointment made her feel guilty again.

"I never ought to have allowed you to come," she said, hurriedly. "You must not think of me any more, except as a friend," and then she sat down and told him the same story she had just related to Roger.

I have said he was a handsome man. I must add that he was dangerously unprincipled, and, moreover, was as much in love with Milly as he ever could be with any woman; but his gambling debts were large, and he would probably never have indulged in more than a passing flirtation with her, had he not supposed her fortune to be an ample one. But he had sufficient feeling enlisted in the matter to do high tragedy well, and Milly was almost deceived into thinking her test a cruel one, until she found that, with all his protestations, he did not once renew his proposal of marriage. And her heart turned sick within her bosom, and she wondered if every body loved her for her money; while Eglethorpe swore he could never be happy again, and parted from her, stormily enough, actually leaving a hot tear upon her hand. It nearly upset her, for Milly had a loving, tender heart, underneath her *diablerie*, and she sat still when Eglethorpe left her, and pulled her roses to pieces, with something very like tears in her eyes.

"Miss Milly," said Mr. Brewster, interrupting her at last, "I've come to get my answer, as I wrote you I would. Miss Deborah thinks you are not favorably disposed to me; but I hope——"

"Don't!" said Milly, petulently. "Aunt Deborah was right, Mr. Brewster. I've lost all my money, and—and—there's an end of it."

The poor man gazed at her in blank dismay.

"Lost your money?" he echoed. "What can Sumers have been about?"

But Milly, being afraid that too close questioning would expose the *ruse*, only shook her head, and tried to look doleful.

"I don't believe it can be possible," he finally ejaculated, rubbing his bald head, until it shone more smoothly than ever. "And, whether it's true or not, that need make no difference; you shall have as handsome settlements as any woman in Boston. Say yes; *I* don't care if you haven't a cent, child."

Milly looked up at the fat little man. He was fairly trembling with excitement, his honest face transformed with feeling into something really noble; never, as long as she lived, would she make fun of him again. What would become of her? She knew, by the awful sinking of the heart, that she could not marry him, and, of the three, he was the only one who loved her for herself.

"I can't, I can't!" she cried, all her mischief gone out of her in this extremity, "I don't *really* love you; I could not marry you without love; and oh! you are just as good, and kind, and *true* as you can be—a great deal too good for me."

Milly got both his hands in hers, and poured out her words in her own impetuous fashion. He turned very pale; there was no mistaking the girl's sincerity; and the fairest dream of Isaac Brewster's life died out that June morning.

"There!" said he, at last, drawing a long sigh. "It's just as Miss Deborah said; there are too many years between us. Milly, would you mind giving me a kiss? I'm almost old enough to be your father."

She was so sorry for him, so racked with a dozen different emotions, that she trembled from head to foot, as she let him take the kiss he asked for. She watched him go up toward the avenue-gate, and then she darted out, away down the garden-path, till she came to the little ravine, where she flung herself down, so blinded with tears, that she never saw the lazy, graceful figure of Noel lounging on the grass.

"Milly," exclaimed a much-amazed voice, and her cousin sat down beside her, and regarded her with the utmost perplexity.

"Go away!" cried she, in the extremity of her surprise and pain.

"Indeed, I shall not," said he, gravely,

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drawing her hand into his, in the peculiarly gentle way that belonged to him. "You always tell me your scrapes, Milly; what is it now?"

But the utter impossibility of telling him *all* her troubles was the drop too much for Milly, and she went off into genuine hysterics, and fairly terrified him by her absurd alternations between tears and laughter.

"I've lost all my money!" she gasped, at last, sitting upright, and speaking intelligibly.

"Is that all?"

"All? It was enough to send off two men, who swore desperate love to me three days ago."

"How dare they!" The flash of fire in the blue eyes made Milly shrink. "That fat old bachelor——"

"Is the only honest one of them all," she burst in, her dream of teasing taking possession of her. "He offered to make very handsome settlements, and said he didn't care if I hadn't a cent. I do think he's one of the best men that ever lived."

Noel turned white.

"Milly, don't trifle! Are you going to be married?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said she, wickedly. "Do you?"

For a man who prided himself upon his phlegmatic composure, Noel Sefton sadly belied his character upon this occasion, for he saw something in the lovely, blushing face that drove him mad on the instant, and he caught the teasing little witch in his arms, and having kissed her twice in a most impetuous fashion, said,

"Yes, I do know; you are going to marry me, my darling, and I never meant to let any other man have you—*never!*"

"Then you're a regular Turk," said she, recovering her breath after this alarming assault. "Dora says you're engaged to Flora Delaney."

"Dora be—hanged!" was the emphatic retort.

"Noel!" after a long pause, during which she clung to him, as if she was afraid he would vanish, suddenly. "Noel," very penitently, "I told you a fib!"

"My dear child, I've heard you tell a great many! Well?"

"Please," with such an absurdly innocent face, that he laughed outright. "I haven't lost my fortune at all; I was only making believe."

He looked so amazed, that Milly found she must tell him the whole story, which she did, with such coaxing annotations that he had not the heart to scold her as she deserved. And, as she twined her arms around his neck, and told him how she had always loved him, since she was a wee child, and whispered how handsome he was, with the delicious flattery of love, Dora suddenly appeared in front of them.

"Well?" said Noel, clasping his necklace tighter, "Don't send Miss Delaney a telegram, Dora."

"You can attend to your own dispatches," said she, in a rage. "Milly, I am astonished at you. Upon aunt Deborah's authority, *you* are engaged to Roger Winthrop."

"So I was," said Milly, saucily, "and to Mr. Brewster, and how many more, Noel?" And she sent a ringing laugh after Dora, as she went off to spread the news.

Aunt Deborah was perfectly delighted, and read them a long dissertation upon the Pilgrim Fathers, and the union of two more of the Mayflower familes in this generation; and aunt Barbara wept copiously, and told them the story of her unhappy love-affair, for the thirteenth time, and bestowed a ruby bracelet upon Milly to impress it upon her mind. Clarke Eglethorpe and Roger Winthrop found out how they had been served, when too late, with secret fury, and Mr. Somers did box Milly's ears, when she confessed her naughty falsehoods to him, but kissed her afterward, in high good humor, as Noel was his prime favorite. Good Mr. Brewster sent Milly a pair of diamond solitaires for the wedding gift, and Noel and she wrote him a joint note of thanks, which gratified the kind old bachelor's feelings immensely.

And Dora Larcom is Dora Larcom still; still in pursuit of a husband, or "a mission,"—it matters very little which.

THE EARLY VIOLET.

Under the larch with its tassels wet,
While the early sunbeams lingered yet,
In the rosy dawn my love I met.

Under the larch, when the sun was set,
He came with an early violet:
Forty years—and I have it yet.

Out of life, with its fond regret,
What have love and memory yet?
Only an April violet.

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THE MYSTERY AT BRIDE'S BAYOU.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

CHAPTER I.

It was certainly a very original idea for a bridal-tour; but Rensalaer Courtenay was an independent sort of person, and Gertrude Van Tuiller, his wife that was to be, always received every suggestion of his as a special revelation of wisdom and genius. So, when he told her of the lovely little bayou, far down the eastern coast of Florida, which he had discovered on one of his bachelor cruises, she cheerfully assented to his proposition that their bridal-tour should be in that direction, instead of to the stereotyped Niagara, or Europe, or Washington.

But they did not propose to go entirely alone.

"We will have your sister Mollie, of course," said Courtenay, "and perhaps Alice Vane; and for gentlemen, John Castlemain, and Percy Moore. That will make six of us, all told, and will just fill the yacht."

"Excellent," said Gertrude, clapping her hands. "I want John Castlemain to marry Mollie, and Percy Moore is the only man in the world for Alice Vane."

In due time the wedding came off, as we all knew, who were fortunate enough, six-and-twenty years ago, to belong to the Van Tuiller and Courtenay set. There was an elegant breakfast, in the true English fashion, at which the health of the bride was drank, and then, instead of driving to the cars, the wedding-party went down to the Hudson, and an hour after, on one of the loveliest of October afternoons, the Syren spread her broad wings, and slipped gracefully down the harbor, and out to sea.

The bridal trip, so original and even poetical in idea, created quite a sensation. "What a splendid thought," cried one, "a honey-moon in the Floridas." Another said, "They have gone to look for the Fountain of Youth; they will drink of it, and live for ever." "Happy pair!" exclaimed a third, who wrote verses, "They sail on summer seas."

"All my own at last," whispered the bridegroom, as, under shelter of the main-sail, he drew his bride to his side, and kissed her glowing cheeks.

At the other side of the deck stood Mollie Van Tuiller, a girl of twenty years old, with hair a little darker and a little ruddier than her sister's, eyes whose soft blue was darkened by a touch of sensitive gray, a merry mouth, and a complexion of cream and roses. Beside her, leaning upon the rail, and talking lazily to her, lounged John Castlemain, a man whom the world called cold, selfish, heartless, and a flirt, and of whom a few people knew better things—among them, Mollie Van Tuiller. Upon a low stool sat a younger, slighter man; a man with the pale, clear-cut features, dark and earnest eyes, and intense expression, suggesting high and fine mental, or rather imaginative development. Near him was the fourth and last of Mrs. Courtenay's guests, Alice Vane, a high-bred, elegant-looking girl, with clear, hazel eyes, and silky brown hair, finer, but not so luxuriant as the golden masses decorating the Van Tuiller heads. She was saying,

"Yes, a most romantic and a most delightful idea; and I can quite fancy that we are a party of adventurers setting out in search of Eldorado, or some new and wonderful land beyond the seas."

"And shall anchor at last by the 'Fortunate Isles,' and find all that we have longed for awaiting us?" asked Percy Moore, in a low voice.

"Perhaps," replied Miss Vane, with a smile.

"At any rate, we must follow where the Syren leads," suggested Castlemain.

Miss Vane turned her clear eyes full upon him.

"Mr. Castlemain, I object to puns, also to inuendos. I call you to order."

"See the cloud-palaces there in the west," said Percy, softly; and Alice Vane turning her face toward him, showed so exquisite a profile against the evening red, that Castlemain left Mollie's gage unlifted.

"Supper's ready, ladies and gen'l'men," announced Tom Bowline, the steward, appearing at the cabin-door, and rolling approving eyes over the quarter-deck.

"And to a man who has had no dinner, and only a wedding-breakfast, that is a very pleasing announcement," replied Mr. Castlemain, offering his arm to Mollie.

Later in the evening, the many passengers

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of the Syren gathered upon the quarter-deck, beneath the tender light of the hunter's moon, and while Courtenay wrapped his bride from the night air in the same shawl that covered his own shoulders, and Alice and Mollie grouped themselves with Percy at their feet, and Castlemain close beside Mollie, the gallant little bark sped on her southern quest, the purple waves dividing with laughing plash before her keel, and closing in her wake with phosphorescent glitter.

"'To anchor at last by the Fortunate Isles,'" murmured Percy, laying a finger softly upon the hem of Alice Vane's white dress, as it lay beside him on the deck.

The tenth day from port brought the Syren to her destination, and amid much excitement upon the part of the passengers and crew, the anchor was dropped, just within the mouth of a wide creek or bayou.

"Here we are at last!" exclaimed Courtenay. "Actually at anchor in the Bride's Bayou, for so, if you all approve, I have named this lagoon."

"Bride's Bayou, by all means," said Castlemain, heartily, while Percy Moore murmured, "Charming and prophetic name — Bride's Bayou."

"Prophetic! Oh, don't be a seer, please, Mr. Moore," pleaded Mollie Van Tuiller, who alone heard him. "What is the use of suggesting honors before they come?"

"Shall I promise never to suggest that idea to you again, Miss Mollie?" asked Moore, a little nettled at the badinage.

"I never exact promises to the detriment of the promiser," retorted Mollie, continuing in the same breath. "Isn't it pretty to see Alice and Mr. Castlemain falling in love so thoroughly and so unconsciously?"

Moore started, turned pale, fixed his eager eyes upon the two, as they stood together at the other side of the deck, she eagerly listening to a campaigning story he was telling out of his brief but stirring experience here in Florida, during the Siminole war, then turned again to Mollie, who was watching him with eyes of merry malice.

"Anything that makes Miss Vane happy must also give me pleasure," said he quietly.

"Bravely said, and I beg your pardon, and wish you success," said Mollie, offering her pretty hand, which the young man took, and holding, whispered,

"And I wish Castlemain success, but not with Alice Vane."

A light quiver of Mollie's rose-red lips, a sudden pain in the bright glance of her blue eyes, and she turned gayly to Courtenay.

"Well, brother-in-law, when are we going on shore?"

"This moment, if you will. They are getting out a light tent, which I propose to spread in that little everglade, just above; and we will lunch there, within half an hour. To-night we must sleep on board the Syren; but to-morrow night, I think we may have the shanty up, and sleep in Christian beds."

"How lovely! And here is the boat, with Captain Bruce, all ready to take us on shore. Gerty, are you ready? Come, Alice."

"Are we going ashore?" asked Castlemain, starting up, and coming forward, while the face that Alice turned toward her friend bore a little richer color, a little more confusion than often marked its high-bred lineaments.

"Yes, we are going ashore," replied Mollie, almost in her usual tone, and stepping forward, a little hastily, she gave her hand to Captain Bruce, the master of the Syren, without appearing to perceive that Mr. Castlemain was offering his. At the same moment, Percy Moore, approaching Alice Vane, gave her an arm, saying, with a somewhat anxious smile, "May I put you into the boat, Miss Alice?"

"Thank you, certainly," replied the young lady, and as Castlemain, biting his lip, turned from Mollie, he met Moore escorting Alice, while Courtenay was carefully tying Gertrude's hat beneath her chin, and drawing the light shawl about her shoulders.

"They have all some employment but me," muttered he, a little discontentedly, and dived down the cabin stair-case, calling back,

"You have a load, Bruce, I'll go next trip."

"Yes, I think so, too," said Alice Vane; and Moore looked at her in surprise, turning to jealous pain, for his question had been, "Shall you be glad to find yourself on shore again?" And this he thought, was her answer to him.

Two days more, and the "shanty," as Courtenay irreverently styled his first home, was finished, and ready for occupancy. It contained four rooms, one devoted to the married couple, and one to the two young ladies, and over them two more for the gentlemen; these latter being approached by a ladder on the outside. A broad veranda, across the front of the house, was intended for the dining and sitting-room, and the kitchen was a hut at some little distance from the main building.

Captain Bruce and the men slept aboard the yacht, which lay some quarter of a mile be-

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low the site of the dwelling, which Courtenay enthusiastically called Little Eden.

CHAPTER II.

THE days and the weeks went by until they grew to months; days, and weeks, and months of the feverish heat, and restlessness, and devouring emotion of unassured and uncontented love; the wild desires and hopes; the terrible depression and gloom; the heaven and the hell of love mingled with jealousy and doubt. Three months, and the six inhabitants of the cottage, so mockingly called Little Eden, were disposed as thus:

Mr. and Mrs. Courtenay, entirely absorbed in each other, saw little, knew little, cared for little else.

John Castlemain, his slow, stern nature heated at last to its very core, loved Alice Vane with the strength and purpose of his whole heart, and not only loved, but was resolved to marry her, just as soon as he could win her consent to the marriage.

Percy Moore, loving her also with the fervid and passionate ardor of his weaker but more poetic heart, fought desperately against his iron rival, and brought not only his genius and his gifts, but his very life as offerings to the altar of his devotion, for the pallid, thinning face, and over-bright eyes, that slowly grew paler, and thinner, and brighter, as she watched them, were proofs of love that Alice Vane rated at their full and terrible value.

And Alice herself? She listened to the poet's low and thrilling voice; she looked deep into his passionate eyes, and suffered him to almost tell her what was in his heart, almost, yet not quite; and leaving him with the secret burning upon his lips, she turned to Castlemain, and suffered him to order her life, to guard and protect her, to lay commands upon her, and assume that air of ownership, which in such men means more than the most devoted submission in others. And yet, when he would have spoken the words that should decide all, she roused herself from the sweet submission of her usual mood toward him, and made him understand that to speak out was to ruin all his hopes. She would not be hurried, this woman, pausing upon the pinnacle of a woman's power; she would not place the crown which now was hers upon the one head or the other, one moment before she was ready, for in so doing, well she knew that she descended from her royal place, and became but queen-consort forevermore. Yet, in spite of this, she was no coquette, or no willful one.

And Mollie, not judging this delay more tenderly that you or I in her place would have judged it; Mollie, who, to wounded love, added wounded pride and self-respect, and the dread lest her secret should be guessed; Mollie, with her fair hair, and blue eyes, and dimpled cheeks, and strength of martyr or of hero; Mollie, with her woman's heart and man's high soul, ah! how did she endure these months? How did she live through these long hours, when the man she loved lay at the feet of her rival, bending his whole strength to attract and enchain her attention, and forgetting the very existence of that other woman, who, sitting by, would not confess her defeat by flight, would not be sad, or silent, or bitter, but forced herself to the old gayety of woman, the jest, and repartee, and careless laugh that had once sprung so naturally to her lips; feigned the old content and blitheness so well, indeed, that Gertrude herself was deceived into fancying the wound but slight, and already healed; and Alice was able to shut her eyes, and almost believe that her friend was still her friend, and unharmed by deed or hesitancy of hers.

Matters were thus arranged, when, one sultry afternoon, Tom Bowline reported having seen, in the course of his morning's fishing, a coral grove of remarkable beauty and extent, and spoke of certain brilliant and peculiar fish he had noticed playing about it, but had failed to capture. An excursion to the coral grove was at once proposed; but Gertrude, feeling herself unequal to it, and her husband preferring to remain with her, Alice, Mollie, Castlemain, and Moore decided to go without them.

"Take Tom Bowline to sail the boat," suggested Courtenay, lazily; but the proposition was negatived by both the gentlemen, who declared themselves quite competent to the navigation of the Bubble, and the discovery of the coral grove. Courtenay would have insisted, but his wife whispered in his ear.

"Hush, you dear old stupid! There are just two pairs of them; one man to steer, and one for a look-out; and a girl apiece, don't you see?"

"Ha! ha! Well, my boys, sail the Bubble yourselves, if you like, only don't steer by the moon instead of the compass, *if* you please."

"No fear. We'll bring the Bubble home all right, and a piece of pink coral for Mrs. Courtenay to boot," replied Castlemain, gayly; and, in a few moments more, the pretty little craft had spread her wings, and was gliding down the bayou, with a bone in her mouth, and a milky wake astern.

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"Breeze is getting up. Wish't they'd reefed 'fore they started, 'specially with a parcel o' women aboard," muttered Tom Bowline, standing upon the little landing to see them off; but Courtenay, returning to the house, did not hear him, and the Bubble was already out of hailing distance, if he had.

Down the bayou, passed the Syren, gracefully dipping as the breeze swept by her, and out into the open sea, its far reaches gleaming in the sunlight, like regions of enchanted splendor and delight. Castlemain held the helm, and Moore sat upon one of the forward thwarts. Alice, with nice discrimination, placed herself beside the mainmast, as nearly as possible between the two; and Mollie, with a gay jest about making a figure-head of herself, stepped upon the little forward deck, and seated herself beyond the foremast, upon the very bows of the boat.

"I shall be out of their way here, I hope," was the bitter thought in her mind, as she did so; but when Percy called out,

"Be careful, Miss Mollie! That is rather a dangerous, as well as an unsocial position," she gayly replied,

"Not at all unsocial, Mr. Moore. I am going to report all the wonders of the deep, as they come along, and quite expect to do the talking for the whole boat."

"Will you please sit farther aft, Miss Alice?" suggested Castlemain, in a low voice. "The boat is too much by the head, with Miss Mollie on the bows."

"The captain says we must sit farther aft, Mr. Moore," said Alice, stepping over the thwart into the little nook occupied by the steersman, and motioning Percy to follow her as far as the seat she had just vacated. Castlemain bit his lip, and hastily interposed with,

"Oh, there is no need for Moore to move if you do."

"Then I will only go a little way, instead of quite up," suggested Alice, hesitating, but finally taking the seat close beside himself, to which Castlemain motioned her, with a look she seldom disobeyed. Percy Moore, without remark, seated himself beside the mast, and still Alice was between the two, and alone with neither.

Up from the south came the great black clouds, which had been gathering there for an hour past, and the wind, sinking at one moment to a sullen calm, in the next dashed its hot breath angrily in their faces, and careened the little boat to its gunwale.

"You had better go about, and return home, Mr. Castlemain," said Moore, after one of these puffs, in which they had taken in a little water. "We are going to have a storm, or at least a squall, and it is unsafe."

"I see no cause for alarm," replied Castlemain, sullenly. "And as for returning—what do you say, Miss Alice?"

"Oh, let us go on," cried Alice, in whose organization all physical danger produced excitement rather than fear; and the two men, watching her brightening eyes and glowing cheek, forgot to insist upon the danger, which Castlemain saw as well as Moore, but from which he would not turn at the suggestion of his rival.

"No one asks me—no one remembers me," bitterly thought Mollie, catching the conversation in a lull of the wind; and then a fiercer gust swept over the little craft, dashing a great wave across her bows; and, as she dipped deep into the angry sea, a smothered cry went up, and Mollie was struggling with death, and the thought so far, far bitterer than death, that no one would miss her, no one would mourn for her, no heart would beat because hers was still.

A wild cry from Percy Moore, a shriek from Alice, and Castlemain, looking up, comprehended the accident. Shouting to Percy to cast off and haul in the foresheets as rapidly as possible, he put down the helm, and attempted to go about; but one sheet was jammed in the block, and Alice, who was no sailor, had involved herself in the other; a sudden flaw took the sails aback, and, before any one knew the danger, all were struggling in the water together.

To add to the general confusion and disaster, the storm, suddenly gathering its forces, burst upon the waters, lashing them into sudden fury, tearing the foam from the crests of the waves, and plunging it, as if in mockery, into the faces of the struggling wretches, darkening the heavens, and so changing the aspect of all nature, as to deprive the bravest man of confidence either in his own powers or the aid of created forces.

Out of this fearful confusion and terror at last emerged a boat, floating, keel upwards, and three forlorn figures clinging to it, two men and a woman.

"Moore, you are safe," panted Castlemain, dashing the water from his eyes, and staring about him. "And this is—Molly," added he, sweeping the dripping hair from the face of the all but senseless figure he supported. "But Alice! Where is Alice?"

"Oh, my God!" groaned Percy, and, with a

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desperate effort, climbed upon the wreck, and sheltering his eyes from the dashing spray and rain, peered this way and that, into the wilderness of howling waters, leaping and dashing about him.

"Here!" cried Castlemain, peremptorily. "Take hold and help me get this girl upon the boat. When once my hands are free, I will find Alice if she is above the water."

"*You* find her! Why you and not me?" sternly demanded Moore, giving the assistance required; but glaring into his rival's eyes as he did so, with such a look as his own had never known before.

"Because, when she is found, she is mine—my own—my wife that will be—mine, do you hear me, sir?" replied Castlemain, fiercely.

For reply, Percy plunged into the sea, swimming valiantly in the direction of a dead object just visible through the rack.

Castlemain, staring angrily after him, was about to follow, when the pale figure in his arms, struggled from them, with a low and bitter cry, and slipped over the side of the boat into the water, which already was sweeping her out to certain death, when Castlemain, springing after, caught and upheld her, and, with a severe struggle, succeeded in replacing her upon the boat, and dragging himself up beside her.

For a few moments neither spoke, he too thoroughly exhausted with his effort, she weeping desperately.

At last he said,

"You tried to drown yourself then! Why?"

"It was so terrible to see that you, neither of you, cared whether I lived or died; and you will hate me for having been in your way, when you might have saved Alice. Oh, let me die; let me die now!"

And, struggling frantically with his restraining arm, Molly would actually, in that desperate moment, have flung herself down to destruction; but Castlemain, even in death, would have held her back.

"You shall not! Do you hear me? You shall not die; you shall live, whether Alice is dead or not," panted he. "Mollie! Do you hear me? Give over the struggle, for I will be obeyed. You shall not die; you shall not detain me here. Promise that you will remain on this spot until my return. Promise, or I will not go, and you are the one who holds me back from searching for your friend. You, perhaps are her murderer."

"No! no! you shall not call me that! Go! Oh, go, and look for her!"

"I will, under no consideration, leave your side, without your solemn promise to remain here, and use every effort to preserve your own life while I am gone. Promise me that, or I will stay, and hold you back to life by main force, and hate you, and despise you for evermore."

She fixed her haggered eyes upon his, blazing with determination and power, and she knew that he meant all that he said. She believed, and she obeyed him, placing her life and her happiness in his hands, with no more struggle.

"I promise, solemnly and surely," whispered she. Castlemain, releasing his arm, sprang off the boat without another word, striking madly out in the same direction which Moore had taken. A few rods from the boat he met the latter.

"Have you seen her?" demanded Castlemain?

"No. Have you?"

"No. Come back to the boat, and get an outlook."

Side by side, the two swam back, clambered upon the wreck, where Mollie lay, her face hidden upon her arms, her form shaken with sobs. Standing upright, and clinging together, in the stern association of mutual necessity, they peered anxiously into the darkness and the storm, seeking any faintest trace of her whom either of them would have given his life to save. But only the waves, the flying rack, and blinding flashes of lightning revealing black depths of sky, and distant tumultuous reaches of ocean, met their eyes.

"She is gone! She is dead!" moaned Percy, sinking of a sudden to his knees, and covering his face with his hands.

The stronger man glanced at him with a look of scorn and pity; then, joining his hands above his head, he dived straight down into the weltering abyss at his feet. The woman whom he loved was no longer upon the surface of earth or sea, and he went to seek her in the depths. A long moment, and he returned, waited to recover his breath, and dived again from the other end of the boat, and again and again. Then he struck out from the boat, and swam in a great circle around it, then quartered the area thus described like a hound, and, finally, absolutely exhausted, sinking, pallid, gasping, he returned to the boat, and clung to the gunwale, unable to help himself upon it.

By this time, Mollie was sitting up, quiet and calm, as desperate people often are.

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"You have given her up?" asked she, looking down into the white and sunken face, floating at her feet.

"Yes," came from the livid lips.

"Then I am released from my promise, and I claim my liberty. I will not live, if Alice is dead!" And, with a sudden lithe motion, the girl slipped down into the water, beside the exhausted man, who no longer had power to restrain her by physical force. But, though John Castlemain were dying, his will would yet have controlled all opposed to it. He could not move, he could hardly speak; but he fixed his weary eyes upon her, and whispered,

"Mollie! will you leave me to die here alone?"

She clung to the wreck beside him, and looked into his face with eyes piteous in their imploring.

"Oh, John! What can *I* do to help you live?" moaned she.

"Live because you love me," he replied, "and because I am desolate."

It was a strange appeal, an appeal that none but a man like that, selfish, and strong, and passionate, could have made. To bid a woman live, and love him, because the death of the woman whom he loved had left him desolate!

None but a woman like this, a woman whose whole strength was love, and who counted neither death or martyrdom, or the sacrifice of pride, as more than dust in the balance when weighed with love; no woman but one as noble and as tender, as generous, and as meek as this fair-haired Mollie of ours could have in that moment taken up the burden which the man laid from his shoulders upon her own, and said,

"I will live, and help you live, John. I will not ask again to die while you need me."

"Thank you, dear," murmured Castlemain; and his lips from pale grew livid, and his eyes began to film.

"Mr. Moore! Quick! Hold him above the water; help me! He is fainting—sinking! Oh, hold him! hold him!"

Percy, dazed, bewildered, and almost helpless, did as he was bid, and so the three remained, clinging to the drifting wreck, the storm gradually abating, until, just as the setting sun tore aside the last black cloud, and sent an angry gleam across the waters, they were espied by Tom Bowline, who, with Courtenay and Capt. Bruce, had been cruising for an hour in search of them.

"Alice?" asked Courtenay, softening, as he drew the almost helpless forms into his boat.

"Dead," whispered Mollie.

CHAPTER III.

"What lovely eyes!"

"Brown, like the brook under the tree-roots."

"And such a white, fine skin."

"She is handsome, and now she never will be otherwise."

"Do you think she was trying to come here?"

"*Quien sabe?*"

"No one has ever come by water. I did not know that there was a way."

"Nor I. We will ask her in a moment, for see, she is looking at us."

And in effect, the eyes, brown, like water under tree-roots, were wide open now; and turning from one to the other of the lovely speakers with languid curiosity.

"Where am I?" was the first question, of course.

"Quite safe, and with friends. Can you walk now, beautiful stranger?" asked the taller and slighter of the girls.

"Yes, I think so. What is your name?" asked Alice Vane, half rising, and sinking wearily back.

"I am Flora, and she is Stella; and you? You are Fortuna, in coming here as you did, are you not?"

"I do not know. I am very weak——"

"Yes, but we will help you. There, lean upon me so, and upon Stella on the other side, and we will bring you to the bath; that is the first thing, is it not, Stella?"

"Certainly; they must always go to the bath first," replied Stella, helping her companion to raise Alice upon her feet, and lead her from the little, silver-sanded beach, where they stood, toward a path leading into the thick and tangled wood closely skirting it.

Languid and dazed, Alice asked no questions, hardly, indeed, looked about her as she went; but, suffering herself to be led blindly on, came at last to a broad avenue, tree-arched and flower-carpeted, with numerous side-paths leading from it to airy buildings, pleasant groves, gardens, and woodland bowers. Through one of these side alleys the three girls had entered the avenue; but, in looking back, Alice could see no trace of the path, not even its entrance. At either end, the avenue ended in a broad, open space, the one surrounded by what

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appeared to be small huts of boughs and leaves, the other green, and sunny, and flower-bordered.

It was toward the latter space that Flora and Stella urged the feeble steps of their new companion; and Alice herself, fixing her eyes upon a lovely fountain, bubbling from the green sward, in the midst of the lawn-like inclosure, felt a sudden vigor animate her frame, and a strong desire to rush toward it nerve her trembling limbs to new exertions.

"Courage, dear Fortuna!" said Flora, smiling, as she perceived this impulse. "You will reach it in a moment, and then all your troubles are over at once."

Pressing forward without reply, Alice found herself in the next moment beside the fountain, and paused to look at it. The water, of a pure golden color, welled up directly from the grass and flowers which crowded closely about it, and rising in an arch of perhaps three feet in height, fell back into a channel of brilliant sea-pebbles, coral, and precious stones, mingled with a just regard to beauty of color and shape, but no reference to their ordinary valuation, in a mosaic of rare beauty. Along this channel the golden waters ran with a wonderfully melodious sound, almost, indeed, like concerted and harmonious music, and lost themselves beneath a low arch of white stone. Beyond the arch a thick and impenetrable screen hid the farther course of the stream, and bounded the view.

"Oh, the beautiful water! The delicious singing fountain! Let me drink; give me the goblet, quickly!"

And Alice reached her trembling hands eagerly toward an antique goblet of clearest crystal, in a framework of gold and gems, which stood upon a chiseled block beside the fountain. But her companions laughingly urged her on.

"Not yet," said Flora. "Not quite yet, my Fortuna. The bath first, and while you are still in it, I will bring you the goblet full of the golden water, and you shall drink all that you desire."

So saying, she led her on toward the screen, in which Alice now perceived a little gate of branches, closely interlaced, which, opening at a touch from the guide, admitted to a little grove, so closely set, that not even sun, or moon, or stars, had ever seen its depths. A green and golden light, sifting downward through the pattering leaves, and reflected upward from the water, filled the place with a delicious shadow. In the centre of the grove was hollowed a basin, paved, like the channel of the stream, with a bright mosaic of carefully-smoothed and polished stones, and into this basin poured, with their musical and wonderful cadence, the golden waters of the fountain, filling it to the grassy brim, and flowing away at last through an arch like that through which they entered.

"Here now is the bath, poor, weary love," said Flora, conducting Alice to a flight of shallow steps, leading down into the basin. "Shall we help you to disrobe? Here is the dress you must put on." And she took from the branch of a tree a loose robe of some shimmering, silky stuff of a soft-gray color.

"Wrap this around you, dear, and lie down in the water. Dip your whole head under, just for once, for you must be wetted all over. Then I will bring you the goblet from the fountain."

Silent, and filled with a dreamy joy, whose origin she could not guess, Alice did as she was bid. She laid aside her clothes, wrapped the misty mantle about her, and, stepping softly down into the water, bowed her head beneath the surface, then laid herself upon the glowing floor, resting her head upon a hollowed block of porphyry, placed at the upper verge of the pool for that purpose. Thus lying, she received, from Flora's hand, the brimming goblet, and carried it to her lips, against which the golden waters seemed to dance in living glee, kissing the fair lips, and humming songs of welcome as they rippled over them.

Before the goblet was half drained, Alice let it sink into the hand, which Flora watchfully held to catch it, while her head sank back upon the porphyry pillow, in a dream that was not sleep, and a trance that was not unconsciousness.

"When she rouses, she will have forgotten all that she brought hither," said Flora, softly; and Stella, pressing her hand upon her forehead, murmured,

"Forgotten! What is that?"

Flora glanced at her, with a smile.

"You were born here," said she, kindly, "and have never needed to forget; but I came, like this one, from beyond, and have forgotten all, except that there was something to forget. But come now, let us dip her clothes in the bath, and dry them in the sun, before she awakens. They, too, must forget; and they, too, must be prevented from growing old and ugly."

An hour later, when Alice, or Fortuna as she was now to be called, aroused herself from the delicious trance in which she had been, she

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met her two companions with a smile as merry and careless as their own.

"What next?" inquired she, gayly, as she finished dressing herself, in garments which she recognized as hers indeed, but which seemed to have acquired a delicacy of texture, and brilliancy of tint as remarkable as they were beautiful.

"It is sunset, and time for the fountain-song," said Flora, stooping to kiss her new comrade, admiringly.

"The fountain-song?" repeated Fortuna, dreamily. "Well, let us go."

"Come then, if you are ready, my darling." And the two girls led forth the neophyte to the plaza of the fountain, where was now assembled a strange and motley crowd. Fortuna stopped and looked about her in astonishment, for both faces and dresses were so strange and new, that, although she no longer remembered other things, these impressed her more as the creations of a dream, or some wonderfully distinct imagination, than a reality. The occupants of the square, perhaps a hundred in number, were of all ages, from the old man seated upon a throne of turf and flowers, beside the fountain, to the toddling child, clinging to its mother's skirts, and burying its rosy feet in the brilliant flowers, that, star-like, gemmed the short, rich turf. Near the throne of the patriarch stood a group of perhaps twenty men, upon whom Fortuna fixed her eyes with curious interest. Some of these were young; but most were in middle life, with stern, black-bearded lips, and haughty brows, and eyes accustomed to command. These men were all dressed in a costume, not only picturesque and elegant in itself, but strangely harmonious with the scene, and with their own faces, and with the misty associations which were not memories, that floated through Fortuna's mind as she watched them. The costume was that of a Spanish caballero of the sixteenth century; the doublet and trunk-hose, the wide-topped boots of soft Cordovan leather, the plumed hat, the embroidered gauntlets, the pointed beard and long mustach, all, even to the sallow indurated skin, and lines of resolute daring and endurance about the mouth and eyes, were such as suited the comrades of Ponce de Leon, and Fernando de Soto, those graceful buccaneers, who slaughtered and robbed the peaceful savages who welcomed them with innocent delight, and, by way of compensation, gave them civilization and the Spanish guitar, and the poetic names and traditions with which they sowed their new possessions, from Florida, land of flowers, to Cuba, Queen of the Antilles.

Watching the faces of these caballeros, as they talked together, or noted the sports of the younger people who surrounded them, Fortuna found something weird and sad in their expression, the faint traces, as it were, of emotions, trials, and efforts, long past, and perhaps forgotten, but ineffaceable as the wrinkles in the primeval rocks impressed there ages before Adam waked in Paradise, by floods that long since have turned to vapor and floated heavenward, and descended again, and again returned, and yet whose handwriting upon the rock stands out to-day firm and clear as when it was impressed.

"Who are they—those men?" asked Fortuna, softly. But just then her hands were seized by Flora on the one hand, and a young man upon the other, and she found herself one of a great ring of people, who, slowly circling the fountain, and the group of elders beside it, chanted a low melodious song, whose words the young girl failed to catch, except as the refrain swelled, and sank, and rose again.

"Fountain! Lovely Fountain!
Fountain of Eternal Youth!"

The song ended, the patriarch rose from his turfy throne, and slowly approached the fountain. Fortuna, watching him intently, noticed that he wore the dress of an ecclesiastic, that his face and figure bore the marks of a halo old age, and that his shrewd and kindly eyes rested upon the faces surrounding him, with at once the love and the authority of a parent, who receives implicit obedience from devoted and submissive children. Resting upon her, the eyes paused, and a slight gesture summoned her to approach. She did so, without hesitation, and the priest, laying a hand lightly upon her head, said, in a sonorous and kindly voice,

"Fortuna, my daughter, welcome! And as the latest comer, you shall be the first to drink to-night. Take this, the goblet of Eternal Youth and Beauty, and drown in it whatever fear, whatever sorrow, whatever regrets may have pursued you hither, and now shall be forgotten."

He dipped the goblet in the golden waters of the fountain, and gave it her. Fortuna drank, and remembered nothing of even the curiosity and astonishment that hitherto had filled her mind. Life, from that moment, was the music of the fountain, the delicious flavor of the sparkling water.

After the stranger, all pressed forward, and

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received a draught from the hands of the father, and, having drank, dispersed in little groups to engage in various amusements—in conversation, in strolls through the twilight woods, or to return to their own dwellings. Fortuna remained beside the priest. The youth who had held her hand in the dance still lingered beside her. The father looked at them benevolently a moment, then said,

"Hernando, take the maiden to your mother's home; she will care for her with Flora and Stella. Show her, too, the sports, and the pleasant walks, and the delights of our home. Warn her also of the dark avenue, and its entrance; and so, my children, good-night."

"The dark avenue?" asked Fortuna, softly, as the young man led her away, his eyes fixed admiringly upon her face.

"Yes; it leads away from home—where, I do not know. But once passing through it, you never can return hither, never again can bathe or drink at our dear fountain; and, missing that, comes some ugly end of everything, some misfortune whose name I do not know, but which is only to be escaped by dwelling here, and bathing and drinking of the golden waters."

"And do many go away by the dark avenue?" asked Fortuna, timidly.

"Yes; there are other things beyond, for which they pine, and go to seek them," replied Hernando, with a troubled look. "All may go if they choose, but never may return. Ugh! I do not like to think of it, or tell you such gloomy tales. Come, let us dance."

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Courtenay received her friends. Mrs. Courtenay, the wealthy, well-preserved, amiable matron, who, in the full dignity of her fifty prosperous years, shone as one of the larger lights of her luxurious world, and educated her sons and her daughters to take their places there with credit to herself and them.

Mr. Courtenay, her husband, had been dead these ten years, and Mollie, her pretty sister, had followed him, leaving John Castlemain a widower. Rumor said that these too were well enough disposed to comfort each other, and, so far as the lady was concerned, perhaps rumor for once was right; so far as John Castlemain was concerned, rumor lied as stupidly as usual. He had come to-night, however, to Mrs. Courtenay's assembly, partly to do her pleasure, partly because of a certain weariness of himself and his surroundings, which ever and again seized upon him, driving him forth into the waste places of society, and the horrible solitudes of the gay world.

So here he stood to-night, a grim shadow in the brilliant and many-tinted crowd, that surged and swayed about him; an observer, but not a partaker of its gayety, a Timon at the feast. His hostess brushed past him, paused, and spoke.

"My dear John, you look grimmer and graver than ever! Do be gay, and enjoy yourself, like other people! Shall I introduce you to Miss Lovering, the pretty bride?"

"No, thank you! Pretty brides don't care for old men like me. I am doing very well as I am."

"Old man, indeed! Why, that is calling me an old woman, for you are not ten years older than I am, and I am as young as anybody." And with a gay little laugh, Mrs. Courtenay swept on, to attend to her other guests.

"And I am older than anybody," muttered John Castlemain, drawing his shaggy gray eyebrows closer over his eyes, and moving toward the door.

He was stopped by an old friend, Percy Moore, a distinguished poet now, and a bachelor still, having given up his life to the memory of that great hope which had gone down with Alice Vane, off the coast of Florida, six-and-twenty years before. But, after all, as John Castlemain always bitterly thought in meeting him, this avowed constancy of Moore's had been a lighter burden than his own, so carefully hidden, so undying, and so sleepless.

The two men stopped to speak to each other, and some commonplace sentence was upon Moore's lips, when the strong grasp of the other closed upon the arm. Glancing hastily into Castlemain's face, and following the direction of his eyes, Moore's fell upon a lady, a young girl, just entering the room with a chaperon. She was a girl of light and elegent, yet stately figure, with a graceful head, adorned with fine, soft brown hair. Her pale, classic face was lighted with hazel eyes, and was characterized by a strange and indefinite air of long past experiences, forgotten, perhaps, and laid aside, yet always visible in their traces, a sad and wistful shade in the brown eyes, as it were the reflex of a cloud that had long long ago broken and fallen in tears, and passed away; a young and lovely face, and yet with nothing of the untried, ignorant, freshness of youth left in it; a most peculiar, most majestic, most irresistible face; yes, all of that, and something more to the two men

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who stood staring breathlessly at it, for it was the face of Alice Vane, dead these six-and-twenty years, while this girl could scarce have passed her twentieth birthday.

"Wait here!" said Castlemain, at last, and sought his hostess, who looked, made inquiry, then said,

"It is Miss de Leon, from St. Augustin, in Florida; she is the adopted daughter, I believe, of Mrs. Vavney's brother, a planter somewhere there; and when he died, he sent her on here to his sister, as his heiress. Pretty, isn't she? And looks like somebody I have seen, though I can't remember exactly who. Shall I present you?"

"Yes—and stop, Gertrude! Present Percy Moore at the same time."

"Very well," and a minute later Mr. Castlemain and Mr. Moore stood before this Miss de Leon, who repeated both names, and looked into both faces with the well-bred, but indifferent courtesy, with which a young girl receives the compliments of two elderly strangers.

"You are from Florida, Miss De Leon?" asked Castlemain, so soon as the question was admissible.

"Yes, from the plantation of Esperenza, fifty miles below St. Augustin," replied the girl, readily.

"And, I suppose, having been born and bred there, you can have seen but little of the gayeties of the world, so called," pursued he, too much in earnest to be very cautious or diplomatic.

"I was not born or bred there, but in still deeper seclusion," smiled Miss De Leon, frankly. "So that you may be sure I have seen absolutely nothing of the world, until this very last month."

"If I might ask, without impertinence, I should be very glad to know your birthplace, Miss De Leon. I once had a friend, a lady, to whom you bear so surprising a likeness, that I can hardly doubt some near connection between you two."

The girl shook her head.

"I have no connections, no relations in the world," said she, sadly. "My late, adopted father found me wandering in the woods, and, as I could not speak any language that they could understand, or indeed give any account of myself in any way, it was concluded that I was a white child, who had been stolen by, and brought up among the Indians, and had strayed away from them in some mysterious manner. I was very ill when I was found and for weeks afterward, and I remember nothing of all this myself, although it is only a few years since. My conscious life only begins when I find myself at Esperenza, the adopted daughter of its owner."

She spoke the last few sentences dreamily, and to herself more than to her auditors. But Castlemain said, "Thank you very much for this generous frankness to a stranger. Sometime, if you care to hear, I may tell you why I ventured upon such intrusive questioning."

He turned away, as he spoke, and abruptly left the room and the house, too deeply moved for further speech that night, even with her.

Percy Moore lingered.

"The friend of whom Mr. Castlemain spoke, was my friend as well," said he, tremulously. "And her name was Alice Vane. Do you know her?"

"I never heard it," replied the girl, raising her strange, truthful, yet most reticent eyes to his. "My own name is Isabel De St. Leon, and I know nothing of that you speak."

Percy did not answer. His startled eyes were fixed upon three, tiny scarlet points, set in a triangle, upon the rounded waist of the young girl. Ah! how well he remembered watching them, upon the deck of the Syren, and wondering if ever he should come to press his lips upon them.

And now the rest swept up, and Miss De Leon's hand was asked for the dance, and the poet, like the men of the world, marched away to seek in solitude the answer to the questions pressing upon his brain.

From this day the story went rapidly on. The love, which these two constant hearts had cherished, the one with such religious devotion, the other with such all-conquering tenacity and purpose, waked to all its youthful vigor, at sight of this, the reproduction, as they fancied, of its object. Percy did not trouble himself to understand this sudden and mysterious happiness which had befallen him; but gave himself up, body and soul, to its delight; while Castlemain lost much of what would otherwise have been joy, in pondering upon its possibility.

The only rational conclusion to which he could arrive was, that Alice Vane, in some wonderful manner, had been saved alive, had married, and that Isabel De Leon was her daughter; and yet, what eyes, but those of Alice herself, could ever look into his as these looked? What voice, but that of Alice, could thrill him with these rare cadences, and subtle music? Was not that the very turn of her head, the

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the touch of her hand, the proud and graceful step, that he had learned so well?

And so the day came, when Percy Moore, the poet, the sensitive, noble-minded gentleman, the man of pure, clean life and stainless name, found courage to tell his story, concealing nothing of the past, of his long devotion to the woman whom he had all but seen die before his eyes, and not denying that Isabel's wonderful resemblance to this lost love had first attracted him. And then he told how the new love had grown up, so strangely blended with the old, that he himself could not now dissever them; and at last he asked this girl, who looked at him so earnestly out of those youthful yet weary eyes, those eyes of Alice Vane, he asked her if she would try to love him, and to compensate him for the past, as she alone could do.

She listened to the end, then answered strangely enough.

"I was almost sure of loving you, and then I came to love another man, and I shall love him again. I feel it, and I know it. It cannot be as you desire."

Moore looked at her earnestly and curiously.

"You loved him better then, and you feel that you shall love him better now," said he, slowly.

Isabel bowed her head.

"What words are these you speak? I do not know; I do not know what I meant by what I said myself. Oh, friend, leave me! leave me quickly, for you have wakened something in my heart, which tortures me strangely."

Without another word he went, and a few days later, John Castlemain, taking both her hands in his, and looking down into her watchful eyes, said, solemnly,

"Isabel, I love you, and I have loved you longer than I could tell, or you believe. I cannot, I dare not explain the vague ideas that connect you in my mind with that past whose story I have told you. But this I know, and you too must know, that you are mine, and I am yours, since both our lives began. Is not this so, dear child?"

"It is so; but when *did* both our lives begin?" she said, dreamily, the strange shadow deepening in the eyes, which she raised anxiously to his.

"God only knows, dear love, I do not," said he, kissing her with the fond, slow kiss which, years before, he had dreamed of pressing some day upon the lips of Alice Vane.

Percy Moore came to see them wed, and as he turned away, he murmured, bitterly enough,

"It is the end of the story, which began now six-and-twenty years ago, upon Bride's Bayou. Out of what we then deemed our mutual and final defeat, he has at last drawn victory and the victor's prize."

PRAIRIE HOME.

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

FAIR dwelling, how bright are the scenes that surround thee!
How sacred the joy which each moment imparts;
It wraps in a halo of beauty around thee,
And binds thee anew with a charm to our hearts.

Who cares for the smiles of the gay world of fashion,
The glitter and gleam which she tempts to display;
The bubbles of joy, and the tumults of passion,
The gold that will mingle to dross on the way.

We turn with disgust from the crowd that would follow;
A phantom that glows with a treacherous gleam;
Those scenes are as false, and its pleasures as hollow,
As bubbles that rise on the breast of a stream.

Our home! nestled here, where the dews of Iowa
Have crimsoned its roses, and kindled its vine;
To love and admire, we have only to know thee,
And taste of the pleasures unalterably thine.

WAIT, FATHER, WAIT!

BY MRS. NELLIE S. MATTHEWS.

WAIT for the weary heart,
So long and sore oppress;
Wait for the weary soul,
That longs for peace and rest.

Wait for the sunken eyes,
That have no power to weep;
Wait for the worried brain,
That fain would rest in sleep.

Wait for the tired hands,
That now have done their best;
Wait for the wandering feet,
That long have found no rest.

Wait, oh, my Father, wait!
And hear my piteous cry;
Oh! take me to thy home,
To live for Thee on high.

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THE TRAGEDY OF A QUIET LIFE.

BY MISS F. HODGSON, AUTHOR OF "KATHLEEN'S LOVE-STORY."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 255.

CHAPTER V.

LADY STRATHSPEY sat in one of the parlors of the Coombe with a faint shadow of anxiety on her handsome, well-preserved features. She had just returned from church with her son and their visitor, and she was pondering, one might have fancied from her expression, upon a subject which caused her some misgivings. She was a worldly woman, this Lady Strathspey, but at her eoldest and worldliest, she was never a hard-hearted one; and for the last few weeks something of distrust had been creeping over her before perfect contentment. It was a shade deeper than usual this morning, and it showed itself in her handsome eyes, and in her handsome Strathspey face, with its patrician Saxon features, and at last it reached the surface.

"Did yeu notice little Miss Renfrew this morning, Gwendoline?" she asked.

Gwendoline was interested at once. She always did notice little Miss Renfrew, and had always noticed her from the first; the brown-eyed face of the rector's daughter had touched her heart the morning she had caught sight of it under the plain little straw hat in the square pew, and she had a girlish sympathy for it.

"Yes," she answered. "How pale she was, Lady Strathspey. She looked positively ill, I thought, poor little creature."

"She looked *very* ill," said her ladyship, decidedly, the shadow deepening upon her countenance. "I must go and see her."

She had been watching the rector's daughter keenly during the last month or so, and the result of her scrutiny was not a very satisfactory one. Naturally, she had told herself, the girlish face would lose something of its brightness under the dispelling of this first romance. She had seen girls grow pale before now, when an unpractical fancy had been overruled by wiser and moro matronly heads; but in her experience the fancy had always died away in no great length of time, and in the end its death had come to be regarded as a natural and fortunate result. But here was something new—something new enough to trouble her. The shadowy sadness in the girl's face was deeper than she cared to see; and there was nothing of the atmosphere of girlish sentiment about it which, in most cases, with its slight tinge of love-lorn ludicrousness, generally counteracts the outsider's natural sympathy. In their drives they often met her carrying the little basket and the well-worn Bible which her pensioners knew so well; and she always returned their greeting with the sweet gravity which was naturally her own; but the faint pallor was a faint one no longer, and the slender figure looked a thought more slender; and as the summer advanced, Lady Strathspey found herself feeling strangely anxious.

She was not a hard-hearted woman, as I have said, in spite of her very natural weaknesses, and Prue had always possessed a great attraction for her. She had liked her simple, innocent ways, and had warmly admired the unfailing sweetness which made the girl such a favorite with the poorer class. Her child-like faithfulness to her duty had touched her ladyship's heart, and her constant care and affection for her father had often drawn a sigh from her in its contrast with her own idol's amiable indifference. In fact, she had come as near cherishing a sort of well-trained affection for her as was in accordance with her nature.

This morning she had been almost startled, the face under the little straw hat had looked so worn, and, contrasted with the great dark eyes, so strange in its pure pallor. Was it possible that the consequences of her discreet diplomacy were to be more serious than she had imagined. Of course, she could not have acted otherwise than she had done under the circumstances, but she did not like to encounter such a probability.

Accordingly, the next day found her full of her resolution of paying a visit to the Rectory.

"If there is really as much harm done as I can't help fearing," she said to herself, as she entered the carriage, "I may possibly repair it somewhat by sending Angus away. Girls always forget in time, and absence will work wonders."

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She did not find either Prue or the rector at home, but as there was some probability that their absence would not be a long one, she decided to wait a short time. Marjory was there at least, and might possibly serve her purpose even better than any one else, and in some sort she did.

But Marjory was not fond of Lady Strathspey at the best of times, and she was less partial to her than ever in these days. She was quick enough, in her Scotch shrewdness, to understand that the delicate, immaculately-gloved hand, which rested on the table as her visitor talked to her, had not been wholly idle in the final turn of the game, and the knowledge did not detract from her naturally uncompromising manner. She had watched every new shade of pallor on the pretty, quiet face she had held against her faithful bosom in its babyhood; she had understood the dreamy listlessness which had settled upon it, and she had understood, also, what its beginning had been, and where its end would drift to. So she did not prove very sparing, as she thought over the matter, and replied to her visitor's well-bred sympathetic questions.

"I was sorry to see that your young mistress did not look very well yesterday, Marjory," her ladyship said, at length.

"She was na weel, my leddy," answered Marjory, unbendingly. "I canna say she often is weel now, puir young thing!"

"I hope it is nothing serious," said Lady Strathspey. "I should be sorry to believe that. Miss Renfrew is a dear little thing, and we cannot afford to lose her."

"Her father canna afford to lose her, my leddy," Marjory replied, with an uncompromising face; "but if she dinna mend, I'm e'en of the mind he will. Her mither lies in the kirk-yard. She was na much aulder than Prue, an' she was happy wi' the man she luved. There's a taint o' consumption in the Renfrew bluid, your leddyship, and sorrow aye helps it to its work."

The immaculately-gloved hand was drawn from the table with a slight start.

"You surely do not mean it is so bad as that," her ladyship exclaimed.

"I mean naething else," returned Marjory, sternly. "Prue Renfrew's heart is broken, your leddyship, and Angus, Laird Strathspey, has broken it. I'm but a puir body, but I speak my mind in that."

There was no use in diplomacy now. This straightforward, strong Scotchwoman, a hireling as she was, had gone to the point at once, and her ladyship was fain to follow. She had not intended doing so, it is true, but she was a sensible woman, her pride to the contrary, and since her difficulty had faced her, she met it in a matter-of-fact way

She waved her gloved hand to Margory with quiet decision.

"Sit down," she said, practically. "I am anxious to talk to you about that. I have feared this before."

"I can stan' as weel, my leddy," was the good woman's dry reply; so her visitor was obliged to pursue her conversation, looking up at the square figure and square face as her listener stood before her.

"I have feared this," she said again. "I have feared it from the first, and I tried to prevent it. How long has it been going on?"

"From the first week that Lord Strathspey came to Coombe-Ashley," grimly "He wasted no time."

"And you think that this is the cause of your young lady's illness?"

"I did na say I thought it was."

"You are sure, then," said Lady Strathspey, a trifle impatiently. "I regret to hear it—extremely; but I hope you are mistaken in supposing the consequences to be so serious. It is very natural you should be anxious. I am anxious myself. My son has acted imprudently, of course; but men are not apt to be cautious. I only see one way out of the difficulty. He has thought of returning to London with Miss Framley—and I dare say that it is best that he should do so. I shall certainly encourage the idea, and after that we can only hope for the best. Miss Renfrew is very young, and I have no doubt she will get over it." (Observe, my readers, that her ladyship was not exempt from the popular belief that grief may be got over.)

Still, in spite of this belief, her face was not quite clear when her call had ended, and the footman closed her carriage-door upon her. The square, uncompromising form and dry voice had shaken her self-possession somewhat, though she did not deign to acknowledge it.

She sent for her son shortly after reaching the Coombe, and he came to her morning-room to find her standing by the low, marble mantel-piece, resting a full, shapely arm upon it, and looking both disturbed and annoyed.

To tell the truth, her ladyship had had a love affair herself a score of years ago or so—a very romantic love affair, with a handsome, empty-pocketed, titleless "detrimental," who, but for discreet maternal interposition, might

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have carried the day; and, though this love affair ended as most of such romances do, she had still a recollection of its ephemeral sadness, which softened her heart toward this girl, who was undergoing a like experience.

She turned her head slightly as Strathspey came in, and motioned him to a chair.

"I want to talk to you, Angus," she said. "Sit down, if you please."

He threw himself in a chair, carelessly, in his usual indolent, yet graceful, fashion. It was characteristic of the man that he could not look ungraceful.

"Gwendoline is alone," he said, half smiling. "You will excuse me for mentioning it."

But her ladyship did not smile.

"I want to speak seriously to you," she began. "I am rather anxious this morning—— I have been to the Rectory."

He looked up, coloring a little.

"I—don't understand you," he said, a trifle confusedly.

"I ask pardon for contradicting you, Angus," said her ladyship, dryly, "but I think you do. There is no need for attempting to ignore this matter now. It has gone too far. You have done an absurd thing, and its consequences are more serious than you anticipated."

His color deepened almost to scarlet.

"Is that what your visit to the Rectory has taught you?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered. "I have been watching the affair for weeks, and this morning I went to the Rectory to inquire into it, as well as I could. No one was at home but the old servant, (rather a presuming old creature, by the way, faithful as she is,) and I discovered that my fears were not groundless. The girl's health is suffering. Of course, it is out of the question to suppose that you could have married her, Angus—and you were fully cognizant of it. Why did you not take my advice. She was a good little thing, and contented and happy enough before."

His thoughts went back to the innocent, brown eyes, which had been upraised to his that first morning on the hill-side, and he flung himself from his seat, and came to the mantel with a gloomy expression.

"If it were not for Gwendoline, I would marry her now," he said, half savagely "I have made a rascal of myself, I admit, but I was bored into it. Confound Coombe-Ashley!"

"If it were not for Gwendoline you would do no such thing," said his mother, with a clear decisiveness. "There is one thing you can do, however. You can go away. I am sorry for the girl, and I blame you strongly. If a woman had committed herself in the manner you have done, the whole world would have been up in arms at her reckless folly. I don't want any scandal to arise; and I think it would be better for all parties concerned, if you returned to London with Gwendoline. Girls outlive these sort of things; and I have no doubt this one will overcome herself in time."

It was an easy way out of a difficulty, certainly, and not an unpleasant one. Even Coombe-Ashley had been rendered bearable with Gwendoline Framley's assistance, and surely London would be worth the trying at her side. She had overruled his fickle fancy for the rector's daughter; she had, now and then, almost overruled his remembrance of her; so he found it not so difficult a matter to persuade himself that his mother was right in saying that Prue would live her girlish trouble down. Besides, he was in earnest now, and was desirous of having his fate decided.

"I am ready to go as soon as Gwendoline is," he said. "If I have been a fool, I am sorry for it."

"So am I," returned Lady Strathspey, consisely. "Gwendoline returns next week, and though decency will compel you to pay a farewell visit to the Rectory, I trust you will not be guilty of any greater indiscretion. I wish to heaven, Angus," with a sudden touch of woman's passion in her voice which startled him, "I wish to heavens your foolishness had been more honorable and less cruel."

He made no reply—he had nothing to say; so he only lingered for a few minutes, and then returned to the dining-room, and there, for the time, the matter rested. But, wisely as her ladyship had disposed of it, it is quite likely that she had not overrated its seriousness, on the contrary, she had somewhat underrated it.

From the night when Prue had fainted at the kitchen-door a change had been slowly creeping over her. She thought at first that it would not be easy to go back to the quiet she had left in the past; but, in the course of time, exporience taught her that it was impossible. The simple contentment which had made her happiness was lost forever. The freshness was gone, the untried peace was gone. The days which had been scarcely long enough to contain her tender dreams, now the dreams had fallen into ashes, grew weary and intolerable. If she had known more of the world, if she had been less ignorant of sorrow, the blow she had received would not have been

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such a heavy one; but, waking suddenly to the reality, she was strangely helpless, and a blight fell upon her which she could not overcome. There was not an atom of weak sentiment about it, and her hidden trouble only showed itself in the new, soft pallor, and an added quietness in her life; but in spite of herself its shadow grew upon her every day.

Her poor pensioners upon the hill-sides and in the village began to wonder in the something they had lost in the fresh voice and sweet smile; and some of the more observing began to whisper among themselves their kindly sorrow for her. The little basket was not so easy to carry, she found at last; and the rough, sturdy, bare-legged "bairns" fell into the habit of carrying it for her, trotting along at her side silently, and yet in all the intensity of their wild shyness, casting wistful glances at her quiet, white, young face.

But no one knew the truth so well as Marjory. In her first sudden weakness Prue had rested in the strong arms, and let her faithful old friend guess at her story without any effort at concealment.

"I knew so little," she faltered out in the end; "and I thought he loved me. I scarcely know why—he never said so; but once he—he kissed me. It wasn't his fault, Marjory," with weary quietness. "How could he love me? It was mine, because I was weak and foolish, and knew so little."

It seemed to be her greatest fear that her father would learn how heavy her trouble really was, and she strove against it day after day, in her efforts to conceal it from him. She tried to hide the listlessness which had come upon her; and she tried to counterfeit her former cheerful girlishness and content; but even he would waken from his reveries now and then, or look up from his work to see what Marjory saw so often, the faint lines on the white forehead, and the tired brown eyes fixed far away. He tried to convince himself at first that it would wear away in time, and held his fears within his own bosom, forbearing to speak of them; but at last the change in her was so great that it forced itself upon him with a foreboding as new as terrible.

But good, stern old Marjory had not been deceived from the beginning. She watched the girl from morning until night. She saw as no one else did, the slender little figure growing more slender, and the slight young hands slighter, even though the change was an almost imperceptible one. The tragedy, quiet as it was, had been a tragedy to her honest heart from its first scene, and the dread which had fallen upon her master had grown upon her hourly, with a sorrowful fresh recollection of how she had watched her nurseling's fair young mother fade away from them like a broken flower.

CHAPTER VI.

And, in the meantime, at the Coombe, as far as mere plans may be regarded, Lady Strathspey's plan prospered. Certainly her son threw no obstacles in their way. He was getting tired of Coombe-Ashley, and, besides, was not so comfortable there as he had been, for now and then a whisper of the wrong he had wrought came to him. Of course, outsiders did not understand that he had been to blame, but they discussed the matter, notwithstanding. It was "the taint o' consumption in the Renfrew bluid," Prue's friends said, sadly; and in their mourning over it, in their poor homes, it became the common talk that "the puir, bonny young thing was following her mither!"

It was not easy to realize, and Strathspey did not realize it, but it troubled him vaguely, nevertheless. He had never missed seeing the slight figure in the rectory-pew, and though the change which had come over the face beneath the plain little straw hat had startled him once or twice, he had still a belief in his mother's doctrine, that she would "get over it." Still he was not sorry when the time drew near for his departure; it would be better, of course, and more agreeable.

He rather dreaded the farewell call, however. He was like many other men, in his fear of awkward situations—and decidedly this was a somewhat awkward one. If it had been avoidable, it certainly would have been avoided; but, since it was not, it was necessary to face it with as good a grace as possible.

He was not sorry to find the rector absent when he made his visit—possibly the absence was somewhat of a relief to him.

There were many men with whom he would not have been reluctant to have exchanged places as he waited in the old-fashioned, many-cornered parlor for Prue's coming. So thoroughly impressible was he, and so utterly controlled by circumstances, that I think, if it had not been for Gwendoline Framley, he might have been overruled even then—but it would only have been by the force of circumstances after all.

But Prue came at last, and his first glance at her almost shocked him, the change which had slowly crept upon her was really so great

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a one. He had not known its full extent before, and he was startled by the slenderness of the hand she offered him, and by the pure, colorless look of her face.

Was it possible that she would not "get over it," after all? Careless as he was, he could not control a swift pang of remorseful fear at the thought. She knew why he had come. She had heard the rumor of his intended departure, and she understood that this was to be the end of her dream. Her pulse was fluttering wildly, and the blood at her heart beat with a heavy throb; but she was not an ignorant girl now, her experience had forced her into womanhood, and she had learned at length to see what the graceful, idle game had meant. He had done her the bitterest wrong a man can do a woman, and he was trying to ignore it. But it was not so easily ignored. Remembering the past, it was somewhat difficult to appear at ease, though he made an effort at it.

He had come to bid her a hurried good-by, he told her, after the first commonplace had been spoken. Circumstances had rendered it necessary that he should leave Coombe-Ashley, and, of course, he could not go without making his adieus to herself and Mr. Renfrew. He was anxious to get it over, and tried to speak easily; but he could not help being conscious that his attempt was a failure, and he could not resist the sense of discomfort which overpowered him. How would she take it.

She met it very quietly. The sharp sting of the blow had passed away, and only the dull, dead bruise remained, and there was something like a touch of simple dignity in her girlish manner. The shadow of dawning womanhood in her still sad eyes would not have been a pleasant thing for the least impressible of men to have upon his conscience. In someway it touched this man's shallow soul, in its contrast with the old untried freshness which had charmed him so, and it needed a greater effort than ever to utter graceful commonplaces with the slender figure standing quietly before him, and the quiet young face a little averted from his gaze.

His visit had been a very pleasant one, he said to her again, but he was a little tired of rustication, and was unlike herself, in the respect of being necessary to Coombe-Ashley's happiness.

He did not remain very long, and said but little more—he had little more to say. He could not overcome the awkwardness of his position, and he found it becoming more awkward every moment.

He left Coombe-Ashley in her care, he added, finally, trying to speak lightly; he was sure it was in good hands, and he thanked her for the assistance she had rendered him. But it was a wretched mockery of ease, so wretched a one that he bade her good-by with an intense feeling of relief, and she—— Well, she saw him leave the room with a consciousness that she could not have borne the ordeal longer.

She stood at the window, and watched him down the road when he had left her—and her watching had a strange, dead despair in it. It was hard to believe that he was gone at last—gone so calmly and so carelessly. She scarcely realized until now that she had looked forward to this farewell with an undefined fancy that there would be something terrible in it, that it could not pass over with the dull quiet which had grown upon her. It seemed that a great passionate pang would almost have been a relief after this slow, helpless death of her happiness, the dull dying out of all hope. Ah! my reader, these quiet, commonplace tragedies are the constant dropping which wears away the stone. But it was gone, and it was over, and the bruise was more dangerous than a stab would have been, for its dullness was the sick pain which means death.

She slipped into her old favorite seat almost unconsciously, and sat there looking out at the sunshine in a moveless silence, and when her father returned, he found her sitting there still, though the sun had gone down, and evening was setting in. Marjory had opened the door for him, and in her quaint bitterness had told him of the visit.

"He has been, master—this braw Strathspey," she had said. "He came to bid her gude-by, and she has been sitting her' 'lane ever sin'."

He went to her with a heavy heart, and when he came to her side, she looked up, and their eyes met in a swift, saddened understanding.

There was a little silence, in which he laid his hand upon her hair, as he always did, with that pitying, caressing touch, and then he spoke to her.

"He has gone, Prue?" he questioned, in a low voice.

"Yes," she answered.

"And it is all over?"

"Yes."

He touched the brown hair even more tenderly than before, she was so dear to him in her girlish trouble.

"We will try to forget it together, my bairn," he said. "We were very happy in the old

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life—you and I; and we will try to be happy again."

Prue looked out into the darkening garden with a slow heart-throb. Were they really going back? Could she ever go back to the old peace? The answer did not come to her clearly, though a shadow of it passed through her mind with a remembrance that it was a shadow not entirely new.

She did not speak of it then, but it was upon her, nevertheless, it had been upon her before; and as the days passed on, its shadow grew deeper, and she began to recognize it more clearly.

When Strathspey was gone, their lives slipped back into the old groove. The rector returned to his labors with a feeling of relief, Prue to her quiet work; and Lady Strathspey began to congratulate herself that her charitable plan had been a success. This little Miss Renfrew would forget her fancy, as other girls had done.

But, perhaps, she did not quite understand the matter rightly. The girls who had "got over it" had not been made of the same material as Prue Renfrew, and their lives had held more of excitement to distract their attention from their grief. Prue stood alone. She had wondered, and dreamed, and faltered, and now the end had come, and there was nothing else left to her. This brief, sweet love-story, which to other women would have seemed so trifling, had revealed to her ignorance a world of delicious happiness. There was nothing more to dream of, nothing to believe in, nothing to trust. Often, at night, she wakened, wondering strangely what the coming day would bring, or if each day would pass on as the last had done, until her life was ended. Once or twice she had found herself flinging up her hands in the darkness, and panting in a wild, sudden tremor of pain and terror at the dull apathy which was creeping over her. Marjory looked up now oftener than ever to see her darling dreamily silent, with the faint lines on her forehead, and the shadow in her eyes. She awakened from such reveries, generally, with a start, and then the quiet listlessness came upon her again. But once she did not awaken, and when Marjory touched her, she slipped into her arms, still and white, just as she had slipped into her arms the night when her tragedy had first dawned upon her fully, and when she returned to consciousness again, the secret she had hidden in her girlish breast so long, revealed itself for the first time.

"Marjory," she whispered, clinging to the broad shoulder, "Marjory, I think I am going to die."

She had never spoken so before; she had never let them dream that she felt her quiet sorrow could led to such an end; but Marjory had known it, and now the good old creature broke down utterly.

"For the Gude Lord's sake, Miss Prue," she cried, "dinna say that, bairn! For the Gude Lord's sake, think o' your father!"

But she had thought of her father often enough, with a sad wonder as to who would take her place, if such an ending really came. The shadow had become more than a shadow, and she had begun to feel that this end was coming, however slowly, and had looked forward to it with a listless recognizance of its reality, but she had never mentioned it before.

The two months that followed were a terrible two months to Marjory, and as the new consciousness grew more strongly upon him, they were a terrible two months to her master, too. His pretty, brown-eyed Prue—this "one ewed lamb!" It could not be. He battled against her fears with all his stern strength; he tried to ignore it, and then one glance at the slender little hands, with their sadly lighter touch; one look at the fair, pure face, and his courage would fail him. Before the summer had ended the quiet, slight figure was often absent from the square pew, and he was learning to understand that the girlish romance was proving itself a tragedy in truth. Even her pensioners had begun to miss her, and in the end Marjory came to her master, one morning, and poured forth her long silent grief.

She had just left Prue lying, as she often did of late, upon a lounge in the parlor, and her last glimpse of the pale face, with its half-closed eyes, had been too much for her.

"She is dying, master," she cried, with sad brevity. "I canna let your een be linger shut. She was but a bairn after a', and her heart is e'n broken, and neither you nor I can save her."

He rose from his place a strinken man. He did not speak. He went to the room where the girl lay, and there the full force of the truth burst upon him, crushing every hope he had cherished.

He knelt at her side, and took her hand in his, stricken to the heart by his recognition of how frail it had grown; and when he did so, she opened her eyes and looked up at him.

"Prue," he faltered. "My bairn, what is this?"

She knew what he meant, but her old fear

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for his pain seemed to be lost in something deeper and more solemn.

"Don't you understand?" she whispered, with a strange flutter in her voice. "I am going to die."

He gave one look at the brown, shadowy eyes, and then the full sense of the loss which would be his opened to him.

"I cannot believe it, Prue," he cried. "I cannot believe it!"

"It is true," she said, with great weariness, scarcely as though she had heard him. "It was true from the first. You did not quite understand it, you know; but it was true."

It was useless to tell him that now, for he could read the truth for himself. The face which lay upon the cushion was the face of her dying mother—he knew the look too well; but she had not faded and died with a blight on her young life.

Now, my reader, I daresay I shall surprise you, perhaps, if you are practical persons, which is very likely, and excite your practical contempt, when I tell you that this girl, with her quiet little sentimental, every-day tragedy, did die, in truth—died quietly, but sadly enough, perhaps, in the eyes of unpractical people, of what we sometimes hear called a broken-heart. A commonplace cause for such an uncommonplace death, you think; but the love of this Scottish rector's ignorant young daughter had been her life—and her love was dead; and, perhaps, such deaths are not so uncommon as we fancy. Perhaps the unromantic hearts, whose unromantic beatings are sometimes stilled—the homely hearts of homely men and women—are oftner stilled by some quiet tragedy, than we, who know so much in our great and practical reason, would ever dream of.

But however that is, I must end my tragedy as it ended on the stage of the quiet life.

Prue Renfrew died—died because her young life was blighted; and being only a girl since it seemed to her girlish weakness that life's burden was too hard to bear, she laid it down. This is one view of the case; but there is another—that He, who, pitiful to all, laid His great hand upon the girlish heart, and lightened the burden with a touch.

Only a few weeks more and, one morning, Lady Strathspey's carriage stopped at the Rectory garden-gate, and her ladyship stepped out, with a deeper anxiousness on her pale, handsome face than had ever softened its haughtiness before.

Marjory opened the door for her, as usual; but there was something softened even in Marjory's stern, tear-stained face, as she led the way to the little white bed-room, upstairs, now darkened by closed blinds, and faintly sweet with the odor of flowers.

The rector stood at the bedside, looking down at the fair young face upon the pillow, and after her first startled glance at this young face, her ladyship turned to him.

"I did not dream of this!" she said. "I never dreamed of this! She is dying!"

He touched the strengthless little hand upon the coverlet, and bowed his head with the broken majesty of a stricken man.

"My 'one ewe lamb,' my lady," he said; "and she is dying."

The woman could not speak. If she had not murdered this girl, she had at least helped her to her death in spite of her tardy caution, and in the first passion of her womanly pity, I think it possible that she saw her idol as she had never seen him before.

She went home and wrote him a passionate, earnest letter, full of a remorse which struck him to the soul when it reached him. In her recognition of what his trifling and her own worldliness had done, she could not be bitter and passionate enough. It might be that circumstances ruled her as they ruled her son; it might be that her remorse was a feeling of the moment, and would pass away; but, certainly, it ruled her and wrung her bitterly in this hour.

"Return at once," she wrote in the end. "She may even die before you reach us; and if she should open her dying eyes and ask for you, (the dying often have such fancies, they tell me,) and you were not there, Angus, I should *never* forgive you."

And so he came, pale and wretched, and shaken with such a remorse as such a man can feel; an ephemeral pang enough, but still a pang, and a keen one. In the moment when at last he stood in the little darkened bedroom, he would have given even the words he had heard Gwendoline Framley speak a few days before, to bring the untried freshness back again, and undo the wrong of his trifling. She had not asked for him, she had scarcely spoken, unless a few tender words to her father, in her sweet, broken voice. Sometimes she seemed quite unconscious, and when he entered, she was lying quietly with the little brown Bible clasped in her hand. She had asked for it in the night, and her father had brought it to her. They were all waiting for the end then, and they knew that it was drawing very near.

To Strathspey it seemed that he had stood

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silent by the bedside for hours. He had watched the white face upon the pillow until it seemed to have melted away, and left him standing in the darkness.

But at last she moved faintly, and a hush fell upon them even deeper than before. Her father raised her hand and stood moveless, and the next moment the great, innocent brown eyes opened full and suddenly.

It seemed as if she had lost all of earth but one memory; it seemed as if she had forgotten all the rest, and this one memory held a strange mysterious power.

The end had come.

She moved a little, just a little, with the faint movement of a wearied child, and then the brown eyes fell upon Strathspey as if he had never left her side.

"You kissed me once, my lord," she said, slowly, with the soft, strange flutter in her voice. "You kissed me once, and you forgot it; but I—I could not." And then the brown eyes darkened suddenly and fell, and then—— Ah! what then? Only those who have gone before can tell us, for with the closing of her eyes the curtain fell upon the stage again—the tragedy was played to its ending.

The rector bent over gently, there was no tear in his eyes, no tremor on his dark, stern face, and took the little, well-worn Bible from her hand—the little, well-worn Bible they all knew so well—and as he took it, a brown, faded, scentless sprig of mignonette fell from its pages, and fluttered to Strathspey's feet.

They buried her in the old church-yard, close by her mother's side; and the purple heather grew about her, and the bells swung in the old tower, and chimed above. From his pulpit the rector could turn, and looking out of the gothic windows, see the little mound, with the cross of marble at its head. He himself it was who stood, when the grave was open, and read the sublime words over the slender coffin, "I am the resurrection and the life;" and he, turning his steps homeward to the brown, gabled rectory, remembered desolately how the brown-eyed, girlish face had always greeted him. But for the rest. Shall I say that she was remembered after the first pang was over, and the world had gone back to its accustomed groove? Shall I say that she was forgotten? Nay, keeping before you this man, of whom there are hundreds such, I leave you to answer for yourself.

The curtain has fallen, and my tragedy has ended.

THE FUTURE

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

The Future sits, all grim and stern,
By her locked coffers, nor will ope;
In vain we strive to glance within,
In vain we ask one word of hope.

But all unmoved the warder dark,
If loss or gain for us be hid,
'Till comes the fated day and hour,
She will not raise the iron lid.

Ah, me! my brow hath often bled
Beneath the twisted, thorny crown;
Not mine the ruddy wreath of rose,
Nor prouder laurel of renown.

Nor I the darling child of wealth,
Or heir to high and stately line,
Obsequious servants waiting near,
And the sweet breath of homage mine.

Grim Future, keep thy treasure then,
It matters not when you unlock;
I do not hope for one bright joy,
And I am used to sorrow's shock.

GOING HOME.

BY MRS. P. C. DOLE.

Sing sweetest notes, oh, Summer wind!
Bend, skies of rarest blue!
I go beyond the sea to find,
The loyal and the true.
Glide, bonnie bark, light as a bird,
O'er billows flushed with foam!
For all my heart with joy is stirred,
With thoughts of friends and home.

God grant I find no vacant place,
Within my cottage wall!
God grant I find no weary face,
Where shadows darkly fall!
Lift high, oh, waves, and speed me o'er!
Blow breezes wild and free!
I'm hastening to my native shore—
To love and liberty.

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THEIR ELDER SISTER.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

A DULL, gray, November afternoon, though not without a certain beauty of its own, provided one was content to do with it, as certain people have to, where their lives are concerned, put up with the lack of brightness and warmth.

Margaret Tisdale was not in a mood to be patient either with the day or her existence; yet she knew well enough that rebellion in the one case was just as vain and foolish as in the other. She sat at the window, and stared absently away over the acres of wood and meadow-land, with the lake, which, in summer, was so beautiful, lying a black, sullen pool, in the middle distance, and compared the gloom and desolation to that of her life, and was morbid and dismal, as befits a woman about whom one takes the trouble to write a romance.

Not that there had been any in Margaret's experience, and it was chief among her causes of offence with fate. The old Hecate had cheated her out of the inheritance rightfully belonging to every young heart, and now youth was going from her, indeed was gone, according to the verdict of her sisters, and all other girls in their teens, who, of course, ruled society in the neighborhood. Margaret gave in to their opinion without dispute, and knew that it was not probable destiny should prove kinder, now she was twenty-eight, than the grim dame had done any time during the past ten years.

Twenty-eight! It was an immense age to all those pretty, bright, noisy, conceited seventeen-year-old damsels about her; a regular monument of the past she looked in the eyes of the youths of twenty-two who fluttered about the girls. It was partly her own fault, no doubt, that she was regarded as so entirely out of the question, where any of the privileges of youth were concerned. From the time she was sixteen, when her mother died, she had taken the family cares on her shoulders, and, as there were three small girls among them, you may be sure her position was no sinecure. The father was a helpless, hopeless, aggravating hypochondriac, who had nursed his small ailments, and magnified his imaginary ones, until he was fitter for a mad-house than any other place of residence. Of course, as the younger girls grew up, they avoided him, for they developed a good deal of his own selfishness; but Margaret never shrunk from her duties there any more than in other instances.

Don't think I am putting this woman before you as a model of impossible perfection. She was often discontented and weary, and inclined to be bad tempered and wicked; but, on the whole, she had done a great deal of good, in an entirely unconscious way. I only tell you all this that you may understand how it was everybody about her had been led to regard her as wholly sunk in the depths of old-maidism, and how it was that she accepted the dictum quite as a settled matter.

Sometimes, to-day for instance, she was in a rebellious frame of mind with fate. She was not very well this morning. Her father had been seized in the night with an idea that if he shut his mouth he should never be able to open it, and would not rest till she came and sat by his bed, to be sure he did not die with lock-jaw. So she sat and read a misanthropic novel, and the influence of that, and the dark, depressing day, made her inclined to utter her little private moan, for which, indeed, I should not have the heart to blame her.

There was now a rather large circle of young people for a country neighborhood; but when Margaret was eighteen, there had been no society to speak of, except that of elderly, married people, given to heavy dinners and similar amusements. Perhaps that helped to make her feel ancient, since when she did go out she was thrown among those so much older than herself, and nobody seemed to remember that she was not sixty as well as the rest.

Nobody remembered anything where she was concerned — never had — did not now! She caught herself saying this half aloud, and the sound of her own voice roused her from her unaccustomed idle revery. The room was already growing dusky with twilight. Margaret was really shocked to find how much time she had wasted. She heard the sound of voices in the hall, laughter, and girlish talk; her sisters, and a couple of young lady friends who were spending a few days with them.

It was almost dinner-time, and she not dressed! Margaret felt more ashamed than most people would at having committed some

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grave error. She drew the curtains to shut out the weird, mysterious twilight, that had an almost irresistible fascination for her, lighted the lamps, and proceeded to get herself ready with all speed. It was only exchanging a quakerish worsted dress for a quakerish one of silk. She had got in the habit insensibly of arraying herself so; old Mrs. Denham, somewhere about seventy, was Margaret's dearest friend, and wore such tints. A bit of bright color, some curls, floating ribbons, or other nameless fal-lals, would have brightened her out of at least ten years; whereas, this method of dressing added at least fifteen.

Then dinner. The girls were all in great spirits; a sort of cousin, Jeff Amory, had come up from town, and a brother of one of the guests, so the masculine element was represented, and they were all the style of young women who needed that to arouse them into full life and gayety.

Old Mr. Tisdale was still in one of his doleful fits, and did not appear at dinner. Indeed, he almost never did, having a whim that he ought to dine early. Perhaps I could not give you a better idea of the three young girls than to tell you they had steadily overruled Margaret and their father in this, and dinner was always at half-past six.

So now the chatter-patter, went on ceaselessly. The whole party treated Margaret very much after the fashion in which youthful Americans treat people old enough to be their grandmothers—that is, with a carelessness amounting to disrespect and rudeness, for which one longs soundly to box their ears.

They were talking a great deal about some man who was staying with the Lindsays; Margaret recollected to have heard his name before, but she had not met him. Owing to the state her father had been in for the past fortnight, she had been unable to go out. The girls by no means considered a chaperon necessary, and showed it so plainly, that Margaret had gradually gone less and less with them. To be sure there were three, for Elsie at fifteen had no idea of being kept at home. The society was made up almost altogether of old friends, so Margaret decided that she need not be so rigid in her old-fashioned ideas, and as it was not a particularly agreeable thing to be doomed to wist with old Capt. Parnell for a partner, or to sit unnoticed in a corner, she found home and a book by no means an unpleasant exchange.

It so happened that, during the following week, Margaret heard very frequently of Mr. Stuart Redwood, but they did not meet. Mrs. Lindsay brought him to the house one day, but Margaret chanced to have driven out with her father. She was rather glad to miss the young man, though, as she reflected, he was not likely to pay much attention to her. She did not even get the attention that some elder sisters or aunts do from youths who wish to make a fair field for themselves. Margaret's visitors made it always very evident that their elder sister did not in the least influence their likes or dislikes.

But this Mr. Redwood. When we hear a person much talked about, we all of us form some sort of mental image of the individual, and Margaret had an ideal Mr. Redwood in her mind. He was about four-and-twenty, blonde, and pale, and rather conceited, with a dashing manner, and fonder of a galop than anything else mundane.

But she was to see him at last. Mrs. Lindsay gave one of her famous balls, and warned Margaret that she would hear of no refusal. Margaret made ready to go, more to oblige her old friend, than because she expected to derive much pleasure from watching other people's enjoyment. That was about all the excitement such scenes brought in her way.

Mr. Redwood, of course, had heard enough of Miss Tisdale, at least to form in his turn some sort of mental photograph, and this is what it was like. A comfortable, stout woman, between forty and fifty, good-natured, and a bustling, active housekeeper. It would have puzzled him to say how he got the idea. Mrs. Lindsay always spoke of her as her dear friend, which made him assume that she was elderly; however, he had the idea, which is all that is important.

The ball proved a success; a large party came up from town; and the great old-fashioned rooms were completely filled, without being crowded.

Mr. Redwood did his duty among the dancing young ladies, and was particularly attentive to the three Tisdale girls, who were all looking as pretty as possible, and in the most outrageously high spirits. To each in turn Margaret had tried to whisper a word of counsel, and had received three sweet responses, which showed the uselessness of going on with any advice.

"Don't be spiteful because I am young," Louise had said.

"What an old-fashioned guy you are," had been the observation of Caroline, aged seventeen.

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"Don't bother, else we'll have a row," Miss Elsie had declared, with the utmost frankness and composure.

So, aware from experience that watching would only have a bad effect, Margaret went away into another room. There was one thing: the girls would behave as well as the generality of those of their age, if that was any consolation.

"These elder sisters are as bad as stepmothers," Louise said to Redwood, as he came up to claim her hand for a waltz. It was not a pretty speech; but she looked so pretty and arch, and rebellious, that it did not sound as it does in chill black and white.

"Is your's here to night?" Redwood asked.

"Oh, dear, yes! She has just been lecturing me! I suppose I'm a great trial to her."

"I've never been introduced to her yet."

"No? We'll go find her presently; there she is, by the folding-doors."

Louise did not look up, being busy with her flounces. Redwood glanced toward the place indicated. There stood a stout body of forty-five, with a rather nagging expression of countenance.

"Just my idea of her," Redwood thought, and plumed himself on his intuitions.

It happened, however, that Margaret had passed through the folding-doors, and taken refuge in one of the other rooms, some seconds before Redwood looked at the stout woman, and congratulated himself on the correctness with which he could daguerreotype unknown people.

The affair became rather tiresome to Redwood after a while, and he got out of the dancing-room, for a breath of fresh air. He met his hostess as he was crossing the hall. She captured him unceremoniously, and led him into the library, where a few people were playing cards.

A lady was standing by herself, turning over a book of engravings; two or three persons called Mrs. Lindsay at once; she presented Redwood to the lady, and left him to shift for himself. As near as he could make out the name, it was Mrs. Danvers to whom he had been introduced.

"A widow of about twenty-four," he thought. "An odd face; is she pretty?"

Then his eye was caught by her dress. It was black, of some sort of Indian fabric, embroidered with quaint designs in gold thread. Altogether she looked so unlike the other women, that he was attracted, and began to talk in his nicest way, which was very nice.

Suddenly he remembered, and said abruptly "Ought I to have asked you to dance? I'm sure it is entirely your fault. I was so interested that I forgot."

"I suppose you ought," she answered, with a slow smile, which he had already decided was fairly beautiful, only it did not appear often enough.

"Then I hasten to repay my rudeness."

"Only as I don't dance, the attention will be wasted," she continued, and actually laughed a little, showing the edges of such pearly teeth, that Redwood was charmed.

Presently, the stout lady, whom Redwood had looked at for Miss Tisdale, came into the room; but apparently finding nothing to amuse her, departed after a moment's delay.

"She is not in the least like her sisters," Redwood said. "They are all very pretty girls."

"I beg your pardon?" his companion answered, inquiringly.

"Miss Tisdale, the stout spinster, that just went out," replied Redwood.

"Oh, was that Miss Tisdale?" asked she, with a puzzled look.

"Yes; don't you know her?"

"I know Miss Tisdale? Yes."

"It's odd she should be so plain," pursued he. "She looks, too, as if she could nag! I dare say she comes the elder sister with a rather heavy hand, and so makes the young ones more wild than they otherwise would be."

The lady laughed a low, pleasant laugh, but a very provoking one, because he had not the slightest idea what could have caused her merriment.

"Arn't you going to explain the joke?" he asked.

"No; I think not," she answered, and laughed again.

"Upon my word, I shall begin presently to think it is at my expense," he said.

"They say no man ever pardons that," returned she.

"No very young man, perhaps. As we grow older, I think we get less susceptible."

The face he had at first thought so grave, and almost sad, dimpled into smiles, and they made it so pretty, he felt he could forgive her, even if she were laughing at him. Then she began to blush, and look a little confused, so that he thought——

"Why, she can't even be so old as I thought her! Girls of this generation usually forget how to color like that after eighteen."

She was rapidly going into a shy fit he per-

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ceived, so he dropped the subject, and began talking of other matters—the engravings—a trip he had recently made to Mexico. She grew animated, and at ease again, and the mournful eyes lighted up, till he decided that she must have led a very retired life, and that it had been a cold and monotonous one. He was the sort of person who rushed into theories in regard to new acquaintances. He decided that she had been married to a man much older than herself, and had her whole life before her yet, as far as feeling and romance were concerned.

Then he remembered that he had talked a long time with her, and he fancied he saw in her face that she had begun to recollect it also, and that he fancied that he saw, too, she was rather sorry to break off the conversation.

"They are striking up a quadrille," he said. "Even if you don't dance round dances, you might go through that with me."

She rose and took his arm, and, somehow, he felt as if he had won a victory, whether over the dead Danvers or her scruples, he did not particularize. During the dance he saw Miss Louise Tisdale in the next set, and two or three times she looked with great disapproval at his partner. The stout body—the old maid sister, as he called her—he thought stood aloof, and glared too; and though he was not vain or silly, he could not help wondering if they fancied they had a right to be displeased.

After the dance he somehow lost sight of his partner; then Mrs. Lindsay called on him for active duty, and he was so busy for a long time that he had no leisure to search for her.

Then people were going. He could get no sight of her yet. He was giving Miss Louise his arm down stairs, helping her into the carriage, in which Elsie and the stout body were already seated. He heard behind him the voice he remembered so well; turned; the widow had come out with a gentleman.

"Is there room for me?" she asked, laughingly, of Louise.

"I suppose so," returned the young lady, rather sharply.

"Why, get in—get in!" cried the stout body. "Where's Elsie?"

"Oh, I'm here, right enough," answered the damsel's voice. "We're all right; Caroline has gone with cousin Jeff."

"Good-nignt, Mr. Redwood," said the widow, passing him.

"Good-night," repeated Elsie, in her turn. "When are you coming to see us?"

"Does that include your friend?" he asked, making a gesture toward the lady who was entering the carriage.

"Oh, I suppose so. Certainly," she answered; but her cavalier was saying something, and she answered Redwood rather at random.

"She can't be a relative," soliloquized he, as he entered the house. "Well, if she lives with that set, I'm rather sorry for her, that's all."

The next morning at breakfast, he would have asked questions of Mrs. Lindsay, but she was kept in bed by neuralgia, and her sister staid with her, and Redwood, and her bachelor brother, had the meal together.

The morning was long and dull, and at last Redwood ordered a horse, and rode out. He was going nowhere in particular, he took pains to tell himself three times before he got out of the grounds. Then he rode as straight toward Stoneybro', the residence of the Tisdales, as the road would take him.

None of the ladies were at home, except Miss Tisdale, the servant said. Redwood did not quite feel at liberty to ask for Mrs. Danvers. He would go in and encounter the stout party, in hopes to be rewarded by a glimpse of the pretty widow before his visit was ended.

The man showed him into the library; a lady seated at a distant window, rose as he entered. Redwood's short sight could not make her out so far off. They moved toward each other. A voice that made him start, he was so surprised, said,

"Good-morning, Mr. Redwood. I am sorry they are all out or invisible. Perhaps, if you sit down, your patience may be rewarded."

"Indeed, I hardly hoped for the pleasure of seeing you," he replied, as delighted as if he had been twenty instead of thirty-two. "But I thought Miss Elsie said you were staying with them."

She appearad amused, and a little embarrassed. Redwood was charmed, because it brought the brilliant color to her cheek, that made her look so wonderfully youthful and pretty.

"I must beg your pardon," she said. "I left you in error last night. I don't quite know why, only it seemed such an odd joke."

"Yes?" with an inquiring look. "I asked you to explain, if you remember, Mrs. Danvers."

"That's just it," said she, and laughed outright, though looking contrite and ashamed. "The stout lady is Mrs. Danvers. You know the one who came into the library."

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"Yes," he answered, and looked dreadfully puzzled. "Then I must ask to be presented to you," he went on, laughing, and feeling a little awkward.

"Why, of course, I'm the other. I'm the stout party in reality," said she, laughing like a child.

Redwood was nearly comatose with bewilderment.

"I'm very stupid," he said; "but I don't—don't understand a bit."

"I am Miss Tisdale," she replied; and by this time they were both too much delighted with the absurdity of the thing to be embarrassed, and they laughed till a wood-thrush dozing in his cage in the window woke and scolded them finely for disturbing his dreams.

They got on admirably after that, of course; but they only had about half an hour to themselves. Miss Louise, who had been safe in bed (to the great content of the whole household, as she was anything but angelic after a night's dissipation) learned who the caller was, and made her appearance as soon as was consistent with achieving a very pretty toilet. Of course she took the conversation entirely into her own hands, and she looked so pretty in her blue draperies, with their trimmings of soft swansdown, that Margaret's quaker-like attire, to which she had returned, seemed more sombre and old-fashioned than ever.

Redwood went away not exactly pleased with his visit; unconsciously vexed with Louise for looking so young and pretty, and with his fascinating widow of the previous evening, for turning into a badly-dressed spinster of an uncertain age. But in regard to that part of the matter he did not permit himself to be left in doubt, for he asked Mrs. Lindsay the point blank question, and received a truthful answer.

"The girls always speak of her as if she were fifty," said she; "but she's worth all of them put together, and when she won't dress like her grandmother, about the prettiest of the lot."

Redwood had not forgiven her yet for his own blunder, so he talked about Louise, and pleased himself by thinking what a picture she made in her blue dress, and transferred his vague feeling of pique entirely to Margaret.

From this time Redwood was frequently at the house, and the girls met him at numerous parties. Miss Louise chose to consider him her special prey, and warned the others off, and, as they were accustomed to giving way to her, they did not rebel now. Nobody supposed she cared for him, or would marry him, for, if she had a heart, it belonged to Jack Ackroyd, and had gone with him to the West Indies. It disturbed Margaret to think of the trouble the willful girl might bring on this man, but she was powerless; besides, she sometimes wondered, when she saw them together, if he was not quite capable of holding his own.

To her personally he was usually kind and attentive. She told herself it was on Louise's account; but, oddly enough, it always happened when she was becomingly dressed. When at other times she made herself look prim and old, he generally managed to make a quarrel with her on some subject.

The weeks went by. There was no talk yet of Redwood's going away. He was a relative of Mrs. Lindsay's, and had come there to watch the progress of an important law-suit, in which they were both interested. The case had been deferred from time to time, through the interests of the opposing party; but there was little doubt that Redwood's side would gain it if it came to a fair trial. I only mention it to account for his stay in the neighborhood; the results have nothing to do with my story.

At times, during these weeks, Margaret Tisdale found society, going out and having company at home, much more enjoyable than she had ever done in her whole life. Naturally, for she was essentially a shy, reticent woman even with herself, she sought for no reason of this fact, and was content to take such little pleasures as cast a sunny glow over her dull course. But she was forced to think at last, because there were hours of discouragement and keen pain, unlike the languid discontent of the past, and she could no longer blind herself to the cause. Margaret knew that the dream and romance, out of which she used to think fate had cheated, was come to her at length; but she saw plainly enough it could prove only a mocking phantom, taking from her even the power of keeping her life possibly quiet under the monotony.

She was sitting in the library in the twilight reflecting upon these things. From the distance of the drawing-room she could hear the sound of laughter and many voices—her sisters and a group of their friends, Stuart Redwood among them. Nobody missed her, nobody wanted her! She had no part or lot in their pleasures or their thoughts! She was only a dull, timid old maid, good for the useful business of life; good to spare those frivolous girls either trouble or care! Nothing else could come in her way, and she, fool that she

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was, what had she been dreaming during the past six weeks?

Bitter, dreary, painful thoughts, but natural enough; so horribly natural, that, though she knew they were wicked and weak, she could not rouse herself above them.

Then into the gloom and stillness of the great chamber came Stuart Redwood, and Margaret had to get her face and voice into proper seeming and sound, almost as quickly as people do on the stage—a thing we are all obliged to effect scores of times in each year; yet we always laugh at the stage effort as something frightfully unnatural.

Redwood came in at the farther door. She could see him adjust his glass to his near-sighted eyes, and go peering about. He was in search of somebody; not Louise, because Margaret had heard her voice in the drawing-room. Whom then? Straightway something answered her—some dreadful voice away down in her own soul, yet appearing no part of herself. It answered, and she knew whom he sought, and on what errand he had come.

It was to herself; he wanted her counsel and mediation. Worn out and bewildered by Louise's brilliant caprices, he could endure his suspense no longer, so he was coming to the quiet old-maid sister to enlist her sympathy—to learn if he might hold a hope. And she must tell him the truth; hitherto she had kept silence for the sake of peace; but she felt that she had done wrong, and whatever might be Louise's anger, she must tell him as much as she knew of the state of the case. But it might easily be that Louise cared for him—that the old admirer would be thrown over. Yes, it was probably so; the man had come to announce his success.

Somehow, when she thought this, she had more strength than while shivering under the fear that a deadly stab must be dealt his heart, and that her hand was doomed to give the blow.

It seemed ages that she had been yielding to this rush of thought, and watching him absently away down the room, peering into bay windows and recesses, of which the library had an ample supply.

"Mr. Redwood," she called.

He hurried toward her; his face brightened. As he neared her side he dropped his glass. She could see his eyes full of fire and expectancy.

"I was looking for you," he said. "I fancied you were hid in the window; but what I took for you proved to be a pot of roses and a curtain."

"About as real as our notions of our friends," returned she, with a sharp nervous laugh, which did not sound in the least like staid, self-contained Margaret.

"I hope mine in regard to you are less erroneous," he said, trying to speak quietly. "I have been waiting for an opportunity to speak to you all the afternoon; may I sit down?"

"Yes; certainly. This is my special nook; the girls never come to me here; they say I'm always old-maidish and disagreeable in this room."

"You repeat such wrong things of yourself," said he, so sharply, that she must have wondered at it, had she been less busy with her own trouble. "You encourage your sisters in that habit of considering you so much older than themselves."

"So I am! Louise is only nineteen, and I am twenty-eight."

"And look twenty-three! Why, you're younger now than most misses of sixteen. As for age, I'm almost thirty-three, and call myself young."

She had no idea he was so old—so much older than Louise; but she said,

"With a man it is different."

"I don't know what you mean; but I can't stop now to ask," he replied. "Do you know I am going away in three days?"

Three days? He could not expect to take Louise at such short notice? Then she knew her thoughts were worthy of an idiot! Of course he wanted to know what he had to depend upon. She was to give him her best wishes—congratulations due a brother! The sharp sting at her heart, the horrid constriction in her throat, the burning pain back of her eyes, all told her she did not feel toward him as toward a brother—that—— Oh, she should rush out of her quiet into a fit of raging frenzy if she could not get away from these thoughts.

Hush! He was speaking again—what was he saying? Let her listen; time enough to go mad after!

"Yes, in three days. My business is over, you know—we have won the suit."

"Oh, yes; Mrs. Lindsay wrote me last night—she is so proud of your skill and talent."

"Dear old soul; of course she thinks I did it all."

He stopped—looked so troubled, that she was sorry for him, and wanted to help him on. The sooner it was all over the better.

"You are going away! Oh, and you wanted to ask me something?"

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"Can you guess what it is?" he questioned.

"Perhaps; I think so, if you wish me to," and she was quite composed now.

"I have so wondered if you saw; I thought you must—I have been such a boy; shown my feelings so plainly?"

"No," she answered. "I saw—I suppose she has; but no one else has had leisure to notice."

"She? Oh, Louise, you mean?"

"Yes, of course; how could she help!"

"I have not told her; I have been near it several times. She has discovered it, and spoken——"

"Not a word," Margaret interrupted.

"But all this is not my answer," he went on. "You only tell me you are not surprised; you don't give me a chance to know what my fate must be."

"Ah, that could hardly be in my hands——"

"In whose else then?" he broke in.

"You overrate my influence, Mr. Redwood! You have my full sympathy—the best wishes of my heart——"

"Your sympathy—your best wishes," he repeated, bitterly, again interrupting her without ceremony. "Do you think these will suffice?"

"I wish I could say more," she answered, ready to weep with pain for his grief. "I cannot; I will do all I can for you—I will tell Louise——"

"Tell Louise? In the name of goodness how can that child help your decision?"

Margaret stared at him. He was staring at her with all his eyes; one or the other was mad, she thought.

"What has Louise to do with it?" he demanded.

"Everything, I should suppose," she answered, stiffly.

"Then I had better go my way," said he, wrathfully; then cried out, in fresh wonder, "In the name of goodness, what does this mean? Tell me outright what you think I am asking you?"

"My sympathy—my help——"

"For what?"

"To win Louise—to——"

She never finished her sentence. He had her hands, and was talking volubly enough now.

"You, my pearl of women—I love you! How could I think of Louise, or all the silly girls in the world after I had seen you? I have loved you from that first moment I saw you. Margaret, speak to me—just one word!"

I doubt if she spoke it then; but he was satisfied, and Margaret's romance had found her at last.

WHERE?

BY MARIE S. LADD.

Oh! where beneath the skies,
The blue and beaming skies,
So rife with change and death,
That half the weary breath
Must spend itself in sighs?

Oh! where can mortals find
Ease for the troubled mind—
The peace that brings sweet rest
Unto the weary breast—
The sight that helps the blind?

It surely is not here;
We only have a tear
To wash away our pain,
And yet, there still remain,
The struggles and the fear.

Oh! then, beneath the skies,
There can no good arise,
That comes not from on High.
It waits us ever nigh—
This good that never dies.

THE DEAD BABY.

BY MRS. D. PIDSLEY.

Quiet the little feet that trod
So merrily the floor;
The little hands that clasped my neck,
Will clasp my neck no more.

The loving lips, oft pressed to mine,
With kisses, soft and sweet;
The merry glance, ah! ne'er again,
My longing heart will greet.

Ah, baby, mine! I fondly dreamed
Of hope and joy for years;
And now I gaze upon their wreck,
Beneath a weight of tears.

Ah, baby mine! (and yet not mine,)
For a brief moment given;
And then recalled to draw my heart,
Nearer to God and heaven.

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THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

Miss Hallowell was giving a tea-party, and her guests, amongst other topics, were discussing Violet Fane's engagement. Now Violet was Miss Hallowell's niece, and the very prettiest and most amiable damsel in all Tofton; furthermore, Miss Hallowell was wealthy, and Violet was her heir.

"She is really engaged, then?" said Mrs. Spaulding, the deacon's wife. "I heard it was so, but couldn't believe it. I remarked to Deacon Spaulding, that it was my opinion that Col. Courtland was not exactly the man Miss Hallowell would choose for her niece's husband."

"I didn't choose him, Mrs. Spaulding," replied Miss Hallowell, curtly. "But Violet is a good, dutiful child, and loves Col. Courtland, and I do not care to make her unhappy by opposing her."

"Well," sighed Mrs. Deacon, "it may turn out very well—such matches do, once in a while. I hope she'll be happy, I'm sure."

At this moment the veritable young lady in question appeared in the door-way, her arms heaped with wild-roses and great, waxen water-lilies, and her broad straw-hat trailing over her shoulder by its blue ribbon-strings.

"I wonder if the colonel won't scold you, by-and-by, my dear," said the deacon's wife, playfully, during the course of the entertainment; "these military men are always domineering and quarrelsome."

"I think Col. Courtland has a very fine temper," said Violet, looking up with just the least flash in her brown eyes; "and even if it were otherwise, it always takes two to make a quarrel, you know."

"But they do say," put in Miss Butterfield, as she helped herself to a bountiful supply of berries, "that he's been a very bad man in his day, and I shouldn't wonder if he should give you the slip, Violet."

The pretty, clear pink in the girl's cheeks grew a shade deeper, but her voice was as sweet and kindly as ever, as she replied,

"I don't feel a bit afraid of any such calamity, Miss Butterfield. I'm not very vain or conceited, but I think I can trust myself to keep the heart I have won; and as I shall marry Col. Courtland within a fortnight, further discussion of his characteristics will be useless, though I thank you for your good intention all the same."

The tea-drinking came to an end, and within the fortnight the marriage took place. A handsomer couple the sun never shone on.

Col. Courtland was not wealthy, but he owned Walnut Hill, the comfortable old country-seat that had belonged to his father, and had some property besides. He was a moral man, but, during his soldier life, he had learned to kill the tedious hours over the social glass, until the habit had grown upon him quite strongly. He had streng passions and wayward impulses, which sometimes got the better of his judgment and natural goodness of heart. And knowing all this, Violet Fane had married him.

"My darling," he said, sitting down beside her, an evening or two after their marriage, "what if I tell you that I am half repenting having married you?"

Violet looked up with a mischievous gleam in her brown eyes.

"I believe I've been selfish in making you my wife, you are too young, and true, and tender——"

"Do you wish your wife to be old, and untrue, and tough, Col. Courtland?"

He silenced her merry mouth with kisses.

"No, little one," he replied, "I want nothing in the wide world but your own sweet self. But I sometimes fear that the old unrest of my life may return, that my wayward passions may get the better of my judgment, and cause me to give you pain."

"You love me, don't you, Philip?"

She put the question with a tremor on her sweet mouth, and a mist of tears before her eyes.

"Love you, Violet? God knows I love you!"

"Then," she cried, exultantly, "we will let the dead past rest, and live only for our future. And, darling," she added, clasping her soft arms about him, "I shall love you so truly, I shall make your home so bright, and your life so sweet and happy, that all the sorrows you ever knew will be forgotten."

The colonel looked down into her fair, girlish face with a feeling of awe, and his steel-gray

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eyes filled with tears. Then he bent his head and kissed her, while he said solemnly,

"And as I deal with you, so may God deal with me."

A year or more went by, and though Miss Butterfield called at Walnut Hill once a moon, she could not discover the least hint of the trouble that had been prophesied for Violet.

"And no wonder," flashed Miss Hallowell, "with Violet Fane for a wife. I'm an old maid, and not expected to know much about such things, but I tell you, Miss Butterfield, that there are numbers of women who *win* men, and then don't understand how to *keep* them. Now Violet does understand."

Meanwhile a crisis was at hand. The colonel was persuaded into a speculation, that was to bring him a speedy fortune, he was told. Every cent he possessed, and even his wife's marriage-portion had been invested, and he was all hope and excitement. Suddenly all this changed. The colonel's brow grew dark; he became moody, restless, and discontented. In vain his wife strove to banish his gloom, and win his confidence; the caresses that had once so delighted him, seemed now to pain and annoy him. Poor Violet was sorely troubled, but she did not despair; if woman's faith and earnest endeavor could avail anything, he should be won back, she said.

One October morning he left home, as usual, and about noon his wife received a line, informing her that he was invited to a military dinner in Tofton, and should not return till late. Toward the close of the afternoon Miss Butterfield came in.

"Where's Col. Courtland?" she questioned, almost the moment she was seated, with a suppressed excitement, that told Violet at once that she was the bearer of something more than usually important.

"Dining with the regiment in Tofton," she replied, carelessly.

Miss Butterfield folded and unfolded her hem-stitched handkerchief, her very fingers fluttering with nervous eagerness.

"That means he's down at the Tofton tavern," she began, breathlessly, "drinking like a madman. They say he looks desperate like, as if something terrible had befallen him. Tom Milburn saw him with his own eyes, and I've made it my business to come straight here and tell you."

For one brief moment the young wife must have lost consciousness; the room reeled round before her dazed eyes, and the speaker stopped. The next instant Violet was perfectly self-possessed.

"Pray, do not distress yourself, Miss Butterfield," she answered, calmly. "Col. Courtland can be trusted to take care of himself, and these military dinners are sometimes gay, you know."

Miss Butterfield shook her head severely, and reminded Violet of the warnings she had received before her marriage, and protested again and again, that the result was just as she had predicted. Then she proceeded to relieve her mind of sundry choice morsels of gossip, while Violet sat patiently listening, and giving no sign, though the pain at her heart amounted to torture. But the afternoon threatened to close in stormily, and Miss Butterfield was forced, at last, to depart.

Left to herself, the young wife put on a bonnet, and went out. The twilight was closing down, black and stormy, with high winds, and a sharp, icy rain. What could she do? She dare no seek her husband at the tavern, yet how could she live through the suspense of that long night? While she stood irresolute, she caught the quick beat of horse's feet, and the next instant the colonel's steed came flying across the lawn without his rider.

One sharp, startled cry, and then, with an unspoken prayer on her white lips, Violet started on her way to Tofton. The winds beat her back, the icy rain drenched her through and through, but she struggled bravely on, the darkness deepening round her at every step.

At the head of the Walnut ravine, she saw her husband, half supporting himself against the trunk of a tree.

"Oh, my husband!" she cried, clasping him in her arms, "you are alive! Thank God, you are alive!"

A hot flush overspread his face as he beheld her.

"And you've come through all this storm to find me?" he said. "Poor, little girl, you would have been happier to-day if we had never met. God knows I tried to make you happy, but I've failed, and the best thing I can do now, is to go where you'll never hear from me again."

Violet took both his hands, and held them firmly in her own.

"Now, Philip," she said, "I want to know what all this means? You've been in touble for weeks, some trouble you would not let me share—what is it?"

"I'm a beggar," he answered, bluntly. "I

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don't own a dollar in the world, not even my father's old house yonder."

"And is that all?" she said; "only the loss of a few paltry dollars; and you have made me suffer so? Oh, Philip! how could you?"

"Child, you do not understand," he urged. "I have lost everything, not only my own, but your marriage-portion also. We are utterly—"

"Oh, hush!" she cried; "I care for none of it. I only thank God that I have not lost you, my husband. So long as I hold your love, I shall be happy."

He looked down at her transfigured face in awed surprise.

"Can you cling to me thus through poverty and disgrace?" he said. "Can you really mean it, Violet?"

"We are one until death shall part us," she answered, solemnly.

Without a word he gave her his arm, and they walked home, side-by-side.

The following autumn, Miss Butterfield was making one of her monthly calls at Walnut Hill. She sat with Violet on the porch, while the colonel rode his pet black horse up and down the lane, with his little six-months babe on the saddle, in front of him.

"Well," she remarked, at last, rolling up her work, preparatory to departing, "after all the fuss and talk, you appear to be happy enough in your married life, Violet."

The young mother glanced out toward the sunny lawn before she replied.

"Happy does not express it, Miss Butterfield," she said, with her eyes on her husband's tranquil face; "I think, sometimes, that in all the world, there's not another woman so richly blessed as I am."

OVER IN THE SILENT CITY.

BY VIVIEN VERNON.

Over on the quiet hill-side,
  There the Summer cometh early,
And the yellow sunbeam glanceth
On the brook below, that danceth
  O'er the pebbles, white and pearly.

There the flowers bloom in beauty,
  And the birds come from the meadows
There to rest, and sing the sweetness
Of the Summer's rare completeness
  Where the trees throw pleasant shadows.

There a "silent city" lieth,
  And our friends that Death has taken
To his close and cruel keeping,
Without dreaming there are sleeping,
  On the earth-side ne'er to waken.

And we think of that still city,
  When the hours grow long and dreary,
And our tired limbs are aching,
And our hearts are almost breaking,
  And we sit down worn and weary.

One there was, whom I remember,
  One who made the world seem fairer;
Never azure eyes were bluer,
Never faithful heart was truer,
  Never radiant smile was rarer.

And the wealth of all her loving
  Ever through my heart was flowing,
As the music of her laughter
Left the echoes ringing after,
  And the months were swift in going.

Yet my loving could not save her!
  But her face grew white and altered;
And I took her hand at parting,
While the bitter tears were starting,
  And a farewell faintly faltered.

Oh! the busy world is dreary!
  And the stars look down in pity,
And the moonlight resteth lightly
On a slab that gleams so whitely,
  Over in the Silent City.

FLIES!

BY S. ANDREWS.

Flies, flies, everywhere!
From floor to ceiling, always there;
In the sunlight, in the gloom,
On the walls of every room;
And the silent hours of night
Brings to them intense delight.
The cruel flies have banished sleep;
Their victims lie awake and weep;
And the games of every day
Are repeated—"'Tis their play."

Flies, flies, everywhere.
Their numbers populate the air;
In tented field, in sylvan grot,
They hold their muster—doubt it not;
We heave a sigh, and daily pray
That such a curse were far away.
We long for cold December time,
When "household flies" become supine;
Then weary man may sink to rest,
And think "whatever is, is best."

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THE REIGNING BELLE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER XXI.

SMITH had acted with stern, secret energy, without consulting his wife, or any one but an iron-hearted detective. He had quietly arrested little James Laurence, and lodged him in the Tombs. Early the next morning, while Mrs. Laurence was busy cooking her meagre breakfast, a strange man stepped into the kitchen, quietly, as if it had been his own home, and told her to get her things, and not attempt to raise a muss about it, because it was of no use; her son was caught, and nicely caged. She was known to be his accomplice—in fact, the person who had no doubt set him on. At any rate he had a warrant against her, as a receiver, and she had better obey it just then and there. The stolen goods had been found in her out-house, and he was after the money sharp; must search the house for that, but not till she was disposed of according to law. Was she ready?

Mrs. Laurence heard all this in stern astonishment. She had been cutting bread, and stood with the knife in one hand, grasping the loaf in the other, motionless as stone.

"Me? Me, and my son James? Are you speaking of us?" she said at last. "What have you done with him? What do you want of me?"

"Just as if you didn't know. Well, if you will have it, I want you to step out before a justice, and answer for yourself."

"Answer for what?"

"For stealing! Robbery! I think they'd call this burglary, only the boy was in the house, and so, of course, could only break out, if breaking was to be done.

"Stealing! Robbery!"

These words fell from the woman's lips like lead dropping on marble. A stupor of astonishment fell upon her.

"My boy! James, my boy! You said something strange about him; horribly strange, it seems to me."

"I said that we had him safe in the Tombs, where you will be mighty quick, or I'm mistaken. But, come along; it's the best way. The gentleman wanted me to get along without making a fuss in the neighborhood. So just get your things, and——"

"What is this? Mother, who is this man?"

Mrs. Laurence instantly came out of the icy trance that had settled on her faculties, and answered sharply,

"A person on business, Eva. I believe I am going out; tell your sister so, and bring my bonnet."

Eva detected nothing in the cold, steady voice of her mother to occasion alarm, and went into the next room for her bonnet and shawl, which she usually wore to market. Mrs. Laurence took these things from her hand, and put them on. There was no tremor of the fingers when she tied her bonnet-strings: no heave or flutter of the bosom, when the faded shawl was folded over it. This poor woman had been so used to bearing her own burdens in silence, that even this fearful shock was taken in speechless heroism.

"Girls," she said, looking in at the parlor-door, and speaking rather more cheerfully than usual, "don't wait for me, but eat your breakfast; Eva must not be late."

Ruth looked up, and answered, smiling, in her meek, sweet way, "that she would rather wait. Eva, of course, must go."

There was no answer to this, and a minute after Ruth saw her mother go through the gate, followed by that strange man.

"I wonder if it's anything about the mortgage?" she thought, anxiously. "Only a few weeks more, and I should have the money. No, Eva, dear," she said, in answer to something her sister had suggested. "I have no appetite just now, and will wait for mother."

Wait for her mother! Poor girl!

That morning, a woman, rather young but meanly clad, and appearing miserably overworked, came into Mrs. Lambert's kitchen, and was conducted to the laundry by the cook, whose department had fallen so woefully behind hand, in the way of table-linen, that she

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considered a little outside help necessary. The woman who was usually called upon, when such occasions arose, happened to be ill, and had sent this haggard young person, who lived in the same tenement-house, as a substitute. The laundry in which her work lay was a little dark, and for that reason the door leading into the kitchen was left partly open.

During the morning a young man came in, carrying a basket of groceries, and, while the cook was heaping the different articles on a table, the two fell into conversation.

When the washerwoman's eyes fell on this young man, she stopped work, and the napkin she was rubbing fell back into the suds, while she held onto a side of the tub with each hand, looking keenly through the door, herself quite unseen.

"I had to do it myself this morning," said the youth, addressing the cook, "because our boy's been and got took-up for helping to rob the concern."

"Not that pretty, dark-eyed little fellow that comes here generally of late," said the cook, with something like regret in her voice.

"Yes, just him; and no mistake about that. He was took to the Tombs last night."

"You don't say so! What did he take?"

"Money, and lots on lots of groceries—tea worth its weight in gold; lots of things."

"But what could he do with them?"

"Well, it's all out now, and I don't mind your knowing about it. The boy's mother is a sly old party, poor as a wharf-rat, and, oh my, how crafty! She sot the boy on, and hid the things for him in the wood-house. The detective found them there. Now, tell me, do you want any better proof than that?"

"Then they found the things on the premises?"

"That's just what they did, and this morning the old woman was walked off by a policeman. I saw her go."

"Well, I'm awful sorry for the boy," said the good natured cook; "he seemed such a nice little shaver. Them eyes didn't look dishonest; but there is no knowing who to trust these times."

"Exactly! Shouldn't wonder if some one was to suspect me, one of these days. The more innercent a feller looks, the more suspicious, say I. But, tell me, is Mr. Mahone about? I'd just like to speak a word with him, if you'll just be kind enough to look him up."

The cook laid a paper parcel on the table, and good-naturedly went in search of Mr. Mahone, observing,

"He's more than likely in the servants' parlor, with Ellen Post. Now you've told me some news that'll give me a fit of mournfulness all day long, so I'll just rertaleate, and tell you something worth while. Mr. Mahone and Ellen Post are engaged. They're a going to be married right out of hand. She's going to open a first-class boarding-house, and he—— Well, I suppose he'll do like the rest of em, and keep up the marketing."

A clothe's-horse, full of snow-white linen, stood near the door where these two persons were talking. The woman at the wash-tub, who had become strangely interested, as the conversation went on, stole softly behind this screen, and stood close to the wall, not three feet from the cook and her companion. She heard all that had been said, and the last sentence brought a flash of fire into her dark eyes. Why she could not herself have told, for she knew of no person named Mahone, and had never heard of Ellen Post in her life. Still the fire was in her eyes, and a sharp throb of nameless suspicion in her heart.

For a moment the young man Boyce was silent, then a low shrill whistle broke from him.

"So, that's his little game, is it! Well, all right. Just say that I'm here a waiting to speak with him. I'll wait here."

The cook having disposed of her groceries, gave the empty basket to Boyce, and went into the servants' parlor. Directly the footman came out, looking flushed and anxious.

"Is it you, Boyce?" he said, pausing close by the laundry-door, and peering in to be sure the room was empty. Just step inside here, and be quick; you and I must not be seen together much just now. Well, what is it? Speak low!"

"The old woman, Mrs. Laurence, was arrested this morning."

"All right! But how do you know?"

"I stood in the store, and saw the man go off with her; you know the house is in full sight. She looked back at the vines on the porch, and that crowd of flowers in front, as if she never expected to see them again."

"Does Mrs. Smith know yet?"

"Yes. She's just found it out, and pitched into her husband awful. She's satisfied, and won't give way an inch. But isn't she on the rampage! The worst of it is, I've got to go before the justice again, and I tell you it's unpleasant."

"Yes; but you are in for it, and must go through anything else?"

"Yes; something that the cook told me. Tell

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me, old fellow, have you put your foot in it to the extent of saddling yourself with another sweet-heart. She talks of your being engaged, of a wedding, and so forth. How much of this is true?"

The footman drew Boyce farther into the room, and shut the door.

"I say Boyce, if I was to marry a woman, with more than five hundred dollars laid up from wages, and five thousand a pretty sure thing, would you stand by me?"

"Through thick and thin; so long as we shared!" answered Boyce, holding out his hand, and working his long fingers like the claws of a bird.

"Of course, I should be liberal. Brothers are brothers you know."

"Yes, and don't they grind one another down? Oh, no, never! It isn't in the natur of one to do nothing, and take all he can grip at. He never lets any one take risks of the law for him. Oh, no!"

"But you will run no risk when I marry Ellen Post. The law comes on me there."

"Exactly. But I come between you and the law, having seen you married to that other woman, and knowing just where she's to be found any minute."

"Well, well, you will not be unreasonable?"

"Oh, no! But won't she cut up rusty?"

"How is she to find out? What does Mary Boyce know about Robert Mahone? Why, she don't know who I am living with. In fact, thinks I'm tending bar in some place where women never come; generally out of place though, or I shouldn't get a share of her earnings."

"And you mean to do it, anyhow?"

"Yes. I've made up my mind. Such a pile of money don't tumble in upon a fellow without some risk; so I'll stand the racket, especially as Ellen Post is a splendid cretur."

"Handsomer than Mary?"

"No comparison; but you've seen her. She was out here the other day."

"What! That woman with the cap and ribbons? You don't say so; but here she comes, and I'm off. Don't want to be introduced to my new sister-in-law just yet. She might put on airs."

With these words Boyce stepped into the kitchen, took up his basket, and left the house.

"Mr. Mahone! Mr. Mahone! Is there any news?" said Ellen Post, advancing toward the laundry.

"Hush! Step in here; the cook is always prowling in and out of that room. That's right. Shut the door. You were asking about news. Yes, indeed, that boy was arrested yesterday. This morning an officer took the old woman—two of the Laurence family in limbo. As for that girl, Eva, I'm afraid we can't fasten on her just yet."

"Oh, we can wait for her. Mrs. Lambert's agent was here this morning about foreclosing a mortgage on the house. They haven't kept up the interest. I don't think she'd order them turned out, much as she hates them. So I told him she was ill; but I'd take up his message, which was to ask for directions. She was asleep on the sofa, so I told him that she was not well enough to talk about business, but wanted this troublesome mortgage closed up at once, without bothering her again about it."

"That was a tea strike," said the admiring Robert.

"So, when they get back from prison, their shanty will be gone, and we shall have rooted them out, trunk and branch. I'm sure that must satisfy Miss Spicer."

"Yes. If she don't pay the five thousand down after that, she's no lady."

"Which she is," answered Ellen, with emphasis. "Why, the very last night, she, knowing what was between us, Mr. Mahone, gave me a white-silk dress, only twice worn, with real lace on the sleeves and bosom, and a wreath of white flowers, which she says are just as fashionable for brides as orange-blossoms, which she hasn't had any use for as yet—more's the shame to Mr. Ivan, who behaves shameful."

"Well, no one can say that we haven't done our share. When will she pay over, my dear?" questioned Mahone, drawing Ellen tenderly toward him.

"Just as soon as we are married. I asked her, and she said that."

"She did? Well, well! When will that be? With the wedding-dress all ready, we might have it in the basement-parlor, say to-morrow night."

"To-morrow night! Oh, Mr. Mahone, think of it? I couldn't. The cake—the invitations."

"Hang the cake! And as for inform—— I beg pardon, invitations; the genteel thing is a strictly private wedding."

"A private wedding, and that dress! *Such* a silk! You could almost stand it alone!"

"Yes, yes, I know. But who does a bride dress for but her admiring husband? I shall worship you in that bridal robe and them flowers; but don't ask me to share the beautiful sight with any other man. I couldn't stand it, being that jealous."

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"Oh, Mr. Mahone, I had so set my heart upon it."

"Not as I have set my heart on you, Ellen. Just a carriage, with you and your adorer in it, the white-silk dress a rustling around your lovely person, trimmed with flowers white. Well, yes, white, as bridal flowers ought to be."

"What! Without bridemaids? — without witnesses?"

"My love, I have thought of that. There is my friend Boyce, a genteel fellow, in the grocery line, who has a sweetheart of his own, a Miss Gorman, splendid old Irish name; not to be compared with yours, of course, but still respectable on a certificate, very."

"Why, Mr. Mahone, you seem to have settled everything," cried Ellen, half angry, half elated.

"Always under your wishes, being your shadow, and nothing more, Miss Ellen, and having, in fact, no will of my own, nor wanting any."

"So private! So soon! I really don't know what to say, Mr. Mahone."

"Let me say it for you, dearest of women; let me take this modest hesitation for yes. May I—may I?"

"Mr. Mahone, you may."

A moment after this consent was given, the betrothed pair stole from the laundry, Mahone first, and Miss Post after. She passed the cook with a lofty fling of the head, and apologized with mock humility for her presence in a place so far out of her usual element as a kitchen, at which the cook said "Siat," which certainly did seem a little out of place, as no cat, black or white, was disturbing the tranquillity of the room.

Not ten minutes after this the washerwoman came out of the laundry with her bonnet on, looking white as a ghost, and with undaunted fire in her eyes. In fact, the woman looked full of life, and almost handsome; a very different woman to the jaded and hopeless creature who had crept into the house with such humility only a few hours before.

"You will please excuse me, I am not well enough for hard work to-day; for the whole world I could'nt get out another piece."

She said this in a quick, eager way, as if she had quite determined on going, whether her apology was accepted or not.

The cook would have argued with her, but the whole matter was cut short by the woman walking abruptly out of the house.

Meantime Ellen Post knocked at the door of Miss Spicer's room. That young lady turned the latch with her own hand.

"Was that Mr. Lambert that just came in? I thought it was his step on the stairs."

"No, Miss," answered Ellen, confidentially. "It's only me; but I've got good news. The old woman and her boy are both in prison. Would it be convenient to let me have that amount?"

"When they are convicted!" answered Miss Spicer, closing the door.

CHAPTER XXII.

Eva Laurence had no appetite for breakfast, and lingered at home long after she should have been at her duties at the store. There had been something so strange in her mother's going out very early in the morning with a strange man, that both the girls were greatly disturbed, though each strove to conceal her anxiety from the other.

Once Eva put on her bonnet, and went as far as the gate, on her way down town; but, after lingering there a minute, she came back again.

"I cannot go, Ruthy," she said, with keen anxiety in her voice and manner. "Where has she gone? It is now two hours! What can have become of her?"

Ruth could hardly answer. Her eyes were full of trouble; her delicate form trembled all over. She clutched nervously at the cushions, but still persisted in saying,

"Oh, she will be home again before long. Nothing can have happened."

"I will, at anyrate, stay here till she comes," said Eva, taking off the outer garments she had put on. "I wonder where James is? Mrs. Smith ought not to keep him all night so often. She might reflect how lonesome we are without him."

"It is strange; he is always sure to run in during the morning," said Ruth, shaking like a flower in the wind, with wierd terror of some unknown evil. "What is that?"

Eva ran to the window — the gate had opened. It might be her mother. No, it was Mr. Ross, coming leisurely up the walk. He saw Eva, and smiled. She could not answer this pleasant greeting, but hurried to the door, anxious and breathless.

"Oh, Mr. Ross, do you bring us any news? We are so anxious."

"About what, my child?"

"Why mother has been out since early this morning. A man came here before breakfast, and she went with him."

"Well, what do you fear? It is not noon yet. How frightened you look! There, there,

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your mother is sure to come back safely. She is not a woman to run into danger."

The cool, good sense of their visitor tranquilized the girls, and they made strong efforts to be cheerful.

"As for my part," said Ross, sitting down near Ruth, "I am rather glad she is away. The matter I came to talk about does not require her presence just yet. Eva, I have come from my sister, who renews the offer half made to you some nights ago. We desire, very much, that you should come to us, and be a part of our household. Carter is willing, his wife desires it, and I ask no greater blessing than to look upon you as my own child."

Eva started up, clasping her hands wildly.

"Oh, sir! Oh, my friend! I cannot; it is impossible! To leave my family now, when my life is of so much use, would be cruel beyond anything. Look at poor Ruthy. The first thought of it has set her to trembling!"

Eva's eyes were full of tears. The idea of this offer had haunted her with temptations, which she resisted, now that trouble was in the house with double force.

Mr. Ross smiled. He did not like the girl less for this generous clinging to her home duties.

"It would be better a thousand times," cried Eva, with passionate warmth, "that you took Ruthy; though what on earth we should do without her, I cannot tell. She, with her genius and goodness, might be a blessing in any house, while I am only useful here."

"My dear child, how quick you are to decide. We do not propose to take anything from your family; on the contrary, in partially leaving it, every one will be benefited. My sister proposes to settle upon Mrs. Laurence five times the amount that you can earn. I propose to put that fine little fellow, your brother, into school, and after that, through college. As for Miss Ruth here, if she will remain my pupil a few months longer, there will be no need of your toil, for her pencil will do far more than your labor."

Eva looked at her sister in wonder. There she lay, blushing like a wild-rose, trembling like its leaves, and smiling in spite of the anxiety that had so oppressed her—a creature so delicate and frail, that helplessness seemed her portion forever. Could it be possible, that pure genius in a creature like that, might accomplish more than all her strength of life and power of action? Was genius so far above everything else in this world? These thoughts broke forth in a burst of tender enthusiasm.

"Oh, Ruthy! Ruthy! Is it so? Are you to be the bread-winner, and I the drone? I cannot believe it! I cannot believe it!"

"Nor I," said Ruthy. "It seems like a miracle; but, oh, I will try *so* hard! Ah, Mr. Ross, you opened a new life to me, when you pronounced my poor sketches worthy of notice."

"The life of genius is always new, for its very essence is creation," answered Ross, with subdued enthusiasm.

"But, to chain genius down to the earning of money, seems so unsuited to its greatness," said Eva.

"Unsuited to its greatness!" exclaimed Ross. "Is it a degradation to be useful, to give bread for thought—for mental power to transmute itself into material blessings? Is the man or woman of genius higher or prouder than the God who made him? Is the wheat, which bends in green and ripening waves to the wind, and grows golden under the sunshine, less beautiful because hungry millions feed on it? Are the lilies of the field more splendid than the fruit with which our orchards are laden? Why, Eva, every grand or lovely thing that God has created has its uses for mankind. While men starve and suffer, no gift that comes from Him can remain idle without sin. The great reward of genius is its power to confer blessings; first, by the effort itself, giving new objects of thought or beauty to the world, and again by the material rewards, which cannot be used without adding to the comfort and happiness of mankind."

Ross spoke with an outburst of feeling, which Eva's little speech, natural to a romantic girl, need hardly have called forth. She blushed crimson, feeling his ardent words as a rebuke, while Ruth seemed to kindle up with living fire. Her eyes flashed with stars, and a handful of carnations seemed to have been dashed against her cheek, leaving a delicate stain there. She rose to her elbow, radiant.

"Oh, Eva!" she said. "If you knew how happy it has made me to earn a little money, when you all need it so much, you would never talk if the earning it could be so grand."

"You are right," answered Eva, almost crying. "It was a thoughtless speech."

"Because you really had never considered the subject," answered Ross, heartily ashamed of his own enthusiasm. "But all this brings us no nearer to the question in hand."

Both the sisters grew silent, and the color faded slowly from their faces. They looked at each other with yearning fondness, and, as if influenced by one feeling, the eyes of both filled with tears.

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"It can hardly be called a separation," said Ross, touched with lively sympathy. "There need not be a day in which you cannot see each other."

"She must go," faltered Ruth, stretching forth her arms. "To keep her with us would be cruel."

Eva sunk upon her knees by the couch, and buried her face in Ruthy's bosom.

"No! no!" she said. "We cannot part; not while they have need of me."

"But, remember mother, how much more you would be doing for her and James, who felt it so hard to give up school," pleaded Ruth. "This is a poor place for you, my sister."

"But is it better for you and my mother?" questioned Eva, almost indignantly, for the temptation to go was strong within her, and she hated herself for it.

"But we will soon make this home pleasanter for them than it has ever been," said Ross.

"Who is that? Mother?" cried Ruth, who heard a woman's step in the porch. "She will think with us, I am sure, Eva."

Eva did not reply, for she had hurried to the door, and found not her mother, as she eagerly expected, but Mrs. Smith, with her bonnet awry, and her shawl trailing to the ground. The good woman's face was flushed with crying, and a fresh rain of tears came to her eyes the moment she saw Eva.

"Don't! Don't! Order me from the door! Don't wither me up into nothing, just with looking in my face! It wasn't my fault; I knew no more about it than my Jerusha Maria, poor innocent darling, that never dreamed what a cruel father she's got. I'll never live with Smith again—never! To go and do such a thing, without telling me! I'm not a cannibal to stand such things!"

Mrs. Smith had burst forth in this torrent of words and tears on the very door-step. Eva entreated her to come in, being utterly ignorant of the particular grief that possessed Mrs. Smith. She could do no more.

"You'r just one degree from a heavenly angel, Eva Laurence," continued the good woman, wiping her eyes on the corner of her shawl, as she passed into the parlor. "Smith won't, but I've come to make atonement on my bended knees. Tell me what to do for them, and I'll do it, if Jerusha Maria and I are left without a crust."

"My dear Mrs. Smith, what do you mean? Who has troubled you so?"

"Who? My own lawfully-married husband. What? Oh, mercy upon me! don't you know yet? Where's your mother?"

"She went out this morning," said Eva, "and has not returned yet. We are expecting her every minute."

"Expecting her! Why, don't you know? Expecting her? Oh! oh! this is hard, that I should have to tell it, and he my husband! Eva, both your mother and James are in prison."

"In prison!"

Three voices at once uttered this one sentence. Ruth started up on her couch, white to the lips; Eva stood rooted to the floor, her eyes widening, and lips just apart. Even Mr. Ross started to his feet, and a swarthy color swept over his face.

"In prison! For what?" he demanded. "Who put them there?"

"Must I say it again? It was my own husband that did it, backed up, and led blind by that copper-headed cretur Ja Boyce. I know as well as I live, that he's at the bottom of it, though Smith sticks to him through thick and thin. As for that boy, he's innocent as twenty lambs, every one of 'em with fleeces white as snow; but you can't make Smith believe it, he's that blinded."

"Pray, Mrs. Smith, compose yourself, and tell us clearly what all this means? On what charge are these two persons in prison?" said Ross, who was the first to recover his presence of mind.

"Charges? Why, theft! burglary! receiving stolen property! Our store was robbed on the night we went to your sister's party, and they are took up for doing it. I didn't know it till just now. Oh, they were mighty sly, Kate Gorman and all, taking people up, and keeping me in the dark; but I've left 'em. Smith will find out what he's done when I am gone."

"Where have they been taken to, Mrs. Smith?" inquired Ross.

"Where? The Tombs, to be sure. No other place was gloomy enough for them. Smith has gone down to appear. Yes, and a pretty appearance he'll put in for himself. Oh, girls, it was not my fault!"

The poor woman clasped her hands, and seemed about to fall upon her knees before Eva, who threw both arms about her neck, and tenderly wiped her eyes, though her hands shook in doing it, and the dumb anguish in her face was pitiful to see.

"Whatever it is, we shall never blame you Mrs. Smith," gasped Ruth.

Mrs. Smith fell on her knees before the sick

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girl's couch, and fell into a fresh paroxism of tears.

"But you *must* blame him. Who can help it? To keep such things secret from the wife of his bosom; hard as a rock, too, against that poor honest, crusty, dear old woman. Oh, it's too bad! too bad! But that he told me himself, I never would have believed it; but there he is, gone down to persecute."

"Be tranquil, be patient, my dear young ladies. I will go at once, and see what this means," said Ross, taking Eva's hand, which scarcely trembled more than his own. "They will need some friend. Have no fear; I shall know how to help them."

"I—I will go with you," cried Eva, turning to leave the room.

"No; not yet. It would only do harm. All that can be done I will attend to. There can be nothing serious in this. Stay quietly here till you hear from me."

Eva hesitated. Her first generous impulse was to brave everything for the two beings she loved so dearly. But nobility of purpose is not always imprudent. It requires more fortitude to stay at home and wait, than to rush out and act. The girl was brave, but she was also obedient, and when Ruth spoke, she turned from her purpose.

"Stay, Eva," said the gentle invalid. "You can do nothing. Our good friend will help us. Stay till he comes."

Eva sat down, and burst into tears. Forbidden to act, she could only weep and wait.

"Tell him that I have left his house! That —that he is a cruel, cruel man! Tell him that there is no sort of use in his ever coming home again—for—for—— Oh, it is dreadful! Why can't people die when they want to?"

Mrs. Smith would have added more no doubt, but half these words were smothered on Ruth's couch; and when she looked up, Mr. Ross was passing through the garden-gate.

"Oh, girls, what shall we do?" she exclaimed. Just say that I never ought to speak to Smith again, and I won't; no, not if he takes Jerusha Maria out of my arms, and gives her—oh! oh!—to some other woman."

"My dear friend," murmured Ruth, "go home to your child—all will be well."

"Yes, I will go!" sobbed the good woman. "It will be lonesome without me."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The court-room in the Tombs was a gloomy place; for crime, and its train of sorrows, makes every spot desolate, which is the landmark of an evil life. Before the judge, who sat wearily on his bench, so used to human suffering, that it had ceased to shock him, stood an old woman and her son, charged with heavy crimes, the boy with grand larceny, the woman with receiving the goods he had stolen, probably at her own suggestion.

But few persons were in the court-room, for scenes like this were common place affairs, and men had scarcely the curiosity to look twice, when the mother and son passed through that gloomy corridor, with its blackened and massive pillars, and entered the gateway to a second trial.

Two or three other persons, gloomy and evil looking, stood in one corner, ready for examination, and among these Mrs. Laurence took her place, tall, rigid, and tearless, her eyes lurid with fire, her lips closed like iron. She knew herself to be innocent, and bitterly felt the wrong that had dragged her into that gloomy place.

The boy stood close to her, pale, trembling, and bewildered. They had given him no chance to speak to his mother, nor did he know of what he was accused. All was gloom and distrust around him; his proud young heart swelled with a sense of infinite degradation, which seemed to close in his life with sudden darkness. He turned his eyes upon the judge with thrills of dread, then lifted them to his mother, and turned them away, heavy with tears. When the judge called her by name, the lad clung to her dress, and followed her up to the bar, with some wild idea of protecting her from the harm that threatened them both.

Two men came up to the bar, and stood near the mother and son. One of them took a worn and greasy Bible in his hand, which he kissed. Then he spoke.

James uttered a faint cry as he heard the voice, and his wild eyes turned upon Jared Boyce, who never looked at him, but turned his face almost from the judge, and told his story in a hard, cruel voice, which never faltered or softened in its tone from beginning to end. We know what that story was, and how the wicked plot to ruin this brave, innocent lad had grown and perfected itself in the craft and greed of a few loose creatures, who at first thought only of throwing their own guilt on him, but afterward broadened their plot in hopes of great future gain.

It was impossible for Boyce to keep the blood from rushing now and then to his face; but when that stern woman's eyes were bent

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on him, he seemed to feel her searching fire, and grew deadly pale, though his glance never rested on her once. Two or three times the accused lad made a step or two forward, with his hand clenched, tempted to strike his fellow-clerk for the slander he was uttering; but a touch of the old woman's hand brought him back to her side, and the perjured wretch told his story to the end, without interruption of any kind.

Then Smith the grocer took the stand. There was human feeling in this man, and he had bitterly repented the step he had taken after his wife learned of it, and put in her passionate protest. But compunction came too late. His charge had been made; the case was taken out of his hands. He would gladly have softened, or withheld his own evidence; but the oath enforced upon him was a sacred obligation to speak the truth, and against his own will Smith gave in his evidence honestly.

While he was speaking a gentleman came into the court-room, and quietly drew toward Mrs. Laurence and her son, who caught him by the hand and whispered.

"Oh, take her home! don't let her stand here to be looked at so! Feel her hands; they are cold as stones! Let them take me. I am a man, and can bear it; but a night in one of those cells would kill any woman! Please, oh, please! We haven't another friend on earth since he has turned against us."

Here James cast a look full of mournful reproach on Smith, whose voice began to falter, and once more he besought permission to withdraw the charge, and let these two helpless creatures go. Guilty as they were, he did not like to see them punished.

Then the old woman advanced toward the judge and spoke. It was the first time she had uttered anything but dry, hard monosyllables, in answer to curt questions since her entrance into the court-room.

"If you are to decide this," she said, firmly; but still with respect, "I ask that this man shall show us no mercy, that leaves a suspicion of wrong on me, or on my boy. If you are a just man, search out the truth, find the guilty persons; first and foremorst wring the perjury from that young man's soul, for he is perjured."

Boyce tried to evade the long, steady finger which the woman pointed at him; but there was a force and weired fascination in her look which held him motionless. He grew coldly white to the lips, and the ruddy hair rose upon his temples like bush-grass lifted by the wind.

"That—that is libelous," he faltered at last.

"I only come to do my duty, and because Mr. Smith wanted me to."

"Well, I just wish I hadn't; that's all," said Smith, wiping his moist forehead. "I'd rather have lost twice the money, than go through with all this again; to say nothing of the awful muss at home, where I don't know as my own wife will speak to me."

"Oh, you never fear that—they always do!" said Boyce, with an uneasy attempting to shake off the impression which Mrs. Laurence had left upon him. "Shouldn't wonder if she forgives you one of these days, hard as she takes it; women are, naturally—well, suppose we say, soft."

"Silence!" said the judge, on whom the young man was fastening a vague suspicion of treachery. "Come forward, Mrs. Laurence, and make your own statement."

Mrs. Laurence laid her hand on the railing before her, looked the judge steadily in the face, and answered that she had nothing to say, except that, up to the time of her arrest, she had never heard of the robbery, or that her son was suspected.

"But some of the goods were found on your premises. How do you account for that?" said the judge.

"I do not account for a thing of which I have no knowledge. If anything was found there, neither I nor this child had anything to do with it."

"Then you deny all knowledge of the stolen goods found in the out-house on your premises?"

"I do!"

"And the boy? Step down. He may be able to tell us something. James Laurence!"

James came forward, pale and frightened; but in no way downcast; his eyes clear, honest, and limpid with truth, were lifted almost with confidence to the judge, whose face softened with an irresistible feeling of compassion as he bent it toward him.

"Tell me what you know of this," he said, very kindly; "but first let me caution you. If you are the guilty lad this witness makes you out, I have no power or right to make you accuse yourself. Be careful what you say; innocent or guilty, you have a right to a fair trial."

"I will answer everything, only please tell me what it is you want to know?"

"You have heard the charge. You know what this young man has been saying. Is it true that——"

There was a little disturbance at the door of the court-room.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, a Walking-Dress of Green Reps. The lower-skirt is ornamented with

one flounce, cut on the bias, and seven inches deep, and put on rather scant. Above this are five rows of heavy, black worsted braid, or velvet ribbon. Above the back row there is a narrow quilling of the material to stand up. The upper-skirt is short, with an apron front, and somewhat longer in the back; it is looped to clear the trimming on the lower-skirt. The basque is quite long, both front and back, and is rounded up at the sides, and buttoned all the way down from the throat to the bottom of the basque; all trimmed with the quilling and three rows of the braid. The sleeves are very flowing at the bottom, and are worn over a tight under-sleeve. Straps of the braid ornament the front of the sleeve, finished by a button at each point. Mould-buttons, covered by the material, are the most fashionable buttons now in use. Sixteen yards of reps, and forty yards of braid will be required. Fewer rows of the braid can be substituted, if desirable for economy, and still the trimming be a very pretty one. The coarser braid, known as "Hercules braid," makes the most effective trimming, and it comes in all widths.

Our next is a Walking-Costume, with outside basque. The under-skirt is cut plain and round, and is trimmed with two rows of plaitings, four inches deep. These plaiting are cut straightways of the material, and are lined with fine crinoline, which is plaited all one way, and not quite to touch. Allow three times the width for fullness: thus, if the skirt is three and a half yards wide, allow, before plaiting, ten and a

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half or eleven yards. This kind of trimming takes a great deal of material, but in alpaca it is very effective, and not very expensive. The second skirt is short and scant, and is trimmed like the lower one, only a trifle narrower. Then comes one breadth of the material for each side, shaped and open both back and front, as seen in the design, and fastened to a belt. This is trimmed with a half plaiting, headed by a band of the alpaca, stitched on, velvet ribbon, or worsted braid, as the taste may suggest. The basque is cut tight-fitting, slashed up the back and at the sides, as may be seen; the trimming carried straight up the back, the plaits meeting, only a little over an inch in width, widening to two inches around the basque and sleeves, which are close, coat-shape, trimmed up to the elbow. Not less than twenty yards of alpaca will make this dress, but very nice ones can be bought of the dark shades of blue, green, or brown, from fifty to seventy-five cents per yard.

We give next, a Walking-Costume for a Young Lady. It is one of the new designs in two colors, say brown and soft-gray. For this

month, we suggest that the material be either of merino, or heavy corded poplin. Be careful to select shades of each color, so that they may harmonize. The under-skirt is made quite plain and round, but long enough to touch. It is trimmed with a scalloped-out band of the gray, put on about nine inches from the bottom; then a space of three inches; then another band of gray; and between these bands there is a box-plaiting of the brown. The gray upper-skirt is cut quite as long as the under-one in the back, but shorter in front, and is trimmed with two bias bands of brown. Our design has the addition of gray fringe, four inches deep; but this is optional. Loops at the sides and back, by means of tapes sewed underneath. The side tapes are tied back, after looping, to keep the fullness all in the back, leaving the front perfectly plain. Waist of the gray, cut in a basque, slashed at the sides, and trimmed with one bias band of brown. Bands of brown join the basque on the hips. Open sleeves, with tight ones underneath. Small, round cape of gray, lined with brown, and trimmed with brown, which may be worn, or not, at pleasure. Seven and a half yards of brown poplin, six and a half of merino, for the under-skirt and trimming; nine yards of gray in poplin, eight yards in merino. Either of these materials can be bought from seventy-cents a yard up.

We now give what is called a "Lorne Costume," for a little girl. The under-skirt and

jacket are of French blue merino. Bias bands of the same are put on, perpendicularly, all round the skirt, at equal distances, and are ornamented with buttons, which should be

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moulds covered with the merino, or with black velvet. The over-skirt is of striped blue and white poplin, simply hemmed on the edge. Jacket of the merino, cut square, something like a salor jacket, and faced in front and up the sleeve to the elbow with the striped poplin, also ornamented with buttons. A turn-over collar of white merino is added. Black velvet Highland hat, trimmed with blue, completes this charming little costume.

Next we give a Traveling-Dress, very pretty and suitable for winter wear. It is of light

water-proof cloth, made rather shorter than an ordinary walking-dress, so as to avoid the wet and snow. It consists of three pieces. The first is an under-skirt; then there is an over-Pelisse, belted in at the waist, with rings and tapes upon the side-seam, by which to raise it at the sides; this Pelisse is buttoned from the throat down. To this Pelisse is added a large circular cape, pointed in the back, which may be worn at pleasure, or not. The whole dress is trimmed with bands of the material, braided with black worsted braid; one on the lower-skirt, four inches deep: two on the Pelisse, half as wide; one on the cape. Seven to eight yards of water-proof cloth will be required. The price per yard ranges from one dollar twenty-five cents up.

We give, likewise, in the front of the number, illustrations of the back and front of a small, loose, velvet jacket, to be made either of velvet or velveteen. It is trimmed with a cross-band of satin, edged with black lace. The sleeves are open to the elbow, and the back is cut up to the waist. It would also look well in serge or satin-cloth, trimmed with the worsted fringe.

We also give, in the front of the number, an engraving of a useful and pretty sack of printed flannel for an infant, to be tied in the back. Also a blouse apron for a child of from one to three years, to be made of muslin and insertion. Also a cut of improved drawers for an infant.

We also give, in the front of the number, an engraving of a sailor's habit-shirt, made of white linen, with a broad, blue collar and cuffs, trimmed with white braid. Also a fichu of mauve *crepe de chene*, to be worn over a colored dress, and trimmed with Valenciennes, or any other lace. Also an open sleeve of white muslin, trimmed with insertion and lace. Also a collaret of white muslin, laid in plaits, and trimmed with embroidery, or with lace, if preferred. Also a pelerine of white, striped muslin, edged with lace, above which is a heading of black velvet ribbon: a waistband of black velvet, knotted at the side and front. It is fastened down the front with tiny black velvet buttons, and has a collaret of lace, trimmed with black velvet. Also a cape made of muslin and insertion, trimmed with wide lace, and ornamented with a bow of pink ribbon in front and on the left shoulder. All are on the same page.

We also give, but in the front of the number, some of the new designs in woolen plaid and striped stockings, which are in fashion for both boys and girls. They are to be had in all the bright-colored clan plaids, solid colors, and length-and-cross-wise striped, and cost from seventy-five cents to two dollars per pair. Very pretty ones can be knitted by using white and colored wool, and either ribbing them or knitting plain in cross-way stripes.

We give also, in the front of the number, illustrations of two aprons of fine white corded pique, braided plaid, or plain linen, or of black silk. One, if of black silk or alpaca, is to have the material folded, as will be seen, into points, and to be stitched down with sewing-machine. The other is to be trimmed with velvet ribbon, and a narrow Tom Thumb fringe.

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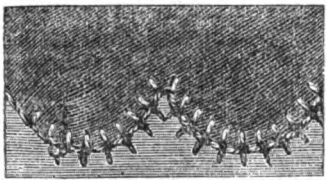
KEY POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Our first cut (in the opposite column) represents the front of the key pocket, which may be made in any size suitable for the key it is intended to hold. The cut below gives the border in the proper size.

The pocket may be made of cloth, silk, or velvet. The border is fastened down with an



open button-hole stitch of two colors. This is a neat and serviceable article, and an appropriate present for either a lady or gentleman.

PLAITED BASQUE ON BELT.

BY EMILY H MAY

In the diagram, No. 1 gives the half of the basque open. The dotted and straight lines from A to B, indicate where the plaits are to be put. After plaiting the fullness, all comes into the space from A to B, and that is joined to the belt in the space A to B. Trim the whole with fringe, which is continued around the belt in front. This basque is to be worn

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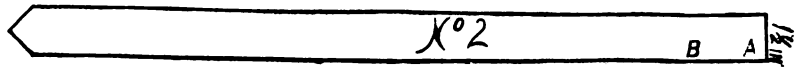
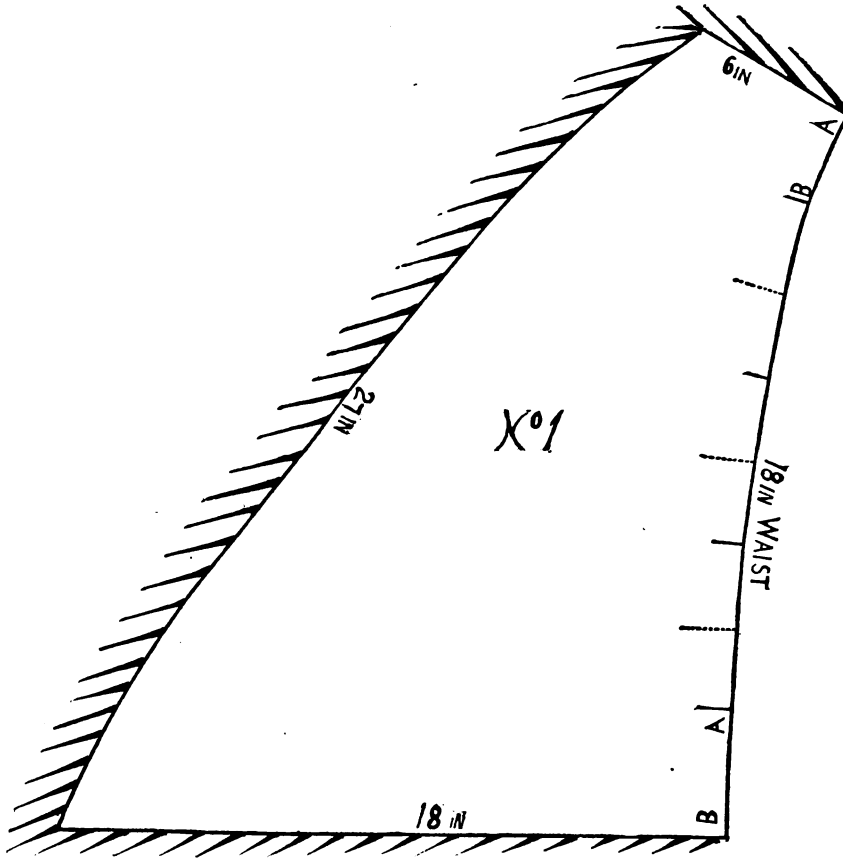
over a simple round waist, and may be made of the material of the dress, or of velvet, satin, or whatever the dress is trimmed with. Fringe or lace is only suitable to trim with, on account of the plaiting, which shows the wrong as well as the right side of the trimming.





No. 1. Half of Basque.
No. 2. Half of Belt.

LADY'S SLIPPER IN APPLICATION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a pattern, printed in colors, for a lady's slipper in application, on cloth or velvet. The materials are black and blue cloth, or black and blue velvet, or blue cloth and black velvet, and gold braid. This is one of the most stylish patterns ever designed, and cannot fail to please our readers.

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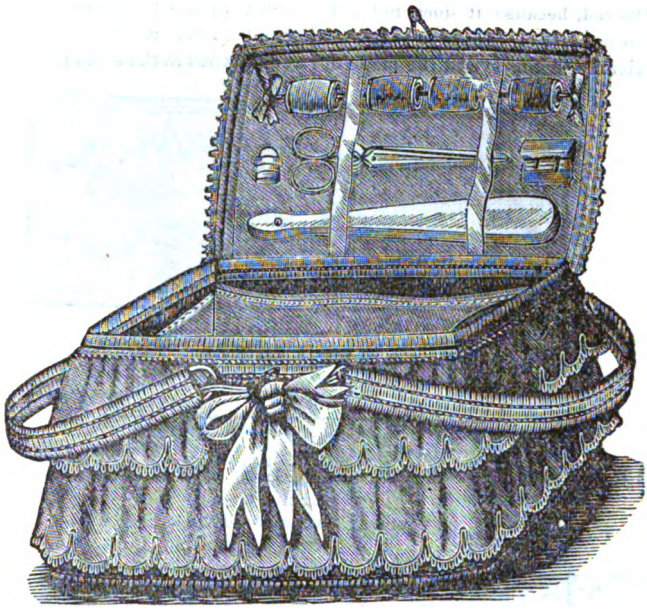
WORK-BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

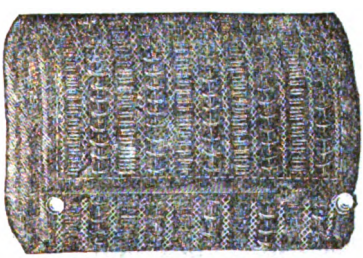


This basket is square in shape, and is covered inside and out with silk or Holland.

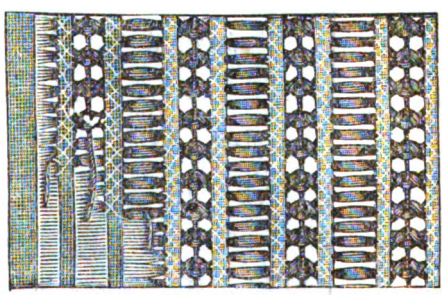
The outer trimmings consist of two flounces, one two and a quarter inches deep, and the other four and a half inches deep, scalloped and trimmed round with a simple tatted edge. The cover, which has in the center a pincushion, five inches long and one inch broad, is trimmed with a scalloped ruche, in two shades. The placing of the handles is hidden by a bow of the material. The inside of the basket is lined quite plain, besides which there is a strip of stuff for the sides of the wall, ornamented at the top with white gimp, fastened only at the corners, by which means the basket has four pockets. The inside of the lid is one inch deep, and has a flat piece of cardboard gummed upon it, covered with the lining, with two straps and a cord for a fan, scissors, needle-book, thimble, and several reels of cotton.

WOOL OR THREAD POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



WOOL OR THREAD POCKET CLOSED.



LINEN FOR OUTSIDE POCKET.

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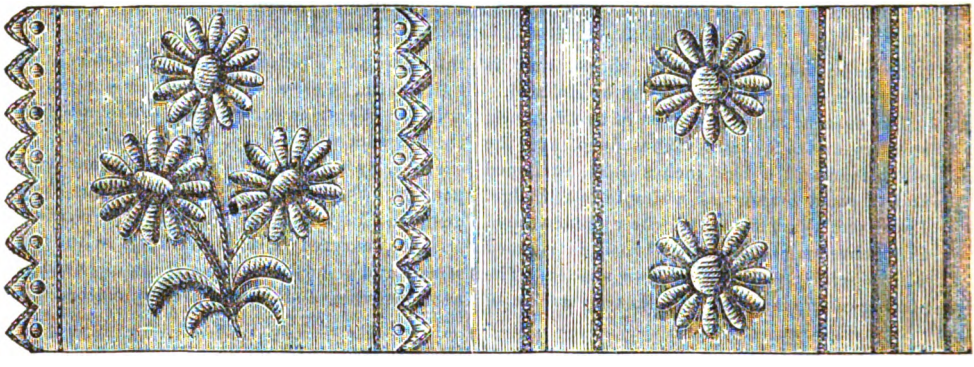
The pocket can be made of whatever size is preferred. The outer covering may be of unbleached or white linen. The unbleached is generally preferred, because it does not soil so quickly. The number of threads to be drawn out is shown clearly in No. 1, and the mode of working to form the pattern. The shape of the little pocket, divisions for buttons, etc., at the bottom, as well as the slides, are too clearly shown to need explanation. The whole is bound round with sarsinet ribbon, stitched and fastened at the sides with loops and buttons.

WOOL OR THREAD POCKET OPEN,

EMBROIDERY AND TUCKS FOR PETTICOATS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



These patterns are neat and pretty. They are too simple to need any description. Work from the engravings. Threads are draw out between the tucks and fastened with hem-stitch.

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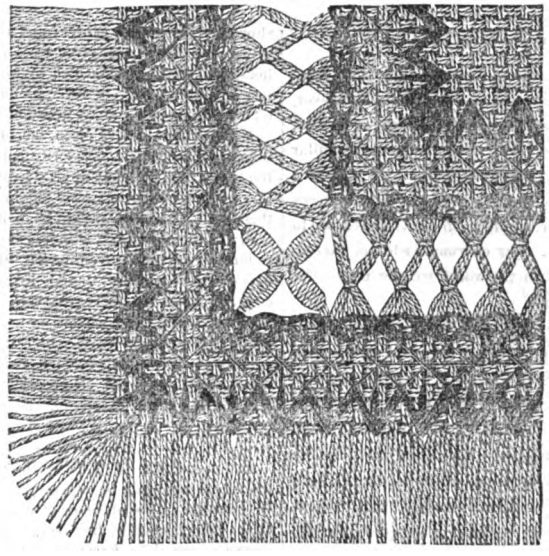
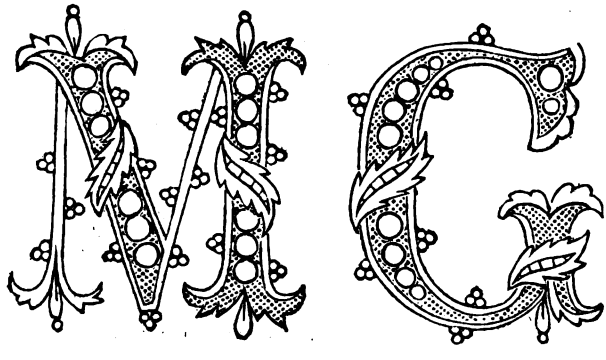
COUVRETTE OF JAVA CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Take a square of white Java canvas, and two inches from the edge cut eight double threads, and draw them out, leaving the cross threads only. Over these work with white cotton as follows: Draw four threads together with an overcast stitch, wind the cotton two or three times round two of these four threads; then, with the two remaining threads, take up the two next threads, with an overcast stitch, and so on all round. Fill up the open squares at the corners with a star in point de reprise, and sew down the loose threads at the back of the canvas. Round the inner and outer edges of this open border, work with scarlet wool a row of cross-stitches, beyond this a row of point Russe with fine black silk, and then a row of points in the same stitch with scarlet wool. The fringe is made by raveling out the threads of the canvas along the edges, and the corners are filled up with the spare threads sewn in and cut to the required length. This makes a very beautiful couvrette.

LETTERS FOR MARKING.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1872.—We call attention to our Prospectus for 1872, to be found on the last page of the cover. We claim there that this Magazine *is cheaper and better* than any periodical of its kind. Other magazines, similar in character and quality, charge three or four dollars a year, while we charge only two. *Our club rates are even lower in proportion*, and are unprecedented, as a reference to the Prospectus will show. Our enormous edition, exceeding that of any monthly in the world, enables us to offer "Peterson" at these figures.

In the fashion department, remember, we have no real rivals. No cotemporary approaches "Peterson" in the newness or elegance of its fashions. During both the sieges of Paris, we continued to give late and stylish French fashions, as a reference to the magazine will show. While we were doing this, our cotemporaries were giving old and obsolete styles, or third-rate styles made up at home. In another respect, also, our fashions have no parallel. The "Every-Day Dress" department is the only reliable guide, for elegant and fashionable, yet economical dresses.

Nor has any lady's book ever attempted to compete with "Peterson" in the sterling merit and engrossing interest of its novelets and stories, all of which are original. *We pay more for literary matter than all the other ladies' magazines together.* For next year we have a series of the most thrilling novelets we have ever published. "The stories in 'Peterson' are the best to be found anywhere," is the universal remark of an impartial newspaper press.

Now all this is offered, as we have said, for a dollar less than others. To clubs, as our Prospectus shows, it is offered even lower. No magazine, equal in merit, can be had so cheap. Nothing, *really worth anything at all*, could be offered at a less price.

Now is the time to get up clubs. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson"—even those who take other magazines—if its merit and cheapness are fairly put before them. *Be the first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment!*

RIDING AND RIDING-HABITS.—The taste for riding on horseback, we are glad to note, is continually increasing. No more healthful recreation can be desired for ladies. To ride well requires very little more than courage, presence of mind, and a slight attention to a few simple rules. Of course no woman ought ever to ride a vicious horse. A horse with light mouth, moreover, is preferable to one with a hard one, though it is safest for a woman always to have two bits, a snaffle and a curb, using the last only in cases of necessity. The jockey-trot, as it is called, can only be acquired by practice. All that even the best teacher can do is to tell a pupil to rise with the motion of the horse, and the pupil must keep trying until she catches it. The ordinary gait of the horse, however, is the gallop, which, when shortened, becomes a canter; and this is what most ladies prefer, and, moreover, gives least fatigue to the rider. A horse is always best managed by kindness. Be firm, when necessary, however: but never get out of patience; and never let a horse suspect you are afraid of him.

A plain habit of dark cloth, merino, or alpaca, is the best, blue or green being the favorite colors. The less braiding the better: we say none at all. Every year we give engravings of such habits: we gave one in the March number for this year. The skirt should be neither too short nor too long: in the one case it is indelicate, in the other it catches to bushes. A low, stove-pipe hat, like a man's, is the most fashionable head-gear, though a few ladies, for use in the country, have the shaded cavalier hat, with a drooping feather. In England, women on horseback invariably wear trousers beneath the skirt, which strap under foot, and are made of buckskin, or chamois leather. Some equestrians wear half-high men's boots, others wear only the ordinary buttoned woman's boot. A whip, of course, is indispensable.

A MORAL DUTY.—J. G. Saxe, the wit and poet, says, "it is one of the moral duties of every married woman to appear well-dressed in the presence of her husband," and he adds, that, "to effect this, however, expensive attire is by no means essential." Lavater, that keen observer, has said, "young women, who neglect their toilet, and manifest little concern about their apparel, indicate, in this very particular, a disregard of order." He adds, significantly, "The girl of eighteen, who desires not to please, will be a sloven at the age of twenty-five."

SUNSHINE is as necessary to human beings, if they would keep in health, as it is to vegetables. The same cause that makes potato-vines white and sickly, when grown in dark cellars, produces the pale-looking girls that are so often seen in our cities. There is a moral sunshine, too, as well as a physical one. Smiles and happy faces are to the household what sunshine is out of doors.

REMEMBER that we will send, for $2.50, both a copy of "Peterson," for 1872, and a copy of our new splendid premium mezzotint, "Five Times One To-Day." This is giving two dollar subscribers a superb picture, suitable to frame and hang up in the parlor, for only fifty cents. A similar engraving, at a store, would cost four dollars.

THE COLORED SLIPPER PATTERN, in this number, is to be worked in applique. No other periodical gives these embellishments. The reason is, they are too costly. Yet "Peterson's Magazine" spares no expense to be the best of its kind. It always has "led the field," and it always will.

"BABY'S ANSWER."—This charming picture tells its own story. "Baby" has been invited to a children's party, and her mother has written the acceptance; but as "Baby" has sealed the note, she naturally thinks she has done all. Her pretty air of triumph, as she looks at you, is irresistible.

OUR NOVELETS for next year are the most brilliant, singly and collectively, we may safely say, that this, or any other magazine, has ever offered to the public. They will be worth ten times the subscription price. Their titles, it will be seen, are very suggestive.

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OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVING FOR 1872 is in a different vein from anything that has gone before, and if we may judge from the favor that similar pictures win as embellishments, will be the most popular we have ever published. It is a superb mezzotint, about the size of "Our Father Who Art In Heaven," and is entitled, "Five Times One To-Day, or Little Bessie's Birth-Day;" and represents a charming creatnre, a real "mother's darling," loaded down with toys and other gifts, and exulting in her newly-acquired treasures. To secure this beautiful mezzotint, which would sell, at a print-shop, for four dollars, it is only necessary to get up a small club for "Peterson" for 1872. *Both it and an extra copy* can be earned by getting up a large club. In the remotest frontier neighborhood even, an hour or two devoted to this purpose, will secure you a copy of this exquisite picture to ornament your parlor, besides winning you a copy, for one year, of the best ladies' magazine in the world. *Now is the time to get up clubs!*

THIS IS THE ONLY MAGAZINE, at any price, that gives double-sized, steel, colored fashion-plates. All the other lady's books give either single fashion-plates, only half the size of ours, or else colored wood-cuts, or colored lithographs. Compare the fashion-plates in "Peterson" with those of other periodicals! For novelty, correctness, style and beauty, our fashion-plates have no rivals. If you want reliable fashions, you must subscribe for this magazine.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

History of Frederick the Second, called Frederick the Great. By John S. C. Abbott. 1 *vol.* 8 vo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—We have, in this large and handsome volume, the best popular history of Frederick the Great that has ever been written. For a task of this kind Mr. Abbott possesses unusual qualifications, as he always tells a story with vivacity, and, while bringing out the details, does not crowd and blur the general effect. In the second rank of great military captains, and at the very head of his class, stands Frederick of Prussia, whom history has united to pronounce great, not indeed because of his virtues, but because of his genius for war. For the higher class of minds, Carlyle's history of Frederick, will, with all its faults, ever be the favorite. But with the general reader Abbott's will be the most sought after. The illustrations and maps, which are numerous and good, will add very much to the value of this work. The type, in which the book is printed, is quite large, and the paper is unusually good.

Sir Walter Scott: the Story of his Life. By R. Shelton Mackenzie, LL.D. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Osgood & Co.*—This very entertaining volume has convinced us, that, even after Lockhart's admirable biography, a good deal remained to be told about Scott. Dr. Mackenzie's conception of the character of the great novelist is just and appreciative. He brings out, more forcibly than ever before, the moral superiority of Scott, rightly attributing much of his success to that peculiarity of his organization. The store of anecdotes, personal reminiscences, and characteristic incidents, many of them the fruits of his own personal experience, which Dr. Mackenzie furnishes, will always give this book a very high value. One of the most delightful of these reminiscences is the biographer's narrative of his first interview, when a boy, with Scott, during the visit of the latter to Ireland. The volume is full also of anecdotes illustrative of the literary life of the present century.

Folle-Fuine. By Ouida. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This novelist will always have her admirers, so long, at least, as a fervid style and intensity of plot are popular. The present tale, however, is hardly one of her best. None of the characters are probable, and the incidents are often strained.

The Federal Government. By Ransom H. Gillet. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.*—A work that has been needed for a very long time, and that is now executed by a competent hand. Mr. Gillet has practised for many years, in the higher national courts, and has served for more than twenty years in Congress and in various important official positions in the Executive departments, so that he is quite familiar with matters pertaining to the federal government. He begins with an account of the colonial governments before the War of Independence, traces the growth of the governments that succeeded, and explains the character of the present national government in all its departments. The style is terse and vigorous.

School-Houses. By James Johonnot. Architectural Designs, by S. E. Hecoes. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: J. W. Shermerhorn & Co.*—This is an extremely valuable work. It contains a very great variety of plans and elevations for school-houses, with full and accurate descriptions, so that different tastes may be pleased, and any carpenter can construct a building precisely as described. School furniture and apparatus also receive a proper notice. The engravings are numerous and good. There are also some excellent remarks on ventilation, illustrated by colored diagrams. The paper and printing are both superior.

The Clyffards of Clyffe. By the author of "Lost Sir Massingbred," etc. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A powerfully written novel, better even than "Lost Sir Massingbred," or "Carlyon's Year," popular stories from the same pen. The incidents are of the most absorbing character, and engross the attention of the reader from the very first page. A handsome edition, bound in gilt cloth, and printed on fine, thick, white paper.

The Life and Times of Lord Brougham, written by Himself. Vol. II., 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This volume of Lord Brougham's autobiography carries the story down from the repeal of the Orders In Council, in 1812, to the accession of the Wellington Ministry in 1828. Another volume will conclude the work. One of the most interesting parts of this volume is Lord Brougham's account of the trial of Queen Caroline in 1820.

The Student's Elements of Geology. By Sir Charles Lyell. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—In this work all the latest discoveries in the science of Geology are noticed, and the theories that are popular at present are explained. The treatise is made as brief as is possible, in order to fit it for students and beginners. Numerous excellent illustrations help to explain the text.

Horace Templeton. By the author of "Charles O'Malley." 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A cheap edition of one of the best of Lever's novels, always of course excepting "Charles O'Malley," which is unappreached and unapproachable.

The Cousin from India. By Georgiana M. Craik. 1 *vol.* 16 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A sweet, charming, and pathetic little story. It is for girls, and rarely do we have a tale, whether for old or young, told so exquisitely. The volume is illustrated.

A Daughter of Heth. By William Black. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A cheap edition of a new novel by the author of "Kilmeny." The atory is not so imaginative as its predecessor, but probably will be better liked, and is certainly very good. The heroine is one of the most charming in recent fiction.

For Lack of Gold. By Charles Gibbon. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A very excellent novel; quite above the usual run, indeed; and published in neat octavo.

King Arthur. A Poem. By Lord Lytton. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Lord Lytton, better known as Bulwer, always writes well, even in poetry. But we do not think that this, or any of his poems, is equal to his novels.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS SAY.—The newspaper editors, who see all the magazines, and are the best judges, universally pronounce "Peterson's" to be *the best and cheapest of the lady's books.* Says the Weedsport (N. Y.) Sentinel, for example:—"Peterson's enjoys the reputation of being the best magazine of the kind in the country for the least money." The Chambersburg (Pa.) Public Opinion, says:—"Peterson's is ahead of all competitors, yet only costs two dollars a year." Says the Sparta (Wis.) Eagle:—"Its stories are the very best out." Says the Cuba (N. J.) Patriot:—"Its fashion-plates are superb, and its reading matter first-class, alone worth the price of the book." The Comsallis (Oregon) Democrat says:—"Its articles on, and illustrations of, 'Every-Day Dresses,' have rendered it indispensable to ladies, as its directions are so explicit as to enable them to make even ordinary dresses look handsome and stylish, without the expense of dress-makers. It is certainly the cheapest magazine published." The Mount Carmel (Ill.) Democrat says:—"It is the best of all the ladies magazines in America." Says the Seneca Falls (N. Y.) Courier:—"The pioneer in this species of journalism: the best and the cheapest." The New Philadelphia (O.) Advocate says:—"We do not see how any lady can do without this magazine." Says the Danville (Ill.) Commercial:—"Contains more of interest than any magazine we know of." The Francisville (Ind.) Local Topic says:—"Most emphatically our favorite." The Front Royal (Va.) Sentinel says:—"At the top of the ladder." Says the Milford (Pa.) Herald:—"One of the best of its class, and decidedly the cheapest." We could give hundreds of similar notices. We quote these few in order that such of our old subscribers as take no other magazine, and have not the means of comparing "Peterson" with its cotemporaries, may know how much better and cheaper it is. We quote them, also, in order that persons soliciting clubs, may show to persons who have never taken "Peterson," that they cannot do as well with their money anywhere else.

FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, LATIN, AND ITALIAN LANGUAGES WITHOUT A MASTER. By A. H. Montieth, Esq.—The Robertsonian method of learning the French, German, Spanish, Latin, and Italian Languages without the aid of a teacher, has, for the last twenty years, been successfully tested throughout the whole European continent; and is, without a single exception, now used in teaching the modern languages in all the educational institutions of England, France, and, Germany. In London, Mr. Montieth, the most celebrated teacher of languages in the world, arranged and perfected this system; and his works on the Study of French, German, Spanish, Latin, and Italian Without a Master, contained in this volume, immediately obtained a sudden and extraordinary popularity. Any person unacquainted with these languages, can, with the aid of this volume, be enabled to *read*, *write*, and *speak* the language of either, without the aid of a teacher, or any oral instruction whatever, provided they pay strict attention to the instructions laid down in the work, and that nothing shall be passed over without a thorough investigation of the subject it involves; by doing which they will find themselves to be able to *speak*, *read*, or *write* either language at their will and pleasure. *The whole is contained in Twenty-Seven Easy Lessons.* The French is in Six Easy Lessons, the Spanish is in Four, German is in Six, Latin is in Six, and the Italian is in Five Easy Lessons, or Twenty-Seven in all. This work is invaluable to any person wishing to learn either or all of these languages, and is worth, to any one, one hundred times its cost. This work runs through several large editions in England every year; for no persons have ever bought a copy of it, without recommending it to their friends. Everybody should possess themselves of a copy of it at once. It is published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, in one large duodecimo volume, bound in cloth, price Two Dollars, and for sale by all Booksellers, or copies will be sent to any one by the publishers, post-paid, on receipt of price by them.

STEADILY IMPROVING.—The editor of the Norristown (Pa.) Defender says of this Magazine:—"We worked on the first issue of 'Peterson,' in 'the day of small things,' when it was printed on a hand-press. What a difference between *then* and *now!* From the start, this Magazine made giant strides—achieving almost unprecedented success—steadily gaining in popular favor—until it has become firmly wedded to the affections of its countless patrons." We can tell our old friend that it takes several power-presses to print this Magazine now, and that we expect, next year, to have an even greater circulation. Now and then, ladies, who have taken "Peterson," try something else, but they invariably come back; and meantime new subscribers pour in every year, swell our list, and enable us to do "better and better," continually.

WE GIVE NO PREMIUMS to persons merely for subscribing to "Peterson." The magazine is worth all we ask for it, and even more: we put all we can afford into the magazine, and do not keep a part back for premiums. *What we give premiums for is to repay persons for getting up clubs.* Subscribers, however, are allowed to buy our premiums, when they wish, at a reduced price: for instance, two dollar subscribers are given the premium for fifty cents extra, which is less than its cost. When a magazine, or newspaper, offers a premium engraving to every subscriber, it needs no arithmetic to demonstrate that the cost of the premium comes out of the magazine. In other words, the more premiums, the worse the magazine.

PUBLISHERS AND MANUSCRIPTS.—An English court has decided that contributions, voluntarily sent to a magazine or newspaper, cease to be the writer's property when they leave his or her hands, and that hence the editor or publisher is not liable for them, whether they come to hand or not. This has always been the law. It is, in fact, common sense. It would be very hard, indeed, if an editor was to be held responsible for manuscripts, which he has not solicited, and generally does not want. We have been notifying the public for years, that we are not responsible for stories, poetry, etc., etc., sent to us. Writers, who wish to preserve their articles, must keep copies of them.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE ISLAND OF DIAMONDS.—A newspaper paragraph says, that "information has come, by way of San Francisco, of the discovery of an island of diamonds, in the Pacific Ocean." By a strange coincidence, this very island is the subject of a novelet, in "Peterson," for 1872.

CATALOGUES of T. B. Peterson & Brothers' publications, sent, gratis, on receipt of a letter requesting it. This firm has the most complete list of cheap, yet popular novels in the United States.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

CONSUMPTION.—A physician, in large practice, says that consumption was more prevalent, the past summer, than for many preceding years. He attributes it to some peculiar condition of the atmosphere. He is confident, that, in the early stages, with the adoption of judicious regimen, and suitable remedies, the disease, in a great many cases, can

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be stayed, if not entirely eradicated from the system. He says: "At any rate, I have in my mind a number of individuals who, many years ago, seemed to be decidedly on the road to consumption of the lungs, who now, to all appearances, are well and strong."

It is a pleasant duty to diffuse such encouraging views as these among a class too liable to yield to despondency, especially in seasons so debilitating and depressing. With such, their continued comfort, usefulness, and even life itself, depends upon their cheerful and vigilant adoption of the requisite means The writer referred to recommends that flannel should be worn next the skin in summer, as well as in the winter. Damp, cool days, and the night air should find them not only well protected, but usually within doors. Violent exercise, producing excessive perspiration and fatigue, should be avoided, and also sitting in a draft of air when the skin is warm and moist. All drains upon the system should be avoided or corrected. No labor should be engaged in producing excessive fatigue, although moderate exertion is an advantage. With regard to food, it should be of the best quality, and as hearty as the system relishes; and where this is the case, spirituous liquors can be dispensed with. In the first place, however, good medical advice should always be sought.

The value of a cold, dry climate—like that of Minnesota and Colorado—to the actual or threatened consumptive, has received considerable public discussion of late. Another writer—evidently a medical expert—affirms that moist climates are not, in general, those in which consumption is the most prevalent. Most parts of Europe have a moister atmosphere than Massachusetts, and yet nowhere in Europe is pulmonary consumption so prevalent as in the Bay State. He admits, however, that a damp *soil*, especially when accompanied by excessive shade, has a powerful effect in fostering the disease. With respect to the alleged tonic effect of cold, the writer holds that in cases where consumption results from the natural delicacy of the individual, or where he has already been reduced by disease to a seriously debilitated condition, any transition to a colder clime but smothers the little fuel of vitality that is left in him. In other cases, however, where the vitality has only been lessened through accidental causes, so that it is not quite adequate to resist the approaches of disease, a change to a colder and more bracing climate will often prove beneficial, particularly if accompanied by stimulating changes of scene and society. The question, then, is a practical one, to be determined by itself in every instance, and not to be settled by sweeping general rules.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

Over-Educating Children.—A cotemporary says:—"There is a story of a young lady, a recent graduate of a school for girls, who had 'worn the badge of the legion of honor, one of the rewards of the school,) for four years in succession, the first time such a distinction had been achieved in twenty years, and which requires that the student shall not have missed a day, nor an hour, nor a lesson, nor in any way received a black mark during the entire year.' This is painful. The amount of self-control necessary to have been absolutely perfect in deportment for four years is simply enormous. Much of the vitality and spirit which make perpetual youth the one thing to be desired: much of the grace and archness, and abandon of nature, must have been mercilessly suppressed. It was the same kind of management of self as that to which the true nun subjects herself. We are heartily glad this is the first case in twenty years, and trust that it will be the last one for a hundred years. Parents are largely responsible for such an occurrence as this, but they are foolishly and cruelly ambitious for their children. These rewards of merit are not intended to produce such results. They are simply intended as a help toward the government of the school by developing a generous rivalry in the matter of behavior. It is not expected that they will substitute for human nature a monastic uniformity or perfection, as they seem to have done in the present instance."

This, however, is only one of the ways in which parents and teachers err. As a rule, the tasks given to girls, especially girls between twelve and seventeen, are too severe. The brain, in consequence, is over-tasked, and over-tasked just at that period of life when the strain does most harm. Parents forget that if the physical system breaks down, and the daughter becomes a tenant of the invalid's sofa, accomplishments go for nothing. There are tens of thousands of suffering women now in this land, who owe their ill-health entirely to the "forcing system" adopted with them at school. We are aware that exercise and recreation is insisted on a good deal more than it was formerly. But there is still too much brain-work imposed on growing girls. In the public schools of Philadelphia, excellent as they are in all other respects, the tasks are entirely too severe, and as a consequence, scores of girls are annually broken down in health and spirits. Nor is anything gained, even intellectually, by such "forcing." It is far better to take more time to learn, and retain health, than to crush the poor scholar forever by sowing the seeds of neuralgia etc., etc. A physician remarked to us, the other day, that American women were fast getting to be only "bundles of nerves;" and he added, "it is not the climate that is doing the mischief, is is over-tasking the brain at school." Exercise in the open air, and judicious recreation, will do more to make agreeable, handsome, healthy, and even intelligent women, than too much in-door study.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECIPTS.

Italian Chicken Salad.—Make a dressing in the proportion of the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, mashed or pounded fine, a salt-spoonful of salt, and the same quantity of mustard and Cayenne, and a salt-spoonful of powdered white sugar, four tablespoonfuls of salid-oil, and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar (tarragon vinegar would be best.) Simmer this dressing over the fire, but do not let it come to a boil. Stir it all the time. Take a sufficiency of the white meat of cold fowls, and pull or cut it into flakes. Pile it in the middle of a dish, and pour the salad dressing over it. Have ready two fine fresh lettuces that have been laid in cold water. Strip off the outside leaves; cut up the best part of the lettuce, and arrange it evenly in a ridge, or circular heap all round the pile of chicken in the center. On the top of the ridge of lettuce, place the whites of the eggs, cut into rings, and laid round so as to form a chain. Of course, a portion of the lettuce is to be helped with the chicken.

To Preserve Currants, for Winter Use, in Bottles.—The fruit must be gathered in a perfectly dry state; each bunch being held over a wide-mouthed bottle, the currants should be carefully cut off singly, as near to the fruit as possible without breaking it, and allowed to drop gently into the bottle, so as to avoid bruising it, as no bruised or moist fruit must be used. When the bottles are quite filled, cork them tightly with well-fitting corks, and resin them down; they should be buried in a hole in the garden, with the necks downward, and covered with earth about a foot and a half deep, or if they can be buried in a cellar it will answer as well; but they must be thoroughly protected from light and air. In very severe weather it is well to cover the place with straw or ashes, about a foot in depth. No sugar or boiling is required. Raspberries cannot be preserved in the same way, but cherries and damsons answer well.

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How to Mix Mustard.—Mustard should be mixed with water that has been boiled and allowed to cool; hot water destroys its essential properties, and raw cold water might cause it to ferment. Put the mustard in a cup, with a small pinch of salt, and mix with it, very gradually, sufficient boiled water to make it drop from the spoon without being watery. Stir and mix well, and rub the lumps well down with the back of a spoon, as mustard properly mixed should be perfectly free from these. The mustard-pot should not be more than half full, or rather less, if it would not be used for a day or two, as the mustard is so much better when fresh made.

Fried Oysters.—Take large oysters, cut off the beards, dry them in a cloth; beat the yolks of three eggs with a little cream, stir in some grated bread, dip the oysters in the mixture, and fry them light brown, in plenty of lard or suet, boiling. Do not turn them. Serve hot.

To Preserve Lemons for Use.—Put them in a jar of cold water, and change the water every week.

SOUPS, ETC.

Veal-Soup.—Take a knuckle of veal, put it in a pot with four quarts of water, and add a teaspoonful of salt to each quart. Pare and slice three onions, four turnips, two carrots, a bunch of sweet herbs, and a small portion of celery. Let the veal boil one hour, then add the above vegetables. When they are tender, strain the soup. Put it in the pot they were boiled in, thicken the soup with some flour mixed smoothly with a little water, and add a little parsley finely chopped. Make some dumplings of a teaspoonful of butter, to two of flour, and milk or water enough to make a very soft dough. Drop them into the boiling soup. They should be about as large as a hickory-nut, when they are put in. If noodles are preferred, they may be put in and boiled ten minutes. Dish the meat with the vegetables around it. Drawn butter may be served with it, or any other meat sauce.

Pepper-Pot.—To four quarts of water put one pound of corned pork, two pounds of the neck or scrag of mutton and a small knuckle of veal. Let this simmer slowly for three hours, skimming all the while, and then take out the mutton (as that will serve for a dish for table, with drawn butter and celery.) Into this broth put four sliced white turnips—if in season, six or eight tomatoes—if not, a tablespoonful of the tomato catchup, an onion, sliced thinly, a small piece of the garden-pepper, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Have ready boiled a quarter of a pound of nice white tripe; cut this into strips of an inch in length; add six potatoes thinly sliced, about a dozen whole cloves, and a pint bowl full of nice little light dumplings the size of a walnut; let this simmer slowly for an hour. Serve hot, but take out the pork and veal-bone before serving.

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Cold Boiled Beef.—Melt about three ounces of butter over a slow fire into a tablespoonful of flour, and when they have simmered a little, add some chopped onion and a dessert-spoonful of shred parsley; when the whole is browned, season with pepper, and add half or three-quarters of a pint of good stock or gravy. Mince the beef finely, put it in with the rest, and let it heat gradually; when nearly boiling, thicken with a small tablespoonful of corn-flour, and just before serving add a tablespoonful of catchup. The next is a Dutch dish, called "*Baboochee.*"—Shred some onions very fine, and fry them in butter of a nice brown. Mince some of the beef very finely, add to it a tablespoonful of curry powder, and mix with the onions and sufficient good stock to make it about the consistency of thick bread sauce. Put all together in a sauce-pan, and let it simmer gently for ten or fifteen minutes. Fill some small pudding-cups with the mixture, grating some fine bread-crumbs over the top of each, set them in the oven, and let them remain from ten minutes to a quarter of an hour. The Continental way of using this is the best—that is, treating it as if it were a salad, *i. e.*, chopping in small pieces and mixing with mustard, pepper, salt, a little vinegar, and twice as much oil.

Galantine of Veal.—Take a breast of veal bone, and flatten it well; sprinkle salt, pepper, Cayenne, and pounded spice over it; lay the inside uppermost, trim it neatly, brush it over with egg beaten, sprinkle it with sweet herbs, chopped fine; then place in alternate rows gherkins, beans, ham fat, green and yellow egg balls, calf's feet or cow-heels, ready dressed, and sprinkle the whole over with isinglass. Roll it up tightly, and sew it up with pack thread all over; then envelop it in a napkin, tie it tight at each end, sew it up, and boil it three hours and a half in the stock-pot; take it out, and hang it up to drain. Then tie up tight at both ends, and press it between dishes or boards, with heavy weights on it till the next day.

Cupilotade de Voluille.—Entree.—This dish is made of the remains of poultry. A little butter is melted and mixed with flour, salt, pepper, herbs, and mushrooms which have been scalded, and cut up small. When this begins to turn yellow, a mixture of equal parts of white wine and gravy stock is poured in. After it has boiled for twenty minutes, the pieces of any sort of roast poultry, having been nicely cut, are put into the sauce. It is left over the fire for a quarter of an hour, and served.—*Another:* Take poultry which has been dressed for the day before, and cut it up. Put it into a stew-pan with a thickening of butter and flour. Add half a glass of stock. Let it simmer. Before serving put in gherkins cut in slices.

DESSERTS.

Puddings without Eggs.—Apple and Sago Pudding.—Wash a teacupful of the large sago, and leave it in about a pint of cold water for an hour or more; then well butter a pie-dish, and put a layer of sliced apples at the bottom, with lemon-peel, grated nutmeg or cloves, according to taste. Pour off the water from the sago, and spread the sago on the apples; put another layer of apples, flavored as before, on the top; cover the pudding with an old dish, and bake in a moderate oven. An hour or less will bake it. Take it out, and stir in a piece of butter and two tablespoonfuls of moist sugar, and put it back into the oven for ten minutes. The apples should be good cooking apples; three of moderate size will be sufficient for a teacupful of sago. Another variety of this pudding is to pour it into a mould, after it has been sweetened; turn it out the next day, and serve it with thick cream. Make with gooseberries instead of apples; and eaten in this way it is delicious. *Baked Rice Pudding:* Put two tablespoonfuls of the best rice in a pie-dish; wash it well; mix rather less than two tablespoonfuls of sugar with it. Pour on a pint of raw milk, and bake very slowly for two hours. A few shavings of butter laid on the top of the milk, or a small quantity of finely minced beef suet, will help to keep the milk from burning; but the oven should never be hot enough for this. Rice boiled in milk, sweetened, poured into a mould, and eaten cold with jam is very good; and tapioca, after having been soaked in water for some time, may be boiled in milk (which has been flavored with lemon-peel) till perfectly tender, sweetened, poured into a mould, and turned out when cold. It should be made very stiff, if it is to retain its shape. This is very nourishing, and much nicer to many tastes than tapioca pudding made with eggs. Always use good milk, never skimmed milk, if you would have pudding nourishing and digestible.

Sweet Paste.—This is suitable to fruit-tarts generally, apples excepted, for which we recommend a puff-paste. To three-quarters of a pound of butter put half a pound of flour, three to four ounces sifted loaf-sugar, the yolks of two eggs, and half a pint of new milk. Bake it in a moderate oven.

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A Cheap Family Pudding.—One pound of flour, one pound of suet, chopped fine, three-quarters of a pound of molasses or sugar, one pound of carrots and potatoes, well boiled and mashed together, half a pound of raisins, three-quarters of a pound of bread-crumbs; spice, flavoring, and peel optional. Mix the whole together with a little water it must not be too stiff, and certainly not too moist. Rub a basin well with dripping, and boil for eight hours.

To Make a Hen's Nest.—Get five small eggs, make a hole at one end, and empty the shells; fill them with blanc mange; when stiff and cold, take off the shells; pare the yellow rind very thin from six lemons, boil them in water till tender; then cut them in thin strips to resemble straw, and preserve them with sugar; fill a small, deep dish half full of nice jelly; when it is set, put the straw on in form of a nest, and lay the eggs in it.

A German Sweet Dish.—Boil some Spanish chestnuts until they are soft enough to be crushed with a spoon, and passed though a sieve. Beat up the whites of six or eight eggs into a froth, with half a pound of lump-sugar that has been grated on the rind of a lemon. Pile up the chestnuts while warm in a dish, and cover them thickly with the whip just before serving them.

German Flummery.—Half a pint of milk, two ounces Oswego corn-flour, two ounces of sugar; boil together till moderately thickened; add a few drops of essence of vanilla or lemon, and mix with the whites of four eggs, beaten to a light snow; turn the whole into a wet jelly-mould, set to get firm in a cool place, and serve with any fruit syrup or boiled custard-sauce.

Almond Custard Cake.—Four eggs, separated, four table-spoonfuls of white sugar, one pound of almonds, blanched and cut fine, one pint of sour cream; flavor with extract of vanilla; put in the whites of the eggs last. Mix as thick as sponge-cake batter, and put between layers of cake as for jelly-cake.

Easy-Made Pudding.—Take half a pound each of currants, flour, and chopped beef suet, four ounces of molasses, and a breakfast-cupful of milk; add a little spice; mix well together, and boil it in a cloth or basin for four hours.

Wee Pudding.—Quarter of a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of sugar, two eggs, rind of a lemon; beat for twenty minutes, half fill teacups, and bake for twenty minutes.

Eve's Pudding.—Six eggs, six apples, six ounces bread-crumbs, four ounces of sugar, a little salt, six ounces of currants, a nutmeg. Three hours will boil it.

CAKES, ETC.

Queen Cake.—Wash a pound of butter in a little orange-flower water, and beat it to a cream with a wooden spoon; add to it a pound of finely-powdered loaf-sugar, and mix in by degrees eight eggs, well beaten. A pound of flour, dried and sifted, three-quarters of a pound of currants, a little nutmeg, and two ounces of bitter almonds, pounded, must then be stirred in, adding, last of all, a wineglassful of brandy. Beat the whole well together for an hour, and bake in small buttered tins in a brisk oven. *Another.*—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one pound of currants, one pound of butter. Beat the butter till soft, add sugar and flour gradually. Break in six eggs, one by one, beating the mixture all the time. Bake about fifteen minutes in a hot oven, at the end of a baking.

Plain Cake.—Mix into two pounds of flour half a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of allspice, and a spoonful of ground ginger; warm half a pint of new milk, melt it in a pound of fresh butter; add a quarter of a pint of new yeast; work these into a flour; add enough carraway seeds; let the dough stand in a warm place to rise; then bake it for an hour and a half. Observe that some kinds of flour require more liquid to wet them than others, so an additional quantity of milk may be used if considered needful.

Irish Fudges.—Melt one ounce of butter in a pint of boiling water, and pour it on two and a half pounds of wheat meal; mix it well together and knead it into a stiff dough. Make the cakes an inch thick, any size or shape you please, but they are gnnerally of a triangular form, and bake them on a bakestone.

Emperor's Cake.—Beat four eggs with half a pound of sifted sugar till quite smooth. Cut a half pound of shelled almonds in pieces, but do not pound them; mix them with the eggs and sugar, and as much flour as will form a dough. Roll out the dough about the eighth of an inch thick, cut it in cakes, and bake on tins in a moderate oven.

Cup Cake.—Three cups of flour, two of sugar, one of butter, one-third of a cup of cream, five eggs, well beaten, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one of soda, dissolved separately. Mix all well together, and bake in a moderate oven.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF DOVE-GRAY POPLIN.—The skirt has one deep plaited flounce, headed by a band of fox-fur; above this is a wide, full puffing of the poplin, then another band of fur, and then a narrow plaited trimming, which stands up. The basque has long, square pelerine tabs in front, which reach to the top of the trimming on the skirt, and is finished with a row of fur. Gray felt hat, with pink plumes.

FIG. II.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BLUE SILK.—The lower-skirt is trimmed with one scant, deep flounce, headed by a band of black velvet, with a narrow, standing-up trimming of the silk; the upper-skirt is puffed at the back, and has a trimming of a narrow flounce and velvet. The waist has a basque, short in front and at the back, but deep on the hips, is trimmed like the skirts, and has a large bow of black velvet behind, with wide ends of velvet coming from beneath the basque. Long sleeves, half wide, trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS OF DUN-COLORED CLOTH.—The skirt is quite plain, except a fold down the front, edged on either side with gimp of the same color, and trimmed with large, flat buttons. The plain basque fastens on one side, is belted around the waist, and is trimmed with buttons. Close coat-sleeves, with cuffs. Black felt hat, with a black wing, and a black lace veil from the back, which fastens in front.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF GREEN CASHMERE.—The under skirt is edged with a narrow plaiting of the cashmere, headed by a row of black velvet; the upper-skirt, which is not long, is open at the back, and falls rather full behind. Small, square-cut basque, short at the back, and from beneath it falls a bow and ends of thick, black ribbon. Black velvet hat, trimmed with black ribbon.

FIG. V.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF RICH BLACK SILK, made quite plain. Sacque of purple velvet, trimmed with Hudson Bay sable. This sacque has no sleeves, and is made with folds, to fall loose from just below the neck; it is looped up in the back, and is trimmed with velvet bows. Bonnet of purple velvet, with long, black plumes.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF CHESTNUT-BROWN POPLIN, WITH AN OVER-DRESS OF MUCH LIGHTER BROWN.—The under-skirt is trimmed with rows of quilled silk; the upper dress of lighter brown, is trimmed with two rows of the darker shade of silk; it is looped high up on the hips, and cut open part way up the back, where it is fastened up with a dark-brown bow and ends. The close basque of the lighter brown poplin is trimmed like the upper-skirt.

FIG. VII.—HOUSE OR CARRIAGE-DRESS OF GRAY-COLORED SILK AND CASHMERE.—The under-skirt is of steel-gray silk, trimmed with a narrow ruffle of the same at the bottom, and a small quilling about a quarter of a yard above it. The upper-skirt is of dove-gray cashmere, and, when let down,

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hangs something like a short court train; it is finished all around with a quilling of silk the color of the upper-skirt, and is looped back under a puff, with a wide bow and ends of the steel-gray ribbon. The deep basque of cashmere is trimmed like the upper-skirt.

FIGS. VIII. AND IX.—A WATER-PROOF CLOAK, just the thing for this season of the year, and exceedingly lady-like. The material is dark-gray water-proof cloth. The cloak falls straight at the back and front, and is buttoned from top to bottom. It is ornamented with a hood forming two points, and then a third point below the two. A fancy knot, in gimp, and two tassels, occupy the center of the two points, and the hood is bordered with a wide worsted braid. Wide sleeves open to the small of the arm; close-fitting under-sleeves, and both bordered with braid. Pockets rounded at the bottom, and bound with braid at the top.

FIGS. X. AND XI.—A CLOTH PALETOT, that falls straight in front, but fits the figure at the back. The basque is open at the sides and in the center of the back as far as the waist. The sleeve is also left open to the elbow, the opening terminating with a *faille* butterfly bow; a silk tassel-fringe, with a gimp heading, edges the paletot; a bow at the back of the waist, and silk cord and buttons in front.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The new fall colors are charming, they are so rich, but so subdued. The olive greens, plum colors, clarets, and blues of our grandmothers' days are now in the highest favor. An over-dress of cashmere of any of these colors, or of gray with a petticoat of silk of the same shade makes a most exquisite costume. Soft woolen plaids are also favorites, not the gay clan tartans, which are now usually reserved for children, but materials of the colors already mentioned, as the base, with plaids of the same colors, but of a lighter shade on them. Violets, browns, and black, with colored lines, are all popular.

Merinoes *de laine*, and nearly all the woolen goods which come under various names, are of the colors already mentioned. though, for those who prefer them, the brighter shades of green, blue, red, violet, etc., can be easily procured.

SILKS come in all their new colors, as well as in the softest, most delicate tints for evening wear; the apricots, blues, pinks, and greens are exceedingly light, and so softly tinted, that some do not like them, as having a faded look. Chintz patterns are also seen in silks, the prettiest being composed of the blue corn-flower with the field-poppy mixed with wheat ears. These silks are only suitable for evening-dresses, as they are on white or pearl-colored grounds, and are worn over pearl-colored or blue silk petticoats, a good deal puffed up. Thus it is seen that we are returning to the dresses of a century ago. And with these dresses, which are made open on the bust, either square or heart-shaped lace, tulle, or very thin muslin must be worn, such as the dames of the ancient regime wore; and it must be confessed that nothing is more becoming to a lady than the *bouffant* folds of their dainty fichus.

Of all the fashions, that of the plain high waist is one of those which has existed the longest, and it is quite a boon to see a change in the corsage, and to study the various shapes of the open bodice, square, oval, *en cœur*, or what not, with which such a variety of delicate and coquettish laces, etc., can we worn.

The old-fashioned tight-fitting sacque, which was so popular in Marie Antoinette's time, and which is now called a *Polonaise*, *Gabrielle*, etc., is exceedingly popular for an over-dress. The body and skirt is cut in one, and the latter is a good deal puffed up over a colored petticoat. This style of dress is wonderfully becoming to the figure.

SMALL TRAVELING CLOAKS, made of gray twilled cloth, and trimmed with a cross-band of plain gray *faille*, and with a black and white fringe, are considered very lady-like, and in the best taste. Only one shape is accepted for these cloaks; it is a double pelerine, but which is not long at the back; the second pelerine simulates the sleeves and a cross-band of *faille* is carried down each side of the seam at the back. These cloaks are also made of black braided cashmere, trimmed with feather-fringe for a more dressy occasion, and in small checked poplin for quite young ladies.

Some of the new fichus, or capes, are very jaunty; one is made either in thin, clear muslin, or in Organdy, and trimmed with gathered lace. This fichu is a large square, folded in two, and tied at the back.

The Camargo fichu is much more original. It is made of China *crepe* of a bright color, such as cerise, China blue. pink, violet, or iris, and is always worn with a dress of a different color. It is very open in front and a little low at the back, where it is round, and also round on the shoulders, but fastens in front with two small, flat rosettes. It is edged either with Valenciennes or fine Mechlin; the *pattes* are edged with lace; and where it fastens, which is on the left side, there is a bright flower.

There are several new forms of collars and cuffs. The Conde collarette, for instance, has been designed expressly to accompany the Louis XIII. style of dresses. which are always now more or less in vogue. The collarette is of white muslin, encrusted and edged with Valenciennes lace. It is in flat folds, and fastens in front with two rows of flat rosettes:

WRAPPINGS of the new colored cashmere will be much worn till very cold weather sets in, then very heavy cloths and velvets will be found the most comfortable. Those who have full purses or much time, will probably have the jackets, from whatever material, covered with either silk embroidery, or fine round braiding, for this style will be much worn. The shapes of all outer garments are very numerous, but nearly all are partially tight-fitting, of whatever style, except the double circulars, which are not becoming to all figures; in fact, a lady ought to be quite tall and slight to look well in one, especially if it has to be wadded. The polonaise will most likely be the favorite form, as it is so universally becoming; and this will look especially well in velvet.

Some of the sacques are rather loose in front, but tight-fitting at the back, and some have long pelisse ends in front, and are only moderately long behind.

BONNETS are gradually growing longer, but the shape does not vary much from the styles of the last season.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF GRAY CASHMERE FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The skirt is trimmed with three bands of garnet-colored velvet; sacque of garnet-colored cashmere, made with a hood and loose sleeves, and braided with garnet-colored braid. Gray felt hat, with garnet-colored feathers.

FIG. II.—CHILD'S DRESS OF FLEECY-LINED PIQUE.—The sacque, of the same material, is cut half-tight, and is trimmed with English embroidery.

FIG. III.—REPRESENTS THE FRONT OF THE CHILD'S DRESS, FIG. II., and shows a band of the embroidery on the front of the skirt.

FIG. IV.—BOY'S SUIT OF DARK-GRAY KERSYMERE.—The trousers fasten below the knee, and are trimmed with black alpaca braid. The blouse is braided in front, and confined by a belt around the waist. Gray felt hat with a heron's plume.

FIG. V.—OUT-DOOR DRESS OF DARK-BLUE SERGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The petticoat is of blue alpaca, with a plaited flounce. The serge over-dress is looped up with buttons. The hood-like looking cape, the sleeves, and bottom of the dress is trimmed with a bias band of gray alpaca, striped in a diamond pattern, with blue alpaca braid; a dark-blue fringe edges the cape and sleeves. Gray felt hat, trimmed with blue ribbon.

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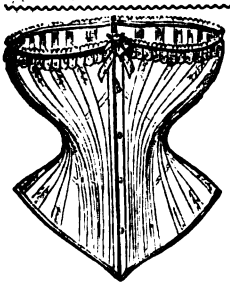

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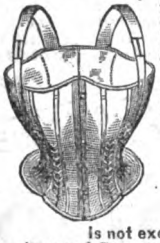

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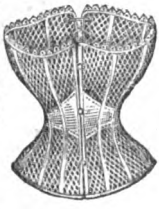

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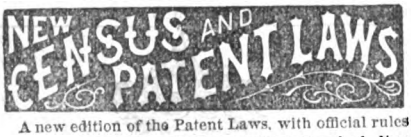

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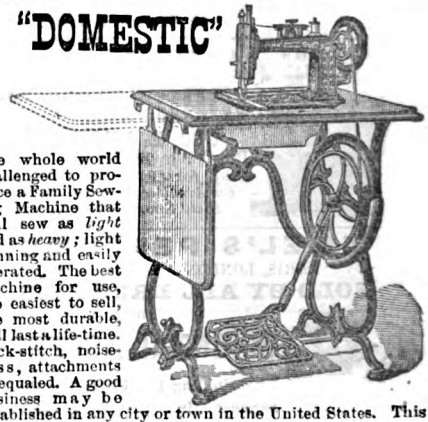

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OUT IN THE STORM. [*See the Story.*

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LX. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1871. No. 6.

OUT IN THE STORM.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I.

SHE stood with the open letter in her hand, trembling and ashen-pale, and at last had to clutch at the nearest chair to keep herself from falling.

"It is all over!" she cried, after awhile, putting her hand to her forehead with a dazed look; "all over! all over! and yet, oh! how I loved him!"

The match between Lydia Trentham and Leonard Drake had been a runaway one. Her family was richer than his, and ambitious that she should make a great alliance, for she was beautiful and accomplished, and had such a charming manner that everybody raved about her. When, therefore, she fell in love with Leonard Drake, who had but a comparatively small competence, and no business knowledge whatever, her father angrily bade her to dismiss such a lover forever from her thoughts. But with Lydia, as with most romantic girls, this stern decree acted only as an additional incentive. She thought her father unjust, and went on loving Drake more than ever. Finally she eloped. From that day her parents looked on her as on the dead. "She has made her bed, let her lie in it," said her father, savagely.

The young couple went to Europe, very soon, from motives of economy, for if you hide in some obscure town abroad, you can live very much cheaper than if you stay in America. For five years they migrated from one cheap, second-rate capital to another. Notwithstanding their narrow means they were happy. We say happy; but there had been one cloud on the happiness of the wife. She had come to her husband penniless, when he had a right to expect a fortune; and she feared that, some day, he might regret his choice. All at once, like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, came the crushing blow which destroyed her happiness in one hour.

In his bachelor days, and before he met Lydia Trentham, Leonard Drake's name had been associated with a beautiful girl, who had afterward married a Mr. Dorsheimer, an old millionaire. People said she had never loved him, but that her heart had been given to Leonard Drake; that Leonard had really loved her, and that Miss Bentley had only taken the millionaire, "because," as she said, "Leonard and herself were too poor to marry."

Lydia, at the time, hearing these things, had not been without jealousy; but the entire devotion of Leonard had, in the end, satisfied her; and for years she had forgotten even the existence of Mrs. Dorsheimer.

Suddenly Mrs. Dorsheimer had appeared at Lausanne, where the Drakes were residing temporarily. Here she had renewed her acquaintance with Leonard. Lydia remembered well how embarrassed both had seemed at the unexpected meeting. Mrs. Dorsheimer was a widow now; notes began to pass between her and Lydia's husband: and twice the wife had detected them walking together in the dusk of the evening. What wonder that the old stories recurred to Mrs. Drake; that her long-forgotten jealousy revived; and that as, day by day, the intimacy seemed to grow stronger, and her husband's manner toward herself to change to reserve, she felt her life shipwrecked forever! For weeks she had struggled against conviction, hoping, toward the last, against hope, until this day, when going into the study to look for a book, while the servant was absent, she had found a torn and crumpled letter, hidden between the pages of that very book, the first words of which drove her almost insane. She remembered now that she had surprised her husband, that morning, reading a letter, which, to her astonishment, he had shuffled into an open volume before him; but she had not noticed what book it was; and it was by accident only that she now discovered it.

It was but the part of a letter, however, that

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she found. The paper had evidently been torn into several pieces, and only a portion had been thrust into the book, as if, so she reasoned now, her husband's agitation had deprived him, for the moment, of his self-control. Under any other circumstances, a paper belonging to Leonard would have been sacred to her; but when she saw the first significant words, "we must keep the secret," and read Mrs. Dorsheimer's signature at the end, she felt that scruples would be folly; she owed it to her own happiness, she owed it to the cause of truth, she said to herself, to read it to the end.

She did read. Much was lost, all was more or less incoherent, but enough remained to convince the tortured wife that everything was over for her, in the way of happiness, in this world.

She remained there for nearly half an hour, dazed, crushed, not knowing as yet what to do. The door opened, at last, and old Dorcas came in. Old Dorcas had been Lydia's nurse, and had followed her after her marriage: the only one, poor or rich, that had stuck to her fallen fortunes. She started back on seeing the ashy face of her mistress.

"What is it?" said Lydia, rousing herself.

"A note from master," was the reply. "But, deary me! are you sick, Miss Lydia?"

"No, I am quite well," answered the poor wife, with a great effort. "Ah! I see that Mr. Drake writes he will join a party to go up to Vevay, not to return till night, if I will excuse his coming back to dinner."

"Yes," Dorcas said, vaguely.

"The man, who brought the note, waits for an answer. Tell him to say to Mr. Drake, 'go, by all means.' I haven't time, or I would write."

Dorcas started off; but her mistress' voice again made her pause.

"When you have sent him away, come to my room—I want you," said Lydia.

There was a little delay; of course, every servant she met required something, but when Dorcas entered the room, her mistress was busy with a traveling-bag.

"Dorcas," she said, "you have been with me all my life—do you want to keep with me still?"

The voice was so cold, the face so white, Dorcas dared make no scene.

"I'll go with you to the world's end, Miss Lydia," she answered, calling her again, as she often did, by the old familiar name.

"Then get ready. I am going to Geneva—on from there as fast as I can. Tell nobody. Get your things out of the house as secretly as possible."

"Going? Where? What is the matter?" groaned Dorcas.

"If you can't be quiet, and obey without a question, you must stay behind," Lydia answered, in the same hard, unnatural voice. "Be quick, and choose—I have no time to waste."

She sat down and wrote a letter to her husband, inclosed the torn pages she had found, and poured out the mad jealousy of the past weeks, that had this day culminated.

"I have done now," she wrote. "People were right: you loved her and not me; and now that she is rich and I am poor, I am too proud to wait till I am cast off. So I go, and you need not follow; you could not find me even if you wished. Remember, that henceforth your life is free from me. Think of me as dead, if you like. In your hands is the only proof of our marriage—destroy it. A few years of silence constitute a divorce in our country; go there and wait—nothing will stand between you and peace. I have only to beg you to forgive me, for allowing you to link your fate with a miserable and impoverished wife, instead of with an heiress, as you hoped."

The letter ended as abruptly as it began, and was sealed, and placed on Drake's writing-table. Dorcas came softly into the room, crying a little in a quiet way. Everything was ready—they could go.

Late that evening Leonard Drake returned home. The servants were in bed, so that it was with considerable difficulty he got into the house—got in to be horrified by the news that his wife was not there, though the domestics had supposed, from what Dorcas said, that she and her mistress had gone to Vevay to meet Mr. Drake. Leonard took a light and hurried to his room, where the first object that met his eye was the letter Lydia had written.

Three days after, the pretty cottage was tenantless, and a placard swung to and fro on the gate, with every gust of wind, warning passers-by that the place was to let.

II.

Half a decade had elapsed since Lydia's disappearance. But she looked older even than that. The agony of that day; the hurried flight afterward; the constant fear of discovery; and lastly, the struggle for bread, combined with her never-ending heartache, had cut deep wrinkles in her once fair face, and even begun to scatter gray threads through her hair.

In all this time she had never heard of her

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husband, nor of her early home. She was too proud to return to her father: "I will starve first," she often said, clenching her hands. Whether Leonard was alive or dead, whether he had remained in Europe or had gone home, she did not know, nor did she wish to know. Sometimes, she said to herself, moaning on her pillow at night, "He is divorced from me, by this time; he has married Mrs. Dorsheimer;" and the thought went through her heart, with actual physical pain, like the stab of a knife.

She and her faithful Dorcas were settled in Paris now, in an obscure corner, as the least likely place to be discovered; for there is no solitude or secrecy, as is well said, like the solitude and secrecy of a great city. She earned a scanty living, and it was of the scantiest, by coloring photographs. Into the more fashionable parts of Paris she never ventured, except when she had to go to the shops to sell her sketches, or to get orders. On one of these occasions, at the head of the *Rue de la Paix*, she came suddenly, face to face, with Mrs. Dorsheimer. She turned and fled immediately, regardless of her errand; fled down side streets and close alleys; fled across the Seine, and only stopped to breathe, when she had reached her humble lodging, in one of the most secluded parts of the Luxembourg quarter. But hardly had she closed the door, hardly had she begun to tell Dorcas that they must fly from Paris, when Mrs. Dorsheimer, unannounced, forced herself into the room.

"I have followed you," said the latter, unceremoniously, as Lydia rose, angrily. "I *will* speak, Mrs. Drake."

"Have the goodness to leave my room," answered Lydia, tottering to her feet. "I do not know you, nor the name by which you have addressed me."

"You have been mad long enough," sternly exclaimed her visitor, sitting down. "Try to come back to your senses. I shall not go till I have explained. A few words will do it. Your husband and I, instead of being what you thought, were trying to keep a great misfortune from you, or, if that could not be done, to break it to you carefully."

There was an air of truth about the speaker that staggered Lydia. She sank, nerveless, into a chair.

"I must tell the whole story, in order to exculpate ourselves," said Mrs. Dorsheimer. "Your father got into difficulties, forged my husband's name to a large amount, and was on the point of exposure, when Mr. Dorsheimer died. The affair then came into my hands to settle."

Lydia sat, leaning both elbows on the table before her, her face supported on her hands, listening, and looking as if at her doomster.

"I could have prosecuted your father, but it would have sent him to die in the Penitentiary," continued Mrs. Dorsheimer, "and would have publicly disgraced all of his family. You I knew, by name, as the wife of my cousin, with whom I had been brought up in the country, as a child, and whom I loved as a brother—as a brother, nothing more," she added, emphatically. "Besides, I was a woman, and, I hope, not a cruel one. So I refused to prosecute, suffered the loss of the money, and hushed the matter up."

A groan burst from Lydia.

Mrs. Dorsheimer went on.

"Then I came abroad. At Lausanne I met your husband unexpectedly. He had received some hints about your father, and he insisted on knowing the truth. He then said you ought to be told. But I replied that it would only pain you needlessly; if you continued to live abroad you might never hear the story. He answered that it would come to your ears, sooner or later. This is why you saw us talking so much together, and why, on several occasions, he sought private interviews with me. One evening he nearly won my consent. But hardly had he gone, before I repented—I shrank from it, you see, as a woman—and I wrote to him, telling him he must still keep our secret. That letter, it now seems, or a portion of it, you found. He was tearing it up, when you came into the room, and he put what was left of it hastily into a book, that lay nigh, as he afterward remembered. As soon as he could he hurried to me. You were, he said, getting jealous; you evidently misunderstood us; and he must tell the whole story now, in justice to himself. I was engaged with a party to Vevay; and the room was full; so he joined us, in order to have an opportunity to say all this. Of course, in this crisis, my scruples gave way. My reward is that you have believed me a vile woman. There, that's the whole—I've told the story, perhaps, in a hard way—I'm sorry for you all the same. Thank God I've found you."

She had risen, while speaking, and caught Lydia's dress, in the excitement of telling her hurried tale. Lydia's gaze, which, at first, had been fixed on her so angrily, had fallen before her; she had buried her face in her hands;

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and now, as Mrs. Dorsheimer ceased, the wretched listener sank senseless to the floor.

When Lydia revived, Mrs. Dorsheimer finished. Leonard Drake had spent three years in searcing for his wife, and subsequently returned to America, believing her dead. The last time Mrs. Dorsheimer had heard from him, he was settled at Morrisania.

The next morning saw Lydia and Dorcas once more on their way, and, when the sun set, they watched it from the deck of a Havre steamer bound to New York.

It was late in November when she sailed; but the voyage was a pleasant one, notwithstanding the season. Lydia felt, however, that she could better have endured storm and tempest than the intolerable monotony of these days, which left her nothing to do but think, think. She could not throw off the past. If she had only spoken one word, only shown her husband a shadow of the horrible insanity in her mind, everything would have been set straight, and she would have been happy in his pardon. But now! Five years gone forever, and perhaps worse; perhaps (for he thought her dead) another wife! Who could tell what punishment might be in store for her! Perhaps she would reach land only to find him dead—which would be worse than all—dead, and too late even to hear one last word of forgiveness! Oh, the days—the days! All her past suffering had been nothing to this suspense and remorse—nothing! And it would be so; she had quite settled it in her mind—he would be dead!

They were in sight of land at length, had left the vessel, were driving away through the busy streets of the great city of the New World. Lydia would not hear of resting or waiting, and old Dorcas knew that it would only be cruel to urge her.

They drove to the railway-station, It was a short journey afterward. When the name of their stopping-place was called, Dorcas looked at her mistress. She was deathly white, but perfectly quiet. It had been snowing when they landed in New York, and by the time they left the railway-train, it had settled into a heavy storm. Lydia wanted to walk, so Dorcas wrapped a water-proof cloak about her, drew the hood over her head, and did her best to shelter her.

"Ask how we go!" was all her mistress said. "Be quick—I want to start; but I must walk—I should go mad."

Dorcas stepped into a hotel near the station, and made her inquiries. The road was straight enough. Mr. Leonard Drake, she was told, lived out beyond the village a little; she would know the place by such and such directions.

They were less than half an hour on the way. They reached the mansion, a handsome dwelling, half town-house, half villa, with a long garden attached. They mounted the steps, and Dorcas rang the bell.

"You ask," she heard her mistress whisper. She caught a sight of her face. It was lined and seamed with pain; the dark eyes fairly strained and dilated with suspense.

The door opened. A man-servant appeared.

"Is Mr. Leonard Drake in?" Dorcas asked.

"No; he is in New York. Mrs. Drake is at home," answered the man.

Instinctively Dorcas reached out her arm to support Lydia, as she asked,

"Who is that—his mother?"

"No; his wife. Do you want to see her?" asked the man, rather curtly, beginning to think them people in search of charity, and not liking to encounter the cold air.

"No," Dorcas said. "How long has he been married?"

"That's cool," muttered the man; then aloud, "about six months, if you're particular to know."

A low, choked whisper from her companion, reached Dorcas. It said,

"Come away! Quick! Come!"

Dorcas turned, without a word, and supported her mistress down the steps. The man gave a glance after them, half of surprise, half indifference, and turned to shut the door, and go back to his fire, muttering,

"Well, it's odd!" I wonder if there's anything to pay there? I'll just tell Mr. Drake, and see how he looks."

Lydia did not speak. Dorcas could not. She put her arm about her mistress, and drew her on as fast as she could, hoping to find a carriage near. The house stood in a plot of ground by itself. They turned the corner, where the garden led down a side street.

III.

"Wait!" Lydia said, suddenly. "I can't go any further; let me rest a little. Only don't speak to me—don't say a word!"

They sat down on the jutting line of stone, that supported the iron fence, Dorcas half sustaining her mistress, who crouched forward, hiding her face with one hand. Dorcas bent over to see the face—it was fairly like that of an old woman. This terrible shock seemed to

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have done the work of years. The short ringlets, relaxed and whitened by the snow, added to the effect of age. It was horrible to see her.

She neither wept nor groaned. She crouched there, in a still silence, so like death, that at last Dorcas could bear it no longer.

"Mistress, dear!" she sobbed. "Only speak—only——"

"Hush!" muttered Lydia. "Come away; I can walk now. Let me alone; don't talk yet. Help me up; I can walk."

Dorcas was assisting her to rise, when a gentleman turned into the street, a little way down, and walked rapidly toward them.

Muffled though he was, in his great coat, Dorcas knew him, and uttered a cry of terror.

"It's his step," whispered Lydia. "Sit down—he'll not know us! I promised never to trouble him; I must keep my word. Don't look up, Dorcas. Sit down, I say!"

The very act attracted the attention of the gentleman. He halted in front of them, saying,

"Why do you sit here in this storm? Do you want help?"

Neither answered. Dorcas felt Lydia's hand press her arm like a hand of stone.

"Can't either of you speak?" he continued, rather impatiently. "This is not weather for two women to be sitting out of doors."

Still no answer! Some mad idea that she could pull Dorcas away, and run from him seized Lydia. She attempted it. The hood fell from her face. He knew her, and cried, "Lydia, Lydia!"

She felt that she was fainting—that he had caught her in his arms; then an awful blackness closed over her.

When consciousness came back, she thought, at first, she must be dead. Then she knew that she was in a warm, bright room. She saw Dorcas, a young, pretty lady near the bed, then Leonard, and shrieked aloud.

She was held fast in his arms again. His voice sounded close to her ear.

"Lie still, darling; it's all clear! My cousin's house—my cousin's wife. Don't you remember that I never am called Leonard in America, because that is his name."

So Lydia knew that God had forgiven her great sin, and mercifully allowed her another trial of the happiness she had recklessly flung away.

THE LITTLE SPINNER.

BY ANNIE E. DOTY.

To and fro, with unshod feet,
  Little feet that whitely show
Here and there on sanded floor,
  Like snowy birds a-flying low;
To and fro she swiftly ran,
Little maiden, dark with tan.

Little hand, so shapely brown,
  Deftly catches at the ends;
While its mate, with rapid touch,
  The great wheel a-whirling sends
Out again the wool she draws,
Finely spun, and free from flaws.

Finer, softer, grows the thread,
  As she to and fro doth run,
And the spindle is thick wound,
  With the rolls that she has spun;
And her blithesome heart keeps time,
To whirr of wheel, in sweetest rhyme.

Bars of sunshine on the floor,
  Lie like streams of molten gold;
And the bars of light rest on her,
  And with glory her enfold;
For, in sunshine or in shade,
Fair she is, this little maid.

So she singeth, glowing, smiling,
  With the thoughts she does not speak,
When a form within the doorway
  Calls the blushes to her cheek;
Swiftly, swiftly to and fro,
Feet and blushes come and go.

Now she steppeth in her spinning,
  Now the dimples come and go,
And a thrill of laughter runneth
  Through her voice, so sweet and low.
"Now it is the set of sun,
And my weary stint is done."

Little spinner, fairest spinner,
  Brave is he who comes to woo,
And his words to thee are sweetest,
  That a maid e'er listened to.
Love with him will come and go;
Love with thee no change will know.

To and fro she slowly moveth,
  Little spinner, growing gray,
All her songs, her bloom, her roundness,
  With her hopes long passed away;
The days go slowly, one by one,
Alike from morn till set of sun.

And looking out her open door,
  A lonely grave, before her sight
She seeth plain, and evermore
  Her grief bides with her, day and night.
She liveth lonely in her woe,
For love with her no end can know.

The wheel with dust is covered o'er,
  The ends of wool from off it slide;
The sunshine shineth in the door,
  That ever standeth open wide,
Because one day, at set of sun,
The spinner's weary stint was done.

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"BASHFUL BOOTS."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AHEAD OF THE FIELD," ETC., ETC.

"TELL me, Bashful Boots," I said, "how far is it to Whitby?"

"Pleath, thir, my name ithn't Bathful Booth," answered the child. "It'h Mary Cumru."

I was just eighteen, and after having taken my degree in the time-honored University of Pennsylvania, was making a pedestrian tour through the eastern counties of my native State. For several hours I had been traversing a wild, wooded region, that the inhabitants called "The Forest," and which stretches for nearly thirty miles, from north-east to south-west, back of the Blue Ridge, between Whitby and Heidelberg. It was a primitive, picturesque district, with small farms scattered through the valleys, while the hills on either side were still densely clothed with the original forest trees. There were so many little, lateral valleys, and so many cross-roads, that, at last, I began to fear I had lost my way.

Suddenly, there rose before me, over the crest of a low hill, the chimney and roof of a time-worn, stone farm-house. The fences were moss-grown; the woods around were bosky and wild; lush grasses grew in the meadows, and the whole air was fragrant with the scent of water-flowers that bloomed in the little brook near by. A scientific agriculturalist would have turned from the scene in disgust. But a poet or a painter would have been charmed by it. The tangled, luxuriant growth carried the imagination back for a century, to the landscapes that Fielding described and Gainsborough painted.

Crossing the field, between me and the house, and advancing in my direction, was a little girl. She wore an old sun-bonnet and a loose sack, and carried an earthen-ware pitcher in her hand. Yet, in spite of these comparatively coarse accessories, there was a bright, intelligent look in her eyes, and an air almost of refinement in her face. Observing a stranger, she stopped shyly, with her finger in her mouth. It was then that I addressed her.

We soon managed to get quite well acquainted. Whitby, she told me, was "just over the mountain, not more than an hour's walk." She lived with her maternal uncle, who owned the farm-house, which had been her grandfather's and great-grandfather's before. "Papa was a minister," she added. "We lived in the city till he and mama died."

I was about to walk on, when she asked me, shyly, if I "wouldn't like a drink of milk." She was "going to the spring-house," she added. I assented most gladly, and she tripped gayly, before me, flitting along like a free, happy bird.

Have you ever, my dear reader, seen a real, old-fashioned Pennsylvania spring-house? A one-storied, one-roomed stone edifice, built over a natural spring, generally shaded by a weeping willow, or some ancient forest-tree, and floored with brick or with stone? My little hostess, kneeling down, dipped some milk up from a pan, that floated in the ever-running stream, which made the circuit of the spring-house inside. Never, before or since, have I had a draught so delicious.

Afterward, I sat down, on the low, turfy bank outside, and chatted with my little friend.

"Do you know," she said, artlessly, "I like the country better than town? You hear the birds at day-break; you can hunt for wild-flowers. Oh! such violets, and blue-bells, and quaker-ladies as we have here."

"And buttercups, too, I hope."

"Yes, yes, buttercups. Do you know how to tell if you love butter?" she asked, gleefully.

"Don't I? You hold the buttercup to your chin."

She clapped her hands, and laughing, said, "How did you know that?"

"Oh! I know more than you think," I answered, cooly; but feeling a young man's pride, nevertheless, in her admiration "Can you tell me, for instance, what this is?"

I had been, as my habit was, poking with my stick, into the turf, and now I had loosened a heavy, rusty-looking bit of stone, that rolled to my feet.

"No," she said, with some contempt. "I don't care for dirty rocks; I care for flowers and trees."

"But this dirty bit of rock," I answered, "is hæmatitic ore," quite willing to show off my geological knowledge, and forgetting that she would be wholly ignorant in the matter. "If there's a vein of it on your uncle's farm,

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it will make his fortune. I shouldn't wonder if there was," I added. "This ore is always found in just such localities, where the trap-dykes," and I waved my stick in the direction of the rugged, knife-edged hills that rose in front, "break through the sandstone. Why, it's as good as a gold mine, my dear."

"A gold mine!" Her eyes were bigger than ever, now.

"Yes! as good as a gold mine. If the farm was mine, I'd sink shafts at once. Is your uncle at home?"

"No. He has gone to Whitby."

"Well, then, mind you tell him, when he comes home to-night. It will do no harm at any rate." As I spoke, I rose to go.

She looked down, and put her finger to her mouth again. At last, with a shy blush, she said,

"Would you mind writing it down?—the big word, I mean."

"Oh! the name of the ore. Certainly not," I answered, laughing. I tore a leaf from my memorandum-book, as I spoke, and wrote the word, as she requested.

"Do you often come this way?" she asked, bashfully, as I offered my hand, and said "good-bye."

"I was never here before, little one, and don't know that I shall ever come again."

Her face fell.

"But I should like to come," I added. "I will try, next summer."

She brightened up again.

"Oh! do come," she cried. "Do you know I like you—ever so much?"

When I reached the turn of the wood, at the top of the hill above, I stopped to look back. My little acquaintance stood just where I had left her, gazing wistfully after me. I took off my hat, she curtsied, and then I plunged into the forest.

That night, at Whitby, I had occasion for my pencil-case, a thin, golden one, with my name engraved on it. I could not find it anywhere. "Where have I left it?" I said. I had quite forgotten that I had used it at the spring-house, and might have dropped it there.

I never returned to the old farm-house. The next winter I went abroad, for I had a competent fortune, and I wished to finish at a German university. Afterward I became an *attache;* and subsequently traveled extensively. At last, I began to long for my native land. Ten years in Europe had only made me love the institutions of my own country the more. But before I returned to America, I went to Rome on a farewell visit. To me, as to so many others, that wonderful city was the one city of the world, to which to go back, again and again, with ever-increasing affection.

The morning after I arrived, I walked to St. Peter's, to hear, in the Canon's Chapel, the music of Palestrina. While listening to the chaunting, I happened to glance up to one of the private galleries on the left, and saw there a woman's face, so rapt, so exalted, that, for the time, she looked like one of Fra Angelica's angels.

"It won't do," said my friend, Charley Hargrave, putting his arm into mine, when the congregation was dispersing. "I saw whom you were looking at, but she's above even your reach. She's been the belle of the season, my dear fellow, and has had lots of earls and counts disputing for her smiles. Stop, here she comes, and Prince Borgia with her, to whom they say she is engaged."

We had, by this time, reached the aisle outside. As the lady passed, she looked up, as if some instinct had told her she was the subject of our conversation. For one moment our eyes met. A thrill went through me. Never before had I known what love was, but from that moment I was hopelessly lost.

"Who is she?" I stammered, when she and her escort had passed out of hearing.

"Miss Vonberg, a great heiress."

"German?"

"No, American, though of German descent, as the name shows. The gossip of the last week, that she has finally made her choice, must be true; for that was Prince Borgia, as I said before: and only some influential person, one of the Pope's guard, as he is, for example, could have got a permit to that gallery. The stately old dame with them, too, was his mother; the other was Miss Vonberg's chaperon, for she is an orphan. You'd have known all this, if you had been here through the winter, as I have been. Why, the young English swells used to crowd to the *table d'hote*, at Miss Vonberg's hotel in the Corso, just to catch a sight of her at dinner. At last, she had to move to private apartments in the Palazza Goldona, to avoid being stared out of countenance."

Why was it, that, notwithstanding this friendly warning, I went back to my hotel to think of Miss Vonberg? Was I mistaken in fancying, that, in passing, she had looked at me with evident interest? All that day her image was before me. At night I dreamed of her; dreamed she had made me happy; and woke to find out my delusion, and to wish I

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could have slept on forever, with dreams so blissful.

But sleep would not come again. Besides, I had an engagement with an old diplomatic friend, to accompany him, his wife, and his wife's mother, on a drive out on the Campagna. There had been some remarkable excavations made, lately, at the Scava, which he wished me to see. So I dressed, breakfasted, and joined my friends.

We had finished our investigations, and were about to re-enter our barouche, when I heard shrieks, and the rush of wheels, and glancing up the road, saw a carriage approaching us at full gallop. In vain the coachman tugged at the frightened steeds. On, on they tore, the barouche bounding from side to side behind them, threatening the lives of the two ladies who seemed to be the only occupants of the carriage, and from one of whom came the shrieks.

It was but the work of an instant for me to rush forward, seize the nigh horse, twist the bit till I threw him against his fellow, and stop the carriage with a lurch, that snapped the pole, and sent the coachman reeling from his seat. In another instant, my friend had come to my aid, the traces had been cut, and all danger was over.

I stepped to the door, hat in hand, to assist the ladies to alight. The one nearest me, an elderly woman, whose shrieks had rent the air, fairly tumbled out into my arms. It took both my friend and myself, she was so helpless, to carry her to the bank, by the roadside, where we set her down. There, leaving my companion and the ladies of our party to attend to her, I hurried back to the barouche.

But before I could reach it, the other occupant, springing lightly out, had met me half way. Apparently, she was as cool and composed as if in her drawing-room at home. As I began to apologize for my delay, she threw back her veil and smiled, revealing the face of Miss Vonberg.

I felt as if I walked on air.

"How can we thank you sufficiently?" she said, in the softest, most musical of voices. "I had given ourselves up for lost, when you rushed forward so bravely."

Never shall I forget the emphasis on these last words, or her look as she spoke them.

"It was nothing," I replied, yet my heart beat high and proud. "Nothing that any other would not have done."

"Pardon me," she answered. "I do not think so. It was an even chance that the horses would trample you to death, and only heroes take such risks as that." Her great Juno-like eyes blazed as she uttered the words!

She had stopped in her enthusiasm. But now, as if sensible she had been too frank, she colored violently, and moved quickly forward, saying, "excuse me, but aunt, I see, is calling for me."

"How shall we ever get back to Rome?" cried the poor old lady, who had recovered from her faint. "I never, never can trust myself behind those horses again."

"If you will accept them, the seats of my friend and myself are at your service," I said.

"But you will have to walk back to Rome," interposed the niece.

"That is a trifle," I replied.

"The distance must be four or five miles. But for my aunt I could not think of accepting." She hesitated. "I suppose there is no other alternative. How can we ever repay you?" She gave me her hand in parting, smiling bewitchingly..

The long miles back to the Lateran gate seemed but a few steps, I was so intoxicated with happiness.

Intoxicated with happiness, and with dreams that I soon found to be, alas! hopeless ones. For, calling the next day, at the Palazza Goldona, the first person I saw, in the saloon, was the Prince Borgia, to whom Miss Vonberg introduced me. He had heard of the event of the day before, and he scowled at me, as if I had interfered with him. Miss Vonberg herself was ill at ease. She watched the Prince anxiously, so anxiously, that, in a little while, I rose to go.

I think I was never so angry. Miss Vonberg was evidently engaged to the Prince, and moreover was afraid of him. She was as different in his presence, from the bright, frank, enthusiastic girl of the Campagna, as it was possible to be. "Another sacrifice to rank," I said, wrathfully. "What fools our American girls make of themselves!" You see I had gone there, expecting a warm welcome, dreaming impossible dreams, and this was my revenge.

Now came days and weeks of intolerable misery. Angry as I was, I could not get rid of Miss Vonberg's image. Her blushing, eager face, as she thanked me on the Campagna, was rising up before me constantly; and, at every recurrence of that seductive vision, I was more madly in love than ever. More than this. Whenever I happened to find her alone, she

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was graciousness itself: natural, frank, sympathetic, charming beyond words. But if the Prince happened to come in, she froze toward me at once. Was she a flirt? Everything contradicted this idea. No, she was pledged to the Prince, and afraid of awakening his jealousy. Yet I loved her, in spite of it all.

The reader will say it was insanity. Perhaps it was. Perhaps all love at first sight is. Again and again had I laughed at such a passion; had called it boyish; had said it was impossible for a man of sense: yet here I was, at eight-and-twenty, as much a slave to love at first sight, as the veriest lad of seventeen! Night and day I thought only of Miss Vonberg. I haunted every place where I thought I might meet her: the Pincian Hill, the Borghese Gardens, the Villa Pamphilia, the Opera, the Corso. Her sweet, low voice; her enchanting smile; her divine face and figure, were always in visions before me.

At last came a crisis. The Prince's originally cold hauteur deepened into almost surly insolence. Once or twice Miss Vonberg, I thought, feared an explosion. I shall never forget the imploring look she gave me, at a ball, when the Prince, finding me at her side, quite forgot that he was a gentleman. That look was the last drop in my cup of bitterness. "She is grateful to me for that day on the Campagna," I said to myself, "and has not the heart to refuse me an occasional dance; but she throws herself on my mercy? She begs me, by her looks, not to incense the Prince. Why do I stay here to complicate matters? I cannot trust myself much longer, if the Prince continues to be so rude: there will be an affray, and a scandal, for her name will be dragged into public gossip. Had I not better leave Rome, and so relieve her from anxiety?"

I lay awake, nearly all night, revolving this sacrifice, and fell asleep, in the early morning having resolved upon it. There was a train, at midnight, by way of Civita Vecchia: I would take that, and put the Atlantic, as soon as might be, between me and my hopeless love.

"One last glimpse," I said, "is all I ask. I cannot even trust myself to a farewell. Mrs. Townsend told me they were going to a concert at the Barberini palace, this evening. I am not asked there, but I will go to the Goldona, about the time they will return, and catch, unseen, a look at her, as she descends from the carriage."

The Palazza Goldona is one of the smallest of its rank, and has not even a court-yard. It is situated on a side street, that runs at right angles to the Corso. Up and down this narrow street I paced, between ten and eleven o'clock that night. Once or twice I fancied that another cloaked figure was engaged on the same errand, as once or twice before, when watching for a light in Miss Vonberg's window, I had also fancied I was not alone. At last the rumble of approaching wheels was heard, and I had just time to conceal myself behind one of the huge columns that flanked the portal, when the coach came rattling up. In another moment Mrs. Townsend, followed by Miss Vonberg, had descended; the great entrance swung wide open, and the elderly lady had disappeared under the glowing archway. But her companion paused for a moment, and looked up and down the street, as if expecting some one. Had the Prince promised to follow them home? Or had he been prevented from attending at the concert, and did she hope that, even at this late hour, he would pay her a visit? As she stood there, her rounded white shoulders gleamed, like Parian marble, in the brilliant light from the door-way. Never had she looked more dazzlingly beautiful.

A jealous pang shot through me. It was only for a moment, however, that she waited. After a hasty glance up and down the street, and an instant of eager listening, she turned and entered the portal, the carriage, meantime, driving rapidly away. As she went in, I stepped noiselessly forward, my eyes hungry to follow her till she disappeared entirely. I was so absorbed, that I did not observe another cloaked figure, which had been concealed on the opposite side of the portal, and which sprang lightly forth after me. All I noticed was that Miss Vonberg suddenly turned, as if detecting footsteps behind her. To escape recognition, I darted to one side, throwing the cloak over my face. That sudden movement saved my life. A dagger, that would have penetrated my heart, if it had gone where it was intended, struck me on the shoulder-blade, and glanced off; but it was driven with such force, that coming unexpectedly, as it did, it prostrated me prone on my face.

A piercing shriek cut the still, night air; there was a rush of a woman's garments; and Miss Vonberg was kneeling by me, endeavoring to lift me up.

"He is murdered!" she cried; and never shall I forget the agony of that voice. "The Prince has done it." Then, in a whisper, as her arms clasped me frantically, "Oh! my love——"

Could I believe my ears? Was it me that

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she called by that endearing epithet? For an instant I remained passive, in the dear arms that encircled me, till hearing the footsteps of the porter and Mrs. Townsend, I was compelled to rise.

"I am not hurt, darling," I said. "I was only stunned for a moment——"

"Thank God!" she cried, with a long, eager look. Then she started back, the color deluged her face, her hands went up to hide it, and she burst into tears.

My arms were around her immediately, in spite of the spectators. "You know me," I cried; "you return my love—— Oh! merciful Father! what happiness."

She looked up at me timidly.

"Yes! I know you," she replied, softly. "I have seen you watching by my window, of nights. I wanted to warn you against the Prince, but I never had a chance. I knew your life was in danger——" and she broke down again.

The next morning found me an early visitor at the Palazza Goldona, for, as the reader may suppose, I did not leave Rome by the midnight train. My mistress met me, all smiles and blushes.

"In love with Prince Borgia," she cried, indignantly, when I had confessed my jealousy. "Marry the Prince! I am too thoroughly an American ever to have married any foreigner, much less Prince Borgia. For weeks I have done everything, short of rudeness, to get rid of him. His mother, before he came to Rome, was very kind to me, and I could not, for her sake, treat him as otherwise I would. Ever since that day on the Campagna, or rather the day after, when I saw his manner toward you, I have dreaded some such attempt as this, for I knew his jealous, vindictive nature."

"It was just that anxiety I misinterpreted," I cried. "It made me sure that you loved him. I thought it was for him you were anxious."

She laughed lightly. "You ought to have had a better opinion of yourself. I declare," she added, suddenly, starting from my side, "I do believe it was I that proposed, after all. Fie on you! 'faint heart never won fair lady,' sir."

But I drew her again to me, and kissed her, and she nestled on my bosom, blushing and happy, and forgiving me. At last she glanced up, shyly.

"But I have a confession to make," she said. "You won't be angry?"

"Certainly not. How could I?"

"Promise."

"I promise."

"It is something you ought to know, before I become your wife. Perhaps—perhaps—it may make you change your mind." She hid her face on my bosom again.

"Nothing can make me change my mind."

"Not if I tell you," and she spoke in a voice so low I could hardly hear her, "that I was in love—before——"

I started. Her hesitation, her whole manner, sent a sudden chill through me. Was it but the ashes of a heart, then, that I had won?

"You promised," she said, hurriedly, clinging to me, "not to be angry. And it may make some difference, if I tell you it was a long time ago."

"Ah!" I cried, forcing a smile. But no words can describe my torture.

"But—but," she resumed, "I kept on loving him. Nay! don't start—forgive me. It was a sort of youthful dream, you see. He was my ideal of everything great and noble, my Bayard, my Sidney, my Sir Lancelot."

I winced more and more. What was the rack to this?

"But, darling," she had never stopped, but went on hurriedly, "it is you I love now. Remember that! Only I must tell you all. I worshipped my youthful fancy till—till that day on the Campagna. And now I have something to return to him; not exactly a love-token; but what I have kept as a memento——"

"And you wish me to write to him, and send this—this memento?" I interrupted, curtly, and quite withdrawing from her. I came very near saying, "Never!".

"If you please," she answered, demurely, rising and curtsying. As she spoke, she drew from her pocket a small, faded bit of paper, that had apparently been torn from a memorandum book, and a thin, worn, gold pencil-case.

For an instant I was dumb with amazement. I looked at the bit of paper, at the pencil-case, and then at her merry face, which was now rippling all over with fun. Like a flash everything came back to me: the wild, wooded hills; the stone farm-house; the lush grasses; the water-cresses. I saw the shy, bashful child, with her milk-pitcher. I recognized the face, too, at last, in the one before me. How could I have failed to recognize it before, I said to myself, half angrily? All my jealousy was gone on the instant. For it was I who had been her ideal through all these years; it was I who had been her Bayard, her Sidney, her Sir Lancelot!

I gazed, like one transfixed, stammering,

"And you are——"

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"Bashful Boots," with another curtsy, and such a rogueish look, "or Bathful Booth, as I believe I said, in those days."

Then she told me how it all came about. She had given my memorandum to her uncle, who began immediately to look for ore, and was happily rewarded by finding a vein. He was soon a rich man.

"We all shared in the good fortune," said my mistress. "My cousin and I were sent to the Moravian school at Bethlehem, and my uncle's two sons went to college. We often thought and spoke of you as our benefactor," she said, nestling close to me, "and even inquired after you, in the city, but found you had gone abroad.

"Three years ago," she continued, "a terrible calamity befell us. My uncle's health failed, and he was ordered to New Orleans for the winter. The whole family went, excepting myself, for I remained at Bethlehem, in order to perfect myself still further in my studies. There was an explosion," she shuddered all over, "you may have heard of it—and they were lost, father, mother, sons, and daughter.

"It was in that way," she resumed, after awhile, "that I came by the name of Vonberg. It was my uncle's—he was my mother's brother—and I was to take it, with the property, till I married; for my uncle, strange to say, as if by a presentiment, had made a will providing for this very contingency."

"That is why I never recognized you," I said. "The name threw me off the track completely."

"That won't do, sir," she said, playfully. "For I recognized you at once. I knew you, that first day, when I saw you at St. Peter's. But a woman is always the most faithful."

Prince Borgia left Rome that morning, for an indefinite period, as was given out. His sudden flight confirmed our belief that he had hired a bravo to assassinate me.

Some one is looking over my shoulder as I write. "It is a shame to tell all that nonsense about your wife," she says. "People will say I made love to you."

But I answer with a kiss, which brings the blushes to her cheek, for, though she has been married for six years, she is still a "Bashful Boots."

NOT YET.

BY MARY W. MICKLES.

I watch the sad and sullen sea,
Whose breaking waves sob wearily
Against a bleak and barren shore,
Forever and forever more;
Or gaze upon the lowering sky,
Where leaden clouds are rushing by,
And wonder if you can forget,
And weep and pray—not yet! not yet!

Life holds no charm like that which drew
My heart so strongly unto you,
That night the sad September died,
You drew me closely to your side
And whispered how my life should be
Crowned with your love most royally.
In darkness must this fair star set?
Be pitiful, oh, Fate! Not yet!

You yearn for higher fame and power,
Yet comes there ne'er a quiet hour,
When notes, now of my life a part,
Come faintly echoing through your heart?
When thronging phantoms softly glide
Before you, borne on memory's tide?
The eyes whereon your kisses lay;
"Those pleading eyes," you used to say,
With bitter, burning tears are wet,
The white lips moan—Leave me not yet!

LITTLE ONE'S DIMPLE.

BY S. S. SCOTT.

On my darling's cheek, or little fat knee,
Where shall the precious one's beauty-spot be?
Where shall the dimple of love be found—
From her sunny curls to the blessed ground,
Where her pink toes stand, o'er all, o'er all—
Where shall the sweetest of love-spots fall?

On apple-bloom cheek, or fluttering hand,
Where shall the fairy touch her wand?
Where shall the crown of a dimple rare.
Be placed for my little one to wear?
Or shall her lovely, angel face
Be ever without this nameless grace?

On rare little bosom, or downy chin?
Oh, love! I have thought, let it be within;
That the angel touch with her shadowy dart,
And the Father seal, on her baby heart,
A dimple of love divine—divine!
So making her His, yet leaving her mine.

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THE WHITE HYACINTH.

BY MARGARET MERRY.

Yes; the mischief was done—no help for it now. A scuffle and a scramble of inconsequent little legs and arms, and down went the flower-pot with a crash—the mould scattered over the floor, the poor hyacinth blossoms broken short off, and crushed under a clod of earth; Roschen's white hyacinth, that she prized so much; that she had watched day by day, until it opened into its perfect bloom.

The two little culprits who had done the deed, stood aghast over the ruins.

"There, now, good-for-nothing boys! I hope you are satisfied at last, now that you have knocked down your sister's flower with your romping. Didn't I charge you to keep away from that window, Fritz?"

"It was Jacob, mother; he would not let me look out of the window to see Hans sawing the wood."

Jacob, of course, denied impetuously. The mother, dust-pan in hand, scolded the boys roundly, not only for ruining the plant, but for the dirt poured over her clean floor. Poor Roschen said nothing, but she could not restrain her tears, as she picked up the fragment of her cherished hyacinth, the wax-like bells most pitifully pure and fragrant still.

"After all, Roschen," said Fritz, philosophically, "it don't make so much odds; you can plant the root over again, and then it will be as good as ever, you know."

"But it won't; you know it won't," said his sister. "It will not bloom then until next year, and I want it *now!*"

Jacob tried another mode of consolation.

"Don't be mad with us," Roschen, old Peter Ebbeback will give you another hyacinth, fast enough."

"I wouldn't have it, if he did," said Roschen, disdainfully.

The mother gave Jacob an angry look.

"Come, get out with you, you mischief-making, meddlesome boys," and off went the two offenders, impelled through the door by a vigorous shove from their mother's hand.

"Old Peter Ebbebach, indeed; I wouldn't have his hyacinth, if he came with fifty! An old, red-faced thing! Who wants his presents!" and then her tears flowed afresh over her flower If she had raised her eyes to the glass-door that communicated with her father's cabinet-shop, she would have seen an interested spectator standing there. The spectator was a tall young man, who had been looking on with interest at the scene before him; at the mother on her knees, with dust-pan and brush, at the two boys, already recovered from their dismay, pinching each other slily; at the drooping figure of Roschen, looking with tearful eyes at the crushed hyacinth that lay on her little, white hand.

It was an interesting picture, doubtless; but not to be gazed upon longer with impunity. The young man vanished from the tell-tale glass-door; but not before he had solemnly sworn within himself, that, by those sparkling tears, another white hyacinth should bloom on the narrow window-sill, and Roschen should smile again.

Roschen put the fragment of the broken flower in a tumbler of water, and replaced it on the window-sill, where it had stood in its pride a few minutes before. Then she brought her low cane chair close by to catch the light on her sewing.

The noisy boys had rushed into the yard to torment Hans, and tumble over the wood. The mother was gone to market. Nothing of life was left in the sombre, little back room, but Roschen and the clock. So the clock ticked, and Roschen stitched. Gradually the young girl's fair braids pressed closer and closer to the light.

Suddenly the clock showed symptoms of violent agitation. There was a rush and scramble within, and then came six decisive strokes. No more light for sewing now. The jacket, wrought for ungrateful Fritz, slipped from Roschen's hand, and the scissors followed suit, but made more noise about it. Roschen leaned forward, with an elbow rested on the window-sill.

As practical things of practical life glided out of sight, soft twilight visions of her own floated into their place. In imagination, Roschen had matters all her own way. No "red-faced old thing" figured in her dreams. Doubtless she saw a radiant chevalier, with flashing dark eyes, and still darker locks, wandering by her side through the enchanted gardens of

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her "chateau en Espagne;" eloquent lips were murmuring in her ears; dreamier grew Roschen's soft eyes.

Jingle, jingle, jingle, went the shop bell. Then she heard her father's jolly voice.

"Ha, ha, ha! And so you lost your saddles altogether. This way, this way, good friend Ebbeback. Yes; the little girl is at home."

Roschen started to her feet, and frowned. Then nimbly gathering up scissors, thimble, little shirt, and all, disappeared through one door, as her father and the hated wooer entered the other.

Mr. Ebbeback stayed to supper, and not only to supper, but the whole evening. Roschen was indignant, but had the satisfaction of behaving to him just as perversely as she knew how. It was in vain that her mother nudged her, and tried to pierce her obdurate heart with angry looks.

Old Ebbeback scarcely waited to hear the story of the broken hyacinth, before he was eager to promise that a fresh one should be put into her hands to-morrow, at which his discouraging fair one averred coldly, that nothing would induce her to replace her lost favorite; and, when Ebbeback drew up his chair close to hers, on pretence of examining the length of her stitches, Roschen drew back her chair with a jerk.

Her mother was wrathful at such treatment of the elderly lover, and rated Roschen soundly the next morning, over the washing of cups and dishes.

"What did the girl expect? Did rich, solid, substantial men like Ebbeback grow on every bush?"

Roschen suggested, under her breath, that a "solid, substantial" man, like Ebbeback, would hang rather heavy on a *bush!* "Perhaps she thought," continued her outraged mother, "that some grand gentleman was coming to marry her; or, perhaps, she was looking out for some long-legged, rolling-eyed musician, who would fall rapturously in love with her baby face, like the things she was reading about in those foolish books. No doubt her head was full of notions about a painter or a musician, with black eyes and long, hanging hair, and heaven knows what."

These random shots, coming prodigiously near the truth, Roschen protested that she had never thought of such a thing, only did not like Mr. Ebbeback, because he was so fat, and his face was so red, and he breathed so hard sometimes.

Her mother looked at her in speechless contempt; but, to her daughter's great relief, spoke next time to despatch her with a message quite to the other end of the city. The persecuted one was only too glad to escape. The day was raw and cold, with a boisterous March wind. Roschen's little feet tripped quickly over the long way.

West Fourteenth street! Yes; this was certainly West Fourteenth street. But the number? Why, her mother did not say the house was a green-house; but there was the right number over the door. This was certainly the place, and no mistake.

The door opened easily, and she stepped in. Oh, what a delightful change from the keen air without! It was warm—so deliciously warm and fragrant! Not a human being was to be seen. But whence that music? Glorious Strauss waltzes, played by a master hand.

It seemed like a little bit of enchantment to Roschen. She had been in green-houses before; had surely listened to fine music; but it was the two things together that made sweet accord.

She did not wish to break the spell, so she stood quite still under the shadow of a great blooming orange-tree, while the waltz music throbbed on.

The orange branches bent down, and touched her shoulder. The white flowers breathed their rich perfume over her face. Little Roschen thrilled from head to foot with the sweetness of the music, and the dense odors, when, suddenly, the sound ceased. With a start, Roschen remembered herself, and the message.

She advanced to the end of the green-house, where there was an open door, but still no one visible. She rapped. From an inner room came a young man.

Roschen was much astonished at the joyful start he gave when he saw her. She would have been still more astonished, if he had exclaimed aloud, as he did to himself, "My little white hyacinth herself." But he didn't do that; he only told her, that Mrs. Kay, to whom she brought the message, was not at home, and asked her very gently to come in and sit down until her return, which would be very soon, he thought.

The polite invitation Roschen thought she must not accept on any account; but the young man asserted, earnestly, that Mrs. Kay would certainly be back in five minutes at the latest, and it would be really too bad for her to come so far without seeing Mrs. Kay after all.

These arguments were stronger than Roschen's objections, so she stepped in, feeling

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very shy and uncomfortable. The young man seeing that, perhaps, disappeared into the inner room, after politely handing her a chair. In five minutes he came back with a wateringpot in his hand.

"I am afraid you are having rather a dull time waiting for Mrs. Kay," he said, smiling "I am going to water the flowers; wouldn't you like to look at them?"

Roschen thought that would be very pleasant. So they watered the flowers in company, and he showed her some beautiful, rare Chinese and Japan plants that had just come. She grew interested and quite talkative over the curious facts he told her about them, and at length she ventured to ask if he was the gardener there?

"Yes," he said; "and now that Mr. Kay is away, I have more to do with the flowers than usual."

"Then it was not you who was playing those waltzes!" said Roschen, with a disappointed look.

"And why?" said the young man, turning his laughing dark eyes upon her. "You suppose that gardening and violin-playing were not meant to go together?"

"Oh, no," said Roschen, coloring. "I didn't mean that. But they were played so exquisitely, you know, and——"

"And you wondered," said the young man, "how such delicate music could be made by a rough-looking, hard-handed fellow like me?"

"Oh, I never thought of such a thing," began Roschen; but just then her flaxen braids contrived to catch in a hanging basket, and turned it topsy-turvy. Then there was so much to be done in the way of disentangling and apologies on the young man's side, and blushings and dismay on Roschen's, that nothing more was said about hard hands and violins.

Still Mrs. Kay came not.

"I think I must leave my message for another day," said Roschen, who thought she had done enough mischief, and had better be gone. "I don't think I can wait any longer. I must go now. I am very much obliged to you, sir, for showing me the flowers."

"Why, you have not waited ten minutes," he said, hastily. "Mrs. Kay will certainly be here in a minute or two. Don't you think you could possibly endure another two minutes?"

"I really must go," said Roschen. But the young man interrupted her.

"You haven't looked at our hyacinths. Don't you like hyacinths?"

Without waiting for an answer, he went through a tool-room, and opened a door into a hot-house, where the hyacinths were one sheet of bloom.

Roschen felt herself obliged to go after him. She did not like to take leave so unceremoniously.

"Do you like hyacinths?" he repeated, when the flaxen head bent delightedly over them.

"Oh, I think they are perfectly beautiful," was the rapturous reply.

"But not white ones, I know. You don't think them half as pretty as these pink ones over here."

"Yes, but I do," said little Roschen. "Oh, that white one does put me so much in mind of——"

"Of a fair young girl! Yes; I agree with you!"

"That is not what I was going to say," said Roschen, gravely, a little put out at this saucy interruption. "I was going to say that it was like one that I once had myself—that is all."

"Is that *really* all?" said he; and then he bit his lip, as if he checked himself in something he was longing to say.

"Yes," said Roschen, who had a sudden misgiving that perhaps she had been talking too unreservedly to the handsome young gardener. "And now I must go, if you will be kind enough to tell Mrs. Kay that I was here? Good-morning, sir, and I thank you very much for your politeness."

In vain he declared that Mrs. Kay must be at the very door by this time. She made him a little bow, and was off.

"If you *must* go, let me open the door for you. Do you know," said he, as Roschen repeated her good-morning at the street-door, "Do you know, that when you said that the white hyacinth reminded you of something, I really was imaginative enough to think that it recalled to you one that was knocked off a window-sill by a careless little brother, and wept over by the softest blue eyes under heaven."

Roschen was too much surprised to say a word; but her thoughts whirled at a quick time of their own as she walked home. A medley of the flowers, the music, the laughing, dark eyes of the young gardener—the *something*, she did not know what, about his manner, that made her feel as if they were not strangers, but friends: above all, that enigmatical last speech. What *could* he mean by that? He could not know about her hyacinth, and those "softest blue-eyes." She smiled and blushed as she said to herself, that those could not mean *her* eyes.

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"Well, child," said her mother, when she reached home. "How about the peppers?"

"Peppers!" repeated Roschen, looking bewildered.

"Peppers!" Just listen to her! Did Mrs. Kay say what day she would send for them?"

"No, ma'am, she didn't, because she was not there."

That evening a boy came with a pot of magnificent white hyacinths. Roschen colored deeply when they were handed to her.

"Now, that's what I call handsome in Ebbeback," said her mother.

"Ebbeback! I know they did not come from him!" said Roschen.

"What nonsense are you talking, Roschen?" said her mother, angrily. "Who else could they come from, pray? The boy said he was not to tell who sent them; but Ebbeback told me himself that he would send them to Fraulein Roschen to-day."

"Then I won't have them at all!" cried Roschen, deeply disappointed, and angry with herself, because she had jumped to such a silly, romantic conclusion, when the white hyacinths walked in. She snatched up the hyacinths, and rushed into the outer room, where the boy still stood.

"Here, you may take them where they came from, and tell the person who sent them that I don't want them at all!"

"Oh, you stuck-up, vain peacock," said her mother. "Heaven will punish you for flying in a good man's face."

A crash in the kitchen, and a yell from Fritz! Away went the mother!

"I hate him!" said naughty Roschen, while her indulgent father laughed, and went on with his glueing.

The next morning Roschen was not sent on any more errands, neither was she harassed with eulogies of Ebbeback; but she spent the day in a very profitable manner, darning stockings, and ever and anon humming snatches of certain Strauss waltzes. About dusk her father called her into his work-room, to look for a certain bottle of varnish, which the deft little housewife soon found. She stood and watched his work a few minutes.

"What is that you are mending, father? It looks like a violin-case."

"That is just what it is, kitten. I am putting it together for a young fellow, who left it here a day or two ago."

"What's his name?" said Roschen.

"Ritter—Max Ritter, I believe."

"Where does he live?" she asked.

But here the shop-bell jingled.

"There he is now—the very man!"

"Well, Mr. Gaertner, how does the violin-case come on?"

That ringing voice belonged to but one person It was Roschen's young gardener.

"See for yourself, Master Ritter."

Ritter saw the violin-case, and something else besides. When he had talked of violin-cases and violins to the cabinetmaker, until the old man, in his enthusiasm, had gone to rummage in the loft for an old violin of his own, he turned to Roschen. She had been sitting very quiet; but in a little inward flutter about whether she should go or stay, and whether he would turn and speak to her or not.

"So you won't let me replace the hyacinth?" he said, quietly.

"You! You did not!—you have not——"

"I was vain enough to think you would guess that I sent them," he continued. "I dare say you thought I was taking a great liberty; but I own I hardly expected you would send them back with such a curt message!" His dark eyes looked at her reproachfully.

"Oh!" said Roschen, feeling ready to cry. "Was it really you who sent me the hyacinths? Oh, I thought Mr. Ebbeback sent them!"

"May I venture to ask who Mr. Ebbeback is?"

"Oh, he is a hateful man who comes here ever so often; but I can't bear him."

"But he likes you? He is a lover, I dare say?"

Roschen twisted her apron-strings, and pouted her rosy lips disdainfully.

"Yes; I see! And this Ebbeback, who comes here ever so often, is he a handsome man?"

"My mother thinks so; but I don't, you know, because—because I don't like him."

"Exactly," said Ritter, dryly. "I know all about it. I don't wonder at your sending my hyacinth back. Doubtless you would prefer Ebbeback's flowers?"

"Why, I told you just now that I sent them back because I thought they came from Mr. Ebbeback," said Roschen, smiling.

"Then you would have kept them, if you had known they came from me?" said Ritter.

But here the old cabinetmaker burst in joyfully with his violin, and Max had to bend forward to hear a very soft

"Oh, yes!" from Roschen.

You may be sure that Max Ritter did not suffer that violin-case to be finished up too soon. There never was a violin-case of such

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delicate health. By the time it was really sound and strong, he had established himself a frequent visitor at the cabinet-maker's work-room. The old man liked him. He heard nothing but good of Ritter. Mr. Kay said he was only retaining his place with him until he could accumulate money enough to purchase his musical studies abroad.

Ebbeback was furious with this invader of what he considered his peculiar rights. To be sure, he could still come as often as ever, to sit in the corner and smoke his meerschaum with the cabinet-maker, while Roschen sat by the window with her demure little head bent over her embroidery, but this was poor enjoyment, while a tall figure leaned against the mantel-shelf behind her, and a dark, handsome face bent once in a while in agonizing proximity to her flaxen braids.

The mother agreed entirely with Ebbeback, and treated Ritter to many sour looks; and when he was by, descanted upon the wealth, generosity, and varied attractions of Ebbeback, until actually Ritter would have an uneasy feeling that all was not as safe as he would like to have it, in regard to Roschen's elderly wooer. He began to torment himself with Mrs. Gaertner's hints that the dear child's avowed aversion to Ebbeback was no more than was quite natural, and the affair in excellent train.

One evening at dusk, while the old cabinet-maker sat in the corner, dozing and smoking his pipe, Ritter sat in the little back-room, smarting inwardly from certain barbed arrows, which Roschen's mother had left behind her, when she went off to market; little Fritz rushed in, and climbed familiarly into his lap, and said,

"Roschen would not go to walk with *you* yesterday evening. I know, because I heard her say so."

"Well, that was all right; wasn't it, Fritzen? Your sister was sick. I would not have had her walk with me when she was sick."

"She wasn't so sick but she could take a nice little walk with Mr. Ebbeback directly after you went away," said Fritz, indignantly.

Ritter colored furiously.

"Well, that's all right too, Fritz. Certainly Fraulein Roschen may walk with whom she likes best."

"I think so too," said Fritz. "And Roschen must like Mr. Ebbeback the best, because you know she went to walk with him after you had gone home, and was gone, oh! ever so long; and, besides, I heard mother talking about it the other night, when she thought I was asleep. But never mind, Mr. Ritter, I like you a great deal better than that old Ebbeback; and as for Roschen, it don't make any difference about her—she's nothing but a girl, anyway.

"I thank you for your good opinion, Fritz."

"Oh, don't go, Mr. Ritter, without seeing Roschen. I will run up stairs, and make her come down. Mr. Ebbeback never comes in till late now; but she'll do anything for me."

"Don't trouble your sister. Let her wait, by all means, until Mr. Ebbeback comes," and away strode the deceived and injured lover.

Several days passed by, and Ritter came not again. All unconscious of the mischief done by Fritz's little meddlesome tongue, Roschen first wondered, then grew restless and suspicious; finally was devoured by the cruelist forebodings. Max Ritter was tired of poor Roschen. It was tiresome to come there evening after evening, and see nothing but her baby face. She was no fit companion for a creature so marvelous and gifted as Max. It was all over with *her*. Some beautiful young lady had gone to the green-house to get flowers, and Ritter had fallen in love with her.

Meanwhile the absent one was tired of playing the man of spirit, and was calling himself a blockhead for being upset by a child's chatter.

"I will go and see my Roschen this evening," he thought. "This very evening is there the second concert at Thomas' Garden. Roschen shall go with me, and we will sit under the vine-covered arbor together, and hear the music; and I will look into Roschen's soft eyes, and tell her of all my jealous fancies, and say how it cuts me like a knife to see her smile at another man—*look* at him even. Jove it does. And what if she should tell me with her rosy lips, that I am nothing to her, and that she loves that beast!"

Alas for Ritter! Roschen was not visible, when he presented himself at the cabinet-maker's. Her mother told him she was out, but assured him with great politeness and complacency, that she could answer for it; she could not go with him to the Gardens that evening, because she had an express engagement to go with Mr. Ebbeback.

In respect to the good woman's veracity, I am sorry to say that this was far from the truth, as Roschen was at that moment up stairs crying her eyes out at her lover's supposed desertion; and as for the engagement with Ebbeback, she had not even heard of it. But the prudent mother thought it was an admirable

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time to strike a decisive blow. Ebbeback would certainly be around in the course of the evening, and she could send them off together to the Gardens, thinking that as Ritter was not to be had, Roschen would easily be consoled, and take what she could get.

Five minutes after Ritter left the house, Ebbeback did appear. Poor, miserable Roschen was easily fired by her mother's sarcasms to bathe her tear-stained face, and prepare to accompany the faithful Ebbeback.

An ill-matched pair they looked.

Ebbeback complacent, beaming; rounder and redder than ever. Roschen dejected, and indignantly disdainful of the close attentions he pressed upon her.

When they entered the Garden, Ebbeback led the way into an arbor, that seemed to contain but two others beside themselves. Roschen did not notice them particularly as she seated herself, while Ebbeback ordered his lager, and prepared to be stolidly blissful after his own fashion.

Presently the music ceased, and there was a ringing laugh from one of the two at the other table.

Roschen glanced up, and saw an arch brunette face under a little black straw-hat, trimmed with a trailing wreath of wild roses. Such a captivating, coquettish air the girl had, as she fixed her saucy eyes upon her companion. And the companion?

It was Ritter.

Their eyes met. At the same moment, the orchestra struck a few plaintive chords, then glided into a wailing waltz that they both well remembered.

Roschen could not repress one reproachful look, which he answered by turning his head, and beginning to talk rapidly to the French girl beside him.

She would have tried to make a display of the same indifference, when a waiter rushed in, and said a few words to Ebbeback.

"My soul!" exclaimed Ebbeback, turning pale. "My friend Spinner has just dropped down in the bar-room, in a fit of apoplexy, caused by a hearty laugh. Excuse me for one moment, Fraulein Roschen," and he darted off.

Roschen was perfectly willing, and rather obliged to his friend Spinner. She covered her eyes with one hand, and thus did not observe a young man who approached the pair at the other table.

He spoke to Ritter, to whom the girl made a laughing apology, and they left the arbor together.

Wilder and wilder throbbed the waltz music. Roschen was lost in sad reflections. She did not hear a step behind her, did not see a hand placed on the back of her chair, did not see a face bent close to her cheek. But she need not have started at the voice so near. It was only her own name that she heard uttered by a voice that had never startled her before.

"Roschen," said Ritter, speaking eagerly, "You do not love that man who is with you this evening? Tell me that you do not! Ah, Roschen! Roschen! I love you so dearly, so dearly, that it would kill me to think you could love any one but me!"

Sweeter and sweeter rose and fell the magical waltz measure.

"Tell me, Roschen, will you love any one but me?"

"But why did you stay away so long," she said.

"I was wild; desperately jealous at what your mother and Fritz told me."

"But you could come here with that pretty girl," said Roschen, reproachfully.

"That is my cousin Fifiere, and that is her betrothed, whom she is walking with."

"And you never thought of any girl but me?"

"Never! Never! And never will, if you will but give me what I have long ago given you."

Gently sobbed the last chords of the "Schonen Blanen Danube," and Ritter and little Roschen were happy. Happier than will be Ebbeback when he returns to find what confusion dire and defeat has been wrought by that unlucky laugh of his friend Spinner!

THE SHIPWRECK.

BY ALEX. A. IRVINE.

The night is windy and dark,
There is no moon or star;
But the roar of the angry waves
Is heard on the reef afar.

The boom of the signal guns;
A silence awful and dread;
And the tale—it will never be told
Till the sea gives up its dead.

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THE BARRED ACRES:—THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY MRS. R. HARDING DAVIS, AUTHOR OF "MARGRET HOWTH."

CHAPTER I.

I DO not know a single well-authenticated ghost story. Besides, ghost-stories are the poorest prentice-work in literature, if we tell the truth about them. They always fall stale and flat, no matter how we have worked ourselves up to a quake and shiver in the hearing. The ghost turns out to be some uninteresting dead ancestor, whose only claim to notice in the world was the manner of his leaving it, and who stupidly persists in hanging about the place where he was unpleasantly put an end to; or else he turns out to be no ghost at all, but a mere matter-of-fact, or a bit of science of which the narrator was in haste to be delivered.

No; I have no ghost stories for you. Out west, however, where some of the old settlers yet linger, and the language and habits of thought retain much of the strong, racy flavor of the early pioneer days, there may yet be found remnants of strange traditions and superstitions, which have never found their way into books, but which in any other country would have been carefully guarded as folk-lore, out of which the germs of national creeds and customs might be defined. Many of these superstitions, in their relentless fatalism, betray their Indian origin.

One of the most inexplicable of these superstitions was brought to my notice in a curious manner some thirty years ago. In company with Wycherley, (Joseph B. Wycherley, of Wilmington,) I had been beating about Western Pennsylvania for one or two weeks Joe and I had a little money to invest, and fancied something could be done in coal; we preferred, however, to examine the lay of the different veins ourselves, to trusting to agencies, taking at the same time our summer vacation. At Pittsburgh we met Judge Prentice, with whom I had but a slight acquaintance, but who was an old friend of Wycherley. He was just returning from an unsuccessful hunt on the prairies, and as a month was yet to elapse before the fall term of court, joined us with little persuasion. I must confess that he did not add to the pleasure of our idle journey. He was growing old, and meeting old age apparently with a secret bitter cynicism and rage against life. Too well-bred to express it in words, it was yet plain that this secret discontent inspired an outward ill-temper; he had a perpetual pettish grudge against the weather, against his companions, against himself.

"Your friend, Prentice, is a constant surprise to me," I said, to Wycherley. "I met him eight or ten years ago, and he was then a rational, genial fellow."

"He has had one or two rough turns—Prentice," said Joe. "A more cool-headed, unfeeling man, perhaps, would have borne them with more philosophy The judge was, a domestic man, cared little for anything apart from his own fireside. His wife died first, then all his interest in life centered on his boy, and he disappointed him."

"Dissipated?"

"No; Tom wasn't dissipated, unless you can call a man so, who is drunken with a thirst for adventure. His father had a place and business ready for him, when the young man shipped on a whaler; came back after a year or two, and married some mechanic's daughter. That was the unforgiveable trespass. Crime the old man might overlook, but vulgarity—never! Though the girl, I've heard, was pretty and sensible, and bade fair to bring Tom out of the slough. But Prentice never would see either of them. They went to Texas or California, I believe; and the old man has been alone ever since. He grows more soured and discontented every year. If it wasn't for his gunning and fishing, I don't know what he'd do to make life endurable. By-the-way, he talks of buying some land hereabouts for summer shooting. We were looking at one of these islands in the river. There's an advertisement of it here."

We were in the cabin, which served as country store, post-office, and magistrate's office at the time, and Wycherley walked over to the wall, on which were tacked the dirty-written placards of Lost Saddles, Cows Strayed and Stolen, and Land for Sale. One of these last, so yellow and faded as hardly to be legible, he fixed upon, and read aloud,

"All that certain lot and parcel of ground—— Umph! Seventy-five acres! Timber, oak, hickory, beech—— Umph! Above highest water-

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mark. Forty acres best pasturage in the county. Why the land is going for a song! Price is given—one-tenth what they ask for the poorest sheep pasturage about here. By all means, Prentice should secure it. Shooting-lodge for two or three years. Sell—double his money. 'Arkens owner.' What the deuce possesses Arkens to fling his land away in this way, Sprout?" turning to the dapper little storekeeper.

Sprout was deftly tying up a pound of brown sugar for a barefooted little girl from one of the hill-cabins. He finished it with a queer twinkle in his eye, before answering leisurely

"Well, sir, Arkens was a stranger, like yourself, when he purchased that there lot of ground. That's nigh five years ago; and I reckon he's had about enough of it."

"Why? I've seen the island," cried Wycherley, who prided himself on being a thorough farmer. "There's no such soil on this bottom. You could run your cane up to the handle in it, doctor. Black!"

"That's on account of never bein' worn out," said Sprout, sententiously. "Fallow ground's mostly black, if you'll observe. That sile's not been tilled nigh onto this hundred years."

"But why not? The top of the hill—it's a cone, doctor—rises like a sugar-loaf out of the water; the top is free from undergrowth, ready for planting. Why did not Arkens raise corn, at least, on it?"

"Why, that's The Barred Acres, Mr. Wycherley."

Wycherley hesitated, puzzled. "Oh! that's the name, is it? Well, it's cheap land. I'll make the judge clinch the bargain at once."

Sprout muttered that it wouldn't be cheap at any price; and began ciphering zealously at his ledger with the uneasy air of a man who is about to be forced on to ground of which he is afraid.

"Why, isn't it cheap?" persisted Wycherley. "What's the matter with the ground?"

"There's nothing the matter with the ground," said Sprout, desperately. "It's The Barred Acres, that's all. Anybody can tell you the luck of them that owns it. I've got nothin' more to say about it."

Wycherley laughed, and we strolled out on to the rutted wagon-road leading up to the hills. No other house than Sprout's cabin was in sight. The hills thickly wooded to the top, the lazy, grass-grown road, the broad, glancing river at our feet, lay strangely still and silent in the low, red, evening light.

"The solitude here is always oppressive to me," said Wycherley. "It is like the primeval forest. There! that is Prentice's land, I think," pointing to a hill rising in the middle of the yellow river, its base fringed with gray-trunked beech-trees and rank undergrowth to to the water's edge; the summit a clean, smooth plateau, covered with a short, velvet turf. "Why, there's a cabin on it now. Hello, Jim!" to a boy cooling his feet in the horse-trough. "Who lives on that island? One to the left?"

Jim laughed; but I noticed with the same half-scared, uneasy air as Sprout. "That's a shed Arkens put up for his cows. He warn't sech a darned fool as to live in it himself, stranger as he was. Why, that's The Barred Acres."

"Well, what of them?"

But Jim's face grew suddenly vacant. "I dunno, I'm sure," he said, stolidly. "But come on to supper, gen'men. We'll ask Mrs. Houston."

For although we had been but a week in her cabin, we had all fallen into the habit of referring and deferring on all points to Mrs. Houston, as, indeed, did all the neighborhood. She was but a young girl, but her bright, quick wit settled all the disputed questions for the country side.

"There's no tavern," had been Sprout's greeting, when the steamboat landed us on the lonely bank, late one night. "Houston's is the big house. Houston's away rafting, but *she* kin take you in. *She's* a capable woman." We found her to be so, and something more.

Prentice was sitting by the fire when we came in, watching, with little Bob, the griddle-cakes which Mrs. Houston was rolling out on the table.

"Don't let them burn, Bob," she said.

"Give me the fork, madam," said the judge.

"Thank you," handing him the fork.

Wycherly and I went up to the loft where we slept, to brush the mud off before supper.

"That woman would say 'Thank you,' without surprise, if King Alfred himself came back to turn the cakes. The judge is his old best self with her, do you see?"

"Prentice always had keen tact with women," said Joe. "When a man gets at odds with the world in that way, there's nothing brings him right so quickly as a thorough-bred woman."

After we had left the point, it occurred to me that Joe and I had never wonderod at finding this thorough-bred woman, as we pronounced her, in poor Dolly Houston's miserable house and flannel dress One is apt to accept what-

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ever is genuine in the world without surprise or inquiry. It is your stage royalty, your merit, with the gilt and tinsel trappings, that wins the clamor of applause and curiosity.

When we were seated at supper, Prentice, himself, first broached the mysterious topic. "I have seen Arkens, and settled the bargain, doctor. The deed was made out this afternoon, with remarkable celerity for country business. The island's mine."

Our little hostess' bright blue eyes turned quickly from one to the other.

"What's amiss with 'The Barred Acres,' Mrs. Houston?"

"Is that the island you have bought?" she asked of Prentice.

"Yes. Can you tell me how I got it so cheaply?"

She hesitated. "There's a superstition, a queer old story, which 'bars' the acres against all purchasers here. I'm sorry you bought it."

Of course, we clamored for the story, and when we had risen from the table and gathered about the fire, she told it to us. She told it half as a jest, but in spite of herself there was an undercurrent of nervous force, and a half-conviction, that surprised us more than we chose to acknowledge, for there was not one of us who did not give her credit for as keen wit and sound sense as we claimed ourselves.

"The story goes that the island was occupied by an old chief named Gray Wolf, long after white settlers had taken possession of the mainland. The chief had drawn, it was said, some magic circle about the land which insured it to him and to his heirs forever. A family named Cresap, coveted it, however, and one night Gray Wolf, his squaw, and sons, were found murdered in their wigwams, and the next day the Cresaps proceeded to make a tomakawk claim on it, joking boastfully that it would be hard for Gray Wolf to establish the heirship between his dead sons.

"I foresee the story, then," said Joe, as she stopped to take Bob up on her lap. "The ghosts of the Gray robbers still walk the shore?"

"No; they have never been seen," gravely. "But the fate of the Cresaps was peculiar. A month or two after they had built their house, the two young men, while crossing the river in a canoe, at midday, suddenly disappeared, as though the boat had been dragged under by an unseen hand. The sky was clear, the water smooth as glass. Presently the boat came up, bottom upward, but the bodies of the men were never found. Old Cresap and his wife still occupied the island. One night a man went over on business and found the cabin empty, the cow freshly milked, a fire still smouldering on the hearth; but the murderers of the old chief were gone—they had vanished utterly from off the face of the earth."

"A very characteristic story of Indian vengeance: and not at all improbable," said Prentice. "The Red-skin deals a death-blow with as stealthy and swift stroke as a thief."

"The island was uninhabited for years," said Mrs. Houston. "Then a man named Israel Warrendon moved on to it from the Ohio shore, repaired the cabin, and settled his family comfortably for the winter. One day, in going through the street of the village which lies a few miles down the bank, on this side, he was missed—disappeared in broad daylight in passing from one house to another. I've heard he was a stout, shrewd, wide-awake man, well able to defend himself. He never was seen or heard of again. His family moved back to the main-land, and were left unmolested. Afterward, a company of coal miners examined the island, and one, a gentleman from Baltimore, I think they called him Thellusson, undertook to open a mine. He set his men to work; on the fifth day, when they were outside, preparing to quit for the night, he went in curiously to the opening they had made in the hill. The ground above gave way without a sound, and buried him."

"Not an infrequent occurrence in your coal-mining region even now, Mrs. Houston."

"No; but the curious part of the story is that he, too, was lost. Dig as deep as they might, they never found a trace of his body, though he was scarcely out of sight when he disappeared."

The fire had burned low, and the sunset faded out in the little window that overlooked the river. The darkness may have accounted for the awkward silence which fell on us all. Out of the window, in the dim twilight, we could see the island rise, a dark, truncated cone, out of the broad, steel-gray river. We each gave a stealthy glance at it. Prentice begged leave to light a segar. I stirred the fire cheerfully.

"Well," said Wycherley, in a tone unnecessarily loud, "does the old chief still drag down his victims silently underground? These are old-time affairs, after all. Perhaps the race of Gray Wolves have betaken themselves to rest now?"

"It is only about twenty years since Thellusson began to dig for coal. Land is plenty and cheap, and the people can afford to humor their superstitions. Since then there has been

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but one attempt to occupy the island. An old fur-trader, who was in the neighborhood in '32, when the cholera was raging in the towns along the shore, swore that he would go make a bargain with Gray Wolf, and lease his land, as the only place of safety. He put off for the island one morning, actually carrying with him, out of bravado, beads, a gun, and tobacco. At night some of his friends went after him."

"Well? He had vanished?"

"No; they found him in front of the ruined cabin, dead, with his feet and hands composed and straightened by careful hands."

"Cholera," suggested Wycherley.

"No; there was no apparent cause for death. The tobacco and beads were heaped in order upon his breast, and the gun placed ready in his hands, Indian fashion."

"The island has been unoccupied since then?"

"Yes," she laughed, but uneasily. "The old chief has kept his land, in peace. There have been one or two attempts made to use it as a pasturage, but the cattle, which feed on the grass, after a day or two, are attacked with a strange sickness; and even the drovers, who go to take or fetch them, find that once drinking the water induces a low fever. Another curious fact about the island is—and that Bob and I have proved ourselves—that there are only such living creatures on it as belonged to the country before the coming of the whites: snakes and corbies; lynxes, too, in the thick woods; but not a singing-bird, nor a squirrel."

"Then I shall have game I did not count on," said Prentice.

Mrs. Houston did not answer.

"Now, judge," said Wycherley, after a thoughtful puff of his pipe, "I wouldn't persist in this matter, if I were you. The prejudices of the people are against it; and there's no use in running counter to the prejudices of a people without a rational cause. Even Mrs. Houston here is a half-believer."

"I only gave the facts; I don't pretend to explain them."

"At least," I said, "one thing you are assured of, Prentice, that there is miasma in the soil, and the water is bad. It looks like fool-hardiness to me to persist in your plan, under those circumstances."

Prentice was lighting his bed-room candle. "I will certainly carry it out, doctor, and that at once, instead of next summer. It would be worth while to fight down the prejudices of an ignorant community, if only in order to bring back such valuable land into use. Besides——" he stopped abruptly, looking for a minute down at the island which, now that the moon had risen, loomed gray and ghostly in the glittering river, and then turning off with a laugh, "One would not dislike a tug with the old dead Indian. It would have, at least, the zest of novelty."

He nodded good-night, and went up the ladder to the loft. We smoked in silence while Mrs. Houston made ready for bed, and taking the sleeping boy in her arms, bade us good-night, and went to her own room.

"If Prentice did not half believe that story," said Wycherley, knocking out his pipe, "he would not be so obstinate. It is curious what veins of superstition lie deep in the clearest and most logical brains. He would be ashamed to acknowledge it to himself; but he is so jaded and tired of life, that the vague idea of a grapple with some invisible power roused him as a trumpet would a horse to the battle."

I replied that I did not think Prentice a fool. One is in duty bound to affect that tone about supernatural matters.

CHAPTER II.

When we came down next morning, we saw the judge standing in the gate, talking to Mrs. Houston, who had just come in from milking.

Wycherley laughed. "Odd! Now I've seen that old fellow wither, with his stinging sarcasms, some of the reigning women of New York society, and there he stands, cap in hand, before a girl who is about to do her own washing."

"His instincts are keener than I thought," I answered, and went down to join them.

Mrs. Houston was speaking as I came near.

"My husband will be at home in a day or two. At least do not go to the island until you have seen him. There is something which he can tell you. I am sure you would not go when you had heard it."

She broke off abruptly. I was surprised to notice that her eyes were full of tears, and that her whole manner betrayed extreme agitation.

The judge looked up and down, perplexed and annoyed.

"My dear madam, don't you see that I cannot draw back? I have this moment given orders to Sprout to send a carpenter over to put the cabin in habitable order, as I would sleep there to-night. If I draw back, I would only do my part to confirm the people in their absurd fears. And I cannot be called a coward."

"No, you cannot be called a coward," she replied, thoughtfully, and, after a moment's pause, took up her pails and went into the house.

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The old man looked after her. It was evident her anxiety touched and pleased him.

"Now that woman is a more curious study to me, doctor, than any old legends of this uncivilized country," he said. "Now and then, in society, I have felt that peculiar power, like a magnetic atmosphere, about a woman, with the repose of manner which only comes from a fine nature finely poised; but very rarely. You have to go back to generations of ease and culture to account for such a human product. But here, side by side with these strapping, loud, country wenches, is the wife of a raftsman, fighting poverty and vulgarity with an arch debonair gayety—it's a puzzle such as I never solved before."

"You are determined to meet the Wolf on his own ground?" said Wycherley, too anxious to leave the main point long.

"Yes—to-night. Sprout's man will knock me up a shed out of the old one, and a fire and hammock will make me all right. I'm an old campaigner."

To be brief with the story, the judge persisted. He met with more remonstrance than he had looked for. One of the frequent freshets in the upper creeks had caused a rise in the Ohio, and most of the farmers from the back hills found their way down to the bottom during the day to judge of its extent. They are a reticent, slow class of people, but they all contrived to drop a word of warning to Prentice.

"The patch of ground had a bad name, from one cause or another," said one. "It was likely to be aguish—if no worse," said another. "'Twant no use stirrin' up foul water," put in a third. To all of which arguments the judge listened, amused.

Wycherley and I, of course, remonstrated no further. Mrs. Houston went about her work with a grave face.

Just before dark I found Prentice on the river bank, stowing into a skiff his hammock, an axe, and materials for breakfast.

"Wycherley and I are going with you," I said. "We will be more than a match for the Gray Wolf and his sons."

"I beg that you will not," he replied, curtly. "My freak is a foolish one, probably. I don't wish to drew any one else into the annoyances of it."

His manner was such that I did not renew my offer. It was a melancholy, unnaturally calm evening; the leaden sky hung low and lowering, the swollen river rushed by yellow, and laden with drifting timber.

"But it's falling," said Sprout, who stood by with his foot-measure. "It'll be down by morning."

"The judge will be in no danger?"

"From the freshet? No. This roost is ten feet above the highest flood mark. It's not from the water his trouble 'll come," with a shrug and gloomy nod.

One by one the few loiterers went up the miry road to find shelter. The night, coming on rapidly, bade fair to be stormy. The death-like stillness was ominous; a raw, foreboding wind blew sharply down the gorge, making me shiver inside of my heavy overcoat. I walked up and down at some distance from Prentice, who busied himself unnecessarily with his cockshell of a boat on the edge of the water. The superstition was absurd, and I had only contempt for his insane freak; and yet I could not bring myself to bid him good-night, and come away.

Standing there, at the edge of the dark sheet of water, with the island in view, the legend we had heard about it had an unaccountable power over us all. I believed at the time, and I am half tempted to believe now, that some subtle influence was at work that night in the air, and in the very ground, to give it its force. After all, what do we know of the strength of the hands of the dead?

Even Wycherley had some vague idea of this. His fat, pale face was unnaturally sobered as he trotted uneasily up and down, pretending to guage the water.

"There's some devil abroad to-night. The idea of a respectable old fellow, a judge of the Superior Court, camping in a cow-shed to show that he's not afraid of ghosts! He'll have the gout in his stomach, that'll be the end of it, mark my words. 'Pon my soul, there's something like the work of an evil spirit in a sudden insanity of that sort. It's against nature."

We loitered for a few minutes, and then went, with a sudden impatience, back to the house.

Judge Prentice, when he had packed his skiff, came to say good-by.

I tried to assume a jocular tone. "It does not occur to you that you are doing an utterly irrational and useless thing?"

"Of course I am. But there are some dare-devil drops of the boy's blood stay in us until the last moment, I suppose."

Mrs. Houston had come up unseen, by either of us, and stood beside us, her water-proof cloak about her shoulders, and her fine head bare.

"Ah, ma'dam! you come to give me your consent?" holding out his withered hand gallantly.

To my astonishment she affected not to see

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it. "Is there nothing that will induce you to wait until to-morrow?" she said, hurriedly. "Only until to-morrow?"

The inexplicable agitation, which she tried in vain to conceal, touched him as with an electric spark. His real cynical, bitter nature came to the surface.

"What does it matter if I were actually going into danger? My accounts with life are counted up and closed. A man's day's work is done at sixty, well or ill. He only lays about on sufferance after that."

"You laugh at the danger; so did I when I first came here. But I know now it is real." She looked over at the island with a countenance that was, for the moment, curiously scared and childish. "You have no right to throw away your life. You have friends—your children——"

"I have none, madam. I will come back, of course, safely; but if that island were to be my grave, as you think, there is not a living creature to shed a tear for me. Give me some matches, doctor," with a sudden change of tone, ashamed of his emotion. "I'll be over by noon to-morrow, Mrs. Houston, hungry as a bear. Good-night!"

She stood looking after him, as he jumped into the skiff, and pushed out from the shore.

"What shall I do?" she said to herself. "What shall I do?"

I answered her, but she neither saw nor heard me. I touched her arm at last. "You are not answerable for his obstinate folly, Mrs. Houston. Besides, what is the man to you?"

"This much," quietly. "It would be better for me that Bob were lying dead in my house to-morrow, than that old gray-headed man."

"Yet you would not take his hand just now."

A flash of indignant repugnance crossed her face. I saw it, although she controlled it instantly. "You are fanciful. It grows chilly, we will go to the house."

Night closed in early, but the storm still delayed. Wycherley and I watched the island until we saw a red light on the top of the dark heap.

"He has his fire going, at least," said Joe. "Gray Wolf has not yet entered an appearance."

There was no story-telling that night, nor even romps with Bob. Joke as we would, we were secretly uneasy and uncomfortable. Mrs. Houston went about her work, pale and silent. We left her by the kitchen-fire when we went to bed.

"It is likely that my husband will be home to knight," she said. "I will wait for him." But I heard her open the window after we had gone, from which the dull-red spark on the island could be seen.

It must have been but an hour or two before day when I was awakened by a strange noise, a low, grinding sound, that shook the wooden house to its foundations. I started out of bed, and supposing it to be thunder, threw open the window. The moon lighted up the steep mountains so clearly, that the trees stood out against the sky in fine black limning. Not a cloud was in the sky. As I turned back, Wycherley, in the other room, gave a shout of dismay and terror. "Good God! the river is gone!" he cried.

I hurried to the other window, and stood stunned for a moment. Where, last night, the broad Ohio had rolled, muddy, and yellow, was solid ground. Not a gleam of water was to be seen.

"I understand it now," said Wycherley, when he was fairly awake. "The river has risen in the night, and the creek, rushing out below, has backed the drift wood and debris up. There's an immense accumulation of mud and timber there. But it will only last an hour or two before it breaks up."

We stood looking at it curiously for a moment, when the same thought flashed upon us both, and we looked at each other appalled. I was the first to speak.

"Sprout said his cabin was ten feet above the highest mark."

"But this rise, I judge, is unprecedented," said Wycherley.

We pulled on our clothes, and hurried down to the bank, without a word. As we passed through the kitchen, I noticed that the fire had been lately replenished, and a candle, with a long wick, blazed on the table. Mrs. Houston's watch had apparently lasted all night.

The moon lit up the work of death with a clearness which seemed unnatural and spectral. When we reached the point from which the island was visible, we stood silent, not daring to look at each other.

The water had risen to a level with the cabin.

There was about it not the sign of life. If the judge was there, he still slept, unconscious of his danger.

The most terrible feature in that terrible night, I remember, was the intense and awful stillness. The mountains ranged dark and watchful behind us; the vast, solid mass above the flood heaving up, and up, to its deed of death without a sound; the silent, unnatural

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brightness, that bathed earth and sky; the whole world seemed waiting, hungry and expectant, to see a murder done.

When Wycherley spoke, it was in a husky whisper.

"The old man will waken in his grave," he said.

"Can we do nothing?"

"What can we do? This mass will break any minute. It is breaking now—yonder," pointing to a spot, three furlongs above the island, where a foot or two of water glittered through the massed mud and logs.

But it was not in human nature to do nothing. We ventured over the drift, and dragged each other back, drenched and bruised; for the mass, apparently so solid, was uneven in depth, and in some places mere traps of clogged lumber turning under the feet.

"It's useless," groaned Joe. "The man sleeps like the dead. Eh? What do you see?"

"What shadow is that yonder! Near the island—to the left?"

Wycherley's eyes were keener than mine. "It is a woman! Merciful God! It is she! She is going to save him!"

There was no need to name her. She was one of those women who always seem to be the only one in the world when you are near her.

She was of light weight, and besides, both nimble and cool. She had a long stick in her hands, by which she aided herself to spring from one point, which seemed most solid, to another. Her eye, arparently, was as watchful as a cat's, and her movements as agile. I think the most intolerable pain at that hour, to me, as I watched her, was the galled sense of my own age; the rheumatic lumbering body, that forced me to stand like a log and see a woman thus dare death. As for Wycherley, he sat down and clasped his hands about his knees, now and then wiping the sweat from his face. I think he was praying for Mrs. Houston, though he relieved himself once or twice by a savage oath at Prentice and his obstinacy.

She fell once—twice, but regained her footing, and went on, wet to the skin, and with a weaker step, I fancied.

"She has touched solid ground! She is at the cabin!" cried Wycherley.

"What does that matter? They never can come back. Look! it is breaking—there—and there!"

She disappeared for a moment. Then they came out together, she holding the judge by the hand, pointing across to where we stood, explaining and urging. Then she brought an oar, showing him how to use it, as she had done the staff.

Judge Prentice was a heavily built man. At the best of times he mooved stiffly. The passage was fully a half mile in length before them. Now, too, the loosening of the drift below became more evident. The whole vast mass began to heave with a swell almost imperceptible as yet, but like the smothered breathing of a monster, which may the next instant break into devouring fury. Wycherley brought ropes from the house, and brandy; put oars into a skiff, and then leaned against a tree, his arms folded in desperate inaction.

"It is all that we can do."

How long we watched them I do not know. I remember that the day began to break when they were but half way across. Prentice moved as if still stunned or dazed by sleep, or the sudden terror. He was loggish, timid, irresolute. The woman, on the contrary, had become an incarnate spirit of energy—every limb alert, light, swift; her thoughts guided them with the quickness of intuition. This was the more remarkable, as she was a languid, slow woman, naturally, in her ideas and movements. I wondered if it was not the thought of her husband that gave wings to both her soul and body to cross that gulf of death.

They came nearer—nearer. The danger grew more imminent. The slow heaving had increased to a heavy, regular throb; the crash of timbers above came like sullen thunder. The whole mass swayed at times until they staggered and fell.

"If she once fall under the timber, she is lost."

Wycherley and I shouted encouragement incessantly. "Five minutes more, and you are safe!" Yet neither of us believed that they could ever reach the shore. If the great flowing once gave way, there was no possible chance of saving them from beneath it. She did not dare to glance toward us, but her cheek reddened, and she laughed gayly as she heard us.

The next moment she did look toward the shore, and, as if touched with palsey, all her strength and courage left her in an instant. She staggered, and gave a sudden nervous, womanish laugh. After that her steps were uncertain and trembling. She had caught sight of a man who came running rapidly up the shore. He stopped beside us—a sturdy, broad-built young fellow, with an oddly familiar face.

"In God's name, what is this? Is that my wife?"

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There was a sudden, sharp report like thunder, a frightful crash and swirl, and the whole mass of timber and drift-wood broke a few yards from where they were. The judge stood firm, and tried to hold her, but, as if she had lost all reason and strength at once, poor Dolly held out her hands to her husband, and threw herself toward him into the water. A heavy beam struck her, and she fell.

For the next few moments we were all struggling in the flood together. The judge was taken out stunned, though not seriously hurt, and carried to the house. Houston brought his wife to shore, whether dead or alive, we could not tell. The few women of the neighborhood had collected, but he carried her up in his arms as though she were a baby, and would let no one touch her but himself. For an hour Wycherley and I kept guard outside the door. Prentice joined us in dry clothes, and refreshed by a medicinal drink. But the color and little remaining youth seemed washed out of the man. His very hair and beard had grown white and limp.

"If she dies!" he muttered. "If she dies—" We did not answer him.

The door opened at last, and she stood in it, alive—her eyes glowing, her hand out.

"Will you take my hand now, Judge Prentice?" She hesitated, choked for words, the bright color coming and going in her cheeks. "I—I—— You did not know who I was, but—— Oh, Tom, come! It is your father!"

Of course, you all know how my story ends. There is no pleasanter home in New York than that of Tom Prentice, nor no more steady, domestic fellow than Tom himself. The judge lives with them, and is even more careful and jealous of mistress Dolly than of her husband. Wycherley and I spend our holidys with them, and do our best with the others to spoil master Bob.

But there is an odd reluctance among us to talk of The Barred Acres. The island remains unsold and unoccupied.

I have no faith in legends or superstitions. But it is a fact that, in the midst of an oil-digging and trading community, the Gray Wolf still keeps his land undisturbed.

GOD KNOWS.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."—Psalms ciii., 13.

Each heavy cross the back is forced to bear;
  Each cruel wound that rankles in the heart;
Each doubt, each fear, each weary load of care,
  Grief's lingering pain, or sudden, keenest smart—
God knows them each; and His all-seeing eye
Is quick to note our sorrows when we cry.

Think you the love which led the Son of Man
  His brightness in humanity to veil,
And walk, acquaint with grief, the wear
  Of man's estate; think you that love can fail
To pity, comfort, succor, and uplift,
And to each faltering prayer send answer swift?

Ah! well for us, our wondrous, great High Priest
  Was tempted, tried, assailed on every hand,
That for our sinfulness, from great to least,
  Our advocate might with the Father stand.
Oh! let this thought thy weariness console—
He knows thy struggles, tempted, doubting soul.

However rough and rugged is the road,
  How low soe'er the heart may heave its sigh,
Infinite Love itself would bear the load;
  God knows and pities! Lay thy burden by.
No longer tossing like the restless dove,
Oh! trust, and feel the Father's boundless love.

THE ORPHAN.

BY MRS. D. PIDSLEY.

Friendless and motherless,
  Poor and forlorn,
Out in the darkness,
  Out in the storm;
On she goes drearily,
  Day after day,
On she goes wearily,
  Rough is the way.
No one to comfort
  When night is near,
No voice to whisper,
  "Darling, I'm here."
No one to love her,
  No one to aid,
No one to cherish
  The poor little maid.
Out in the darkness,
  Out in the storm,
Goes the poor lone one,
  Weary and worn.

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THE STORY OF A "PETERSON."

BY HELEN M'ARTHUR.

"Oh, Miss Gray! won't it be lovely? I am so fond of green." And Grace Lee held up the skirt of a beautiful green-and-white muslin to be admired by the sympathetic dress-maker.

"You will be sure to carry off the palm at the picnic, Miss Lee."

"I don't feel so sure of that; but there is one thing certain—no person will have a prettier muslin. And now for the over-skirt, Miss Gray. Can't you invent something new? I'd like to have something no one else had for to-morrow."

"Gracie," said her sister Helen, looking up from a book. "Your Peterson has come. The boy at the office told me so last night. You'll be sure of something new in that."

"How delightfully fortunate," said Grace, clapping her hands softly together. "But how am I to get it? I haven't time to go for it, and you must go for your lesson. Oh! I know what I'll do." And Grace, leaving the room, passed quickly through the hall out of the door, and tripped down the lawn to the gate, where she pretended to pick flowers with her fingers, while her eyes looked eagerly down the street.

She did not have long to wait. In a few minutes, swinging his handsome form after the most approved fashion, came Arthur Ruthven, the latest acquisition to Newtonville society; the pet of all the ladies, and, it must be confessed, the envy of not a few of the gentlemen.

"Good-morning, Coz," said Arthur, coming to a full stop, when he saw Grace, and taking off his hat with a tremendous flourish.

"Good-morning, Arthur. Oh, Arthur! I'm in such a state. I want you to do something for me—a very great favor!"

"A favor, eh? To the half of my kingdom, Gracie. Wasn't that what that worthy old gentleman, mentioned in Scripture, said? Or is it advice you want—anything in the nature of breach of promise?"

"Now, Arthur, how can you laugh when you see I'm in such a hurry? It's my Peterson I want——"

"Your Peterson! Who is he? He is a mighty lucky fellow, I should think. But how can I get him for you? When did he get loose? and where do you suppose he has strayed?"

"Arthur Ruthven, you're enough to plague a saint; you know very well I mean my Peterson's Magazine. Now, listen to me. I've got a new muslin; white, with a green stripe; and it's perfectly beautiful. You will see it to-morrow at the picnic. It is almost all finished: but I want the Peterson to get a pattern for an over-skirt. I must have something new and stylish. Do you understand? So I must have the Peterson."

"You could not possibly do without it?" asked he, gravely.

"No; and I don't mean to try."

"Well, as I said before, he is a very fortunate fellow, to be so necessary to the existence of all the ladies. I wish I was a Peterson."

"I wish to goodness you were," responded Grace; "you would be of some use then, and wouldn't have time to torment people to death. Why don't you try?" she continued. "There is no knowing how clever you might turn out to be."

"Thank you, Coz. But I'm afraid, as poor A. Ward would say, 'I lack the rekisit phansy and immaginashun.'"

"I always said you hadn't a speck of imagination about you," replied Grace.

"I've just got this much, Gracie," said Arthur, leaning nearer her, and looking so earnestly that it brought the color deeper to her cheek. "I've just got this much. When I'm not near you, I imagine I see you before me all the time. That is all the imagination I care for; but I want the reality besides."

"Now, Arthur," answered Gracie, "it's too bad to keep me here talking and listening to your nonsense, when you know I'm in such a hurry." She tried to look indifferent, and keep down the color that would come; but a more careless observer than Arthur could see that she was not indifferent even to his nonsense.

"Well, let us make a bargain. I'll bring up the Peterson, and that is your favor; and when you get it, will you grant me a favor?"

"Oh, dear, yes! Anything to get rid of you. When I get the Peterson, you shall have your favor." Grace answered lightly, but her heart beat faster as she wondered what his favor would be.

"I'll be back at least within an hour! Will that do?"

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Arthur Ruthven was a cousin of Dr. Ruthven, Grace Lee's stepfather. He had not been long settled in Newtonville; but in the short time which had elapsed since he first came, he had gained for himself the reputation of a very clever lawyer. A general favorite with all, he was, perhaps, the special admiration of those worthy heads of families, who were inclined to do a little sharp business in the matrimonial line. Naturally, they considered Arthur, with a good practice, besides private property, a a very eligible young person. The gossips of that little town declared, that there were only two between whom Arthur wavered; and that either one or the other would be Mrs. Ruthven. Grace Lee and Agnes Miller, the judge's daughter, were rivals. Our honest friend, Grace, would not have confessed that to herself, although Arthur Ruthven came to her father's house, and was very agreeable; of course, he was a sort of connection (a fact he never forgot when he addressed her;) but that didn't mean anything. But Arthur had been more than agreeable; he had been quite attentive enough to Grace to warrant her in supposing, as she did for a time, that she was more to him than merely his cousin's stepdaughter. But lately he appeared to be not a little fascinated by Agnes Miller. Grace, like every other girl, had had her trouble. She loved Arthur Ruthven, that she confessed to herself; but she would not stoop to artifice to win him. He had acted as if he loved her; but lately she had begun to suspect it was only what gentlemen call flirting. Recently she had been colder to him, a proceeding which appeared both to puzzle and pain him. So now she followed a new programme: she would be perfectly indifferent, as friendly as she could be—but always indifferent. A hard task she knew, but she would do it. He should never know that she cared for him; and Agnes Miller was welcome to the man who would act as he had done.

It is only fair to say a word of Agnes Miller, the judge's only child. From a baby her every wish had been gratified. Whatever Agnes wanted she must have—and she did have, from a pair of gloves to a trip to Europe. She was three years older than Grace, short and slight, with a dark skin, and very bright, black eyes. She had had plenty of admirers; but whether from her own caprice, or their discovering the hook under the bait, before taking the final bite, she had not as yet succeeded in landing her trout. It was told by a servant, that the judge, who probably was becoming tired of the delay, gave his daughter a very broad hint that she had better secure the young lawyer, Ruthven, if she could.

"If I can!" tossing her head. "I never saw the man yet I couldn't get, if I wanted him!"

"Then get this one. He will be judge one day."

Miss Miller had evidently acted upon her father's advice. Since that time she had lost no opportunity to meet and fascinate her intended victim. A large number of interested observers declared she had caught him, and that one glance from her black eyes had quite effaced the image of pretty, winning Grace Lee from his heart forever. Others affirmed as positively that he was only amusing himself there, and that he could see as far through a millstone as any person. That Miss Miller was the mill-stone in question I am not prepared to say.

The day of the picnic was to be an eventful one. Arthur Ruthven had determined that on that day his fate would be decided—he would have yes or no. Agnes Miller vowed she would make him propose before the sun set, or at least before twelve, for she remembered having read more about proposals during twilight than in the morning or afternoon. And our pretty Grace, as she returned to Miss Gray and her muslin, with Arthur's description of his imaginative powers ringing in her ears, said to herself, "To-morrow will decide. But it's nothing to me! What do I care? I believe as long as I breathe I'll love that man. How I wish I had never seen him. But I'll get over it. And now for my muslin. I'll have that as nice as I can, anyway. There will be one person who will admire it. Poor Tom! I'm sorry for him, though I need not be. He doesn't care a bit for me; he only thinks he does."

Tom Winstanley was an old admirer of hers, and as Grace said, he only thought he was in love.

Arthur found the longed-for Peterson at the post-office, and also a client of his, who, not finding him in his own office, had come to meet him. This particular client was not only slow of understanding; but when he commenced to talk himself, extremely long-winded. He wished to purchase some village lots; but was not quite sure about the titles of the same. He would not leave until Arthur promised to go with him to the registry-office, and also walk on to look at the lots in question. Our friend, the rising barrister, although usually

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the most amiable of young men, felt himself this morning to be uncommonly hardly treated. However, swallowing down his rising ire, he pulled on a large linen duster, stuck the important Peterson in one pocket, and set out, vowing to rid himself of his tormentor, as soon as he got himself fairly on the street.

Fortune favors the brave. Before they reached the registry-office his rustic companion was called off by a friend to examine a specimen of new potato. Arthur looked over the street and saw Judge Miller sitting in his phaeton, making frantic endeavors to draw his attention. It was whispered that the judge viewed Arthur in a very favorable light. No person would doubt it for an instant, that saw his beaming countenance, as the young man crossed over to speak to him.

"Just the man I want," said he; "been looking for you all over town. By-the-way, Hughes is over from Willistown to-day; I want that business done up. I came in for you myself, and I thought if I sent Ben he might return without you. Do you know Hughes?. Splendid fellow, and knew your father well, he says. Jump in. Hughes must go by the early train, so there is no time to lose. Never mind your office for an hour or so. You know I've depended on you all along for this."

Arthur jumped in, and the judge turned the mare's head in the direction of the Elms. The drive had the pleasing effect of calming down our hero, who began to feel once more at peace with mankind generally. His companion kept up a brilliant discourse on horse-flesh, until they arrived at the door, when, being joined by Mr. Hughes, the three gentlemen went into the library, where, as the business that was to be transacted does not concern our story, we will leave them.

Meanwhile, Agnes Miller was preparing to get herself up in what "Vilikens" would call "gorgeous array," for the next day. She saw her father and Ruthven alight at the door, and hastily scattering her work to the winds, looked at herself in the glass, and put on a bit of rose-pink to give a color, preparatory to making another attack on her unconscious victim below

"And now I'll just go down, and keep my eyes about me. Only that that troublesome old Hughes were here, I might think that Mr. Ruthven came on business of his own—going into the library, and shutting the door in that mysterious way. I wonder what it is? Well, I'll take care to get a little conversation with him; and I'm sure he ought, or at least might, ask to drive me to the grounds to-morrow. He really seemed quite impressed at that last party. I wish I knew how much truth there was in that talk about him and Grace Lee. I can't imagine what he sees in her: I'll bring it round to-morrow, or my name is not Agnes Miller."

Passing through the hall, she espied a linen duster on a chair, with the end of a book, suspiciously like a Fashion Magazine, sticking out of one pocket. She did not wait to allow any strong feeling of delicacy that might float accidentally into her mind to overcome her.

"What's this? A 'Peterson' for August, I do declare. Could he have brought it for me? If I thought so, I'd put it back. Ha! ha! Miss Grace Lee's! So this book is for Miss Grace Lee, eh? Well, I only hope she may get it! I will take charge of this magazine, Miss Grace, and thereby serve two ends of my own. In the first place, I just wanted something of this kind to see about the style of hair; and, secondly, if this does not make a finale to any little thing there may be between you and my honorable friend, Mr. Ruthven, it won't be my fault."

She stepped into the dressing-room to have a better chance to study the contents of the Peterson; and at that moment the door of the library opened, and the gentlemen came out. Dropping the magazine on the floor, she hastily pulled the curtains over it, and, turning round, extended her hand to Mr. Ruthven.

"What a pleasure to see you, so early in the morning," she said. "I had no idea you were here. I'm so afraid it will rain before to-morrow. Won't it be dreadful?"

"Yes; I suppose for the ladies," he answered.

"But you should be particularly interested," she continued. "The picnic is in your honor, I believe."

"I really never heard it before."

"Must you really go?" she said, as he rose. "Do stay to luncheon," with a bewitching glance from the black eyes.

"I really must tear myself away. I'll have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow."

"Oh, of course! though papa does grumble so at leaving business for a picnic."

"He really ought to be there to-morrow! All Newtonville is going to turn out. Besides, he must have a heart of adamant to refuse you anything."

"So you won't stay," she said.

"Oh! I thank you; it's quite impossible. Good-morning."

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Arthur would have been astonished, to say the least, had he heard the graceful epithets bestowed upon him by this fair lady, as she returned to the drawing-room for the stolen magazine. When Miss Miller lost her temper, anything that came in her way would be apt to suffer for it. In this instance, while jerking the curtains, she upset a tray with a glass of lemonade, which had been left in the window. The cover of the magazine was deluged; but she succeeded in wiping it off before any injury had been done the inside, and with a face strongly suggestive of the bits of lemon in the bottom of the glass, she returned to her own room, a sadder, if not a wiser woman.

Poor Grace waited in vain for her Peterson. No Peterson came. The dress was all finished but the over-skirt. "I'll get a Peterson from some one; and if ever I speak to Arthur Ruthven again, I will consider myself the meanest-spirited girl in all the world." She ran over the street to a Miss Pearce, a lady about forty, who was very fond of Grace. As it happened, Miss Pearce's Peterson had come too, and, without asking questions, for she saw her little friend was in trouble, she gave her the magazine, with the remark,

"It's a splendid number this time, Gracie. I dare say your's will be here to-morrow. Meanwhile you know that mine is your's."

Gracie ran back triumphant; found exactly what she wanted in the nature of an over-skirt, and by four o'clock the suit was pronounced not only finished, but perfect.

"Well, it served me right," said Grace, to herself. "I had no business asking anything of him. And to think, within an hour after making me that promise, to be driving out home with the judge. Papa could not have been mistaken—he knows him well enough. Well, after this, I will never believe what a man says. After talking as he did to me this morning, to act like this. I can't understand it. I wish I could hate him, as I would like to. I wonder if he will come here this evening? I shan't see him if he does—I'll be out. I'm determined I won't see him. I'll be out, if I have to run out of the back door to make it true. I would just like him to see me going out, and know that I knew he was coming." By all which the reader will see that our Grace was not in a very forgiving mood.

All this time poor Arthur was roaming like one distracted in search of another Peterson, or in the vain hope of finding the lost one. In attending the judge, he had quite forgotten the existence of it, and it never entered his mind until Miss Miller spoke of the picnic. But the lost magazine was not to be found; and giving up the search in despair, our hero set out to obtain another. He felt a little doubtful of success, but comforted himself with the thought that if he *could* get one, and if it was not *too late*, all might yet be well. Arrived at the bookstore (Newtonville boasted only one) he found, to his dismay, that no Peterson could be had for love or money.

"We only had a few extra numbers," said the vendor of literature, "and they sold at once. You see the gals want a little more fixin up for to-morrow, I spose. But I've got something else here, that has a little about dresses and things for wimin, if you think it would do?"

Arthur shook his head dismally. "It's no use," he thought. "It isn't a Peterson, and she doesn't care for anything else. I don't believe she will ever forgive me for this. I stand a poor chance of driving her to the grounds to-morrow. But I'll make some sort of explanation; I'll not let this put a stop to everything. I'll go up to-night, though what excuse I'm to make, is more than I know. I wish that old idiot, Williams, had been drawn and quartered before he bothered me about his lots. And the judge isn't much better. Between the two of them, I'm in a charming position."

Grace got her wish. Dr. Ruthven was called out to see a patient in the country that evening; and as Grace stepped out of the gate to hand him his over-coat, she saw Arthur coming up.

The doctor drove off, and Grace stood long enough to let the young gentleman see that *she* saw him, and then, with her little head an inch at least higher than usual, crossed the street to give Miss Pearce a second call for that day.

Poor Arthur went in, and had the pleasure of conversing with Grace's mother for the remainder of the evening. He told her all his troubles, and Mrs. Ruthven promised to tell Grace of the lost Peterson; of his deep regret, and a great deal more. She did her best to comfort him. "She thought Gracie was too good-natured and sensible," she said, "to make the least difference about such a little thing."

At last he took his leave, having waited till a most unreasonable hour, in hopes of seeing Grace. But that young lady had come in the back way, and gone up stairs to crimp her hair for the next day.

At last the eventful day dawned. Our little heroine got up, and looked at herself in the

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glass. "Well, Mr. Arthur, I certainly don't see any ravages of grief on account of your very gentlemanly behavior yesterday," she said. "And now, Grace Lee, remember, the eyes of all this town will be on you to-day. So look your best, act your part, and think of no other person."

With these inward admonitions, Grace endeavored to keep up her spirits; but her heart ached for all, and if she could have gone to bed again, and remained there all day, it would have been more to her taste.

Early in the afternoon, vehicles of all descriptions commenced to go. It looked like an Exodus. Old men and women, young men and maidens, all seemed bent on a holiday, and determined to be in time.

It was rather late when Dr. Ruthven and Grace arrived; and truly Grace had succeeded in looking her best. Her dress was certainly the most stylish on the ground, the green harmonizing beautifully with Grace's clear complexion.

Agnes Miller we must not forget. She shone resplendant in black and yellow, the most elaborate mixture, I will venture to say, of those two colors, or, indeed, of any two, that ever greeted the admiring eye of assembled Newtonville. Some unkind people present remarked that she was too black and yellow herself to admit of any more. The dress, though very expensive, did not suit the occasion. Peterson had evidently come too late for her.

The picnic was just like all others. We are only concerned in two people. There was, of course, dancing and croquet, with the usual amount of flirting for the younger portion of the assembly; while the elderly ladies regaled themselves with tea and gossip to their hearts' content.

Mr. Ruthven had gone through a game of croquet to speak to Grace, when she coolly turned away, and commenced a conversation with an old gentleman she had never spoken to before. At the end of a set of Lancers he made another attempt, but grace slipped her hand in Tom Winstanley's arm, with whom she had been dancing, and led him away to look for some one. Arthur was not to be balked. He now made up his mind that his best chance would be to speak when no person was near, if he could get that opportunity. Accordingly he watched all of Grace's movements, and consequently was very dull and absent-minded, to the great annoyance of Miss Miller, who could not keep the last clause of her father's remark out of her mind—"If you can get him." It began to appear doubtful. "But if I once do get him," she inwardly exclaimed, "I'll make him pay for this lukewarm attention."

All things earthly have an end, and so had our picnic. Arthur was just despairing of obtaining the eagerly-looked-for opportunity of making his peace with Grace. All the afternoon had she baffled every attempt of his to approach. She was surrounded with admirers. Never before had they seen Miss Lee so gay or witty. If she had seen her success as well as she felt her aching heart, she could not but have been satisfied. Wearied with her exertions to act as she did not feel, she stole away to rest. But she was not unseen. Arthur Ruthven saw her, and quietly kept the light muslin in view. He knew where she was going. Years ago, when he first saw Newtonville, and Grace was a little girl, while spending holidays at Dr. Ruthven's, there had been a fishing party to this same place; and Arthur remembered perfectly well how he and Grace stole away from the rest of the party, to a quiet little nook, where there was an old mossy stone, which had only room for two. His heart bounded gladly as he thought he would soon have the long-wished for chance. After giving Grace time to get there, he walked to the precise spot, and there, on the old stone, on which they had sat years ago, as boy and girl, Grace was sitting.

Poor Grace! the gayety and wit were all gone. Her face was covered with her hands; and Arthur was sure he saw tears stealing down between her fingers.

"Gracie, darling."

She rose, her eyes blazing, and looking at him indignantly. "How dare you follow me?" she cried. "Let me pass!"

In her haste to escape, as there was only one way, she placed her foot on a slippery stone, and if it had not been for Arthur, would have fallen into the water.

This was too much. Gracie could keep up no longer; and allowing him to seat her again on the old stone, she covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

"Gracie, my own love, why wouldn't you give me a chance to explain?" he said. "All this afternoon I have endeavored to speak to you, but you would not let me."

"I don't want any explanation, Mr. Ruthven," said she, trying to speak in a very dignified manner, for her pride soon came to her assistance. "You must know that what you do is not of the slightest consequence to me."

"But about this unfortunate Peterson——"

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"Pray, don't mention it," very stiffly. "It is of no consequence whatever."

"Now, Gracie, it's too bad to talk so to me. You know, you must know, how I love you!"

"Yes, you acted like it yesterday."

"I know I have no excuse. I am not trying to make one. I promised the judge weeks ago to do that business for him; and the magazine quite slipped out of my mind But there is something else, Gracie. For weeks past I have wanted to tell you something, but you would hardly speak to me. You know what it is. Shall I tell you, then? I love you, Gracie! Will you be my wife? Take away your hands. I want to read my answer in your eyes—they tell the truth."

He pulled her hands away, and I have every reason to believe her eyes answered in the affirmative.

"What a perverse little darling you can be," he said.

"But, Arthur," and she glanced coyly up at him, "what was the favor you were going to ask for?"

"I was going to ask a dear little girl I know to marry me. You said you would grant it, you remember?"

"Yes, when I got my Peterson," she replied, saucily.

"I'll get that Peterson," he answered, "if it is in the country. Oh, Gracie," suddenly, "do you know if Miss Miller takes Peterson?"

"No, she doesn't, or, at least, did not; for she borrowed mine all last year."

"Then she stole it out of my pocket."

"Arthur, how can you say such dreadful things?"

"Oh, I'm certain of it! It all comes back to me now. When we came out of the library, she was in the drawing-room, with just such a book in her hand. I knew I did not lose it; and when I get it, Gracie, I shall claim—you know what?"

"Indeed, I haven't the least idea." But something stopped Grace's sweet mouth, before she could say more, and brought the provoking color very deeply to her cheeks.

"And now, darling, say you will let me drive you home."

The good people of Newtonville were astonished to see Arthur handing Grace into his elegant phaeton, for the drive home. They were mystified.

"Why, they wouldn't speak to each other all day," was the cry, "and now look at them!"

Not long after, Miss Miller was favored with a call from Mr. Ruthven. As she entered the drawing-room, beaming with smiles, Mr. Ruthven turned to meet her with a Fashion Book in his hand. The truth was, Miss Miller had felt literary that morning, and had been lying on the sofa luxuriating in Peterson, and had left it there.

"I came for this!" said Arthur, seriously. "I presume you have had it long enough!"

For once her assurance failed her. She sat down, but could not find a word to say. Arthur, who pitied her, and did not know very well what to say either, bade her a good-morning, and left.

Gracie recovered her Peterson, and Arthur obtained his favor.

Miss Miller tells her friends, confidentially, that it was "fortunate she refused Mr. Ruthven, for she understood Miss Lee was dreadfully far gone in that quarter. For herself it made no difference—she had plenty of time, and chances too." Her friends smiled.

The Peterson is no longer addressed to Miss Grace Lee, but to Mrs. Arthur Ruthven. I often take a peep into Gracie's pretty morning-room, where she sits with a small table at her side, piled high with magazines. "I like so much to look over the back numbers," she says. But I notice that there is one over which she lingers more fondly than all the others, although it bears a great splashed stain on the cover, and that is the "August number, 1870."

LINES.

BY JOHN PAYNE.

STRAIGHT and swift the swallows fly
To the sojourn of the sun;
All the golden year is done,
All the flower-time flitted by;
Through the boughs the witch-winds sigh:
But heart's summer is begun;
Life and love at last are one;
Love-lights glitter in the sky;
Summer days were soon outrun
With the setting of the sun:
Love's delight is never done.
Let the turn-coat roses die;
We are lovers, Love and I:
In Love's lips my roses lie!

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MISS SHAKESPEARE'S EARR-RINGS.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

A week ago yesterday I had a hard day's work. Tirzah and Maggie Snow went a visating to the ministers, and I had all the work to do, and jest before dinner who should come in but Betsey Bobbet to spend the day. I see she looked rather gloomy, and before long she spoke and says she,

"Josiah Allens wife, I feel awful depressted to-day."

"What is the matter?" says I in a cheerful tone.

"I feel lonely," says she, "more lonely than I have felt for years."

Again says I kindly but firmly "What is the matter Betsey?"

"I had a dream last night Josiah Allens wife."

"What was it?" says I in a sympathetic accent, for she did look melancholly and sad indeed.

"I dreamed I was married" says she in a heart broken tone "And I tell you Josiah Allen's wife" and she laid her hand upon my arm in her deep emotion. "I tell you it was hard after dreamin' that to wake up again to the cold realities and cares of this life, it was *hard*" she repeated and a tear gently flowed down, and dropped onto her Alpaca lap.

I see she needed consolation, and so says I in a reasurein' tone—"To be sure husband's are handy on 4th of July's, and funeral processions, it looks kinder lonesome to see a wemen streamin' along alone, but they are awful contrary creeturs Betsey, when they are a mind to be." I hadn't time to pour any more comfortin' words on to her for that very minute Josiah came in and wanted to know if I could get dinner for a peddler. I thought one more trial wouldnt kill me, so I said yes. He was a loose jinted sort of a chap with his hat set on to one side of his head but his eye had a twinkle into it, which give the idea that he knew what he was about.

After dinner he kept a bringin his goods in from his cart, and praisin 'em up, and the lies that man told was enough to apaul the ablest bodied man, but Betsey swallowed every word. After I had coldly rejected all his other overtures for tradin', he brought in a strip of stair carpeting, a thin striped yarn carpet, and says he "Cant I sell you this beautiful carpet, it is the pure Ingrain."

"Ingrain!" says I "so be you ingrain as much."

"I guess I knew," says he, "for I bought it of old Ingrain himself, I give the old man 12 shillings a yard for it, but seeing it is you, and I like your looks so much, and it seems so much like home to me here, I will let you have it for 75 cents, cheaper than dirt to walk on, or boards."

"I don't want it," says I "I have got carpets enough."

"Do you want it for 50 cents?" says he follerin me to the wood box.

"No!" says I pretty sharp, for I don't like to say no 2 times to any body.

"Would 25 cents be any indoosment to you?" says he follerin me to the buttery door.

"No!" says I in my most energestic tone, and started for the suller with a pan of nutcakes.

"Would 18 pence tempt you?" says he, hollerin down the suller way.

Then says I comin' up out of the suller, "Say another word to me about your old stair carpet if you dare, jest let me katch you at it!" says I, "be I goin' to have you traipse all over the house after me? be I goin' to be made crazy as a loon by you," says I.

"Oh Mrs Allen," says Betsey, "Do not be so hasty: of course the gentleman wants to dispose of his goods, else why should he be in the mercantile business? Josiah Allen's wife it is tryin' to a sensative gentleman to meet with harshness from females."

I didn't say no more, but I was inwardly determined that not one word would I say if he cheated her out of her eye teeth.

Adressin his attention to Betsey he took a pair of old fashioned earrings out of his jacket pocket, and says he, "I carry these in my pocket for fear I will be robbed of em, I hadnt ought to carry em atall, a single man going alone round the country as I do, but I have got a pistol, and let any body tackle me for these earrings if they dare to" says he lookin' savage.

"Is their entrinsick worth so large," says Betsey sweetly.

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"It haint so much their neat value," says he "although that is enormous, as who owned em informally. Whose ears do you suppose these have had hold of?"

"How can I judge," says Betsey with a winnin' smile "never haven' seen them before."

"Jest so" says he. "You never was acquinted with em, but these very identical creeters used to belong to Miss Shakespeare. Yes, they belonged to Hamlet's mother," says he lookin' pensively upon them. "Bill bought em for her at old Stratford."

"Bill?" says Betsey enquiringly.

"Yes" says he "Old Shakespeare, I have been round with his folks so much that I have got into the habit of calling him Bill just as they do."

"Then you have been there" says Betsey with an admiring look.

"Oh, yes, wintered there, and partly summered. But as I was sayin William bought em and give em to his wife when he first begun to pay attention to her. Bill bought em at a auction of a one eyed man with a wooden leg, by the name of Brown. Miss Shakespeare wore em as long as she lived, and they was kept in the family till I bought em, a sister of one of his brother in laws was obleeged to part with em to get morpheen. She wept and shed tears in the most hystericky and affectin' manner, and says she 'Promise me Samuel that you will keep em till you find a women that is worthy to own em.' I promised her in the most bindin' manner, and give her what money I had, and my note for the rest, and she sent out immediately for the morpheen, took a large dose and went to sleep settin' bolt up in her chair, but the last thing she said before she shet her eyes and begun to snore, was 'Premise me Samuel.' Of course I have considered myself bound by the most strenuous ropes as it was—and till I met with you I never met with a women that I would part with em to—and now I hate to let em go—like a dog."

"I suppose you ask a large price for em" says Betsey examinin' em with a reverential look onto her countenance—"it is worth a great deal jest to see em, and to hold em; but it seems as if they had a dreadful greenish look to em."

"That is because there is so many carrots into the gold" says he, "that is because there is so much richness in it, when you see gold have a sort of greenish look to it then look out for carrots, then look out for richness."

"How much do you ask for em?" says Betsey.

"I ought to have upwards of 30 dollars a head for em, but seein' it aint no ways likely that I shall ever meet another women that I feel under bonds to sell em to, you may have em for 13 dollars and a ½."

"That is more money than I thought of expendin' to day" says Betsey in a thoughtful tone.

"Let me tell you what I will do," says he looken up in her face in a open and generous way, "I dont care seein' it is you if I do get cheated. Give me the 13 dollars and a half, and I will throw in the pin that goes with em, I did want to keep that to remind me of them happy days, but it is my duty to overcome my selfish feeling; you shall have em," and he took the pin out of his pocket and put it in her hand in a quick kind of a way. "Take em" says he turning his eyes away, "take em and put em out of my sight quick, or I shall repent."

"I dont want to rob you of em" says Betsey tenderly.

"Take em," says he in a wild kind of a way, "take em, and give me the money quick, before I am completely onmanned."

She handed him the money, and says he in a agitated tone, "take care of the earrings and Heaven bless you," and he ketched up his things and started off in a awful hurry. Betsey gazed pensively out of the winder till he disapeared in the distance, and then she begun to brag about her earrings, and she kept up a stiddy stream of it till night, and she proudly displayed em as Miss Shakespeare's relicts to 2 or 3 neighbers who happened in. Thomas Jeffersen praised em awfully to Betsey's face, but when I was in the buttery cuttin' cake for supper he came in and leaned over me and whispered,

> Who bought for gold the purest brass?
> Mother, who brought this grief to pass?
> What is the maidens name? Alas
> Betsey Bobbet.

And when I went down suller for the butter, he came and stood in the outside suller door, and says he,

> How was she foiled this lovely dame?
> How was her reason overcame?
> What was this lovely creatures name?
> Betsey Bobbet.

That is jest the way he kept at it, he would be kinder hoppen round where I was, and every chance he would get he would have over a great string of them verses till it seemed as if I should go crazy. Finally, says I in tones before which he quailed "if I hear one word more of poetry from you to night I will complain to your father says I wildly, after havin'

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Betsey Bobbet all day be I going to be drove clear into insanity with poetry——" He see the old Smith blood was bilin up in my viens, and he silently started for the barn.

Betsey started for home in good season, and I told her I would go as far as Miss Square Edward'ses with her, to get a little yeast, mine had give out. Miss Edwards was out by the gate plantin' some posy seeds, and of course Betsey had to stop and show the earrings. Miss Edwards give me a dreadful knowin' look, but didnt say nothin'. She is a well bread woman, and then she is some like me, she dont believe in speakin' her mind on every occasion. She was lookin' at em, and Betsey was talkin' in a proud and animated way about how the immortal Shakespeare had handled em, and how they had had hold of Miss Shakespears ears and so 4th, when Miss Edwards looked up and says she,

"If there haint the minister and Maggie Snow and your Tirzah."

"Yes," says I "the girls have been there a visatin' and I guess he has come to bring em home."

They drove up to the gate, and wanted to know what we was lookin' at so close, and Betsey castin a proud and haughty look at the girls told him that "it was a pair of earrings that had belonged to Miss Shakespeare, the immortal Shakespeare's wife informally."

The minute the minister sot his eyes on em, "Why," says he, "my wife sold these to a peddlar to day."

"Yes," says Tirzah "these are the very ones, she sold them for a dozen shirt buttons, and a paper of pins."

"I dont believe it" says Betsey wildly.

"It is so," said the minister. "My wife's father got em for her, they proved to be brass and so she never wore em: to day the peddlar wanted to buy old jewlry, and she brought out some broken rings, and these were in the box, and she told him he might have em in welcome, but he threw out the buttens and a paper of pins."

"I do not believe it, I cannot believe it," says Betsey gaspin for breath.

"Well it is the truth," says Maggie Snow (she cant bear Betsey) "and I heard him say he would get em off onto some fool, and make em think——"

"I am in such a hurry I must go" interupted the minister starting up his horse. They started off one way, and Betsey without sayin a word to me and Miss Edwards started off the other. In the next weeks Gimlet these verses came out,

ALL HAINT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

BY BETSEY BABBET.

No more the world to me appears,
Of faith and trust the dwellin' spot;
Ive learned a truth that burns and sears
That all that glitters gold is not.

Some dreams there are too sweet to last,
Cold daylight broke them all to flitters;
Sweet blissful dream thou'rt past, thou'rt past,
Oh! all haint gold that glitters.

Mans calculatin' perfidee,
My gulless artless soul embitters;
My eyes are opened—oh I see;
That all haint gold that glitters.

Oh heart why hope fate would me pass
They say it is the common lot,
To sadly be assured, alas;
That all that glitters gold is not.

The man held up but elevated,
As on the ground again he's sot,
He cries "Two late Ive recollected,
That all that glitters gold is not."

The chap who marrys age for money,
And finds too late that he is sold,
He screams "Ambition has undone me,
Oh all that glitters is not gold."

The femall when she finds her heart,
Upon a worthless chap is sot,
She sighs while briney tears do start,
"Oh all that glitters gold is not."

For hearts are loth to own a drover,
They break their ropes, like jumpin' critters,
Not always do they jump to clover,
Oh all aint gold that glitters.

Oh wisdom fits close caps and collars,
Gallin' the brows on which they're sot;
My wisdom cost me 13 dollars,
Oh all that glitters gold is not.

The tears adown my cold cheek stealin',
For filthy luker floweth not:
I mourn a young hearts outraged feelin',
That what so glittered gold was not.

I shall not never be so trustin',
That is the main thing that embitters;
Doubts arrer in my soul is rustin',
I *know* that all haint gold that glitters.

The verses had the follerin notice, printed in large type, under them,

There is a pathetic beauty to the 4 goin sweet verses that must be meltin to any heart that haint more or less stone. It also has a sound and healthy moral which we recomend to the young, the middle aged, and to those whose feet are totterin down the precipitous declivity of life's mounting. Any reader whose mind is not weakened by the nauseating verses in the J—— A——, will pronounce it a poem of unusial promise.—*Editor of the Jonesville Gimlet.*

That was how I came to hear of Miss SHAKESPEARE'S EAR-RINGS.

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THE REIGNING BELLE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 363.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A YOUNG woman, evidently of the working classes, stood talking eagerly with a policeman, stationed there, which disturbed the judge, who looked that way with an expression of annoyance. Boyce also gazed anxiously around; a deadly whiteness swept over his face, as he looked for some other door by which he might hope to escape. None presented itself. Rendered desperate by fear, he hurried toward the woman, and attempted to pass her, forcing a ghostly smile to his lips, calling her by name, and saying, with airy lightness, that he wished to speak with her.

The woman turned upon him fiercely. He saw that her eyes were heavy with weeping, and her whole face flushed with angry grief. Every nerve in his body quivered; the breath stopped in his throat. He could not have maintained that jaunty air a moment longer.

"Come along! I have lots to say to you!"

"Say it to him!" answered the woman, pointing toward the policeman. "He will go with you, I dare say. I have got business in here."

"Business! You? What? What business?"

"Come back, and you'll hear. At any rate, I'm not afraid of you going far. Make sure that you'll be wanted!"

"What do you mean, woman? Are you going back on your own husband?" gasped the frightened wretch, in a hoarse whisper. "Are you, Mary?"

"Not yet," answered the woman. "But no wonder you think so, for I'm going to do a queer thing for once!"

"What? What is that?"

"I'm going to speak the truth, and shame—Well, no matter."

"Mary!"

"Yes! That is my name. Mary Boyce. Tell Mr. Mahone that the old name is good enough for me and my baby; but then we don't wear French caps and pink streamers, and no young lady is a yearning to give me five thousand dollars for disgracing innocent people! Such things don't often come in the way of a poor woman, who goes out to day's washing to support herself and her child, besides handing over her hard earnings to the man who wants to leave her."

"Mary! Mary! Listen to me! You are mistaken! Some wicked person has been telling you lies!"

Boyce caught his sister-in-law by the arm, driven frantic by her words.

She tore herself away from him, and, hurrying up to the judge, broke in upon him.

"Sir! Yer honor! I know all about this case! That young man standing there is Jared Boyce, my husband's brother. Swear me, please. Let me tell the story with my hand on the Bible. It was my husband and that copper-headed scamp that robbed Mr. Smith's store. They two planned it weeks and weeks ago; but it was not till Smith took a new boy on, that they could make anything of a haul. They did it together. My own husband, who is a footman in Fifth Avenue, only he goes by another name, expects that will carry him through bigamy and burglary, and everything else bad that begins with a B. In short, sir, only this morning, going out to my day's work, as innocent as a lamb, thinking my husband was at his place down town, where females couldn't come, though I never saw a smithereen of his money—not I. Well, yer honor, I went to me day's work in a new place, being on account of another woman's not being well, and there I finds my own husband making up to a creature that yer honor wouldn't wipe yer shoes on, saving yer presence, and she calling him Mr. Mahone, and talking about a wedding-dress that stands alone with richness, and a Miss Spicer, who wants eternal and everlasting disgrace to fall on a family of the name of Laurence. Well, the long and the short of it is this entirely. Jared Boyce and his brother, me own lawfully-wedded husband, robbed Mr. Smith's store, both of groceries and money, which they divided atween them, in my own room, and the groceries they packed away under my bed and in the closet, and me saying nothing, till they come one night and carried them away; so I, being put about by it,

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followed after, and saw them put the boxes and things under a wood-house, back of this tall woman's premises, and then they went and swore her life away. That's all about it; and I want yer honor to just give me husband the least taste of Blackwall's Island, and that will keep him out of the woman's way, who wants to marry him over again anyhow, and will, she being that earnest about it, if yer honor doesn't put him out of her way intirely, till the law makes an honest man of him, a good husband and father, that minds his own childer, and just knock that Mahone out of his honest name, which is Boyce, and nothing else."

Half an hour after this rather lengthy harrangue, Jared Boyce had taken the place of James Laurance at the bar, and Mr. Mahone, very much astonished, and filled with shrinking disgust, had been confronted with his indignant wife, and, under his true name of Robert Boyce, committed for trial at the special sessions.

CHAPTER XXV.

A master will had been at work and removed all the principal reasons that kept Eva Laurence in her old home at the cottage. James had never been permitted to return to his work at Smith's grocery, though that repentant man would gladly have appeased his own conscience, and the wrathful compunctions of his wife, by giving him the position so summarily vacated by Boyce. This arrangement Mr. Ross had frustrated, by placing James, after a short examination, in the entering-class of the City Academy, where his business education commenced, while Boyce, with his aristocratic brother, made a quick passage through the Court of Sessions. They were now making a sojourn of three years each at Sing Sing, to the infinite disgust of Miss Ellen Post, and the profound grief of the poor wife. This ill-used drudge, in the first fire of jealousy, and in the blindness of perfect ignorance, had denounced these two men, in a vague hope that the court would have power to send her husband back into the bosom of her family a better and kinder man. How keenly she had been disappointed, and how many bitter tears she shed over her helpless babe, no one but the unhappy drudge herself could tell.

Miss Spicer, too, suffered both in reputation and temper. Her name had been roughly handled in the trial, and her plan of disgrace for the Laurence family had recoiled on herself. But this young lady was not of a nature to feel the shame of this exposure keenly, or abandon a project which she had once set her mind upon. Of course, she denied the whole thing, and called on Ellen Post to witness that the story told by Mrs. Boyce was a fabrication from beginning to end; all of which Mrs. Lambert believed, and Ivan would not permit himself to doubt; for to a generous and noble character like his, the undercraft and meanness of a small nature is simply incomprehensible.

But the malice of the young lady was not to be checked by a single defeat. By some means she had learned that Mrs. Lambert's agent held a mortgage on the Laurence cottage, which the harassed family had allowed to sink into an almost hopeless amount by unpaid interest. This mortgage she empowered her own agent to purchase and forclose at once. It was an act of vengeance, which she hoped would destroy all vestige of respectability which this poor household had struggled so hard to maintain. But even here she was defeated ignominiously. Mrs. Carter happened to be in the Laurence parlor when the notice of this new calamity was served upon the family. She had called to urge once more the acceptance of her noble offer on Eva, before going out on a shopping excursion which was to terminate at Ball & Black's, where something unusually splendid, in the way of a diamond bracelet, had been offered to her attention.

"Come, now, get into the carriage, and we'll talk over affairs as we ride along," said the good-hearted woman, whose desire to have Eva with her had grown into a passion. "I've got Carter's check for the bracelet, which is gorgeous, but I want your opinion. I wish Miss Ruthy here could go too; but she shall see it when we come back. Come, dear, step about lively, or we shall have Battles sulking like everything."

As Eva went to get her bonnet, two important events happened to her. The notice of foreclosure was put in her hand by a strange young man, whose ring at the bell had drawn her to the front door, and while she was wondering what it could mean, the postman came into the yard with a letter from the establishment in which her duties lay, dismissing her from the situation, which was forfeited, the note said, by her impertinence to Miss Spicer, a young lady who had been a most valuable customer, and had personally entered a complaint against her.

Carrying the two documents in her hand, Eva went back to the parlor with tears in her eyes and a throb of bitter pain at her heart.

"Dear me, how white you look! What is it?"

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questioned Mrs. Carter, lifting herself from the easy-chair, and laying her hand on Eva's arm. "What is there in them papers that makes you shiver so?"

Eva turned her wild eyes upon the kind-hearted questioner.

"The letter is for me," she said. "I've lost my place."

"Lost your place? Well, I'm glad of it!"

"That is nothing. Other establishments exist; but this—this cruel slip of paper is terrible, I think. I fear it will turn us all out of doors! Oh, my poor mother! How will she bear it? After all that has been put upon her, I would rather put a serpent into her hand than this."

"Let me look at it before you do that," said Mrs. Carter, resolutely. "I understand these things better than any of you."

Without waiting for a reply, she took the paper, and read it with an eager, cheerful look, which went to Eva's heart. "It is easy," she thought, "for the rich to look on such things as trifles; but for us! She cannot understand how terrible it is for us!"

"How much does all this amount to?" inquired Mrs. Carter, with prompt energy. "Does any one know?"

"Indeed! indeed! we all know too well. Every cent, as it ran up, has been counted over and over again," said gentle Ruth. "As to the interest, I have something toward that, and would have earned more and more, if they would only have given me time; but now——"

The poor girl stopped short; tears were crowding on her speech with such bitter force, that she clasped both hands over her face, and sobbed aloud.

"There! there! None of that! It is all nonsense, you know. What is the amount? That is the question before the American people."

Eva, with her eyes seeking the floor, told the sum, in a shrill whisper; for now, when the amount was demanded, it seemed to her enormous, and her lips gave it forth with a spasm.

This miserable sound had scarcely left her throat, when the little parlor was filled with mellow laughter, which seemed to mock and overpower Ruthy's sobs, and her sister's anguish.

"What, only that!"

"Only that!" exclaimed Eva, kindling with astonishment. "It is more than enough to turn us all out of house and home!"

"But, my child, the lots are worth three times the money. You have no idea how property has risen since the war."

"I don't know, and if I did, what good would it do without a dollar in hand?"

"No! no! Eva; I have been saving; I have got money—nothing to what they want, but some," cried Ruth, wiping the tears from her eyes, which somehow began to kindle with vague hope.

"Oh, Ruthy! we shall want that to keep us from starving. My place is gone; James has nothing to do! Mrs. Carter, please give me that paper. Mother must know. It is only cruelty to hold it back."

"Not just yet, if you please. Bad news comes to a head soon enough, without forcing. Go and get your things; there will be time to settle that when we come back. Don't you see Battles snapping the flowers with his whip: that shows that he is getting furious—so do make haste."

Eva obeyed. Perhaps she was glad to accept the respite which Mrs. Carter offered her; but her hands trembled as she fastened the tiny bonnet on her head, and covered her face with a veil, with a vain effort to hide all traces of the tears that still welled up to her eyes, spite of all her efforts.

"Come now, let us be off. Just keep cool, and don't fret yourself into a fever, till we come back," said Mrs. Carter, kissing Ruth before she went out, "and not a word to the grim—I mean nice old lady in yonder. There, there, no more sobbing—she'll hear you."

Bright as a sunbeam, and full of energy, which contrasted with Eva's mournful lassitude, Mrs. Carter swept through the little yard, and for once defied Battles' evident ill-temper.

"Drive to Carter's office," she said, "and be quick about it. Don't dare to let the grass grow under them horses' hoofs, when I'm in the carriage. Get in, my dear; don't wait for me. There now, we're ever so comfortable—you and I."

Away went the carriage at full speed, for Battles, not daring to disobey orders entirely, resolved to vent his ill-temper by overdoing them, and, at another time might have terrified the good lady within, by the reckless speed with which he crashed into the carts and omnibuses on his way toward Wall street; but, as it was, this hidden motive seemed nothing more than prompt obedience.

"Tell Carter to come out; I want to speak with him," said the lady, when Battles drew up near the office-door, and the footman looked in for orders.

In a few moments, Carter came down the steps, rosy and smiling, his heavy watch-chain

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swinging loosely down from the pocket of his white vest, and the diamonds in his bosom glistening richly.

"Well, what is it?" he inquired, looking into the carriage, and nodding kindly to Eva. "Brought the article down for me to look at, I suppose. That's of no use; if you like it, that's enough."

Mrs. Carter took out her reticule-purse, opened the gold clasp, and took a scrap of paper from it.

"Just cut that in two, and give me half. I've changed my mind about the bracelet. It isn't much of an affair, after all, that is, considering the price asked. I've made up my mind to invest in real estate. So, just cut down the check, and let me go."

Carter laughed till the diamonds in his bosom shook off quick flashes of light.

"Well, this is a new idea Cut down a check half, because one's wife is going into real estate! Haven't made so much money on one job in a week. Here, come along, you fellow."

Beckoning joyously to the footman, Carter went into his office, with the check in his hand. Directly the servant came out with the abridged paper neatly folded, which Mrs. Carter put into her purse, and gave another order regarding the route her carriage was to take on its way home. She got out once or twice, leaving Eva alone, and at last came from a lawyer's office with a folded paper in her hand, which was hurried into her pocket, when she saw Eva looking at it.

Once more Battles drew up his horses at Mrs. Laurence's gate, and while his heavy face clouded with disgust, waited gloomily for his mistress to go into that shanty, as he called it.

Mrs. Carter, for once oblivious of her servant's discontent, bustled out of her carriage, almost lifted Eva to the ground, and opened the gate for herself, absolutely pushing the footman on one side, and bursting her delicate mauve glove in the operation.

"Now, my dears, you can call that mother of yours! Don't stop to take off your bonnet, Eva, but bring her in. That's right. Here she comes, looking as if she expected a policeman. Mrs. Laurence, my dear neighbor, my darling good woman! here is something for you; just a trifle—a little mite of a present. Take it, and chuck it, neck and heels, into the hottest corner in your cooking-stove."

Mrs. Laurence took the paper in her hand, looked at the indorsement, looked at Mrs. Carter. The color flushed into her face; tears, that imprisonment and wrong had failed to wring from her firm heart, came, drop by drop, into her hard eyes.

"Why, why this is the mortgage!" she said. "The old mortgage, that was eating up everything!"

"Exactly. Put it in the stove, and never think of it again. It is mine, and I give it to you for a nice little bonfire. Eva, dear, come and kiss me. Ruthe, why what are you crying for, child?"

Down by the invalid's couch Mrs. Carter sank upon her knees, folded her arms around the startled girl, and began to sob like a great warm-hearted baby, as she was—God bless her!

After a little she lifted her face, all wet and smiling, like a full-blown rose, with rain trembling on it, and got up, ashamed of her own goodness, and the emotion that sprung out of it.

"You see I always was such a goose—crying when I ought to laugh, and hard as rock when I ought to cry. Don't let anybody know that you ever saw me like this. But I tell you, girls, it isn't every day that one can get so much joy out of a trumpery bracelet, and save half the price too. You have no idea how much money that old paper has saved for Carter. I'll be bound he's chuckling over it yet."

Eva, whose face had changed from red to white, with a swift transition of feeling, came forward suddenly, and threw her arms around Mrs. Carter's neck.

"Oh, how good you are! How I love you! Can we do anything—anything on earth to repay all this?" she cried, in a warm outburst of gratitude. "It seems to me that I could fall down and worship you!"

"There! there! That's all nonsense, my dear. Just remember that there is only one thing you can do, and having once refused, I can never ask you again after this, not wanting to buy love."

"Oh, don't say that, Mrs. Carter. It was because they could not spare me—because they were in such trouble, and needed help so much. Even now——"

"Stop a minute, dear. Does your heart go with me?"

"Yes! Yes!"

"Will you go with me now? That is, will you let me arrange this with your mother. The people down yonder don't want your help. I do. My life in that grand mansion is lonely. I haven't been brought up to reading, and music, and such things. I want some one to write my notes, do my spelling, and sing to Carter—and am ready to pay for it. If you are

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willing to work for men that sell goods, why not work for me at double the price? I don't mean to keep you away from home; there needn't be a day that you can't come here. Besides, I have an idea about Ruthy. You shall learn to drive the pony-carriage, and take her out every morning. I'll have an elevator put up in the house, and she shall just be lifted up to Herman's studio—in fact there'll be no break up about it. Say now, once for all, will you come?"

"Oh, if you knew how I wish it; but poor Ruthy!"

"She don't look so terribly troubled," said Mrs. Carter, glancing at the gentle girl.

"I shall like the rides *so* much," said Ruthy. "Then, perhaps, I might see what the Park is like."

"Of course you shall, with plenty of cushions, and a gentle horse. There can be nothing like it. There now, you see Eva."

Eva went close to her sister, knelt down, and laying her cheek against the pale, tremulous face, whispered,

"Sister, darling, could *you* let me go."

"We should not be much apart," answered Ruth. "And she is so good."

While the girls were consulting together, Mrs. Carter went into the kitchen, where she found Mrs. Laurence pressing the mortgage down with the poker into a flaming bed of coals. The scarlet light shone on her face, giving it the glow of long-banished smiles. She closed the stove as Mrs. Carter came up, beaming with good nature, and spoke eagerly,

"You needn't ask me; I have no right to keep her from you. Eva has been a good girl, take her; but let her come home sometimes for Ruthy's sake."

After this there was a passionate clinging of arms, warm kisses, and a tearful face, looking wistfully through the carriage-window, as Mrs. Carter drove away with her adopted daughter, for the whole affair amounted to that, under the guise of an agreement.

In less than a week it was known throughout the fashionable world that the wealthy Carters had adopted that beautiful girl, Eva Laurence, and intended to make her an heiress. It was also known that the whole Laurence family had been benefitted by the change—that a delicate, lovely girl, who had been a great sufferer from childhood, had developed such wonderful talent for painting, that Mr. Ross had taken her for a pupil, and she was almost as much with the Carters as her sister.

More than once Miss Spicer had met the two girls riding in the park, in the prettiest possible nest of a carriage, and been struck by the radiant happiness in the sick girl's face. To Ruth, coming all at once out of the dull seclusion of that cottage, the Park was paradise, and the air, flower-laden and delicious, was like the breath of heaven.

In a few weeks from this the season was at its full, and the Carters plunged into all its gayeties with a zest and brilliancy hitherto unknown to them. To own and introduce a creature so lovely, and so exquisitely refined, into fashionable life, was a morning glory to the ambition which had urged these new people into society. They accepted invitations—they gave parties—they occupied the most prominent opera-box, and had the glory of knowing that their protege, in spite of her humble origin, in spite of envy and persecution, was in fact the Reigning Belle of society.

It would be false to say that Eva did not feel this change in her life as a transition into something like fairy land.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PERFECT happiness is always a hope of the future. With all her success and her triumphs Eva Laurence had one cause of discontent. Ivan Lambert met her frequently, but it was always with a degree of reserve that chilled her to the heart; and, after a few months of the excitement which followed her footsteps at every turn, the triumphs of society began to pall upon her. One party was so like another, there was so little variety in the people she met, that the girl sometimes felt a craving for the rest and quiet of her old life. At such times she would go back to the cottage, and strive to sink gently down into the quiet enjoyments which graced the tranquil existence of her sister Ruth. It seemed strange to her; but from the time she left the cottage, Mrs. Laurence had changed completely. There was something like reserve, and even shyness in her manner when they met, which Eva could not understand, but which chilled her a little. She was received more as a patroness by the old woman than a child of the house. But with James and Ruth she was always welcome, and almost adored by them. She had never changed; all the pomp and wealth of her surroundings only seemed the more beautiful to them.

Some months after Eva had settled down in her new home, like a nightingale among the roses, she entered a little reception room off the hall, and found Mrs. Carter in conversa-

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tion with a sharp-eyed, cringing little man, who seemed to be urging some request with keen anxiety.

"I have been so long looking for the purchaser, madam. First I trace it to one party, then to another, and at last to that dealer who would not remember to oblige me; but, after all, I made an arrangement with him, and he gives me the number of this house, and madam's name. I had great hopes that you would be willing to part with the shawl for the price you gave, as the owner wants it so much. I never, in all my experience, saw any one feel the loss of a pledge so keenly. So, as madam has a good heart, I can see that by her face, I am sure she will not drive a hard bargain with the poor man.

Mrs. Carter seemed restless and somewhat annoyed at this man's eager pertinacity At one of the principal dealers in such expensive articles, she had purchased one of those rare and most exquisite shawls, which are manufactured expressly for eastern potentates, and, like old cardinal lace, are precious among ordinary importations, as diamonds among meaner stones. She knew that there was not another shawl to compare with it for sale in the city, and had happened to purchase it at a bargain. New this man, whom she did not know, but who announced himself as a pawnbroker, who had once held this shawl in pledge, and sold it among other forfeited articles, was appealing to her, in this keen and pathetic way, to give it up, for the price she had paid, because its former owner was driven almost frantic by the loss of it.

Mrs. Carter, being a woman, was touched by this appeal; but from the same feminine reason, found her love of a bargain, and her ambition to possess something more rare and beautiful than her neighbors, opposing the kind impulse with peculiar force. When Eva entered the room, she felt a sense of support, and was almost ready to leave the decision to her, to whom she defered in most matters of taste.

"Eva, dear, run up to my dressing-room, and bring a shawl you will find in my armoire. I want you to look at it, and help me decide."

Eva ran up stairs, found the shawl, and came down with it streaming in rich folds across her arm.

"Ah, that is it," cried the pawnbroker, rubbing his hands. "I should know the pattern among ten thousand; and to think now that I should have known its value so little! It cuts me to the soul!"

Mrs. Carter had taken the shawl, and was busy opening its marvelous folds, revealing the long slender polin leaves, in which the best tints of a rainbow were wrought with the toil and art seldom bestowed on the modern fabrics that flood our market.

"Ah, it is so beautiful! I should hate to part with it," said Eva, who had learned to estimate a creation like that in her life behind the counter. "You might search years without finding one like it."

"You hear?" said Mrs. Carter, looking irresolutely at the anxious pawnbroker."

"Yes, madam, I hear; but if it is beautiful to a stranger, how much more so to the person who owned it?"

Mrs. Carter looked at Eva with distress in her eyes, and hesitation in her manner.

"What can I do? It does seem hard."

Before Eva could answer, the man broke in,

"Besides, madam will remember, that I am a poor man, and have spent much time in searching for that shawl, which is a dead loss, if I fail to bring it back to the owner, who is ready to pay me."

"That does seem hard!" said the good woman, appealing to Eva, who was so lost in admiration of the shawl, that the man's greedy eloquence half escaped her

"The owner has been to my shop again and again, wild to get it. At first he wanted to have it back for a little; but now he will pay anything. The last time he said, 'Get it, and I will not count the cost. It is a case of life and death. I must have that shawl.' Then I went to work in earnest. This was an inducement for a poor man. After all my pains, madam will not be so cruel as to take a poor man's time for nothing."

"Eva, I think he must have it!"

"Wait a moment. Let me call Mr. Ross. He will comprehend the claim this man has better than is possible to us. He is in the study; I will find him in a minute"

Eva ran up stairs, while the pawnbroker, half-baffled and wholly anxious, stood eyeing the shawl with mercenary craving, and Mrs. Carter felt like a victim.

Directly Mr. Ross came down, and followed Eva into the room.

The pawnbroker stepped back to the wall, and uttered an exclamation full of trouble and surprise.

"What! The gentleman here!—here, in this very house! I cannot understand!"

Ross turned, his eyes kindled, and his cheeks flushed.

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"Here at last? You have found it then? The shawl!—the shawl! Oh, sister, you have it! But how can you tell if it is the same? I must be assured of that."

"Why, Ross, what is the matter? Do you know this man? What is my shawl to you?"

"Your shawl!"

"Yes, brother!"

"And you got it of this man?"

"It seems that it came from him!"

"Yes, it is the same! I will swear to it! Oh, sir! the time I have taken to search it out is well worth all you promised."

"Perhaps. I do not know yet. Give me the shawl, sister; in half an hour I will return."

Ross was white in the face. He took up the shawl, and gazed upon it, until tears absolutely trembled in his eyes. Then he folded the garment carefully, as one handles a shroud, and went forth, carrying it in his hand.

Mrs. Laurence was busy in her kitchen, absolutely croneing over an old-fashioned love-song, for the great load of a hard life had been lifted from her shoulders, and awkward gleams of cheerfulness were beginning to gleam in upon her. All at once a man entered the back door, and came toward her.

"Why, Mr. Ross, is that you? I didn't hear the bell," she exclaimed, smoothing down her apron.

"I did not ring, Mrs. Laurence; I wished to find you alone. Look at this, and tell me if it is positively the shawl that came around that child, and that you put in pledge?"

Mrs. Laurence wiped her moist hands on a towel, and unfolded the shawl.

"Of course it's the same shawl, wherever it come from. There is no mistake in that. I can swear to the curl in every one of these long leaves.

"It is then absolutely the garment that came around the child you adopted?"

"Yes; I am ready to swear to it, if that is what you want."

"No; there is no need of that."

Again Ross folded up the shawl, and left the house, passing swiftly through the yard, and looking at Ruth, who sat at the window, without a consciousness of her presence.

Mrs. Carter and Eva were still in the reception-room. The pawnbroker had retreated to the hall, where he sat on one of the covered chairs, crouching uneasily forward, and holding a rusty hat clinched in his hand. His eyes were full of hungry anxiety; for the reward which he had hoped for seemed slipping from his grasp. Still he waited, in abject patience, determined to press his claims to the utmost.

In less than half an hour the man started, and listened with the vigilence of a house-dog. A latch-key turned in the street-door, and Mr. Ross came in. He stopped on seeing the man, and asked sharply what he waited for? then checked himself, and muttered,

"Ah! I remember. You want the reward. How much was it?"

The man started up, and began to speak eagerly. But Ross lifted his hand.

"The amount?—name it.? I ask nothing more; that which I promised you shall have."

"Without regard to the price paid by the lady?"

"Without regard to anything. I am not disposed to cavil over a thing like this."

The pawnbroker paused, calculated, and looked keenly at his victim, sorely tempted to double the original sum promised him. But there was something in the eyes fixed upon him which checked the idea, and he named what had been his most exhorbitant demand.

"Wait!"

With this single word, Ross went swiftly up stairs, and came down again with a check in his hand. The man started up, seized the paper, glanced over it, and hurried from the house, with a greedy light in his eyes.

Ross turned into the reception-room, stood a moment on the threshold, pale, trembling, and with a look of wild yearning in the eyes he bent upon Eva, who came toward him, smiling.

"Do tell us what makes you so anxious, Mr. Ross——"

The girl broke off with a cry of dismay, for Ross had flung his arms around her, and was straining her to his heart with wild vehemence.

"My child! My darling! My own beautiful child!"

The man was raining kisses upon her forehead, which was wet with his tears.

Mrs. Carter started up, and with her two shaking hands attempted to tear the man and girl apart.

"Herman! Herman! Are you crazy? And she under this roof, under my care! Give her up, I say!"

Ross still held the girl close; but lifted his head, and looked his angry sister in the face. He could not speak, though his tremulous lips moved, and his eyes were flooded. The woman's voice softened.

"Herman, what does this mean?"

"It means, my sister, that as God has been merciful, I believe this girl to be my own child!"

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The man was trembling from head to foot. He put Eva's face back from his bosom, and looked tenderly down upon it.

"Have you never felt this, my darling? Did your soul never tell you the secret that has so long filled mine?"

"I have no breath to answer," faltered the girl. "Your words strike me dumb! How can the things be that you speak of?"

"I cannot tell; yet I know. Wait a little while, and you shall both be convinced that I am not out of my mind; let the rest prove as it will."

CHAPTER XXVII.

A NEWSPAPER was in Mrs. Lambert's hand. In the listlessness of a mind utterly prostrated, she had taken little heed of passing events, and had been kept in ignorance of the little drama which had been enacted against the Laurence family, almost under the sanction of her own name. It was an old paper which had been wrapped about some parcel at which she was looking. Just as she was about to lay it down, her own name, with that of Miss Spicer, astonished her into sudden interest. The article she read was an account of that trial which had sent the Boyce brothers to Sing Sing.

Ivan Lambert had informed himself of the main features of this disgraceful transaction at the time, but had never mentioned it to his step-mother, who at the time was suffering, and so ill that no unpleasant thing was permitted to come near her. She knew in a general way that the man Robert Mahone had left her service; but under what circumstances, every person admitted into her presence was interested in concealing. So this statement in the paper took her completely by surprise, and aroused the sensitive pride in her nature so completely, that Ellen Post, when she answered the sharp pull of her lady's bell, was startled by the vivid life that lighted up those sad features.

"Ellen Post, is this thing true?"

Mrs. Lambert held the paper out in one hand, pointing to the report with the other. Ellen caught one glimpse of the hateful sheet, recoiled a little, then gave her head a toss, and said, with a degree of careless contempt that did honor to her nerve.

"Oh, that was Miss Spicer's little job. My name was dragged in promiscuous. That about me is all lies, from beginning to end; but Miss Spicer and that Mahone was awful thick for awhile. She was always giving him money, being that malicious against that handsome Laurence girl, that she was willing to plot with any one against her. I'm pretty sure she *was* in the scrape, because she once offered me anything I'd ask just to join in with them; but, of course, I never had a word for her, but no. I want to marry that Mahone! The idea! I hope, marm, you think better of me than that."

Mrs. Lambert was a woman of the world, whom airs, such as her maid put on, was not likely to deceive. She simply folded the paper up, drew forth her portemonie, and paid Ellen Post a month's wages in advance.

"I cannot give you a recommendation," she said, very quietly, "and probably shall never mention your name again. Perhaps you had better put on your things, and go at once. The express man will come for your trunk."

Ellen Post turned of a dull grayish-white, and her eyes gleamed with gathering malice.

"Perhaps, marm, you had better think twice. Some girls are blind to what is going on around them, and can be sent off meek and broken-hearted; but I ain't one of that sort. Just take a second thought, marm! You'd better, I can tell you."

"I never take a second thought, Ellen. Go! I am engaged!"

The slender finger that pointed toward the door belonged to a fragile, but firm little hand, which scarcely seemed strong enough to support the diamonds that blazed upon it; but a revolver could not have more effectually silenced the impudent servant, who walked backward, step by step, until she almost fell against a footman, who stood in the door with a card in his hand.

Mrs. Lambert took the card, giving no further heed to the retreating maid, and read the name upon it.

"Miss Spicer! Tell her to come up."

There was a rustle of silk flounces, a clatter of high heels, as Miss Spicer came up the stairs, and a strong sent of the last fashionable perfume left floating in the hall, as she entered her friend's boudoir, closing the door behind her.

Fifteen minutes after this Ellen Post glided down the back stairway, with an evil look on her face, and a satchel in her hand.

Then all was still, and only a faint murmur of voices disturbed the sumptuous quiet of that mansion, from the ladies boudoir. Voices, did I say? Only the quick, rattling sound of Miss Spicer's tongue was heard; the firm, even tones of Mrs. Lambert never penetrated beyond the room in which she sat. Once, when

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the door was open, and Miss Spicer stood upon the ermine mat, biting her lips, and beating her flounces with the end of her cane parasol, the clear ringing tones of that voice penetrated into the hall.

"No, Miss Spicer, I will take leave of you now; for this is the last time that you will ever be admitted into a house of which I am mistress."

Miss Spicer turned upon the mat like a little fury.

"Well, madam! I suppose it is just possible to live without coming into your house! Heaven knows, it's been dull enough since that girl cut you out with Ross, the painter! This is the thanks one gets for paying off your debts. I'm thankful for one thing, though! She'll marry him, and leave you to break your mean old heart; while Ivan will hate you forever and ever for breaking up his fun. Good-by, Mrs. Lambert. If you can stand it, I ought to, having nothing very dreadful to look back upon, and plenty of youth, which you will never have again, before me!"

As Miss Spicer was flying down stairs in her hot wrath, Ivan Lambert came into the hall, and stood aside for her to pass. She stopped suddenly, and held out her hand with a hysterical laugh.

"There; let's shake hands, and say good-by. Your lovely mother has just turned me out of doors; but see if I don't pay her off! If that fellow Ross don't marry your old lady-love, and I for one have no idea that he ever thought of it, I'll marry him myself, and ride over the old woman rough-shod. With his genius and my money we could do it—for people are beginning to talk about her awfully, I can tell you; something about the conservatory, and fainting dead at the artist's feet. Ellen Post knows all about it. She's just been sent away, and won't the story ring. Of course I shan't help it forward. Oh, no! she hasn't insulted me!"

Before Ivan could even comprehend this rude speech, the young lady had turned the latch and door-knob with a force that tore her gloves, and hurried down to the pavement.

Ivan, who had intended to visit his mother, went up to her room, where he found her pacing up and down the carpet, flushed with suppressed excitement, and with unusual fire in her eyes.

"My son!—my dear son! I am glad, very glad that you are here. Something, no matter what, has disturbed me. I have been hard and selfish with you; my own wretchedness has made me cruel."

"Your own wretchedness, mother!"

"There, there, Ivan! Do not question me; but generously accept my atonement, without explaination. I have been very, very unhappy of late; but I am not speaking of myself. You are dear to me as any son could have been. When I die, all that I have shall be yours, without restriction. From this day out the world shall know you as my heir. Another thing, marry as you like. I—I will accept that girl. They tell me Carter has made her his heiress—be it so! I make you my heir. Go, ask her to marry you."

"Mother! Mother! how can I? She has refused me once," cried the astonished young man.

"But that was after I had trodden on her pride, when she thought herself worse than poor. Now you go to her with my full consent. I will call upon her, and urge your case, if that is needful. Go, my boy—go now. I shall not be at rest till your fate is settled."

Astonished, bewildered, and like a man in a dream, Ivan Lambert went to his own room. Was his step-mother in her right mind? Was what she had said enough to warrant him in seeking Eva Laurence? He would wait and reflect. The happiness that dawned upon him could not be real. What had so changed his proud mother?

Another ring brought a servant to the front-door, where a gentleman, with a package in his hand, stood waiting. The man reached out his hand for the parcel, but in its place, received a card, with directions to carry it at once to his mistress. There was no question about her being at home; no seeming doubt that she might refuse herself: all of which was strange; but the servant did not think of that till long afterward, for obedience seemed natural to that voice of quiet command.

"My lady will see you in her own room—walk this way," said the man, returning promptly, after delivering his message, showing the stranger up stairs with great deference, and opening the door with a bow, altogether forgetting the package which the man carried.

Mrs. Lambert was struggling to compose herself; but she had been greatly excited, and every nerve in her frame quivered. She tried to speak, but the effort only brought tears into her eyes.

Ross did not take the hand she held out with such timid hesitation; but laid his bundle on a chair, then turned a sternly agitated face upon her.

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"Elizabeth, I have come to ask you a question."

"I will answer it, Herman! There is nothing you can ask that I will not reply to. But first, do not misunderstand me; I ask it for—for the sake of my step-son. Answer the one question that I asked you. Is that girl, I mean Eva Laurence, anything to you?"

"Anything to me—and you ask this? Yes, everything!"

"You love her, then?"

"Yes, better than my own soul."

"But—but you cannot marry her. It would be——"

The woman's lips turned deadly white, and what she would have said died upon them.

"Marry her! Woman, I wonder the heart does not sicken in your bosom at the thought."

"It does! it does! Then you never thought of it. I had not wronged you so deeply that you meditated that awful blow."

"I never thought of it, Elizabeth!"

The woman clasped her hands, and a wild sob heaved her bosom.

"But still you loved her! Ah, me! it was only the impediment! If I were dead now!"

The woman held out her clasped hands, and her face was wet with a rain of tears. For the first time, a look of almost yearning tenderness filled the sad eyes bent upon her, and a touch of compassion quivered in the man's voice.

"Sit down, Elizabeth. I have a few questions to ask, and for once you and I must have truth between us."

Mrs. Lambert dropped to the sofa, near which she stood, and Ross drew his chair in front of it. The curtains hung low, and the light fell dimly around them, so dimly that they seemed like ghosts questioning each other.

"Elizabeth, when we first met, and I found you Lambert's widow, there was too much of passion and reproach in our interview for a clear understanding of events, which seem to me vague and unsatisfactory. Quiet yourself, now; be calm, if that is possible, and let us thoroughly understand each other."

The woman made a strong effort, and hushed her sobs.

"When we married, I was a wild, passionate youth, penniless, almost friendless; but I loved you!"

"And, oh, heavens! how I loved you!"

"Had I been older or wiser in this world's wisdom, it would have been an act of treachery when I won you to that private marriage; but I was an enthusiast, possessed of some genius, and more wild hope. Perhaps in the arrogance of these untried feelings, I held your father's wealth in too much scorn. Certain it is, I never craved it, never wished for a cent of it."

"I know that, Herman; yet it was this very wealth that drove us apart."

"I asked you to go away, and share my fate——"

"I could not; remember how young I was. An only child, loving my father, whose forgiveness you refused to ask—loving you better than my own life, but afraid to follow the hopeless path you were resolved to tread. Why did you leave me then? Was I angry—was I unreasonable in that struggle, so hard upon a young girl, pampered, as I had been; did I say things which were altogether beyond forgiveness?"

"If I left you in anger, bitter and keen as it was, my great love conquered it, before I was half across the ocean," said Ross. "But what came, after my letters were unanswered?

"I never received them. Some one, my father, I think, kept them back. Oh, Herman! you never will know how I wailed, how I longed for one line!"

"Elizabeth, give me your hands. On your life, on your honor—as you hope for salvation, did you never hear from me, never see a line of my writing after I left you?"

"As God shall be merciful to me, I never did!"

The woman felt the two strong hands that clasped hers shake like reeds.

"And you thought me dead?"

"I did! I did!"

"And then married this other man?"

"Oh, Herman! It was only my hand and wealth that I gave him. When love perished in my heart I had only ambition left."

"Then all love for me had perished?"

"Herman! There never has been a time when the very memory of our love has not been dearer to me than the adoration of any living man."

The hands which Ross still clasped were tightened painfully. For half a moment he was silent. When he did speak, it was almost in a whisper, and his voice was hoarse.

"Elizabeth! What have you done with our child?"

Mrs. Lambert wrenched her hands from the passionate grip fastened on them, and stood up in wild agony.

"Our child! Oh, Father of heaven! is there no mercy for me? Have I not suffered enough?"

The woman had no strength to stand. As grass goes down under the scythe, her limbs

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gave way, and her face fell forward on the cushions of the sofa.

Ross bent over her.

"Elizabeth!"

"Leave me! You have torn the vulture from my heart—let it bleed to death; for, in a little while, I, like my child, will be beyond human reach! God knows all that I have done, and all that I have suffered."

Ross knelt down by the woman, and laid his hand on her shoulder. Her suffering drowned all sense of wrong. The thing which she had done seemed less hideous when her grief filled the room, as with the wail of a mother bereft.

"Our child is not dead, Elizabeth! I come to tell you so!"

The woman lifted her face.

"Not dead!"

"Let that awful thought haunt you no longer. The child is alive. Not an hour ago I held her in my arms. God spared her life, and you, wretched woman, a great crime."

The woman shuddered.

"God help me! God forgive me! I was sorely tempted!"

A moment after these words left her lips, Mrs. Lambert started up. The idea that her child lived had seized upon her with force; for the first time, her face, still colorless, was radiant.

"She is alive!—your child and mine! Alive! and you have found her for me! A child given to my bosom—a sin lifted from my soul! Man! Angel! My husband! Let me fall down and worship you!"

"First thank God that an awful sin has been lifted from your conscience."

"I do! I do! But the child—where is she? Who is she? Will you let me see her—touch her—bless her? Oh, will you?"

"You have seen her."

"Where? When?"

"At my sister's house. She is known as Eva Laurence!"

Once more the woman sunk to the sofa mute and pallid.

"Laurence was the policeman you spoke with just before you turned down to the river; he followed you. He saw you leave the infant upon the rock, where you had carried it; watched as you crept away through the woods; reluctantly, he thought, but still you went, leaving the child to its fate."

"No! no! I did not! In less than an hour, oh! much less, for I was hardly out of the shadow of the trees, I went back, resolved to bear everything, suffer everything, rather than part with it—but the rock was bare; the moonlight lay upon it, cold and white. I searched eagerly, but my child was gone. I sought for it everywhere—in the hollows, among the ferns, in the water. All night I wandered up and down on the shore—but my child was gone. I had left it wrapped up, warm and asleep. No human being was nigh. The rock sloped downward; it had rolled into the water! I thought this—I have always thought it. Do not look on me with those searching eyes. I was mad, wild—driven to desperation—a child-mother fleeing that night from shame and a father's wrath. He had been absent almost a year, first placing me in a school in New England, which I left, as if for home, but hid myself in New York. When my baby was a few weeks old I learned that my father was coming home. If I was not there, he would search for me at the school, and learn that I had been absent for months. You had left me; I had not heard from you. Consider, I was so young—all alone, a wife, a mother—but without husband. All this drove me mad for a time. No doubt I was absolutely insane. I remember, in a vague way, wandering off in search of the river, with the child in my arms, longing to hide myself and it in the water. If I had any purpose, it was to go beyond the reach of my father's wrath, and take my baby with me."

Here the woman, seized with infinite self-pity, began to weep.

"I remember nothing, except that the black water frightened me. I think it was not for myself, but the child; for I was thinking that it must be kept dry and warm when I was asleep down there. Then I grew afraid for myself, and fled into the woods to escape the dull, heavy lapping of the water, which both lured and repulsed me. I have told you that it was gone, when I came back more clear in my mind, and armed with half-insane courage to give it up, with the whole truth, to my father."

When the woman ceased speaking, Ross knelt by her side, and heavier sobs than hers filled the room.

"My poor girl! My wronged young wife! God forgive me the rashness of my youth—the injustice of my manhood."

She lifted her face, radiant under the storm of tears that had passed over it.

"You pity me! There is no longer suspicion in your eyes. Sometime you will perhaps think that I was not all to blame, that in wresting the child from my bosom, God punished me enough. Ah, you did not know how I loved it."

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"And you, Elizabeth, never dreamed how passionately, how entirely I loved its mother—how I still love her."

There was no cry, no theatrical outbreak; but those two hearts, that had been separated one-third of a life-time, seemed to beat with a single pulse.

"Ah, my Elizabeth! There is something in life for us yet."

She took his hand between hers, and kissed it.

"Oh, Herman! I never, never expected to be so happy again."

"But there is greater joy than this in store."

"I know! I know! Our child! That beautiful girl. I was so jealous of her, Herman. Only this very day did I consent that Ivan—— Did you know that Ivan loves her dearly? Well, only an hour or two ago I promised to make him my heir if he could persuade her to marry him. That was half because I pitied his disappointment, and half because people said that you loved her."

"And so I did from the very first. Now I understand why. She is very like you. That was what struck me."

"Was I ever so beautiful, Herman?"

Ross bent down, and kissed her forehead.

"But you have not told me how you found all this out. We should have good proof."

"You are right," said Ross, unfolding the shawl. "When Eva was found on the bank of the river, she was folded in this. Do you recognize it? Laurence was a gentleman in his habits, and educated the girl well. He left me a letter, which you shall read. There can be no doubt."

"Ah, how well I remember it! My mother's shawl! How strange! You tell me she is sweet and good; and I was so harsh with her. When shall we meet, Herman."

"Now! At once. They are waiting for me. In half an hour Eva shall be with you."

"But how shall we explain?"

"To her and my sister everything."

"And Ivan, who loves her so?"

"And Ivan, for she loves him; but, beyond that, we must have no explanations. You and I must go through a public wedding, and when the young people are married, Eva will be your daughter, of course. Chance has arranged everything for us, and we have nothing to prevent a double wedding at once."

A soft rosy color came into the woman's face, and for a moment her eyes sunk.

"Go," she said, "and bring Eva."

Ross went with the quick step of a happy man. Eva and Mrs. Carter were waiting for him. He told them all, with the brief passionate eloquence which perfect joy inspires. Before half his narrative was over, Eva had crept into his arms, and Mrs. Carter was sobbing like a child.

The half hour that Mrs. Lambert waited seemed an eternity to her. A dozen times she walked to the window; a dozen times she seated herself, resolved to wait in patience. When she heard footsteps coming, a sweet faintness crept over her, and reaching forth her arms, she saw everything in a mist, and the kisses rained on her face, seemed coming through a dream.

There was two weddings, which astonished society for more than a fortnight. In one Eva resigned her brief sway as The Reigning Belle; and in the other, Mrs. Lambert renewed her lease as a leader of society.

PARTED.

BY L. E. MARTIN

Dreamily watching the sun die out,
A fiery ball in a leaden sky,
Where two long ranks of crimson cloud
Seem waiting to see him die.

I hear the wavelets ripple and splash;
I hear the wild birds cry on the lea,
As I lie and think of that dead past,
Which is never dead to me.

Standing here in the long-ago—
Just such a night it seemed to me;
Two of us watched the sun go down,
The stars shine over the lea.

Two hands clasped, and two hearts met
With a love as true as may be.
I am watching the sun to-night;
But that other! where is she?

Wonderful mystery of our life,
Death were sweet to your storm and fret,
Oh, short would these years of waiting seem,
If my true love and I were met.

As I watched the sun go down to-night,
And the stars shine over the lea,
My heart grew strong for the life that is—
With thoughts of the life to be.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, one of the new tunic dresses for a young lady, the waist and upper-skirt

being cut all in one, with an apron front. The tunic is fastened down the front with large covered mould buttons, or it may be tied together with bows of ribbon. Our design is of reps or cashmere, either black, brown, or very dark green. The tunic may be trimmed with cross-wise bands of the same material, piped, or with velvet ribbon and bows. The skirt is trimmed with three box-plaitings, four inches deep, put on with a piping, or narrow braid. The same plaiting is put on over the shoulders, finishing with a bow of ribbon at the waist. Small coat-sleeve, with a frill at the hand. Skirts of all dresses are still made to touch. Fourteen yards of cashmere, or sixteen yards of reps, will be required to make this costume. Reps can be had from fifty cents up to one dollar and fifty cents per yard. Cashmeres range from one dollar to one dollar and seventy-five cents per yard. If made of black cashmere, this tunic can be worn over colored dresses, or over a black silk skirt.

We now give a Plaid Water-proof Cloak. This cloak is of blue and green plaid water-proof cloth. The under part is a simple circle, with, or without sleeves, as may be preferred. The cape is separate, and trimmed with one

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row of wide, worsted braid, in black. A worsted bullion fringe is added; but for traveling, or rainy weather, it would be more serviceable without. Four yards of material, with the cape, and three and a half yards without. Cost two dollars and fifty cents per yard, cloth width.

We give, next, a Walking-Costume for a Miss from ten to fifteen years. This costume is

made of woolen serge, which comes in grays, dark-blues, greens, and combinations of these colors, and of black. These serges cost from seventy-five cents to one dollar and twenty-five cents per yard, and are soft and serviceable. This dress is made with two skirts: the under one, coming to the top of the boot, is trimmed with two narrow bias folds of the material, headed with a narrow black fancy worsted braid. The upper-skirt is cut round, not to loop, and has, in addition to the folds, a plaited ruffle set on the edge. A plain, round waist, with coat-sleeves for the house. Over this is worn, for walking, the straight, sailor-jacket, with flowing sleeves. From ten to fourteen yards of serge will be required for this costume.

Next we give a Walking-Dress for a Young Miss. This dress is made of the fashionable woolen-shawl material, with border and fringe woven in. The flounce is of a striped, woolen material of the same color, put on very scant, and about eight inches deep, headed with a stand-up ruffle and bands of the shawl-border. These shawl-material cost from two dollars to two dollars and fifty cents per yard, and are

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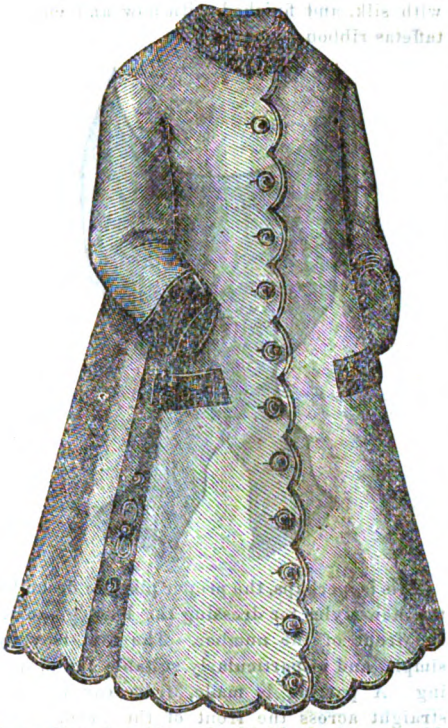
wide, and will require only from four to four and a half yards for the complete suit.

Next, we give a Gray Tweed Waterproof, cut in the Sack form, the front and edge of which

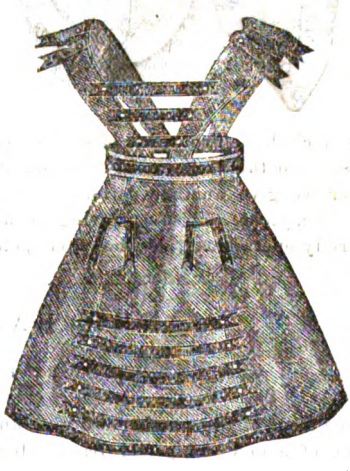


is scalloped and bound with black alpaca braid. The cuff, pockets, and collar, are trimmed with black silk, reps, or cloth. This is an exceedingly stylish and comfortable wrap of the kind, and can be made at almost any cost. These tweed waterproofs can be bought from one dollar up. Three and a half yards will be required.

We give next three designs for Aprons for

little girls. The first two are of black silk, or alpaca, trimmed with velvet ribbon. A button

should be placed on the shoulders of the dress, to which the braces of the apron are to be buttoned: this is to prevent the continual slipping off the shoulder, which is so annoying.



The other is of fine cordon pique, linen, or plaid muslin, trimmed with two rows of braid, or a Hamburg edging. Patterns can be easily cut from these designs, to fit the child, suitable from six to twelve years.

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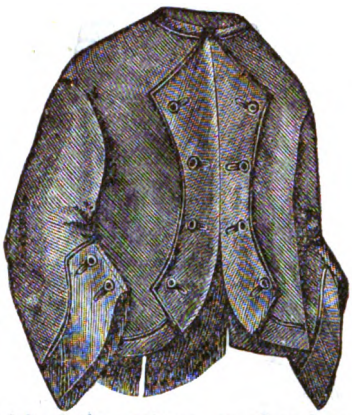
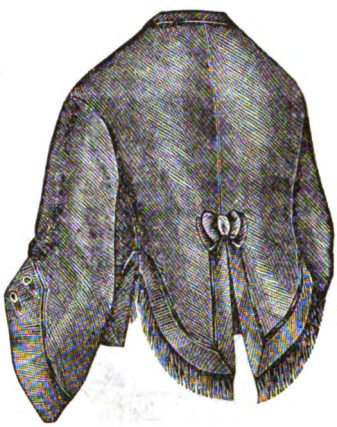
We give, here, the front and back of a Walking-Jacket, which may be either of the

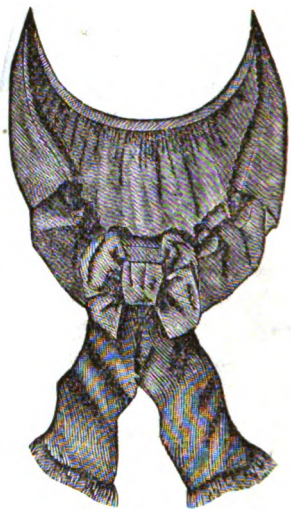


material of the costume, or of cashmere or cloth. It is simply piped with silk, and the fringe added to the back. One and a half



yards of cloth, or two yards of cashmere, are necessary for this jacket. In the front of the number we give another pattern (front and back) for a jacket. Also engravings of a new and pretty opera-cloak, of a body, etc., etc.

We now give a pretty design for a hood, to be worn over a mantle, or jacket. It is made separate, and (to be worn at pleasure) of the material of the jacket, or mantle, and is lined with silk, and finished with bow and ends of taffetas ribbon.



This is, perhaps, the proper place to describe two new styles for dressing the hair, given in the front of the number. The first is very simple, and is particularly suitable for morning. A parting is made, from ear to ear, straight across the front of the head. The front hair is arranged in *crepes bandeaux*, and the back hair is combed to form a single loop, barred across with the ends of hair. A twist encircles the head.

The other is more dressy, and is suitable for evening. The front hair is *crepe*, and combed over a double frisette. The back hair is curled in long ringlets, and the second and upper tier are pinned so as to cause the curls to fall in unequal lengths. A double row of plaits encircle the back of the head.

NEW BASQUE BODICE.

BY EMILY H MAY

In the front of the number we give an engraving of a new and pretty Basque Bodice, and we add, here, a diagram, from which to cut it out. Winter bodices, both for in-door and out-door wear, will, for the most part, be made with basques. Our pattern is suited to silk or velvet or, any other material. The pattern consists of four pieces, viz., front, back, side-piece, and sleeve; the basque, as will be seen, is cut in one piece with the bodice. There are two darts in front, marked by perforated lines. The front is joined to the back by one notch at the neck, the back and the side-piece by two notches, and the three notches indicate the seam under the arm. There is a seam down the center of the back. The basque is

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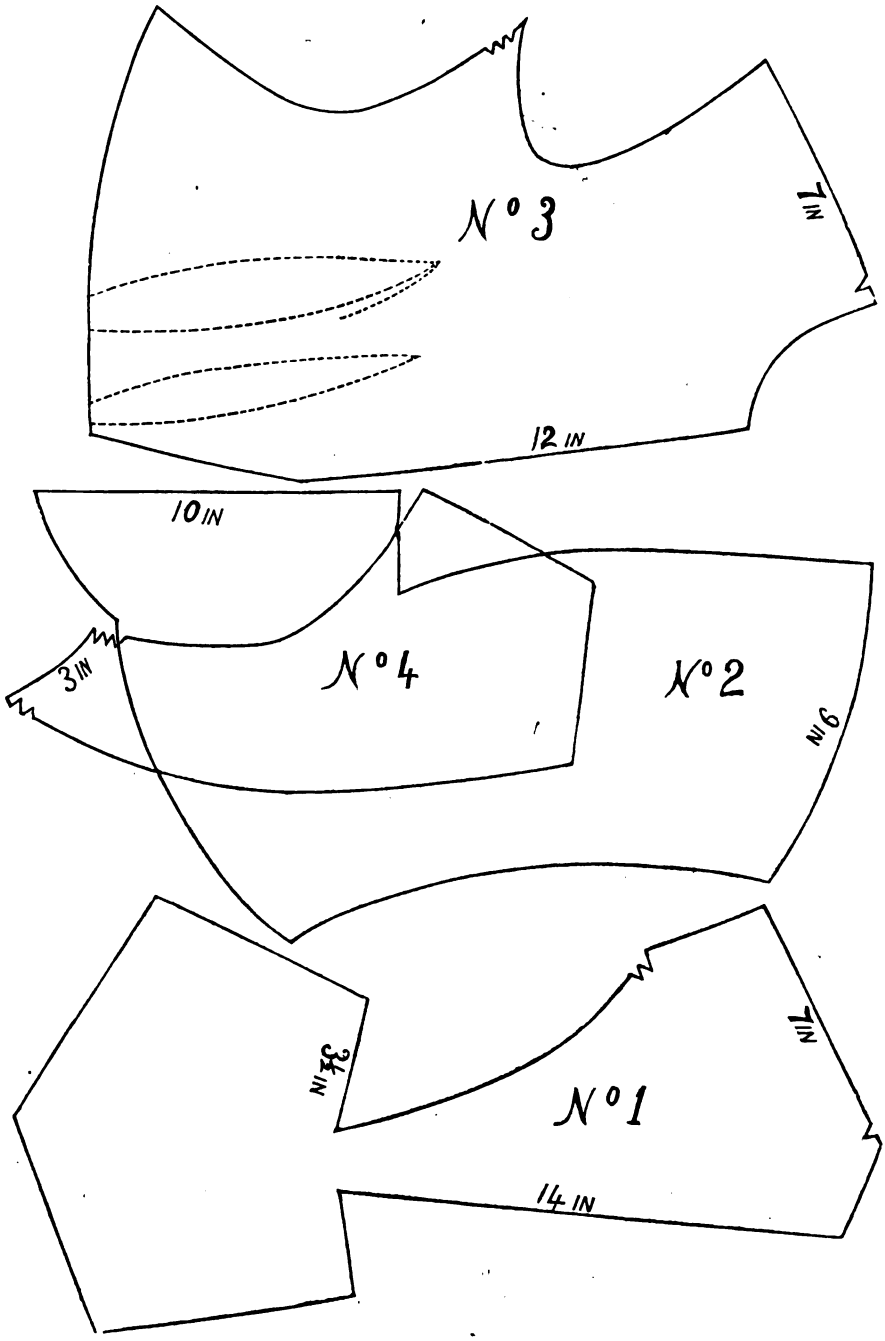
plaited in a box-plait at the back; it will be found to form a double point at the back, and pagoda in form; it is box-plaited at the elbow, and the frill falls with the point. It can be



one point on each hip. In front it fastens to the waist with buttons; from there it diverges at each side, and forms a point. The sleeve is trimmed with fringe, gimp, or velvet. Our model is of black silk, ornamented with buff lace, headed by a full silk ruche.

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CAP-BASKET

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This cap-case, or basket, consists of a strip of Panama canvas, twenty-five and a quarter inches long, and four and a quarter inches wide, stiffened and supported by a piece of cardboard of the same dimensions, and lined with blue satin, forming the bag. The Panama canvas, with the exception of the under part, is worked in cross-stitch on one thread, with *filosello* of various suitable colors, in any light, straight border pattern, somewhat narrower than the width of the canvas, so as to leave a space on each side, as seen in the illustration, as this gives a lighter appearance, the Panama canvas forming the ground of the pattern throughout. The front part of the basket measures seven and a half inches in height; the under part, or stand, is a square of four and a quarter inches, (the width of the canvas,) and the back, with the cover, is thirteen and a half inches in length. The strip of canvas, as before mentioned, is supported by a piece of cardboard of equal width and length, which

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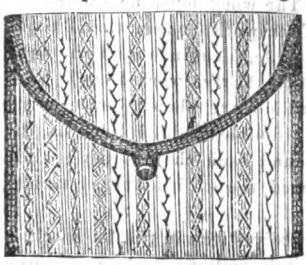
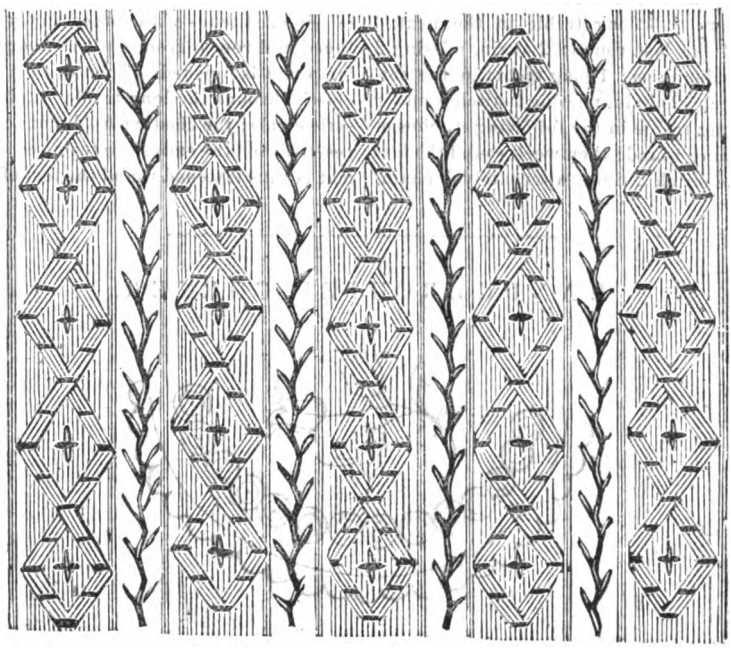
must be creased across, or partly cut through, for the stand and cover. The bag, which also forms the lining, is of blue satin, drawing at the top with cords or strings, for which a casing must be made. The satin should be cut somewhat deeper than the basket itself, to admit of a hem for the strings, and the bag measures seven-eighths of a yard round; it is to be put in plain to the side edges of the canvas, and laid in folds below. The strings or cords come rather beyond the top of the basket, and run under the bend of the cover at the back, which, of course, as well as the stand, is to be plainly lined with the satin. The handle, made of a double strip of the canvas, with cardboard between, of such a length as will form a suitable curve over the basket, is fixed to the center of the stand on either side, and to the cover above, in such a manner as to preserve the equilibrium. Blue satin ruching to match, trims the center of the handle, and the edges of the basket round on both sides; a loop with a corresponding button is placed in front to fasten it.

WORK OR BED-POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This pocket is in ticking-work, and will serve according to the size it is made, either as a receptacle for work or to contain the night-dress. The materials required are striped gray and white ticking; crimson, blue, black, and maize purse silks, or Algerian silks; sarsenet for lining. The design (which we give below) must be sketched on the ticking. The gray stripe is ornamented with vandyked lines forming small lozenges; these are put on with crimson silk, crossed with black; likewise the crosses. The herring-bone lines are alternate blue and maize silks. Ticking-work is now very popular for a variety of purposes.



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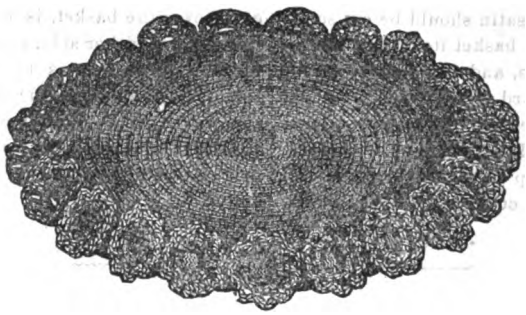
CROCHET LAMP-MAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

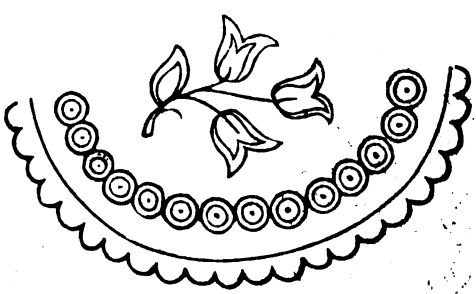


The materials for this useful mat are white cotton cord and green wool.

This lamp-mat is worked in double crochet over cord. Commence in the center. On a foundation-chain of eight stitches over cord, join the stitches into a circle; draw the cord tight, so that the stitches come close to each other, and then work over the cord as many rounds as are required for the size of the lamp-mat, increasing so as to keep the work flat. After the last round cut off the wool and the cord, and fasten the ends. Then begin afresh with green wool, and work on the wrong side one round of alternately 1 chain, missing 1 stitch of the preceding round under it, 1 treble. Then work one round of rosettes in the following manner: * 3 long treble in the next 3 stitches of the last round; 2 chain, missing 2 stitches under them; 1 long treble in the following stitch; 2 chain, missing 2 stitches under them; 1 long treble in the following stitches of the preceding round; then work round the last long treble stitch 3 times alternately 5 chain, 1 double; then 5 chain and 1 double round each of the 2 next chain-stitches, divided by 1 treble of the preceding round, which are placed between the just-covered long treble stitch and the preceding one between the 2 double stitches work 5 chain. The work must be turned for this purpose. Then work 5 chain, then 3 times alternately, 1 double, 5 chain, round the next long treble stitch; lastly, work round the 3 chain-stitches which are placed between the 2 long treble, 2 double divided by 5 chain; then work on round each chain-stitch scallop of the thus formed rosette 1 double, 4 treble, and 1 double.

Lastly, work 1 slip-stitch in the 1st stitch of the 1st chain-stitch scallop; 2 chain-stitches, missing 2 stitches of the preceding round under them, and repeat from * till the border of the lamp-mat is finished. Then draw a green silk elastic through the long treble stitch of the rosette circle; the elastic must lie underneath the rosettes, and the ends sewn together. The lamp-mat is thus fastened round the foot of the lamp.

HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



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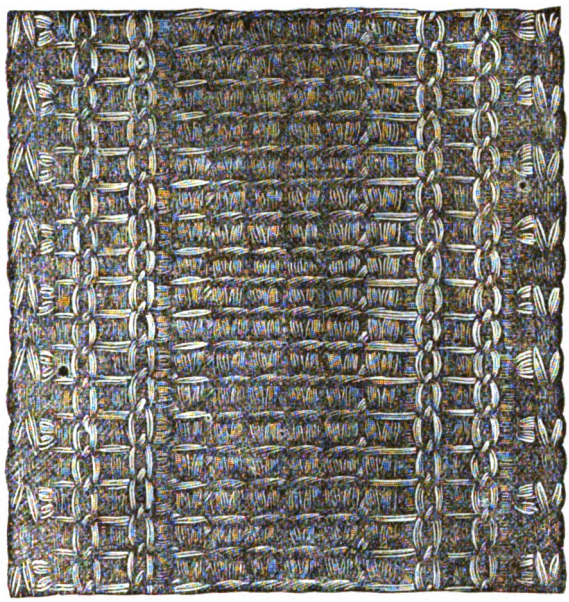
STRIPE FOR COUVRE-PIED, IN TRICOT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The width of the stripe is according to taste. To a three-colored stripe may be added one of plain crochet, velvet, or woolen reps; but whatever may be added, care must be taken to place a dark color next the light in the pattern. The whole is worked in tricot as far as the edge on both sides, which, according to our model, is worked in double crochet, with black wool and gold-colored filoselle alternately. The dark-red ground is ornamented with the same silk.

The first dark-red row is chained off with yellow silk; in the next row forward, each separate stitch-loop is drawn through under the chain of stitches, so that the working thread remains always on the right side. This gives the little raised silk double edges. The dark-red thread is used in chaining off this second row, which is yellow. Both rows are repeated exactly in the same manner; then follow four ordinary tricot rows, all in red; then immediately after these, in an opposite direction, the four first rows are again worked; the last row, yellow, chained off with red; a row of single, in red, is then worked as a conclusion. The work is then ornamented on both sides with a strong edge of double stitch, in black and yellow alternately. This must be worked with double silk.

NAME FOR MARKING.

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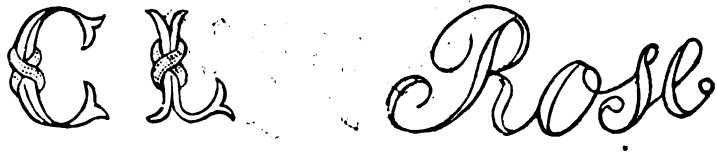
KNITTED FANCHON HOOD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS:—Coarse and fine Shetland wool, in two widely different shades of the same color, two wooden and two common steel knitting-needles, the size taken for common cotton stockings. This hood, tied lightly under the chin, knitted plain in rows backward and forward, is of a scarf thirty-nine and a half inches long, and eleven and three-quarter inches wide in the middle, with tassels below. Twenty-seven stitches are cast on, and knitting alternately with the Pyrenees wool and the wooden knitting-needles, forty to forty-five rows, and with the Shetland wool and steel needles, eight rows, so that the latter cut through the loose stitch woof six times, like a band. In the second and third division of this loose woof, always ten stitches are to be increased in knitting the first rows, therefore the second band in close knitting has thirty-seven stitches, the third forty-seven, the fourth again forty-seven, the fifth thirty-seven stitches, etc. In the same way as the first half of the Fanchon was increased, the second is decreased.

Finish with Shetland wool.

INITIALS.—NAME FOR MARKING.



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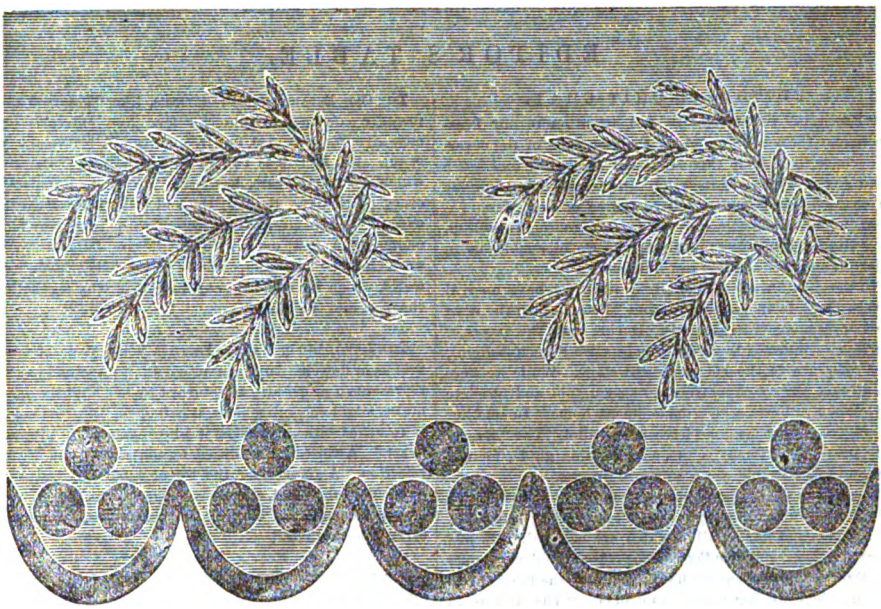
BORDER ON FLANNEL.

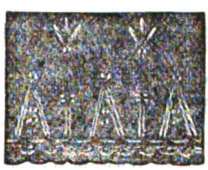
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a design for a border, to be worked on flannel, and to be used for petticoats, etc. The shells in the thick button-hole curve are raised; the light sprigs are of single button hole leaves and stalk-stitch, and one or several colors are taken for the embroidery.

EMBROIDRED BORDERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, two designs for embroidered borders. There is at present no newer kind of ornamentation than these embroidered borders for jacket and dress trimmings. The designs we give may be worked in silk of one color, or in Oriental colors, according to taste.

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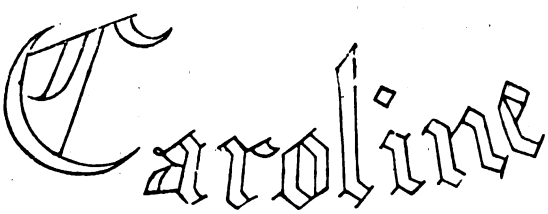

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1872.—We call attention to our Prospectus for 1872, to be found on the last page of the cover. We claim there that this Magazine *is cheaper and better* than any periodical of its kind. Other magazines, similar in character and quality, charge three or four dollars a year, while we charge only two. Our enormous edition, exceeding that of any monthly in the world, enables us to offer "Peterson" at these low figures.

In the fashion department, remember, we have no real rivals. No cotemporary approaches "Peterson" in the newness or elegance of its fashions. During both the sieges of Paris, we continued to give late and stylish French fashions, as a reference to the magazine will show. While we were doing this, our cotemporaries were giving old and obsolete styles, or third-rate styles made up at home. In another respect, also, our fashions have no parallel. The "Every-Day Dress" department is the only reliable guide, for elegant and fashionable, yet economical dresses.

Nor has any lady's book ever attempted to compete with "Peterson" in the sterling merit and engrossing interest of its novelets and stories, all of which are original. *We pay more for literary matter than all the other ladies' magazines together.* For next year we have a series of the most thrilling novelets we have ever published. "The stories in 'Peterson' are the best to be found anywhere," is the universal remark of an impartial newspaper press.

Now all this is offered, as we have said, for a dollar less than others. To clubs, as our Prospectus shows, it is offered even lower. No magazine, equal in merit, can be had so cheap. Nothing, *really worth anything at all*, could be offered at a less price.

Now is the time to get up clubs. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson"—even those who take other magazines—if its merit and cheapness are fairly put before them. *Be the first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment!*

BOOTS AND SHOES are attracting more than usual attention, with fashionable women this winter. The shoes now are of the Louis the Fifteenth style. Silk stockings even have come again into vogue, and are very smart and coquettish. They are worn with a sort of Watteau costume. The shoes are bronze kid, simply tied over the instep with a bow of ribbon; the fronts, which are cut very open, leave the blue silk stockings visible. Yes; the stockings are absolutely blue silk, and the clocks at the side are of the most ornamental description. The shade of blue is not brilliant, but pale, an exact imitation of the thick rustic stockings of yore. They are ribbed to the instep, and of solid color, and above they are striped across with white silk. The gray silk stockings, in the same style, are likewise very popular. White ones, with colored clocks, are also liked, cerise, blue, and claret clocks being the most popular. The stockings are now selected to match the dress. For shoes, bronze kid has the preference over black for the present.

JACKETS CUT UP at the back almost to the top, are very frequently made now to wear with buff cashmere dresses, and the opening is trimmed with two rows of either white or buff guipure. The sash, likewise of cashmere, is striped slantwise with guipure. The sleeves, both of muslin and cambric dresses, are made considerably wider than the sleeves of silk dresses.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED MAGAZINES, like "Peterson's," are the only safe ones to subscribe for. New enterprises promise all sorts of things, but frequently fail before the year is out. But no risk is run in subscribing for "Peterson," which, for thirty years, has been "up to its promises" in every particular. Besides, the old established magazines, with their large circulations, can afford to give more for the money than new ones with small circulations. "Peterson's" has the largest circulation of any lady's book in the world, which is a sufficient explanation of why it is both the cheapest and the best.

THE LANGUAGE OF FANS.—There is a language of fans as well as of flowers. In Spain an open fan presented to a lady represents a proposal. If returned by her slightly open, it means slight encouragement, if half open, "proceed boldly," if returned closed, it says, "I love you with my whole heart." A closed fan returned by the wrong end, signifies rejection. A glance over the top of a fan, directed at any particular individual, expresses, "come to me;" but the same glance through the bars of the fan means, "we are observed, be cautious."

FOR THE CENTER-TABLE.—The Weedsport (N. Y.) Sentinel says of this magazine, among other things, "It is a handsome ornament for the center-table." This is a point apt to be forgotten. Even after it has been read, "Peterson" is always handy for the center-table, and gives an air of refinement to the room where it is found. It is a sure proof of taste to see, in a house, a handsome magazine on the center-table.

THE BERLIN PATTERN, in this number, requires no description, the colors being a sufficient guide in working it. Remember that "Peterson" is the only magazine that gives these patterns every month! The one in the January number for 1872, will excel even this, and be the most costly and superb we have ever issued. It alone will be worth more than the price of the number.

VELVET JACKETS, without sleeves, called Parabere jackets, after the famous beauty of the last century, are very fashionable. One of the prettiest costumes that has appeared, lately, in Paris, was of white silk, with gold-colored stripes, worn over a black velvet petticoat. The Parabere jacket was of black velvet, and the sleeves striped gold and white silk.

BODICES different from the skirts are very popular for evening wear with low dresses, and for winter these bodices will be made of black velvet, the basques ornamented with appliques of white lace, or white silk embroidery. If either scabious, blue, or orange-velvet be used, it will be considered more dressy than the black.

AMONG THE NOVELTIES, next year, in this magazine, will be a series of articles, by A. Livezy, M. D., of Philadelphia, called "The Mother's Department." The articles will relate principally to the management and rearing of children. The first, on "Incidental Causes of Disease," will appear in the January number.

THIRTY YEARS OF SUCCESS.—The Gloucester (Mass.) Telegraph says of this magazine:—"It fully sustains its reputation achieved by thirty years of uninterrupted success."

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OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVING FOR 1872 is in a different vein from anything that has gone before, and we predict that it will be the most popular we have ever published. It is a superb mezzotint, entitled, "Five Times One To-Day, Little Bessie's Birth-Day;" and represents a charming creature, a real "mother's darling," loaded down with toys and other gifts, and exulting in her newly-acquired treasures, To secure this beautiful mezzotint, which would sell, at a print-shop, for four dollars, it is only necessary to get up a small club for "Peterson" for 1872. *Both it and an extra copy* can be earned by getting up a large club. In the remotest frontier neighborhood even, an hour or two devoted to this purpose, will secure you a copy of this exquisite picture to ornament your parlor, besides winning you a copy for one year, of the best ladies' magazine in the world. *Now is the time to get up clubs!*

OUR TITLE-PAGE, this year, is three pictures in one. The central represents "Christmas Morning:" the upper, "Little Bo-Peep:" and the lower, "Lady-Bird, Lady-Bird." It reflects great credit on Illman Brothers, and will repay a careful study.

SOME NEW RIBBON SASHES have appeared, which are decidedly in good taste. They are composed of a sort of check of two colors; as, for example, dark blue and white. This check does not cover the entire width of the ribbon, for there is a blue border and white fringe at one side of it.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THIS MAGAZINE, it is as well to state, is not interested in any other magazine, or any newspaper; nor is he a book publisher. Everything intended for "Peterson's Magazine" should be directed to CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THE JANUARY NUMBER will be ready by the first of December. Remit early, and get the best, because earliest impressions, of our superb plates. The January number will be the most elegant we have ever issued.

THE SUPREME AUTHORITY.—The Hancock (N. Y.) Times says of this magazine:—"It is the best and cheapest of the Lady's Books, as well as the supreme authority in matters of fashion."

NO OTHER COMPARES.—A lady writes to us:—"I thought, this past year, I would try some other magazine, but I have come to the conclusion that no other can compare with 'Peterson's.'"

WE WILL SEND three copies of "Peterson" for 1872, for $4.50, if no premium is asked.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Shakspeare's Comedy of the Tempest. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A. M. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A few months ago, these enterprising publishers issued "The Merchant of Venice," in a small quarto or rather square duodecimo, of about a hundred and thirty pages, with a flexible cloth cover. We have here another of the plays of the great dramatist in the same elegant and convenient style. It used to strike us, with surprise, that no publisher, at least in America, had ever issued an edition of Shakspeare in this manner. Many years ago, the firm of Longmans, in London, published such an edition. Now that Harper & Brothers, however, have begun the enterprise, we hope they will be sustained in it. The notes of the present little volume are excellent, and the edition, in every way, praiseworthy.

Two College Friends By F. W. Loring. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Loring.*—A story of very much more than average merit. Mr. Loring shows great promise.

At Last: A Christmas in the West Indies. By Charles Kingsley. With Illustrations. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A charming book, as, indeed, is everything that Kingsley has written, from "Alton Locke" down. For many years, ever since he published "Westward, Ho!" in fact, Mr. Kingsley has looked forward, it seems, to a visit to the West Indies. At last his long-deferred voyage took place. A more graphic and interesting book than this, which records his experiences in the tropics, it would be impossible to conceive. The volume is equally interesting and instructive.

Songs of the Sierras. By Joaquin Miller. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—We have here a new poet, a Californian, who comes heralded, with high praise, from England, where he first published. The best thing in the volume is "Arizonian," with which it commences, and which is full of passages of great power, that remind us now of Byron, and now of Swinburne, without however being an imitation. We shall look to the future career of Mr. Miller with much interest. The book is very elegantly printed.

Anne Furness. By the author of "The Sacristan's Household." 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—It is difficult to understand how an author, who could write so good a story as "The Sacristan's Household," should write so indifferent a one as this. There is some humor in the character and family of Mr. Cudberry; but with this exception the novel barely rises above commonplace.

Fanchon, the Cricket. By George Sand. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—Nothing can exceed the simplicity, the grace, the almost idyllic beauty of this story. It is written with exquisite art: the "art that conceals art:" and is to French literature what Frere's pictures are to French painting. The volume is handsomely printed and bound.

The Rise and Fall of the Paris Commune in 1871. *By W. Pembroke Fetridge.* 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The author of this work was in Paris during the whole of the second siege, and therefore enjoyed peculiar facilities for the compilation of his narrative, which, we have every reason to believe, is accurate and impartial.

The Fall of Man; or, the Lives of the Gorillas. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.*—A clever satire on the Darwinian theory, in the guise of a lecture by a gorilla, showing how some of his species fell away and became degraded into men.

Life of Jefferson S. Baikins, Member from Cranberry Centre. Written by Himself. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Loring.* There is a good deal of humor in this book. Mr. Baikins, in writing it, has been assisted by the author of "The Silver Spoon."

Every Woman Her Own Flower Gardener. By Mrs. S. O. Johnson. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Henry T. Williams.*—This is really a capital book of its kind. It is a handy manual of flower-gardening for ladies, and contains, in small compass, nearly everything that is desirable to know.

Victory Deane. By Cecil Griffith. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Loring.*—This is a re-print of a recent English novel. The characters of Margaret and Victory are well discriminated. The type of the book is large and good.

Louise La Valliere. By Alex. Dumas. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—One of the very best fictions of this ever-entertaining writer. It is second only to "The Three Guardsmen."

Seed-Time and Harvest. By Fritz Reuter. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—A translation of a very excellent novel, that, among other merits, gives us instructive glimpses of rural life in Mecklenburg.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE WILSON SHUTTLE MACHINE.—The "Cleveland Daily Herald, Sept. 16th, 1871, says:—"The greatest victory of the day, at the great Northern Ohio Fair at Cleveland! No little excitement was caused by the announcement in Sewing-Machine Hall yesterday afternoon, by the Committee of Awards in this department, that the two first and only premiums on sewing-machine work had been unanimously given to the Improved Wilson Shuttle-Machine of Cleveland. This was but an unavoidable result for the Committee to thus publicly decide that the Wilson displayed a line of the finest work in all the hall, for a similar decision had been given by the thousands of probably equally able critics that had examined the work before them. The premiums awarded were on the best display of general work and on the best samples of braid work, both of which were given to the Wilson machine. This great victory for our Cleveland machine will be received with no little satisfaction by the very many friends to this meritorious product of our city. The work done on a sewing-machine is the only safe source from which to judge of its merits, and that the Wilson has taken the whole premiums in this fair, and severe test is evidence of its superiority over all the leading Eastern machines that can never be contradicted. It should be remembered that this beautiful and perfect family machine is sold at a price $20 below all the Eastern made machines, over which it has here so justly and fairly proved its superiority.

PHILADELPHIA THE CENTER.—The Riverton (Iowa) Republican says:—"Philadelphia is noted for the excellence of its monthly periodicals; but among them all none stands higher than 'Peterson.' Our lady readers should subscribe at once for it." What the Iowa journal says of Philadelphia is as true as what it says of "Peterson." No other city has ever been able to establish, permanently, a lady's magazine. Geographically more central than any other Atlantic city, Philadelphia early became the center of magazine literature, and has continued so ever since. The united circulation of the magazines, issued from Philadelphia, greatly exceeds the united circulation of those issued from any other city, if not from all other cities. In Philadelphia, also, are the largest distributing book-publishing and book-selling firms. Philadelphia does not "brag" as much as some of her sister cities, and hence these facts are not generally known, but it is quite time they were. To tell the truth cannot be called, under such circumstances, boasting.

BEAVER BRANDS.—Of the many novelties in the way of sheer fabrics offered for the approaching season, none so utterly defy competition as the silk-finished pure black mohair of the "Beaver Brand." The material makes a remarkably stylish toilet. It is exceedingly fine, and possesses that brilliant luster which is altogether lacking in other goods of the class. It is also finished alike on both sides—an important point in its favor, when one remembers that in such a case a dress may be reversed or altered with impunity.

WE GIVE NO PREMIUMS to persons for subscribing to "Peterson." We put all we can afford into the magazine, and do not keep a part back for premiums. What we give premiums for is to repay persons for getting up clubs. This is quite a different thing. When a magazine, or newspaper, offers a premium engraving to every subscriber, it simply takes the cost of the premium out of the magazine or newspaper. It needs no arithmetic to demonstrate this.

WE WOULD CALL ATTENTION to the advertisement of Messrs. Freeman & Burr, 138 & 140, Fulton street, New York, clothiers. They are prompt, reliable, and have every facility for suiting all tastes, at short notice and moderate prices. They were among the very first to send relief to the Chicago sufferers, and by so doing proved themselves to be worthy of the good name they bear.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.—The Steelville (Mo.) Express says "We have in our office one of the most beautiful pictures, both in design and execution, that we have looked upon for a long time. It is a mezzotint engraving, 24 x 16, entitled, 'I Am Five Times One To-Day, or Little Bessie's Birthday.' is given as a premium to agents getting up clubs for Peterson's Magazine, and is a rich compensation for a small amount of labor. Call and see the picture. It is superbly beautiful."

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE is the only Lady's Book that gives, at any price, double-sized, steel, colored fashion-plates. All the other lady's books give either single fashion-plates, only half the size of ours, or else colored wood-cuts, or colored lithographs. Compare the fashion-plates in "Peterson" with those of other periodicals! For novelty, correctness, style and beauty, our fashion-plates have no rivals. If you want reliable fashions, you must subscribe for Peterson's magazine.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHES.

LITTLE CHILDREN'S CLOTHES are so pretty when made, that they well reward patient, industrious fingers. A few hints as to the styles now in fashion may not be out of place, for there is a mode in these as in most things. A very pretty baby's hood is cut in the form of an old-fashioned garden bonnet. It is of white satin, quilted in large diamonds, with a curtain at the back, having five large scallops at the edge, with a ruche of satin ribbon round. It has a point over the face *a la* Marie Stuart, with a thick ruching at the edge, inside and out; and next the face a closely quilled cap of white blonde, with loops of narrow ribbon intermixed. Outside are some ten tiny rosettes of very narrow ribbon sewn quite close together. A baby's hat, for a child slightly older, is round and flat, and made of white satin, bound with white terry, very much frilled. It ties under the chin with broad ribbon-strings, with large rosettes of lace and loops of satin ribbon on either side of the face. A fine straw of a similar shape is bound with white terry, above which, sewn on to the brim, is a plaiting of lace and loops of narrow ribbon; a feather coming from the front on to the back. A tricorn, made of very fine pliable straw, is a novelty; it is made with rosettes on each point, where it is turned up. These are all white; nothing else is in fashion for very young children.

For those a little older sailor hats of very coarse straw are stylish; for little boys they have no trimming but a piece of inch-wide ribbon velvet round the brim, short ends hanging at the back; sometimes blue and white or black and white striped ribbon replace this. For little girls they often have a stiff wing, or aigrette, or feather tuft on one side. They also wear gipsy hats, like inverted saucers, made with a smaller inner hat as it were, which fits the head closely, but is invisible when on. High Tyrolean shapes are still in favor, bound with ribbon or velvet, having wreaths of flowers or a tuft at one side. An exceedingly pretty one, made for a little girl of five, is bound with blue ribbon, a frilling of ribbon being placed on the edge of the brim. It is turned up very much at the side, and has a wreath of convolvuli round it. But, curiously enough, the aigrettes are as much in vogue for infants as for grown-up people. Some colored squares of flannel, made to throw over a baby's head when carried from room to room, are charmingly embroidered in white wool, or have a wide binding of rich, corded ribbon, red and pink flannel with white, white flannel with Alexandra blue or scarlet. They are made fifty-two and a half inches square, with one end rounded; at two and a half inches from the edge of this is a runner, which made it set closely round the neck and face. A very bright blue

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flannel has been bound with white ribbon, and has two rows of narrow white ribbon laid on above the binding.

Babies' robes are more elaborate than formerly, and some of them are such a mass of lace and embroidery that they have to be lined with thin silk. One rather more novel than the others has a wide braiding round the bottom, with a goffered fril at the top, edged with very fine Valenciennes lace; a similar trimming of alternate braiding and frills is carried up the front as a robing. Another has tucks in alternate sets of fours and twos, with Valenciennes insertion let in between; and quite at the bottom is a fall of lace a quarter of a yard deep.

Serge is much worn for little children's frocks and pelisses, especially fine white serge, which looks very effective trimmed with a band of broad bright-colored ribbon or silk, with a row of white silk braid at each edge. Serge is now made in light, bright colors, and turquoise-blue and rose du Barry pink are very useful for little dresses. A bright pink serge has been trimmed with broad, black velvet, edged with white silk braid, which looks admirable. For washing dresses and pelisses nothing is more serviceable than fine pique: it does not tumble quickly, will bear enough wear, and does not get dirty so soon as jaconet muslin. A charming little pelisse, for a child of four, is made of this material, trimmed all round with a broad band of thick insertion, edged with embroidered frilling, put on with a piping. The skirt is as long as a frock, but open in front, the trimming being carried up each side, and the corners at the bottom rounded. It can be worn over any skirt, as there is no color about the pelisse; but blue looks best. The body is fastened down the front with large pearl buttons, and made high to the throat; there is a round cape attached to the neck, also trimmed with the insertion and embroidered frilling; and the sleeves are long, fastening at the wrist. A pique frock, for a child somewhat older, trimmed with broad bands of muslin insertion, through which ribbon is run, and below it is a deep frill of embroidery.

In the January number we shall give directions for suits for little boys, and for still other varieties of children's dresses.

FIRESIDE AMUSEMENTS.

Figures Produced by Sound.—Stretch a sheet of wet paper over the mouth of a glass tumbler which has a footstalk, and glue or paste the paper at the edges. When the paper is dry, strew dry sand thinly upon its surface. Place the tumbler on a table, and hold immediately above it, and parallel to the paper, a plate of glass, which you also strew with sand, having previously rubbed the edges smooth with emery powder. Draw a violin bow along any part of the edges, and as the sand upon the glass is made to vibrate, it will form various figures, which will be accurately imitated by the sand upon the paper; or, if a violin or flute be played within a few inches of the paper, they will cause the sand upon its surface to form regular lines and figures.

The Luminous Spectre.—Phosphorus in its pure state should be very cautiously handled; as, unless used very moderately, it will burn the skin. By adding to it, however, six parts of olive oil, it may be employed with perfect safety. If every part of the face, except the eyes and mouth, which should be kept shut when applying it, be anointed with this mixture, it will give the party a most frightful appearance in the dark. The eyes and mouth will seem black, and all the other parts of the face will appear lighted with a sickly, pale-bluish flame.

Light from Sugar.—Simply break a bit of lump-sugar between the fingers in the dark, and light will be produced at the moment of fracture. Or, if powdered loaf-sugar be put into a spoon, fused, and kindled in the flame of a lamp, it will exhibit a large flame.

Water of Different Temperatures in the Same Vessel.—Of heat and cold, as of wit and madness, it may be said that "thin partitions do their bounds divide." Thus, paint one-half of the surface of a tin-pot with a mixture of lamp-black and size, and leave the other half, or side, bright; fill the vessel with boiling water, and by dipping a thermometer, or even the finger, into it shortly after, it will be found to cool much more rapidly upon the blackened than upon the bright side of the pot.

Miniature Will-o'-the-Wisp.—Put a small piece or two of the phosphuret of lime into a saucer of water, when bubbles of phosphuretted hydrogen gas will rise to the surface, explode into flame, and cause a white smoke; representing, on a small scale, the *ignis fatuus*, or will-o'-the-wisp, as seen over marshy ground, or stagnant pools of water.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUP AND FISH.

Fish Fritters.—Take the remains of any fish which has been served the preceding day, remove all the bones, and pound it in a mortar. Add bread-crumbs and mashed potatoes in equal quantities. Mix together half a teacupful of cream with two well-beaten eggs, some Cayenne pepper, and anchovy sauce. Beat all up to a proper consistency, cut into small cakes, and fry them in boiling lard.

Sago Soup.—Boil two pounds of beef in rather more water than sufficient to cover it, until the essence is completely extracted from the meat. Strain the broth, and add to the broth one teacupful of sago. Boil it gently for one hour, but do not let the sago become too soft. Beat the yolks of three eggs, pour them into your soup-tureen, and then pour in the soup very gradually, stirring it gently.

Veal Soup.—Boil the veal with two-thirds of a cup of rice, and add sweet herbs or celery, and the usual seasoning. This makes a plain, wholesome soup.

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Rump-steak and Oyster-Sauce.—Let your oysters give a turn or two with plenty of butter in a frying pan, then add pepper and salt, a little flour, and the juice of half a lemon, with enough water to make up the quantity of sauce you want, stir till the oysters are done, and serve with the steak broiled in the usual way.

The following sauce is also a good accompaniment to a broiled steak: Boil in gravy or broth some grated horseradish, when done stir into it one or two yolks of egg, beaten up with a little water and flour, add pepper and grated nutmeg, and serve in a sauce-boat. Another form of the above sauce is this: having boiled your grated horseradish in gravy or plain water, beat up one or two yolks of eggs with half a pint of cream, a little flour and salt, and stir into the horseradish; let the whole remain on the fire a few minutes, stirring all the time, and before it comes to boil serve in a sauce-boat. The above sauce is invariably served in Germany and Poland with all forms of beef, either broiled, roasted, or boiled.

To Serve Steaks.—Make what the French call a *marinde*, with oil, vinegar, slices of onion, a piece of garlic, spices, pepper and salt, and let your steak, beef or mutton, be steeped in it for ten or twelve hours before cooking, turning it at intervals; then cook in the usual way, and serve either *au naturel*, or with parsley and butter. Steak and onions is a well-known dish. Fry the onions, and broil the steak; then serve the two together.

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Roast Corned Pork.—Take a leg of lightly corned young pork, weighing about eight or nine pounds, make a nice sage and onion stuffing, and stuff the thick end well; Tie over it a piece of well greased, thick paper. Dredge it and prepare it exactly as the fresh pork. Roast slowly about three hours. The sauce the same as for roast pork, and serve stewed apples with it. This is very nice if the meat is carefully roasted, and is good cold.

Beef Cakes.—Take some cold beef—that which is underdone is the best—mince it very fine, and grate a little uncooked ham into it, enough to flavor it. Season it with pepper and salt. Mix the whole together, and make it out into small cakes; flour them, and fry them a nice brown on both sides.

CAKES, ETC.

A Light Cake.—Take three pints of sifted flour, a pint and a half of milk, and a spoonful of lard; stir into the flour three teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in a cup of milk, and a little salt; mix this all well together, and beat very lightly with a wooden spoon; roll this out rather thin and cut into cakes, or bake in two small pans. Serve hot, and split open and butter.

Plain Biscuits.—Mix one pound of flour and one-half pound of sugar, and rub in one-half pound of butter. Mix in one ounce of carraway seeds, a little broken, two well-beaten eggs, and a wineglass of sweet wine. Mix all well together, roll the dough out thin; cut out the biscuits, and bake them in a rather quick oven.

Almond Lemon Biscuits.—The ingredients to provide are one-half pound of almonds, six new-laid eggs, one pound of loaf sugar, finely powdered, the rinds of three lemons, one-quarter of a pound of fine flour, and a little orange-flower water. Blanch and beat the almonds, adding to them by degrees the whites of the six eggs, well beaten to a froth, and a little orange-flower water. Add by little and little the sugar, grate in the rinds of three lemons. Beat up the yolks of the eggs and mix them in, and add one-quarter of a pound of flour. Bake them in small pans, well buttered, which should be about half full. Sift fine sugar over them when they go into the oven.

Irish Griddle, or Slim Cakes.—Rub two and a half ounces of butter into half a pound of flour with a little salt, make it into a stiff paste, with a little milk, roll it out half an inch thick, and cut it into squares and rounds, or any shape you like. It will take half an hour to bake; it should be baked on a griddle over a stove, or in the oven with the door open.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To Cure Warts.—"Take the inner rind of a lemon, steep it twenty-four hours in vinegar, and apply it to the wart. The lemon must not remain on the part above three hours, and must be applied fresh every day." Another remedy: "Take a cake of dry pipe-clay, and scrape a little from it, then rub the wart well with it four or six times a day till it disappears." Another receipt: "Dissolve as much common washing soda as the water will take up; wash the warts with this for a minute or two, and let them dry without wiping." This repeated will gradually destroy the largest wart, and if regularly continued for about two months, generally succeeds perfectly.

Oyster-Catchup.—Boil one hundred oysters with their liquor till the strength be extracted from them; strain them well, and add to the liquor an equal quantity of wine, one half port and the other sherry, also a quarter of an ounce of mace, the same of white pepper and of allspice, a drachm or teaspoonful of ginger, and six anchovies; boil all together about fifteen minutes. Put into a jar twelve shalots, the peel of a lemon, and a piece of horseradish cut small; pour upon them the boiling liquor, and when cold bottle it, together with the spices.

To Pickle Beet-root.—Wash it perfectly clean, but do not cut off any of the fibres; put it on in plenty of boiling water with a little salt, and boil it for half an hour; if the skin will come off easily, it is done enough. Lay it upon a cloth and with a coarse one rub off the skin. Cut it into slices, put it into a jar, and pour over it vinegar which has become cold, after having been boiled in the proportion of half an ounce of whole black pepper and a race of ginger to a quart Cover the jar closely when cold.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF EMERALD-GREEN CLOTH.—The skirt is trimmed with four strips of gray Astracan fur. The sacque, which is rather deep and square, as well as the small muff, is also trimmed with fur of a narrower width than that on the skirt. Tyrolean hat of plum-colored felt, with a cock's plume.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF RED SILK.—The skirt has one deep flounce on inside plaits, stitched about two inches from the top, which forms the heading. The waist has a deep basque, which buttons straight down the front, like a deep vest, and is trimmed with black guipure. The very deep, loose sacque, is of black silk, trimmed with a deep lace, lined with a white quilted satin, and turned back at the fronts, forming revers. Coat sleeve, with a deep, square cuff. Hat of black velvet, with a red bow in front, black plume, and ends of lace.

FIG. III.—HOUSE OR CARRIAGE-DRESS OF GRAY POPLIN.—The lower skirt has one deep flounce, rather scant, with two standing-up ruffles as headings. The upper-skirt is cut with a sharp point in front, and falls to the top of the flounce at the back, and is trimmed with a broad band of black velvet, headed by a narrow edge of black guipure. The square sacque of gray poplin is trimmed like the upper-skirt.

FIG. IV.—EVENING-DRESS OF PRIMROSE-COLORED SILK.—The lower skirt is made with a demi-train, and is trimmed with a scant flounce of silk, headed by a band of black velvet, corded on either side with primrose silk; above this band is a full quilling of the silk. The upper-skirt is short at the back, and quite plain, but in front it is deep, cut in a point, and trimmed with four scant ruffles, plainly hemmed; it is looped up at the sides by bands of black velvet, corded with the silk; a similar band forms the waistband, and trims the low, square neck. A tuft of primroses is placed on the left side of this trimming, where it joins the shoulder-strap. Primroses, with black velvet leaves, in the hair.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK.—The lower-skirt is quite plain; the upper-skirt is only a plain silk skirt, untrimmed, and looped up at the sides. The wrap is of black and white woolen plaid, trimmed with a woolen fringe, and having large hanging sleeves. A small scarf of the plaid is attached to the right shoulder, and can be worn close around the throat, if desired. Black hat, with dark-blue veil at the back.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-COSTUME—The skirt is of dark-blue serge, with one deep-plaited flounce; the over-skirt and basque are of dark-blue and black plaid flannel, trimmed with worsted fringe; the skirt is shorter at the sides than in front, and is looped up in the back. The basque is cut in points back and front. Black felt hat, trimmed with blue velvet.

FIG. VII.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF GRAY SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with five bias bands, and three rows of narrow plaiting of a shade of silk darker than the body of the dress. The tunic is round, and gathered up in front without any trimming, and has two long, wing-like ends at the side, and two long, straight tabs at the back, trimmed with one bias band of silk, and one row of narrow plaiting, like those on the skirt. The tight-fitting coat basque is short on the hips, and turned back with *revers* to the back, and is cut rather long and square in front; wide sleeves, with the

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trimming put on in points. Small, gray, velvet bonnet, trimmed with pink roses.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS OF CHESTNUT-BROWN POPLIN.—There is a row of embroidery above a row of fringe some distance up, on the under-skirt; the upper-skirt is also embroidered, and cut in deep scallops, edged with fringe; it is slightly puffed in the back. Tight-fitting basque, quite short in front, where it is edged with fringe, made with three Gothic ends at the back, embroidered and trimmed with fringe. Bonnet of chestnut-colored velvet, trimmed with pink roses.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS OF PRUNE-COLORED CASHMERE.—The bottom of the under-skirt is trimmed with one rather deep ruffle, laid in full plaits, above which are two rows of black gimp, heading a narrow fold of the cashmere. A trimming of the same kind is put straight down each side of the front width, and five bands of the same cross the front width, making an apron trimming. The upper-skirt is open in front, looped at the back, and trimmed with a narrow plaiting, like that on the under-skirt. Tight-fitting, half-long basque, with wide sleeves, trimmed to correspond with the skirts. Silk ones, with plaiting and narrow folds in the place of the cashmere, would add much to the richness of this costume.

FIG. X.—NEW STYLE BASQUE (WITH DIAGRAM.)—For a description of this see page 446, where also will be found the diagram.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The Polonaise is the newest fashion and is most graceful of all garments. It is close-fitting, long, and can be easily and beautifully draped. Both stout and slender figures look well in this garment. For a full figure the skirt can be more gored below the waist, thus preserving the present style of dress, and for slight persons, more fulness can be added, and both ways be equally in the fashion. The Polonaise buttons all the way down from the neck to the bottom of the skirt, and may be worn to look well over a skirt of any color suitable with it. No belt is worn with this garment.

FOR THE ORDINARY DOUBLE SKIRT, the upper one is made shorter than formerly, and a half-long jacket, paletot, or sacque, is worn as an out-door wrap. Dresses cut open at the neck are not as popular as they were last winter, as the change from close-fitting bodies is apt to produce colds; but some persons think them so much more dressy that they still persevere in wearing them. A more ornamental appearance is given to a dress, when made close in the neck, by adding a vest of some pretty contrasting color. The vest is usually a false piece laid on the front of the bodice, and confined to its place by the trimming. When the appearance of a vest is wished, of the same material as the dress, the shape of it is produced by the way in which the trimming is placed.

BASQUES, with plaits, are no longer so fashionable; but plain, square ones, like a tight-fitting coat, cut away at the sides, are popular.

SLEEVES are again made close for the cold weather; the long-worn, becoming coat sleeve, with a large, square cuff, being the most in favor. For more dressy occasions, a half-open sleeve is preferred.

FLOUNCES AND RUFFLES still retain their popularity. they are so graceful; but efforts are being made to make folds, and all kinds of flat trimmings the fashion, by those who love variety. French folds, bias bands, etc., only look well on rich or heavy materials; whereas, on thinner goods, ruffles are much more suitable. Embroidery and braiding, are beautiful adjuncts to a dress; but unless done by one's self, they are expensive, and require a good deal of time. Fringe is also a graceful trimming, but should be rich and heavy, not to have a mean look, especially if wide.

THE SASH, AS FORMERLY WORN, is but seldom seen now; when used with high bodies, it is tied over the basque on the left side, and only carelessly knotted at the waist, and sometimes knotted the second time lower down on the skirt.

SACQUES, MANTLES, PALETOTS, etc., of heavy cloth, are not very long, nor quite tight-fitting; some come in close to the figure in front, and are rather loose in the back; others fit more tightly in the back, and are loose and square in front. Dark-plum, green, blue, and maroon, are the fashionable hues. The all-dark tints are worn to suit the fancy. Pipings of satin and silk fringe, embroidery, and braiding, are all worn on the winter garments.

CASHMERE GARMENTS, for out-door wear, when it is not very cold, are made with folds at the back, and a profusion of jet upon the folds, and likewise all round the garment. Jet is likewise again coming into favor, and it is to be much worn, during the winter, on velvet mantles and Polonaises. For heavier out-door coverings, there are only two varieties —very short ones, to wear with costumes, and very long ones, to serve as dresses as well as mantles. There is no medium size.

BONNETS, as they are now made, are not becoming to all faces. They look enormously high, as seen from the front and sides; the crowns are large, round, and most ungraceful, and the expense enormous. Strings of the ribbon are usual, and to these are frequently added the softer and more becoming black lace lappets, but not so long as those formerly worn.

ROUND HATS, for young girls, are stiff, but stylish looking; they are high, with folds of silk around the crown, and tufts of small ostrich feathers fall from the back toward the front, or cock's plumes fall back. This is the most popular style, but it is varied, according to taste.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF CRIMSON AND BLACK PLAID POPLIN FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The dress is made bias, and needs no trimming; the coat is of dark gray cloth, trimmed with two narrow bands of crimson silk, with buttons placed between. Square cape and close sleeves, ornamented in the same way. Plaid poplin sash. Black velvet hat, trimmed with black feathers, and a crimson rose.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF VIOLET CASHMERE FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The front of the skirt is striped the whole length, with bands of wide, violet velvet ribbon; at the back there is a trimming of narrow velvet, which is not quite a quarter of a yard in depth, headed by a row of the wider velvet. The upper-skirt is edged with a quilling of velvet, and is looped up with velvet rosettes. Basque of violet velvet, with rather loose sleeves, and a bow at the back. Light gray hat, with a gray plume, and a band of violet around the crown.

FIG. III.—BOY'S DRESS OF BROWN VELVETEEN.—The skirt is laid in full plaits; the close-fitting jacket is cut in Gothic points, back and front, but is open on the hips. It is trimmed with metal buttons. Brown velveteen cap, with a gray plume in front. Russia boots, and scarlet strings.

FIG. IV.—DRESS FOR QUITE A SMALL BOY.—The trousers are of blue velveteen; the jacket and waistcoat are of white cashmere, trimmed with a narrow binding of gray plaid silk, and the mould buttons are also covered with the same kind of silk. A thick cord is also covered with this silk, and trims the top of the left sleeve.

FIG. V.—YOUNG LADY'S DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED FRENCH MERINO.—The under-skirt is made with one deep, full plaiting, headed by two narrow scalloped ruffles, one of which turns up, and the other down, and separated by a narrow band of silk. The upper-skirt is trimmed with one such ruffle, and is looped up at the sides with bows of silk. The basque is cut round at the back, and is not very deep, but in front it is much longer, and is buttoned all the way down; it is slightly open in front, and is trimmed like the skirts. Half-loose sleeves.

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